









F. D. Bromore

Born 1729 — Died 1811.

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ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
L I T E R A R Y H I S T O R Y
OF THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
CONSISTING OF
AUTHENTIC MEMOIRS AND ORIGINAL LETTERS
OF
EMINENT PERSONS;
AND INTENDED AS A SEQUEL TO
THE LITERARY ANECDOTES.

By JOHN BOWYER NICHOLS, F.S.A.

VOLUME VII.

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TO THE
REV. JOHN MITFORD, M.A.
OF BENHALL,
WHOSE EXCELLENT EDITIONS OF GRAY
AND OTHER POETS,
AS WELL AS HIS OWN ELEGANT WRITINGS IN VERSE AND PROSE,
HAVE SHEWN HOW JUSTLY HE CAN
APPRECIATE THE LABOURS OF KINDRED GENIUS,
THESE RELIQUES OF BISHOP PERCY
AND HIS FRIENDS
ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY HIS FAITHFUL
HUMBLE SERVANT,
J. B. NICHOLS.

Feb. 19, 1848.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

After an interval of many years I venture to lay before the public a seventh volume of "The Literary Illustrations of the Eighteenth Century ;" of which my revered Father lived to publish four volumes ; and to which two more were added after his decease.

The correspondence contained in this volume was not in my possession at the completion of the sixth volume, but has been acquired since by public sale. I had no sooner become possessed of this literary treasure, than I felt a strong desire to show my sense of the respect and gratitude I felt to the memory of Bishop PERCY. for his uniform kindness to my Father and myself, by making a selection from his correspondence, as a portion of "The Literary Illustrations" of the time in which he lived.

Perhaps there was no person who mixed more extensively with the learned men of his day than the Bishop of Dromore. In early life he was the intimate friend of Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, Boswell, Steevens, Malone, Lord Stowell, and the whole of the celebrated Literary Club ; as

well as of Shenstone, Dr. Grainger, Dr. Farmer, Dr. Lort, and other eminent men of letters. In his latter years he had the good fortune to attach to himself friends, who, whilst he was himself resident in a distant part of the North of Ireland, contributed to his happiness and amusement by the richness of their correspondence ; from some one or other of whom he was sure to hear of any event that occurred in the literary world.

The letters of and to Dr. JAMES GRAINGER are the first in point of time, and open to view much of the aspiration of two young authors ardent in their pursuit of literary distinction. Dr. Percy's letters to Dr. BIRCH, and his correspondence with the Rev. GEORGE ASHBY, are connected with the Bishop's early works ; as those of the Rev. HENRY MEEN are with his later publications.

The letters of GEORGE STEEVENS, it is to be regretted, are few, but very characteristic of that lively and satirical writer.

Nor are the letters of JAMES BOSWELL less characteristic of the Biographer of Johnson. His letters to Percy are followed by others by him, and by some addressed to him, chiefly relative to the character of the great Colossus of Literature.

One of the most communicative of the Bishop's correspondents was the well-known antiquary, Dr. MICHAEL LORT ; who, mixing in the first literary circles in London and Cambridge, was in constant communication with Percy. I have added to the Lort Article some correspondence between Dr. LORT and Dr. BIRCH ; and at the suggestion of my friend Sir Frederic Madden, K.H., Keeper of

the MSS. in the British Museum, I have inserted an interesting series of letters from Dr. LORT to HORACE WALPOLE, at the close of which Walpole's conduct to Chatterton is satisfactorily defended.

The correspondence with Percy of the learned and accomplished scholar Archdeacon NARES, has been much enlarged by a collection of his letters to his literary friends.

The Bishop's epistolary intercourse was not confined to the friends he had left behind him in England. From Edinburgh he was furnished by DR. ROBERT ANDERSON, Lord WOODHOUSELEE, MR. PINKERTON, and others, not only with the literary news of the Northern Metropolis, but with much that they had themselves learned from their own correspondents. In Ireland, DR. THOMAS CAMPBELL, DR. EDWARD LEDWICH, JOSEPH COOPER WALKER, and others, added to the gratification of the good Bishop.

To the articles of the Rev. George Ashby, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Ledwich, and Mr. Walker, I have added their correspondence with RICHARD GOUGH, Esq. from the large collection I possess of the literary remains of that eminent Antiquary.

I had intended to have completed the PERCY CORRESPONDENCE in one volume, but it has extended to half of another. It is printed, but reserved to be published with a GENERAL INDEX to the whole Eight Volumes of the "Literary Illustrations of the Eighteenth Century," to be completed, if my life and health are preserved, at as short a period as is consistent with so laborious a task.

The notes in this volume are studiously short,

but it is hoped will be found useful, as the object has been to ascertain, if possible, the dates of the deaths of the parties spoken of; and to refer to those works where the most ample memoirs of them may be found.

A pleasing duty remains—to return my best acknowledgments to my kind friend the Rev. JOHN MITFORD, of Benhall, Suffolk, (by whose recommendation the Percy Correspondence was selected for publication,) and to Sir FREDERIC MADDEN, K.H. To their kind perusal of the work during its progress, I am indebted for many friendly hints, some of which appear as useful notes.

The Rev. JOSEPH HUNTER, F.S.A. and WM. B. D. TURNBULL, Esq. F.S.A. have obligingly afforded me assistance in the article of Dr. Grainger, a literary character of whom little was previously known.

To E. G. BALLARD, Esq. I am indebted for much literary assistance.

I need scarcely add that the Volume has much profited by the careful revision of my attentive son, J. G. NICHOLS, F.S.A. Had not his time been occupied by other laborious literary pursuits, the “Seventh Volume of Literary Illustrations” would probably have appeared many years since, compiled from different materials. Those stores, some of which were originally intended for this work, still remain at his disposal, to be produced hereafter in any way that public encouragement may demand.

J. B. N.

Feb. 19, 1848.

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SAME. Nov. 24.—Observations relative to the proof sheets; Dr. Ledwich's Essay, in the <i>Archæologia</i>	852
LEDWICH to GOUGH. Dec. 10.—Literary Societies in Ireland; Ogham inscriptions; promises the history of his own County	853
GOUGH to LEDWICH. Dec. 27.—The Antiquarian Society and Dr. Ledwich's paper; mistake about Gough's Camden; work wanted on Saxon and Gothic buildings; intends to avoid etymology and politics	854
LEDWICH to GOUGH. Dec. 31.—Sends materials as additions, and promises further aid if required	855
GOUGH to LEDWICH. June 4, 1789.—Sends him a copy of "Ireland"	856

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

P. 1, l. 3, *for* 680 *read* 650.

P. 25. Notes * and † are transposed.

P. 65, note *, line 3, *read*, See a memoir of Bishop Bennett in *Literary Illustrations*, IV. 703 ; and in *Gent. Mag.* for 1820 (not 1830) ii. 184. Bishop Bennett was buried at Plumstead, Kent ; and in the churchyard, on the south side, is an altar-tomb, thus inscribed : " Wm. Bennett, Lord Bp. of Cloyne, died 16 July, 1820, aged 74." He lived at Shooter's Hill, in the parish of Plumstead. Several letters of Bishop Bennett to Mr. Gough and Mr. Nichols are printed in *Literary Illustrations*, vol. IV. pp. 703—712.

P. 76, note. Mr. George Paton died in March 1807 (not May).

P. 87, l. 24. See a portrait of Dr. Grainger mentioned in a letter from Mrs. Grainger to Bishop Percy, in p. 295.

P. 94, B. III. l. 31, M*** means Daniel Mathew, his wife's uncle. See p. 144.

P. 127, note. The Hon. W. Herbert, dean of Manchester, died May 28, 1847. See a memoir of him in *Gent. Mag.* N. S. vol. XXVIII. p. 425.

P. 173, note, l. ult. *add*, and hereafter, p. 252.

P. 192. Several of the early poems of Rev. Dr. T. Percy are in *Gent. Mag.* See his "Verses on the Death of Dr. Johnson," 4to. 1785, reviewed in *Gent. Mag.* vol. LV. p. 382.

P. 215, l. 23. The "traditional songs" here spoken of were original compositions of a genius akin to Burns, the since well-known Allan Cunningham. See his *Life* by his Son.

P. 223, l. 1. This letter is addressed to Mr. Meredith Darby, secretary to Bishop Percy ; who by living so much with his Lordship enjoyed his full confidence. See a letter from Mrs. Isted, the Bishop's daughter, to Mr. Nichols, in *Literary Illustrations*, vol. VI. p. 591, where his name is by mistake printed Darley.

P. 224, l. 13, *read* Bridgenorth ; l. 3 from bottom, *for* Ambrose *read* Samuel.

P. 230, l. 13. "The Sugar Cane" was reviewed by Dr. Johnson and Mr. Percy in the *London Chronicle* ; Dr. Johnson wrote the introduction to the *Review*, which was reprinted, from Dr. Johnson's autograph copy, in *Gent. Mag.* for Sept. 1847, p. 252. The Poem was also reviewed in *Monthly Review*, XXXI., 105 ; and see *Gent. Mag.* 1764, 304, 342.

P. 248, note ‡. Of the Rev. Robert Binnel, see *Literary Illustrations*, vol. VI. p. 556.

P. 266, l. 16, "Delia's uncle." Delia was Miss Gutteridge, afterwards Mrs. Percy. And her "uncle" was probably the Rev. Mr. Gutteridge of Thorpe Melsor, Northamptonshire, who died Jan. 7, 1759 (*Gent. Mag.* 1759). He might be brother to Martin Gutteridge (father of Mrs. Percy), who died in 1757 (*Nichols's Leicestershire*, III. 66*). Again, the Rev. Martin Gutteridge (who was a subscriber to *Bridges's Northamptonshire*) might have been a son of Martin Gutteridge, who died in 1757, and brother of W. Gutteridge ; on whose death, in 1783, without issue, his sister, Mrs. Percy, succeeded to the moiety of his estate. Thorpe Melsor is near to Easton Mauduit, Mr. Percy's living ; and Miss Gutteridge was probably her uncle's visitor at Thorpe Melsor.

P. 286, l. 27. Thomas Apperley, Esq. See *Literary Illustrations*, vol. VI. p. 561.

P. 317, add to note: Andrew Mitchell, Esq. was Under-Secretary, from 1743 to 1745, to the Marquess of Tweeddale, then Secretary of State for Scotland, which office was suppressed in the latter year. In 1750, being then styled of Thainston, co. Aberdeen, he was elected to Parliament for that shire, for which he sat until the dissolution in 1754. In December of that year he was returned on a vacancy for the Elgin district of burghs, which he continued to represent until his death. In 1756 he was sent as Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the court of Berlin, where he remained, with a short interval, until his death. He was made a Knight of the Bath Dec. 13, 1765. Sir Andrew Mitchell died (it is believed at Berlin) Jan. 28, 1771. From his papers, preserved in the British Museum, several letters have been published in the Second Series of Sir Henry Ellis's Original Letters, and one of Sir Philip Francis in the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1847.

P. 364, l. 23. M——s (Musæus) was the signature used by the Rev. H. F. Cary.

P. 385, l. 11, instead of "the Northumberland Household Book," these remarks apply to the Howard Book at Cambridge, noticed in the preceding letter.

P. 391, l. 11. The "College Book" is the Howard Book, noticed p. 385.

P. 405, note, l. ult. *for* French *read* Trench; and the same in p. 406, note, l. 3.

P. 435, l. 29, *for* 1796, *read* 1790.

P. 594, note, l. ult. *add*, and Gent. Mag. Sept. 1847, XXVIII. p. 256.

P. 579. See an account of Dr. James Nares, the composer, by his son, Mr. Archdeacon Nares, in Gent. Mag. 1788, LVIII. 238.

P. 608, note. Dr. Crotch died Dec. 29, 1847, aged 72. See a memoir of him in Gent. Mag. for March, 1848, p. 316.

P. 703, note, l. ult. See some interesting anecdotes of Bishop John Law in Jefferson's History of Carlisle, p. 423, note.

P. 742, l. 18. The Life of Tasso was compiled in 1600, not published till 1621 at Venice, reprinted in 1624, and with additions by Cavalli at Rome, 1634. Serassi says that Manso only became acquainted with Tasso in the latter part of his life, and advances many circumstances relative to the early part of it, which are exaggerated or improbable; that he is inaccurate in dates, but that it is valuable as regards the time Tasso spent at Naples in the latter part of his life, where he lived in intimacy with his biographer.—J.M.

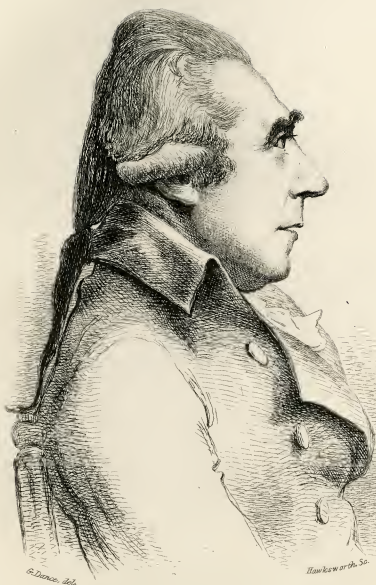
P. 753, l. 30. Mr. Irving's Lives of Buchanan and of the Scottish Poets are works abounding in learning, instruction, and sound criticism. Mr. Park says of the latter work, that it is written 'with great research and critical ingenuity.' See Warton's History of English Poetry, ed. 8vo. iii. p. 467—J.M.

P. 761, l. 32. In the Gent. Mag. 1790, p. 319, are some good remarks by way of review of Dr. Campbell's Strictures on Irish History, signed K. T.

P. 815, note †, *add*, Mr. Walker's letter is reprinted in this vol. p. 728.

LIST OF PORTRAITS.

Bishop Percy	Frontispiece.
George Steevens, Esq.	1
James Boswell, Esq.	300
Rev. Michael Lort, D.D.	438



Geo. Steevens.

Born 1736 — Died 1800.

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
LITERATURE
OF THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE PERCY CORRESPONDENCE.

GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq.

A BRIEF memoir of this distinguished Commentator on Shakspeare will be found in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. ii. p. 680; and a Series of his Letters in the "Literary Illustrations," vol. v. p. 427 to 443. The following Letters, addressed to Bishop Percy, contain much literary information, and are very characteristic of the writer.

GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq. to Bishop PERCY.

"MY DEAR LORD, Hampstead Heath, Jan. 11, 1788.

"As I left my own house at the beginning of September, and only returned to it just before Christmas, your letter did not reach my hands till some months later than it was written. Since I came home, two deaths in my family have furnished me with a considerable share of

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B

business, and therefore I have been obliged to delay my thanks to your Lordship till now.

"I should be inclined to follow Lord Charlemont's advice with much readiness and gratitude; but our painters are too self-sufficient to avail themselves of any hint or instruction I could afford them.* All dresses which are not in modern use they conceive to be ancient; or, to express myself more clearly, provided they clothe their characters in such habiliments as were never seen in England (or perhaps anywhere else), they suppose they shall escape censure on the score of anachronism, or impropriety. As to the head † you do me the honour to mention, I hardly suppose such a thing can ever be wanted; for so far from expecting to bring the work to a conclusion, I may not live to see even its beginning. In short, the proprietors by no means exert themselves with a degree of zeal proportionable to the encouragement they have received. Of any advances toward the production of this book, except a picture or two painted for it, I am utterly unconscious, nor have I heard a syllable further on the score of paper or typography. It may be supposed that the remonstrances of the public will, ere long, awaken Messieurs Boydell ‡ into more active measures. I believe, within a few months, you may expect the appearance of Mr. Malone's Shakspeare. I have been told that Mr. Colman also threatens us with a new edition of the same

* On the subject of Boydell's Shakspeare Gallery.

† Probably Lord Charlemont meant a portrait of Mr. Steevens to be added to Boydell's Shakspeare. Mr. Steevens was to superintend the press.

‡ Alderman John Boydell died Dec. 11, 1804. An account of him will be found in "Literary Anecdotes," vol. III. p. 411, in which the full history of the origin of the Shakspeare Gallery and the splendid edition of Shakspeare is also detailed. A more elaborate memoir of him is given by Mr. Chalmers, in Biog. Dict. VI. 301. His nephew Josiah Boydell, esq. was well known as an eminent encourager of the Arts, and himself a very superior artist. He was a man of mild and unassuming manners, strict integrity, and great benevolence. On the establishment of the Corps of Hampstead Volunteers in 1803, Mr. Boydell, who had been the first in command of the Hampstead Association (disbanded about a twelvemonth before), and had been extremely active in the formation of the new corps, was unanimously elected Lieutenant Commandant. After having been many years a partner with his uncle, he succeeded not only to the extensive business, but to the civic gown vacant by his uncle's death in 1804. His health being considerably impaired, he resigned the office of Alderman in 1809. In 1811 he was elected Master of the Stationers' Company. After the expiration of that year, his strength and spirits gradually and visibly declined, and he died at Halliford in Middlesex, March 27, 1817.

author. I say *threatens*, because his publication will prove sufficiently hostile to those of his predecessors.

"The line of Spenser which Lord Charlemont enquires after, is in the second Canto of the third Book of the 'Faëry Queen.' I beg leave to trouble your Lordship with my best compliments to him, and hope he will not impute the tardiness of my answer to any voluntary negligence of his commands.

"The character your Lordship gives of Mr. J. Monck Mason's production* is thoroughly just. He is often ingenious and sometimes right; but occasionally outdoes even Dr. Warburton in absurdity of conjecture. There is also somewhat of ferocity in his manner which had better been avoided. Still, with all his extravagances, I must allow that he is a man of thinking and erudition.

"Boswell's book † is not yet gone to press. He waits, I believe, till Mrs. Piozzi has published two volumes of Johnson's correspondence with her, which is expected to comprize near 200 letters. Lord Lonsdale has appointed Boswell recorder of Carlisle, and he is gone to take possession of his new office.

"Mr. Jephson's ‡ 'Julia' I have neither seen nor read; but am told the playhouse lost by performing it, and that the author's only gain has been by the sale of the copy.

"In about a month or six weeks we are to expect the three volumes, quarto, which conclude Mr. Gibbon's cele-

* The Right Hon. John Monck Mason was a privy councillor of Ireland, and commissioner of revenue for that kingdom. He published the *Dramatic Works of John Massinger*, with Notes critical and explanatory; to which is prefixed, an *Essay on his Life and Writings*, Lond. 1779, 1794, 4 vols. 8vo. Comments on Reed's edition of Shakspeare's Plays, 1785, 8vo. Comments on the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher; with an Appendix, containing some further Observations on Shakspeare, extended to the late edition of Malone, by Steevens, Lond. 1788. An Oration commemorative of the late Major-Gen. Hamilton, 1804, 8vo. He is among the best of the Shakspeare critics. He married Catharine, daughter of Henry Mitchell, esq. but had no issue; and died at Dublin in 1809. His portrait, by J. Harding, is in "Shakspeare Illustrated," 1791. His great-nephews now living are William Monck Mason, of Dublin, esq. author of the *History of St. Patrick's Cathedral*, and Henry Joseph Monck Mason, LL.D. of Dargle cottage, co. Dublin, author of an *Essay on the origin, authority, and constitution of Parliaments in Ireland*, and a work on the *Introduction of Christianity into that country*, and the religious doctrines of her primitive saints, &c. &c.

† Life of Dr. Johnson.

‡ Mr. Robert Jephson, the dramatic writer, was born in Ireland in 1736, and died at Black Rock, near Dublin, May 31, 1803. For Memoirs of him, see *Gentleman's Magazine* for June 1803, p. 600; and *Chalmers's Biog. Dict.* vol. XIX. p. 1.

brated work. Mr. Bruce's Abyssinian Tour is also at press, but will be withheld till next winter. It will be dedicated to the Honourable Daines Barrington, with singular propriety, as he is the only one who possesses credulity enough for the author's purposes. Your Lordship and I may perhaps unwillingly believe that in the kingdom of Amhara every jessamine tree is as big as *two* English oaks; and yet this fact our traveller is said to have asserted in conversation. I relate it on the authority of Mr. Gibbon.

"I hear with pleasure of your kindness to the relation of our friend Dr. Goldsmith, and hope the expiration of copyright will soon afford scope to your supplemental charity. Your proposals have not hitherto fallen in my way.

"I have been so long absent from the literary world, that the intelligence I offer you is scarce worth your reading. One circumstance, however, I must not omit. Your antagonist Mr. Ritson, about a month ago, got drunk, and assaulted an inoffensive barber, who brought an action against him, and has obliged him to pay severely for his frolic; a proper warning to critics militant.

"Your Lordship has expressed a desire to possess a cast from Nollekens' bust of Johnson. Such a thing is undoubtedly to be had, and without much expence. But as I lately attempted to execute a similar commission, and had the mortification to find that any package containing a plaster of Paris figure, unless taken uncommon care of, will not travel with safety, especially when its transit is both by sea and land, I wish you to wait for a resemblance of our deceased friend till you come to England, and can give orders about it yourself. I sent a very expensive group not very long ago into the country, and had the misfortune to hear it was half ground to powder before it reached the person who desired me to provide it; and yet it was packed by the artist who made it. Any commission of a less hazardous kind I shall be always ready to undertake for your Lordship.

"Supposing your Lordship either is, or will be soon, at Dublin, I address you at your former place of residence; and, with my best compliments to Mrs. Percy, and much apology for these pages of inanity, have the honour to be your Lordship's most obliged and obedient servant,

"GEO. STEEVENS."

* * * * * "If therefore, my Lord, you are serious, and really have a Nephew, I request that my best compliments may be delivered to him, accompanied by a sincere wish that he may live to bring forward some collection equal in merit to the *Reliques*, which (I borrow the very words of your antagonist Ritson) is undoubtedly 'one of the most delightful books of curiosity and entertainment that was ever published.'

"I have the honour to be, my dear Lord, your most faithful and obedient servant, GEO. STEEVENS."

"Hampstead Heath, June 2, 1796.

"Mr. Steevens presents his best compliments to the Bishop of Dromore, and is sorry to find that the miscellaneous volume containing, among other articles, the juvenile work of James I. was lent, about a month ago, to a gentleman who has carried it with him into Nottinghamshire. It was borrowed for the sake of another curious tract bound up with the 'Reulis and Cautelis.' When the book returns into the hands of Mr. Steevens, it shall be immediately forwarded to the Bishop, if he is at that time in England."

"Hampstead Heath, Oct. 24, 1796.

"My very good Lord, and most esteemed Uncle; notwithstanding you persist in refusing to acknowledge me in the character of your legitimate Nephew, I have not so far forgotten my duty as to neglect your interests on the slightest occasion. I therefore take the liberty of pointing out a passage in our late friend Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition of Chaucer, that seems to encourage an idea that there has been blank verse, by a century at least, more ancient than any you have ascertained.* Such a circumstance, I trust, may deserve mention in the preface to your nepotick publication.

"['The Tale of Melibeus.'] Mr. Thomas has observed, that 'this Tale seems to have been written in *blank verse*. [MSS. notes upon Chaucer, ed. Urry, in Brit. Mus.] It

* Dr. Percy collected and printed specimens of the *earliest* Blank Verse in our Language, which are affixed to *some* copies (as that of Mr. J. P. Collier) of his scarce Edition of Lord Surrey's Poems.

is certain, that in the former part of it we find a number of blank verses intermixed, in a much greater proportion than in any of our author's other prose writings. But this poetical style is not, I think, remarkable, beyond the first four or five pages.'—Vol. iv. p. 325.

"I cannot conclude, my Lord, without conjuring you to present my duty to the good Lady Isengrine mine aunt, and also to express my best wishes towards my fair cousins, the Ladies Geraldine and Blanch. And (though he may finally supplant me in your codicils, &c.) I must not forget to offer my respects to the young Ingulfus, whom (though with perfect jocularly, I hope) you style your Nephew, instead of appropriating that title where it is most due, I mean, to your indubitable Nephew, and most faithful humble servant,
G. STEEVENS."

"P. S. On the 24th of last month, when our excellent friend Dr. Farmer returned from Bath to college, he was the mere shadow of what he had been. He assured me, he had neither the benefit of appetite, sleep, or spirits. In the course of the next three weeks, however, he eat as much as he ought, slept with few interruptions, and enlivened his companions as much as ever. But in these circumstances, I must confess, I have little confidence. He still wants flesh and the genuine colour of health. His disorder, I am afraid, is referable to the state of his liver. I should add, that this supposition is merely my own, and has not been authorised by our London or Cambridge physicians. I sincerely wish I could, consistently with truth, have transmitted you more welcome intelligence.

"Another word, and I have done. You cannot more successfully ingratiate yourself with your coadjutor, the Rev. Henry Meen, than by requesting him to give you a copy of "*Happiness*,"* a poem in blank verse, which he published while he was resident in Emanuel college.

"More last words.—Of Mr. Burke's genuine pamphlet, published on the 20th by the Rivingtons, five editions, consisting of a thousand each, are already sold; and half as many of the spurious and pirated copy by Owen, are said to have been dispersed. Before now, I must suppose you have seen the one or the other of these publica-

* This early production Mr. Meen was very desirous that his friends should forget, which caused the wicked wag to recommend it to the bishop's notice. See Mr. Meen's Letter to Bp. Percy, Dec. 15, 1796, printed hereafter.

tions, which, I trust, will be as warmly received in your kingdom as in ours. Mr. Burke has commenced a suit against Owen, whose treachery, ingratitude, and impudence, are without a parallel in bibliopolic history. In one of his very extraordinary advertisements he appears to threaten Mr. Burke for having published his own pamphlet. Surely, this is a bravado worthy of *Dublin itself*.

"Mr. Thomas's remark on the *metrical* turn of the *Melibeus*,* may be countenanced, perhaps, in some degree, by the following article in Du Fresnoy's *Bibliothèque*, vol. ii. p. 248. 'Le roman de Melibée, &c. *en vers*, in fol. manuscrit, et in 4. dans la *Bibliothèque Segulier*.'

"Some such MS. might have been Chaucer's original. He might have commenced his imitation in verse; and when he changed his design might have been too lazy to obliterate the vestiges of his first resolution."

"MY DEAR LORD, Hampstead Heath, Dec. 26, 1796.

"On the 23d, I had the honour of your letter, and next morning communicated it to little Meen, whom I found in the vestry at St. Paul's.

"He told me he had sent you at least three sheets since you left England. But he is so confused and irregular in all his undertakings, that I believe he hardly

* Mr. Thomas has remarked, that Chaucer's *Tale of Melibeus* seems to have been written in blank verse; and the late ingenious Editor of the old *Bard* observes, that in the first pages a number of blank verses are intermixed in a much greater proportion.

The reader may observe the following specimens:

Chaucer, vol. ii. page 243.

The Apostle Paule unto the Romaines writeth,
Man shal rejoyce with hem that maken joye,
And wepen with swiche folk as wepen.

And again, p. 244.

Remembreth you that Jesus Sirak sayth,
A man that is joyous and glad in herte
It him conserveth flourishing in his age.

———— He saith eke thus,
That sorwe in herte sleeth ful many a man.

And in page 24.

———— For Jesus Sirak sayth, that
Musike in weping is a noious thing.

These, and a few more such passages, seem reducible to blank verse; but the far greater proportion, though in a kind of poetic prose, is utterly incapable of any such metrical arrangement; these few specimens are so intermixed therewith that they seem evidently casual, and unlikely to have suggested to Lord Surrey any regular composition in blank verse like what he hath produced.—BP. PERCY.

knows the number of the proofs he has revised. I am also well convinced that he often takes what he means to do for what he has really done. I have striven in vain to make him more attentive to your trust; but, as Shakspeare says, it were as easy to

“ ——— breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make it dance canary,”

as to enforce his punctuality, or accelerate his motions. He has much learning and many virtues; but these estimable requisites are too often thrown away for want of a sufficient degree of method and constancy in their application. Hence, he is always employed, without doing anything; and climbs downward, and advances backward, more adroitly than any other man in the whole circle of my acquaintance. The very table he writes at, and the room he sits in, are emblematick of himself; for they contain many articles of value, but in such disorder that nothing wanted can readily be found. In short, my endeavours to render him more useful to your Lordship have hitherto been quite thrown away, and consequently are discontinued.

“ You will find the *Tale of the two Swannes* reprinted in the fifth volume of the last edition of Leland’s Itinerary; I think, at the very beginning of it. The original in 1590 I have never seen, nor am I acquainted with any person who has it; a faint recollection, however, suggests that it may be found at Oxford, the Alma Mater of my brother-nephew. It was also republished in a small Latin collection which I have met with more than once, though at present it does not occur in the catalogues of our principal booksellers, whom I have applied to on this emergency. But Mr. Nichols, in all probability, has Leland, or at least can borrow it to print from.

“ Our newspapers may have informed you that a compound of illiterateness, folly, and deceit, entitled, ‘An Authentic Account of the Shakspearian MSS.* &c. by W. H. Ireland,’† has made its appearance. In this publication a new game of fraud should seem to have been

* On the probable origin of this literary forgery see Literary Illustrations, vol. V. p. 463.

† Of Samuel Ireland, who died in July 1800, an account is given in the Gentleman’s Magazine for 1800, p. 901; and his character is defended p. 1258. His notorious son William Henry Ireland died April 17, 1835. His answer to the accusation respecting the Shakspeare forgery is given in his romance of “The Abbess.” See Gent. Mag. for 1799, p. 601.

contrived. The hopeful youth takes on himself the guilt of the entire forgery, and strains hard to exculpate his worthy father from the slightest participation in it. The father, on the contrary, declares that his son had not sufficient abilities for the execution of so difficult a task. Between them, in short, there is a pretended quarrel, that they may not look as if they were acting in concert on the present occasion. No credit, however, is given to this extraordinary performance, which is produced with the sole view of whitewashing the senior culprit, and thickening the veil between the publick and the other parties concerned in the original imposture. We are threatened with a second pamphlet (or rather book) by Ireland the elder. In this he says (I use what is reported to have been his own elegance of expression) he will give a *lerupping* to all his adversaries. Mr. George Chalmers likewise is almost ready with a third work, designed as an Apology for the late Believers, &c. He means, I suppose, since the house has been on fire, to throw a featherbed out of the window, that he himself may fall soft upon it. I have told my story vilely; for I ought previously to have said, that (according to your friend Mr. Ritson's account of Mr. Ireland's intended narrative) the names of all those who subscribed to the authenticity of the Norfolk Street MSS. will be published, and that the words at the head of the paper subscribed were furnished by Dr. Parr. His name, and that of our friend Dr. Joseph Warton, for this last week, have been the sport of our daily papers. Like my neighbours, I am very poor, and had a serious regard for the 1000*l*. I subscribed to Mr. Pitt's loan, by which, even then, I expected to be a loser; but if any one would double that sum, and give it into my hands at this very moment, I would refuse the present, if the terms of it were, that my signature should be found on that register of shame—Mr. Ireland's list of believers. Yet in that situation, I hear, your friend Pinkerton's will make its appearance. But I forbear to take up more of your Lordship's time, by any further descant on so worthless a subject.

"The Club goes on as usual. A long and stubborn cold has prevented me from attending it; but Sir J. Banks assures me that no step toward filling up our vacancies has hitherto been taken.

"Dr. Farmer, as I learn, continues in a state of con-

valescence. The last reports of him were sufficiently favourable. To-morrow (being St. John's day) he feasts his whole College; and I have just despatched the half of a house-lamb as my contribution to his entertainment. Your Lordship happily resides in a cheaper country than ours. A tenant of mine in Essex is obliged, by lease, to furnish me every year with a few lambs at a settled price. When three of these were sent, a few days ago, to be killed and dressed in Leadenhall Market, as Christmas presents, for a couple of the beasts (which were remarkably large and fine) an eminent butcher offered me the sum of *nine pounds*.

"Mr. Gough has issued out the second volume of his *Sepulchral Monuments*,* price nine guineas. It is a splendid publication, and, in my opinion, a cheap one; for, exclusive of head and tail-pieces, it contains 131 plates, many of which are engraved in a very finished style. In respect to decoration, we must allow its superiority over the work of Montfaucon. Gough's third and last volume also will appear in the course of a few months; at least, so says his printer and yours, Mr. John Nichols.

"My sheet being now full, your Lordship's patience can be no longer subject to the tediousness of your very faithful and obedient servant,

"G. STEEVENS.

"My best compliments attend your Nephew."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Hampstead Heath, Jan. 3, 1797.

"When I wrote to you last, I had not discovered the following small snap for your Lion.

"At the end of the commendatory verses prefixed to 'The EKATOMHATHIA, or the Passionate Centurie of Love,' &c.—'composed by Thomas Watson, gentleman,' &c. 4to. bl. l. [no date, but entered on the books of the Stationers Company, 1581.] is the following specimen of ante-Miltonian blank verse.

'To the Authour.

'If grauer headdes shall count it ouer light
To treate of Loue: say thou to them: A staine
Is incident vnto the finest die.
And yet no staine at all it is for thee,

* See several notices of this splendid work in Index to Literary Anecdotes, vol. VII. p. 273.

These layes of Loue, as myrth to melancholy,
 To follow fast thy sad Antigone,
 Which may beare out a broader worke then this,
 Compyl'd with iudgement, order, and with arte.
 And shrowde thee vnder shadowe of his winges,
 Whose gentle heart, and head with learning freight
 Shall yeld thee gracious fauour and defence.

G. PEELE.'

"Your Lordship will be pleased to observe, that in the 6th of these delectable lines, Master Peele refers to the *Antigone* of Sophocles, which Watson translated into Latin verse, and published in 1581. See also his Introduction to Sonnet 79.

"Hoping that the French have neither burnt your black-letter library, nor castrated your Nephew, I remain your Lordship's very faithful, &c.

"G. STEEVENS.

"P. S. I cannot close my letter without adding, that yesterday Mr. Ireland, senior, published an eighteen-penny pamphlet, with the following title:

"*'Mr. Ireland's Vindication of his Conduct, respecting the publication of the supposed Shakspeare MSS. Being a Preface to an Introduction to a Reply to the Critical Labors of Mr. Malone, in his 'Enquiry into the Authenticity of certain Papers, &c. &c.'*

"*'London. Published by Mr. Faulder, &c.'*

"This poor performance (which exhibits fresh indications of forgery) threatens a yet more potent attack on Malone, who, I hope, will content himself with laughing at them both.

"In the foregoing work (which I have neither read nor purchased, though I skim'd my eye over it in Egerton's window) the names of the whole nest of ninnies who subscribed to the authenticity of the forged MSS. are published. Dr. Parr, Boswell, Chalmers, Pinkerton, and Sir Isaac Heard, form a part of this brilliant constellation, or (as Strumbo, in the tragedy of *Lochrine*, calls it) *constultation*."

"MY DEAR LORD, Hampstead Heath, Jan. 30, 1797.

"I had your Lordship's favour on Wednesday last, and will pay my respects to the visnomy of mine honoured Uncle as soon as opportunity offers. In the mean while, he may rest assured that a sufficient artist will undertake to scrape a mezzotinto from Mr. Abbott's painting, on terms very different from those of Valentine Green, whose

reputation is not so high in the world as to authorise the extravagant prices he is pleased to set on his own labours.

"I inclose another ancient poem in blank verse (the two last lines excepted), and lament that I am enabled only to feed my Brother-Nephew by morsels, as I am convinced that his appetite (if it be genuine) must be ready to gorge whole carcasses of such metre; at least, if his stomach for black-letter food is as capacious as that of his Uncle 'i' th' olden time hath been.' As your Lordship might not have the 'Mirroure for Magistrates,' 1587, in your library at Dromore, I have exactly transcribed Master Higgins's performance, which I think is not to be found in any prior copy of the same collection. From my transcript you may safely print.

"Mr. Chalmers* has published a most virulent invective against Mr. Malone, in an octavo containing 628 pages. One flower from this Scottish nosegay I will take out for your Lordship to smell at. It is a fair specimen of the politeness with which our friend here and his noble friend in Ireland are treated. 'His best apology is, while the Believers require none, that he was misled by the intemperance of his zeal to reason from a fancied uniformity, which being only a will-o'-th'-wisp, led him headlong into *the great bog of Allen*. Here, with Lord Charlemont by his side, he plunges a while. At length they flounder through, &c.'—Can your Smock-alley, my Lord, or our St. Giles's, produce any thing more low and vulgar than this is? We, who are the surviving editors of Shakespeare, are not only censured in the lump, but absolutely belied. The backs of all our cats are consequently up. My own grimalkin tail is become as thick as a bottle-brush. Malone, however, may have ample reprisals; for I hardly ever saw a book with more or more ludicrous misapprehensions and mistakes in it. To use the words of Pope,

'Some dæmon whisper'd, Chalmers, have a taste.'

He certainly was a Believer when he began to write; and the old leaven predominates throughout his work, notwithstanding his repeated assertions that his credulity had long been at an end. Take one instance more of his absurdity. He gravely insists, that all the Sonnets of Shakespeare were indiscriminately addressed to Queen Elizabeth. If they were, her Majesty was bless'd with the insignia of

* Mr. George Chalmers died May 31, 1825, aged 82. See a memoir of him in *Gentleman's Magazine* for Dec. 1825, p. 564; with a character of him by the late Mr. John Taylor, copied from the *Sun Newspaper*.

both sexes; and, as Lothario, in the *Fair Penitent*, expresses himself, was

‘Equal to both, and arm’d for either field.’

Pray turn to the XXth Sonnet, Malone’s edit. vol. X. p. 208. Chalmers has certainly battered down some of Malone’s cornice, but his citadel is as firm as ever.

“I put your Lordship’s letter with my own hands into the Penny Post.

“I am sorry to add, that I can send you no good account of our friend Dr. Farmer. I am taught to believe he is in a confirmed decline; that he is quite unmanageable; and both eats and drinks in direct opposition to such advice as has been offered by the most experienced of his medical neighbours. I have likewise been told that there is an appearance of swelling in his legs. Should this last circumstance prove true, a dropsy may be at no great distance. I cannot conclude without a hope that my apprehensions are groundless.

“Mr. Reed is greatly recovered, but still he wants flesh; his calves having been much reduced by the severity of his late indisposition.

“I am willing to believe the French are not inclined to pay you a second visit, because their prospect of success should seem to have been founded on the unexpectedness of their attack, as well as on the hope of finding you a more divided people than you really are. I sincerely congratulate you on your escape from such a horde of assassins.

“My best compliments attend your Nephew.

“I am always, my dear Lord,

“Your most faithful and obedient servant,

“GEO. STEEVENS.

“P.S. On Tuesday the 24th, there was a ballot at the Club, and the Hon. Frederick North* was chosen. Sir Harry Englefield† is the next candidate, and is supposed to be equally sure of his election.”

“MY DEAR LORD,

Hampstead Heath, Feb. 6, 1797.

“It is my present duty to inform you, that your Nephew

* Afterwards the fifth Earl of Guilford, chancellor of the university of Corfu, and F.R.S. See memoirs of him in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, vol. xcvi. ii. 461, 648.

† Sir Henry Charles Englefield, Bart. died March 21, 1822, in his 70th year. See a memoir of him in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for April 1822, p. 293; and an eulogy on his character, by Mr. Sotheby the Poet, with a list of his publications, in the same vol. pp. 418—420.

has drawn more blanks from our Gothick Lottery. Here they are, and joy go with them! My labour in transcribing such stuff from the dullest of all publications, must be allowed to deserve encomium. I think I am at least entitled to the perusal of Mr. Percy's best Discourse on the subject of *Patience*.

"The punctuation of the delectable extract you are about to read, will afford you some employment. I leave these packthread Miltonicks for your Lordship to disentangle, having scarcely changed a single stop to be found in my original.—When you print from the enclosed transcript (should any difficulties occur), the 4to bl. l. may be borrowed from Mr. Reed.—I *may* have committed a few trivial mistakes; but could not endure the thought of travelling through such heavy matter again in quest of corrections.

"Your Lordship's coadjutor, little Meen, in the course of the week before last, spent a few days at Cambridge, and brought back a most unpromising account of Dr. Farmer's health. One of the curates of this parish also called on Tuesday last (by my desire) at Emmanuel, and speaks of our friend in terms yet more unfavourable. I begin to fear that my last autumnal visit to our University has been paid. I am, my dear Lord, (with my best compliments to your Nephew,)

"Your very faithful and obedient servant,

G. STEEVENS.

"P. S. I cannot help subjoining a few of the prices at which the old Quartos of Shakspeare sold in the auction of Dodd the player * :—

			£.	s.	d.
Midsummer Night's Dream	1600	1	18 0
Henry IV. Part I.	1622	3	8 0
King John	1611	1	16 0
Richard III.	1621	1	13 0
Merchant of Venice	1600	3	5 0
Do.	Do.	3	3 0
King Lear	1608	5	2 6
Romeo and Juliet	1599	8	15 0
Troilus and Cressida	1611	4	10 0
Whetstone's Promos and Cassandra	1578	7	10 0
Gammer Gurton	1575	3	3 0

* Mr. James Dodd, of Drury Lane Theatre, and father of the Rev. James Dodd, one of the Ushers of Westminster School, died Sept. 17, 1796, in Southampton Row, Bloomsbury.—Gent. Mag. Sept. 1796, p. 798.

"On perusal of this account, perhaps your Lordship may find yourself richer than you thought you were."

"MY DEAR LORD, Hampstead Heath, March 10, 1797.

"I have executed both your commissions. Mr. Nichols, among his own books, has Leland's Itinerary, and will print from it, according to such instructions as he may hereafter receive from you.

"I have seen your Portrait, and a most excellent one it is, both in respect of colouring and likeness. I have also delivered your message to Mr. Abbott. You must forgive me, however, if I cannot help smiling at the part of your letter that expresses so much concern and solicitude about the *feelings* of your friend G.* For these supposed *feelings* of his I cannot entertain the smallest degree of tenderness; because he is a consummate coxcomb, and seems officiously to have intruded himself into your service, with a view to his own future emolument. He attended your sitting, that he might, with an enormous profit, ensure to himself the publication of your resemblance when it was finished.† Believe me, my Lord, that such an artist as Mr. Abbott required no hints from your Vals, your Ruperts, and other affected names by which the G[reen] family have hitherto distinguished themselves. Did your Lordship ever meet with 'The Secret Plot, a Tragedy of three Acts, written by Rupert Green, Dec. 30, 1776, aged eight years and eleven months, 12°, 1777?' This stuff was published by V. G. himself; and, if your Lordship continues in your high opinion of him, I cannot help wishing that, by means of a dedication, he had dropped his infant's dramatic cack-a at your door.

* Valentine Green, esq. F.S.A., A.R.A. was born at Salford, near Evesham, Oct. 3, 1739. His father was a country dancing-master. He was apprenticed to Mr. Robert Hancock, engraver, of Worcester; to whose business he succeeded, and retired in 1765, in favour of Mr. James Ross. Mr. Green's first "Survey" of Worcester was published by S. Gamidge in 1764, under the direction of the Rev. Samuel Garbet, then resident in Sidbury, a suburb of Worcester, whilst Mr. Green was an apprentice. His second and enlarged edition of the History of Worcester appeared in 1796. He was keeper of the British Institution at the time of his death, which happened in St. Alban's-street, June 29, 1813, in his 74th year. The above particulars were communicated to the Gentleman's Magazine for Nov. 1813, p. 446, by his friend Mr. James Ross, who observes "he could say more about him, but leaves it to some more able pen." His portrait, by L. F. Abbott, and engraved by J. Fittler, is prefixed to the "History of Worcester."

† The Portrait of Bp. Percy, painted by Abbott, was engraved by Ogborne, and published by Sylvester Harding.

How were his *feelings* engaged, when he took a step that, at some future period, may chance to render his son most completely ridiculous?

"And now, my Lord, to business. Since I had the honour of your last commands, ante-Miltonian blank verse in abundance has emerged.

"Imprimis, *Elizabetha Triumphans*, &c. &c. by J. A. [*i. e.* James Aske.]

"At London, printed by James Orwin, for Thomas Gabbin and Thomas Newman. 1588.

"This poem contains above a thousand lines [perhaps 1189], and has been reprinted by Mr. Nichols, in his second volume of *Queen Elizabeth's Progresses*. From this book your Lordship can take it, as well as the following articles:

"From the *Queen's Entertainment at the Earle of Hertford's*, 1591, page 8—9, "The Poet's Speech to her Majestie, 64 lines.

"*Ibid.* p. 14. The Oration of Nereus to her Majesty, 37 lines.

"*Ibid.* p. 16. The Oration of Sylvanus, 30 lines.

"*Ibid.* p. 17. The Oration of Faire Neæra, 16 lines.

"*Ibid.* p. 21. The Speech of the Fairy Quene to her Majestie, 16 lines.

"*Ibid.* p. 22. The Poet's Speech at her Majesties departure, 22 lines.

"See also the *Gesta Grayorum*, pp. 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, in the same volume.

"I wish your Lordship, however, to examine this collection yourself, before you issue out orders for printing from it; as, perhaps, you may suppose a few of the articles here pointed out are of too dramatic a cast to be received as proper examples of ante-Miltonian blank verse.

"Though, I think, the subject of *Luzarnes* has been sufficiently discussed, you may, if you please, subjoin, that in the year 1600 Queen Elizabeth had in her wardrobe, 'one Frenche gowne of tawney sattin, embrodered all over with knotts, sonnes, and clouds of golde, silver, and silke, furred with *luzarnes*.'

"If your Lordship cannot find, in Dublin, *Queen Elizabeth's Progresses* as published by Mr. Nichols, you can direct him to send you a copy of them immediately. I am assured that this curious work (of which 250 were

printed) will soon be very scarce. The price of it in boards is 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.**

"I believe I have noted a few lines of blank verse that appeared after the year 1600. I shall seek for them, and transmit them hereafter.

"One would almost think that Milton could not have met with any considerable specimens of narrative blank antecedent to his own; for he would scarcely have ventured the assertion which you have quoted, had he been conscious that it was in the power of *some* of his readers, at least, to contradict it.

"I am told that Sir Harry E[nglefield] † had two black balls at the Club. No subsequent candidate, to my knowledge, has been offered.

"The accounts of our excellent friend Dr. Farmer become more and more unfavourable. He is sinking very fast. His legs swell; as often as he sleeps he is attacked by the cramp; and, contrary to his former practice, he sees every thing through a gloomy medium. I had these particulars from his nephew, who left Cambridge but a few days ago.

"Sir John Jervis's ‡ victory has given a filip to the spirits of the public. Some politicians aver that the good effects to be augured from it are almost incalculable. If this position prove just, I hope your country will have an ample share in the general benefit; and, consequently, that your episcopal revenues will proceed without diminution.

"I am, my dear Lord, yours most faithfully, &c.

"G. STEEVENS.

"A word or two more about Milton.—It should be remembered, that most of the black-letter collections from which, now a-days, we derive so much assistance, were in his time unformed; and his lofty mind would hardly have stooped to inquire after stuff which was then considered as inapplicable to any pursuits of literature. And yet,

* Two volumes of The Progresses of Queen Elizabeth were published in 1788; and a third volume was added to the Collection in 1800. In consequence of the fire at Mr. Nichols's premises in 1808, the work had become so scarce, and brought such high prices when it occurred in book sales, that Mr. Nichols was induced to remodel the work, and republish it in 3 vols. 4to. in 1823. To which he afterwards added The Progresses of King James I. in 4 vols. 1826.

† See p. 13.

‡ Created Earl St. Vincent, in consequence of this splendid victory.

when he attempted to compile an English Dictionary, he must have ordered many books of different sorts and dates, in verse as well as prose, to be examined. And if he gave (as has been supposed) any considerable portion of assistance to his nephew Philips, while he was writing the British part of his 'Theatrum Poetarum,' it may be imagined that our great Epic Bard had previously acquainted himself with the characters of some obscure poets* of the English School. Lord Surrey, Gascoigne, Peele, and Marlow, are names that occur in Philips's catalogue of modern versifiers. But these are merely loose hints thrown out for your Lordship's better consideration. I possess no materials that, with any degree of certainty, will tend to contradict the assertion of Milton in his Essay prefixed to the *Paradise Lost*. From his *Life*, however, one important truth may be inferred. I mean,—the great convenience of a *Nephew*. To a young divine of this description I request that my best compliments may be delivered."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Hampstead Heath, April 12, 1797.

"I received both your favours; but have no more *rimeless* verse to offer you. There may, indeed, be some lurking in ancient miscellaneous books that have not hitherto occurred. The chances of finding it, however, are small. I usually look into every antiquated volume that falls in my way, but cannot promise myself much success in my future researches.

"My chief question is—If Milton had seen all the blank verse your Lordship has amassed, would he have regarded it as of sufficient consequence even to have mitigated his pretensions to originality in that kind of metre? Perhaps not; and especially as so considerable part of it was employed in mere translation. I think (like the Queen in *Hamlet*) he 'doth protest too much,' and yet he might have supposed his declaration to be virtually justifiable.

"I confess I should not have suspected he had been a reader of miserable black-letter trash, if I had not proof of his having occasionally borrowed from it. When, therefore, it could be proved that he had been indebted to such an inglorious original as *Pymlico*, or *Runne Red*

* Surely Lord *Surrey* and *Marlow* could not, with propriety, be called obscure poets.

Cappe, &c. 1609, it will not seem unlikely that he might also have looked into the works of Surrey, Marlow, &c. who had exhibited the Roman poets in an English dress.

Had my amiable friend Tom Warton lived, we might have expected an ample comment on *Paradise Lost*; in the course of which I am sure I could have furnished him with material assistance from the aggregate of our ancient prose and poetry.

"The *Paradise Lost*, *Regained*, and the *Sampson Agonistes*, have not yet been properly edited. Bishop Newton was wholly unacquainted with the Gothic sources of Milton's imagery. The mere reader of Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, is not half equipped for the task of illustrating a writer whose appetite of knowledge led him (like his own Satan)

"O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare."

"It was my design to have spent the Easter week at Cambridge, where I could have employed a part of my mornings in searching the Publick Library, as well as the old (not the Pepys) collection at Magdalen, in quest of English antiquated pieces. But as I find Dr. Farmer is so languid that he cannot bear company, and even avoids the parlour at Emmanuel, I begin to fear that my last visit to our university has been paid. He has almost determined on a tour to Leicester; but his nephew (who came to town on Saturday last) assures me he is utterly irresolute, and seems to have given his case up as a lost one. What is still more discouraging, I learn that our physical professors are of the same opinion.

"Your friend Pinkerton* has got himself into a shameful predicament. He employed a Mr. Anderson of Edinburgh, to transcribe records, &c. &c. for the service of a new History of Scotland; and then not only evaded payment adequate for the trouble he had given, but published a part of Mr. Anderson's private letters, with remarks of a most malignant tendency. Mr. A. commenced a suit

* Mr. John Pinkerton died March 10, 1826, aged 67. See a memoir of him in *Literary Illustrations*, vol. V. p. 665. His "*Literary Correspondence*" was published by Mr. Dawson Turner in 1830. See *Gent. Mag.* Jan. 1831, i. p. 46. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1832, p. 121, are four letters from Mr. Pinkerton to Bp. Percy, illustrating and filling up the correspondence published by Mr. Turner; and in *Gent. Mag.* for April 1839, are a valuable series of Notes on Mr. Turner's Volumes, by the Rev. J. Mitford, of Benhall.

against him; arrested some of his rents, to secure his money in Scotland; compelled payment with costs of suit; and has since published a pamphlet, intitled, ‘Answer to an Attack made by John Pinkerton, esq. of Hampstead, in his History of Scotland, lately published, upon Mr. William Anderson, writer, in Edinburgh; containing an Account of the Records in Scotland, and many strange Letters by Mr. Pinkerton, accompanied with suitable Comments necessarily arising from the subject.’ Mr. A.’s charges against P. are corroborated by his own letters, and seem to admit of no extenuation.

“I put your letter to Mr. Taylor into the penny post with my own hands. Your other letter I left with the Duke of Leeds’s porter, his Grace being abed at twelve o’clock, when I called at his house in St. James’s Square, yesterday morning.

“I entreat that your Lordship will show your regard for Vally* some other way than by urging me to peruse his works. You may send for him to secure a likeness of your grandson, while Rupy† composes a poem on his nativity, and predicts his attachment to the fine arts and the illustrious family of the Greens.

“As the Bishop of Lincoln‡ is doing his own duty at St. Paul’s, I have not met with little Meen since the beginning of the month. I heartily wish success to your spurs, whether they be applied to your corrector or your printer. If you have not hitherto collected matter enough to complete your second volume, you can easily fill it out by the length of your Preliminary Dissertation. The longer you make it, the more the publick will be obliged to you. It will also serve to dilute your sin in republishing Turberville’s Translations, of which the most patient man alive cannot endure to read a dozen lines.

“I have the honour to be, my dear Lord, your most faithful and obedient servant,

G. STEEVENS.”

“MY DEAR LORD, Hampstead Heath, May 1, 1797.

“On Saturday night, after my return from the dinner at the Royal Academy, I found your favour on my table,

* Valentine Green.

† Rupert Green.

‡ Bp. Pretyman, after Tomline.

and am sorry it is not in my power to furnish you with 'Mr. Anderson's Answer to the Attack, &c.' having already despatched my copy of it to Dr. Farmer, who by this time, I hope, is breathing his native air at Leicester.

"The original publication of *Elizabetha Triumphans* shall be ready for you whenever you want it. No discovery of additional blank verse has occurred since I wrote to you last.

"Your nephew, the Rev. Henry Meen, has the megrims; and, supposing that purer air than that of London is necessary to the restoration of his health, has taken a house at Chigwell in Essex. Your Lordship's chances of typographical acceleration will not, therefore, be much improved, unless you can find another nephew, who has some spring in his mind, as well as greater proximity to Red Lion Passage.*

"When you reach town, I shall be much obliged by a sight of the Anglo-Saxon verses. Till then, I have the honour to remain, my dear Lord, your most faithful and obedient servant,

"G. STEEVENS."

"MY DEAR LORD, Hampstead Heath, July 17, 1797.

"For ten days I had been following my hay-carts in Essex, and consequently did not receive your inquiries till it was too late for me to answer them by Saturday's post.

"George Chapman very often signed his pieces with his initials only; nor has it been discovered that these initials can belong to any other writer of the same period. I know not, however, of any poem of his in blank verse, except that reprinted by Hackluyt.

"The name of Ja. Aske has not occurred, except in the place where we have found it.

"You may rest assured that Pontius Pilate's Letter did not appear in print till 1587. See Warton's Hist. of English Poetry, vol. III. p. 269, 270.

For an account of Higgins, see the same work and volume, p. 259. As you may have frequent occasion for references to this book, you should borrow it (if it is to be found in your present neighbourhood), or order it to be sent to you from London.

* Mr. Nichols's Printing Office.

"You have undoubtedly learnt from the public prints, that, since the death of Dr. Warren,* the club has lost another member in Mr. Burke.† We met on Tuesday last, and I proposed the Rev. Stephen Weston‡ (I mean the translator of Gray's *Elegy* into Greek hexameters), to fill up one of the four vacancies. My recommendation was seconded by the Duke of Leeds. Mr. Windham talked of four other candidates, out of whom a future selection might be made; viz. the Lord Chancellor,§ the Bishop of Rochester,|| Dr. Lawrence,¶ and Mr. Canning.** If Parliament is not dissolved beforehand, we are to have another club on the Tuesday after next.

"Your Lordship has certainly favoured me with a postscript that was designed for some other of your correspondents; as I know no more of a 'Mr. Wigley,'†† 'his franks and his circuits,' than I do of the man in the moon.‡‡

"Forgive, my dear Lord, the hasty mode in which I have answered your queries, as I am obliged to spend this whole morning at the bank, in the receipt of dividends on various accounts, and for different friends in the country.

"I remain, my dear Lord, your very faithful and obedient servant,
GEO. STEEVENS.

"P. S. The story you may have read in the newspapers about money lost by the D. of Leeds at the gaming-table is absolutely false. No such event has happened. I had this information from the Duke's own mouth.

"I am this moment informed that your nephew, little

* Richard Warren, M.D. died June 2, 1797. See *Literary Anecdotes*, III. 130.

† Mr. Burke died July 8, 1797.

‡ Rev. Stephen Weston died Jan. 8, 1830. See *Gent. Mag.* April 1830, p. 370. He is frequently alluded to in the *Literary Anecdotes*, see *Index*, VII. pp. 462. 709. *Literary Illustrations*, III. 759. 764.

§ Lord Loughborough, created Earl of Rosslyn 1801, and died Jan. 3, 1805. See *Chalmers' Biog. Dict.* XXXI. 267.

|| Dr. Horsley. See *Literary Anecdotes*, IX. pp. 673—692; and VII. p. 137.

¶ Dr. French Lawrence, M.P. died Feb. 27, 1809. See a memoir of him in *Gent. Mag.* 1809, p. 282.

** Mr. Canning died Aug. 8, 1827.

†† Edmund Wigley, esq. M.P. for Worcester and recorder of Leicester.

‡‡ This P.S. was designed for Mr. Meen. See Mr. Meen's Letter to the Bishop, May 2, 1797, printed hereafter.

Meen, is gone to Ramsgate for the purpose of recruiting his health, which he is always willing to think is on the decline."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Hampstead Heath, June 10, 1797.

"I was on a journey when your favour arrived, or the book you desire to see would have been despatched sooner by twenty-four hours.

"I shall drop this parcel, which is pocketable, according to your instructions, and trust it will reach you safe.

"Our fears concerning Ireland for some days past have been over, and I hope we shall very soon be released from our anxieties about the Navy. The conduct of the sailors will have produced one good effect, I mean a temporary union among us.

"Our friend at Emmanuel is growing weaker and weaker, and was utterly unable to attend the annual meeting of his college at the Crown and Anchor on Tuesday last. I was one of the stewards; and, in consequence of an old promise of yours to Dr. Farmer, was authorised to name you as my successor; an honour of which I readily availed myself.

"Little Meen will be in town till September, and then he returns to his hermitage at Chigwell in Essex.

"I have no literary intelligence to transmit, except that a few days ago I received as a present from the author (viz. the Rev. James Plumptre* of Clare Hall, Cambridge,) a pamphlet written to prove that the character of *Hamlet* was meant for that of *James the First*, and the *Ghost* for the representation of *Lord Darnley*. As Falstaff says to Mrs. Ford, "Would you desire better sympathy?" I rejoice, however, to find that our critick has made no revelations to the disadvantage of 'one Lucianus, NEPHEW to the King.'

Your Lordship's dramatic property, left behind you at Dromore, increases every day in value; for three quarto copies of Shakspeare's single Plays were sold at the following prices, on Thursday last, by Messieurs Leigh and Sotheby, York Street, Covent Garden:

* Rev. James Plumptre, B.D. died Jan. 23, 1832. See a memoir of him in *Gent. Mag.* 1832, i. 369.

		£	s.	d.
King Henry IV. first part	. 1599	. 10	0	0
Do. second part	. 1600	. 8	8	0
Much ado, &c.	. 1600	. 7	10	0

At the same sale, Hughes's "Misfortunes of Arthur, Uther Pendragon's sonne" (title-page wanting), 12mo. 1587, produced 16*l.* 15*s.*

"And now, my dear Lord, I have no more to add, except that I am always your very faithful and obedient humble servant,

"GEO. STEEVENS.

"I still hope we shall see your Lordship in London before you return to Ireland."

"MY DEAR LORD, Hampstead Heath, Sept. 3, 1797.

"Since I received your favour, I have spent some hours in a fruitless inquiry about the Epilogue* you have quoted; but even the accurate Mr. Reed can supply no information on the subject. As there is nothing appropriate in this composition, perhaps the author produced it as a piece of sale-work, for the service of a chance customer, or for his own future use. Finding, however, no commodious vent or employment for his ware, he might afterwards have worked up some of its materials into another fabrick. I may add, that several of his lines apparently glance at the sentimental pieces of his dramatic rivals, Kelly and Cumberland, and therefore on mature consideration might have been suppressed.

"In the mean while, it is fit you should learn that any present attempt to throw a ring fence round the poetical demesnes of Goldsmith will be ineffectual, as a late discovery has been made of a dramatic piece in his own handwriting. It turned up among the papers of the late Mr. Dodsley; which, by the bye, exhibit all your Lordship's agreements, receipts, and other literary transactions with the deceased bookseller, *ab ovo usque ad mala*. These documents are to be preserved as evidences of literary property. The oratorio in question, entitled *Captivity*, was sold by the Doctor to Dodsley, Oct. 31, 1764, for ten guineas; and Newbury was to have the option of a share in it. It is now setting to musick by an eminent com-

* Written by Goldsmith, afterwards printed in his "Miscellaneous Works," 4 vols. 8vo, 1801.

poser,* and great expectations are formed of its success. One of the songs belonging to it has been already published in former editions of our little Poet's works.†

"But a word or two more about them; for perhaps you are unacquainted with a metrical production of his on the death of the Princess Dowager of Wales. It was spoken and sung at the celebrated public rooms of Mrs. Cornelys in Soho Square, and was afterwards printed. Several other pieces of the Doctor's are still in MS. in the hands of various people. The late Mr. Wright,‡ the printer, who had been either apprentice to or in the service of Mr. Hamilton, at a time when Goldsmith composed numerous essays for Magazines, articles for Reviews, &c. &c. preserved a list of these fugitive pieces, which are now reprinting, and will make their appearance in the course of next winter. Goldsmith likewise began a periodical paper, which, being unsuccessful, was laid aside, after a few numbers of it had been issued out.§

"I have no copy of Marlow's *Lucan*. Mr. Malone is in possession of one, and from him you may possibly get the loan of it. I once had this curiosity, but lent it, I believe, to Tom Warton, or some other careless friend, from whom I have not recovered it. As the meetings of our club have for some time been discontinued, no election can take place till we are again assembled at the Session of Parliament.

"Dr. Farmer still continues in the same melancholy situation, nor can any hope of his recovery be entertained. He has taken to a milk diet; is said to be as pale as the fluid he lives upon; and is quite reduced to a skeleton. He will see none but his own family; and consequently I shall not think of paying my customary autumnal visit to Cambridge.

"As your Lordship is desirous to know what figure you make in the blundering ungrammatical catchpenny of Sir G. S.|| I will transcribe from vol. ii. p. 297, the only mention that is made of you. '*The Orphan of China*, how-

* Two songs had been printed from the *Oratorio*. PRIOR.

† Mr. Steevens the composer. Nothing resulted from this project. PRIOR.

‡ Of Mr. Thomas Wright, who died March 3, 1797, see *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. III. p. 398.

§ Thus far of this Letter is copied in Prior's *Life of Goldsmith*, II. 10, from the original then in possession of Mr. Mason.

|| Sir George Leonard Staunton. He died Jan. 12, 1801. See Chalmers's *Biog. Dict.*

ever improved in an English dress, by a very respectable dramatic poet, may be considered as no unfavourable specimen of Chinese tragedy; and the *Pleasing History*, of which an English translation, under the care of a learned and ingenious Prelate, was published several years ago, is an instance of Chinese novel-writing that is interesting and simple.'

"That Sir G.'s book was the composition of an *Irishman*, perhaps you will think sufficiently manifest from the following extracts. 'In Nicholas bay was a convenient rivulet for watering; and at a little distance from the shore a village, where *buffaloes, poultry, fruit, and other vegetables* were to be purchased at a reasonable rate.' Vol. i. 298. Does not this passage remind your Lordship of the celebrated inscription over a shop-door in one of the streets of Dublin? 'Old boots, beef-steaks, rat-traps, and *other sweetmeats*, sold here by Terence O'Shocknesy.' Again, vol. i. p. 308, 'Every day presented new *islands* to the view, displaying a vast variety in form, size, and colour. Some *isolated*, and some *collected in clusters*.' Did any but a genuine native of Blunderland ever think it necessary to inform his readers that some *islands* were *isolated*? and where is the designed contrast between *some insulated* and *some in clusters*? Clusters of small islands would form a number of bigger islands; as twelve dumplings, when compressed into three puddings, would still be surrounded by the water they were boiled in, and consequently preserve an insular construction. Again, vol. i. p. 334. 'In some of the boats the *fisherman*, his wife, and children, continue with *him*.' That is—the *fisherman* continued with *himself*. Here your Lordship cannot fail to recollect a beautiful passage in one of the amorous epistles from the Duke of Cumberland to Lady Grosvenor, where he complains of having 'nobody with *him* at sea but *himself*.' Any further remark on such stuff would be (as Dr. Johnson says) to waste criticism on unresisting imbecility. Yet by such a publication Sir G. expects to gain at least ten thousand pounds, exclusive of the 7,000*l.* allowed him by the East India Company for the time he expended on the embassy, and an additional 3,000*l.* to pay for his copper-plates, which are very poor ones, and have been rendered still more worthless by the unskilful manner in which they have been worked off. His vignettes deserve a somewhat better character.

About two years ago, the large and small paper copies of this work were advertised at the price of three and five guineas, but before publication, the Baronet levied another guinea on each impression. As he is a known democrat, it is reported that the King refused to accept a dedication from him. His Majesty has been long in possession of Lord Macartney's Journal, and thence will be able to ascertain how much of his associate's narrative is credible. From the turn of it, the reader might be led to suppose that the Embassy had been in some degree successful; whereas Sir Joseph Banks, Major Rennell, and the gentlemen in Leadenhall Street, are unable to point out any single benefit derived from this adventure, which cost the India Company 150,000*l*. I am told that Sir G. was originally a surgeon's mate. He afterwards became a doctor and apothecary in the West Indies, where his countryman Lord Macartney met with him, took him by the hand, and laid the foundation of his present affluence. He married the daughter of Collins the bookseller at Salisbury, and had with her a good fortune. His former trade will account for his digressions on some very elegant and agreeable subjects, viz. sea-sickness, human ordure, and castration. The public, however, has such an infantine taste, that every picture-book is sure of sale. Hence, the entire 4to edition of this work is already gone. A second edition of the same size is in the press. An octavo copy in 3 vols. is ready; and several abridgments have been advertised. Sir G. though tenacious of his property, and preparing (as far as he is able) to defend himself from the depredations of pirates, has allowed the presbyterian editor* of a democratic magazine (I mean the *Monthly*) the privilege of copying one of his plates. This engraving represents a Chinese wheel to raise water. But, unluckily, the same contrivance might have been known without going to the East Indies for it; as there is a similar piece of machinery at Payne's Hill,† in Surrey, and another, as I have been assured, at Acton in Middlesex. I must subjoin, that Sir G. has given his book to all the Reviewers, and consequently will ensure to himself the

* Dr. Aikin. He died Dec. 7, 1822. See a memoir of him in *Gent. Mag.* 1823, i. 85.

† Near Cobham, the seat originally of the Hon. Mr. Hamilton, who displayed there a very fine taste in landscape gardening. This immense water-wheel still exists, and is used to raise water from the river Mole.

praise of his brethren the Dissenters. Nor is it likely that the time-serving authors of the *British Critic* can be very severe, since each of them also has been mollified by a presentation copy of this erudite narrative.

“The first volume of this tedious production, and part of the second, only furnish accounts of places that are often visited, and have been better described; nay, all that is to be learnt from the remainder of the book might have been comprized in a half-crown pamphlet. Of some parts of the work I am no competent judge; but am told by those who are, that in whatever treats of nautical matters, natural history, and experimental philosophy, our author has displayed a very sufficient share of ignorance. If you were in the neighbourhood of our friend Sir J. Banks, you might hear more on this subject; for he, with your humble servant, and others, has enjoyed several hearty laughs at the expense of our plenipotentiary writer. In the mean while, I can assure you that his rival, *Æneas Anderson*, is preparing for war against him, and declares that his account of the embassy is replete with misrepresentation, if not with falsehood; and continues to affirm that the ambassador and his suite were close prisoners during their stay in any of the cities of China; a circumstance that seems ascertained by their inability to afford the slightest account of the inside and furniture of any house belonging to a mandarin, or even a private person.

“Let me now conclude this incoherent gossiping nonsense with an apology for the flimsy paper it is written upon, which has not even the recommendation of gilt edges. I had covered half of it before I perceived I had taken hold of a new-fangled sheet, contrived, it seems, to prevent letters sealed with wafers from being opened. A female relation of mine left this fashionable cobweb in the room of some thick post, which she has carried off with her into the country. I am always, my dear Lord,

“Your most faithful and obedient servant,

“G. STEEVENS.”

“MY DEAR LORD,

Hampstead Heath, Sept. 9, 1797.

“Once more, my absence from home must apologize for the tardiness of my reply to your favour. I went from hence on Tuesday last, and did not return till this morning. I must, therefore, bespeak your indulgence in favour

of the hasty scribble, which I forward to you, in consequence of your request that no time may be lost on the present occasion.

"You do me much honour by consulting me on the subject of your bibliopolic transaction; but, I fear, my advice will not prove worth your acceptance.

"Provided you find yourself unable to hold the booksellers to their bargain, you can at least threaten them with an edition to be printed by subscription, as well as prefaced by an account of their misbehaviour. If this have no effect on them, I know not what will. The works of Goldsmith are among their staple commodities; and they will hardly choose they should fall into any other hands than those of their leading publishers; nor can I believe they will think it prudent either to lose or provoke a pen so pointed and so popular as yours.

"It should seem, however, from your own representation of this affair, that you only '*expected* they would give you, &c.;' not that any specific terms were formally settled between the Knights of the Rubrick Post, and your Lordship. If such be the case, I think you will find some difficulty in proceeding on the ground of agreement; and on that of liberality, your cause is still more hopeless; for wherever the elder Cadell has influence (and he is still said to have it over his late shop in the Strand), all ideas of a generous turn must be placed quite beside the question. I have also learnt, in the course of this morning, from the records of the Chapter Coffee-house, that the booksellers had agreed to print your projected edition of Goldsmith's pieces, so long ago as Nov. 6, 1795, and exactly on the terms they now offer; at least no mention is there made of the 200*l.* for the emolument of the poor women.

"The rudeness of your correspondents I can easily imagine. The sentiments of such priests of Mammon are rarely, I believe, expressed with any great delicacy of language.

"Mr. Longman,* of Paternoster Row, and Mr. Egerton, over against the Admiralty, concur in assuring me that the settled price of doing up an octavo volume in blue

* Thomas Longman had in 1797 just succeeded his father in business as a bookseller. He, in conjunction with his partners in business, Messrs. Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, carried on business to an extent never before known in London. Mr. Longman died Aug. 25, 1842, aged 71.

paper, is *two pence*, or, in boards covered with blue paper, *four pence*.

“The executors of Mr. James Dodsley* (in whose hands the papers mentioned by your Lordship remain) are, Mr. George Nicol,† bookseller to his Majesty, Pall Mall; Mr. Walter,‡ of the same profession, Charing Cross; and a third person, with whose name I am unacquainted.§ Your chance, however, of recovering your 40*l.* is small; for your demand would be deemed out of time, as more than three times seven years have elapsed since the publication of the third edition of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

“The copy of Marlow’s *Lucan*, which came to your Lordship through the hands of Mr. Meen, belongs to Dr. Farmer.

“Concerning Dr. Warton’s edition of Pope, you may read the first article in the *Monthly Review* for August last. I wish our venerable friend had not undertaken this work at so late a period of his life. But, though it will add little to his reputation, for his trouble he received no less a sum than five hundred pounds. But more on this subject hereafter.

“I should have informed your Lordship (but I have told my whole story most vilely) that your correspondents C. and D.|| in spite of all their boasts, are not allowed to be at the head of their trade in the line of publication. That post of honour is often and successfully disputed by the Robinsons ¶ of Paternoster Row; and frequent quarrels are the consequence of this struggle for power. In my opinion you might have treated more advantageously with the latter than you have done with the former; but, as the parties are united on the present occasion, it is impossible to separate them.

“Thus, my Lord, you are left to make the best of your bargain; for, if you cannot intimidate, you must submit. It is true that the works of Goldsmith will always be

* Of Mr. James Dodsley, who died Feb. 19, 1797, see *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. VI. p. 438.

† Mr. G. Nicol died June 25, 1829, aged 68. See *Timperley’s Dictionary*, p. 911.

‡ Mr. John Walter died July 25, 1803. See *Literary Anecdotes*, VI. 443.

§ Mr. Thomas Tawney was the other executor.

|| Messrs. Cadell and Davies.

¶ Of the head of this firm, Mr. George Robinson, who died June 6, 1801, see a memoir by Mr. A. Chalmers, in *Literary Anecdotes*, III. 445.

sought after; but with equal truth it may be observed, that in this kingdom you will discover little zeal to promote the welfare of his needy relations, hundreds of objects here having a superior claim to publick charity. All these circumstances you will weigh in your own mind; and now, heartily wishing success to your Lordship's undertaking, I hasten to repeat that I am always your most faithful and obedient servant, G. STEEVENS.

"Mr. Reed (on whom I called this morning) requests that his best compliments to you may be offered; and, once more, my good Lord, I solicit your whole indulgence to this unconnected scrawl, which is despatched in great haste, for fear of being too late for the post."

Bishop PERCY to Mr. STEEVENS.

"10 Sept. 1797.

"Your obliging Letter was received this morning, and merits my best thanks, which I could not defer presenting a moment. Yet I fear you will have reason to repent of your readiness to serve your friends, when you find it has encouraged me to trouble you again.

"The Epilogue, of which I sent the exordium and conclusion, I find (by an endorsement which escaped me when I copied them for you) was intended to be spoken by Mrs. Bulkeley. I wish she could, by some means, be asked if she remembers for what play it was intended. It may possibly, after all, be not written by Goldsmith, but only given for him to correct, though I think he would scarce have adopted the four lines in his epilogue to his printed comedy from it had it not been his own.

"He gave it me among a parcel of letters and papers, some written by himself, and some addressed to him, with not much explanation. But I have always considered it as his. Yet it would be awkward if, after being inserted in his Works, some other author should prove his claim to it, and therefore, before I close with the booksellers, who are impatiently pressing, I wish, if possible, to ascertain this point.

"I have another unprinted poem of Dr. G.'s, in his own handwriting, that is undoubtedly his, which is of more consequence, together with many original and some very curious letters; so that I shall not abate of my terms with the booksellers, even if this should be withdrawn. How-

ever, neither to them nor to the actress, would I, in the present stage of the business, excite any doubt concerning the Epilogue, of which I suppose the lines I sent you are sufficient to awake any recollection which she may have on the subject.”*

Mr. STEEVENS to Bishop PERCY.

“MY DEAR LORD, Hampstead Heath, Sept. 14, 1797.

“Till now I have not expressed the least backwardness in undertaking to execute any commission you might please to entrust me with; but you must forgive me if, on the present occasion, I decline the honour of your commands. The lady you would have interrogated ceased to be, at least seven years ago; and what would the public say, could it be known, that your Lordship, a Protestant Bishop, was desirous to send your sober correspondent into the other world a harlot-hunting?

“Yet though I may not choose to proceed in person on this errand, for the benefit of any one who likes to undertake it, I will suggest the following hints, by attention to which he may save some degree of trouble in his research. I would not advise him to present himself at Lucretia’s rout, or Penelope’s tea-table, in the hope of meeting Mrs. Bulkeley at either of these places. It is more probable he will find her in private conference with Jocasta, the mother and wife of Œdipus; for it is well known that our fair epilogue-speaker was kept by a player, and seduced his son to her bed. For this conduct she was repeatedly hissed, and compelled, during several seasons, to withdraw from the stage.—“Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,” says Shakspeare; but he would not have enumerated the act of Mrs. B. in the catalogue of venial offences. The captain of a trading vessel was afterwards fool enough to marry her, and in his possession she died. In short, but one out of all the actresses who figured in Goldsmith’s comedies is now alive.

“It is not unlikely, that the original MS. of his † Epilogue was left in the hands of the Deputy Licenser; and that the copy given to you, might have been a prompter’s transcript for the use of the theatre. Why it was returned

* Prior’s *Life of Goldsmith*, vol. II. p. 8, from MS. Correspondence then in the possession of Mr. Mason.

† Goldsmith’s.

to its author, cannot, at this distance of time, be ascertained.

"I foretold, that the first effort of nature to relieve poor Farmer* would be the last moment of his existence. He was striving to throw up some bile, and died in his exertion. He sunk back on his bed, as if asleep, and left the world without the slightest struggle. His nephew Tom was with him; and Captain Farmer (who, I believe, is his executor) was immediately sent for from Leicester. Dr. Farmer will be buried in the chapel at Emmanuel, near the remains of his friend and predecessor, Harry Hubbard. About the contents of his will, and the destination of his library, I have nothing to say at present; nor can I learn that his successor in Amen-corner is announced. I am equally doubtful respecting the Mastership of the College.

"The author of the 'Pursuits of Literature' is still unknown.† He is undoubtedly an Etonian, and one of the parasites of a certain Cambridge Doctor of Physick,‡ who (if he had the power) would exterminate all the parties concerned in the detection of the Pseudo-Rowley.

"I am, my dear Lord,

"Your very faithful and obedient servant,

"G. STEEVENS."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Hampstead Heath, Nov. 10th, 1797.

"The necessity of my immediate examination of many thousand papers belonging to our late friend, will, I trust, be received as an apology for the briefness of my reply to your last favour.

"When I was requested to look over these manuscripts I was utterly unconseious that even a single letter would be found among them; but, to my great surprise, I met with several hundreds, written on an infinite variety of occasions.

"From a careful review, therefore, of some of these documents, I think myself authorised to inform your Lordship, that, exclusive of the memoranda you allude to,

* Dr. Farmer died Sept. 8, 1797. Of this distinguished scholar see ample memoirs in *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. II. p. 618; and *Index* vol. VII. pp. 132, 564.

† Afterwards ascertained to be Mr. Thomas-James Mathias. He died Aug. . . , 1835. See a memoir of him in *Gent. Mag.* 1835, vol. IV. p. 550.

‡ Dr. Robert Glynn Clobery. He died Feb. 8, 1800, in his 81st year. See memoirs of him in *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. VIII. p. 211.

not less than *four* of your own epistles contain acknowledgments of a debt long due, though the quantum of it is unspecified. This deficiency, however, may in some degree be supplied by the report of Dr. Farmer himself. In October 1794 I casually asked him how it happened that you, who are an Oxonian, took your Doctor's degree at our University. He immediately gave me a distinct account of the whole transaction; and concluded by observing, that the £100 which he had lent you to pay for your academical honours was not at the time of our conversation re-paid. He subjoined more particulars, such as your preparation to read your Thesis, &c. and your progress through other solemnities of your act. These circumstances are fresh in my remembrance; though I can assure you that, as yet, I have not mentioned to the Rev. Thomas Farmer a word about them, or the specific sum entrusted by his uncle to you. Do not suppose, however, that all notice of the debt is confined to my single testimony; for much the same intelligence had been already communicated by the deceased to another gentleman, who, like myself, has the honour of your Lordship's acquaintance.

"If, therefore, I may be permitted to advise you (which I do according to my best judgment, and I am sure with the utmost sincerity) the £100 should be immediately re-paid, that no further inquiry may be urged about it. The sum is trifling compared with inconveniencies that may suggest themselves to your own consideration.

"Let me now, conclude, my Lord, by observing, that though in the course of your correspondence with Dr. Farmer I have discovered a few traits relative to myself, which might as well have been omitted, I act on the present occasion with the strictest impartiality, and exactly as I should have done, had your Lordship's *later* sentiments concerning me been as favourable as your *first*.

"I have the honour to be, my dear Lord,

"Your most faithful and obedient servant,

"GEO. STEEVENS.

"Forgive the interlineations of the letter, which I have not time to transcribe."

BP. PERCY TO GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.*

"DEAR SIR,

Eaton, Nov. 12, 1797.

"Your last relieved me from a disagreeable uncertainty, as it mentioned the specific debt supposed to be owing to Dr. Farmer. For when his nephew informed me indistinctly that my name was given in to him by the deceased among his debtors, I had the hard task to prove a negative, and also to find out as I could against what indefinite charge I was to produce my proof. But as to the money lent me when I took my degree, I doubt not to show that it was paid him 20 years ago; and, therefore, so far from wishing (as you advise) that no further inquiry may be made about it, or desiring that it may not be mentioned to the Rev. Thomas Farmer; I request that he may be immediately informed and desired to communicate to Capt. Farmer, what you heard from the deceased; and let the same be told to every individual you please, whether friend or foe, because if I do not satisfy every impartial person that the money has been paid, far from taking advantage of the lapse of time, I will still repay it, notwithstanding my own conviction that it has been paid already. I must only require to be allowed to examine my papers, which unfortunately are in Ireland, and cannot be inspected till my return. And if, in the interim, I may not be allowed extracts from such of my letters in your hands as acknowledge the debt, &c. I hope it is not too much to ask to be favoured with the date of the last of them, wherein it is mentioned, to assist my recollection.

"I little thought it could ever have been possible for me to have wished to survive a friend so beloved; yet now I cannot but think it providential that this charge has not been brought after my decease, when it could not have been cleared up by my family, and must have left imputations on my memory.

"I know not what you may have found in my Letters, written in the most unreserved confidence, and under the sacred seal of friendship, nor under what impressions at the moment; but as I formerly entertained a very sin-

* It is melancholy thus to close the correspondence of two such eminent men as Bishop Percy and George Steevens. It should, in justice, be added, that the family of Dr. Farmer expressed their satisfaction at the Bishop's explanation. See Mr. Meen's letter to Bp. Percy, Nov. 25, 1799, printed hereafter, p. 48.

cere regard for you, so I had again renewed my former sentiments, otherwise I should not have written to you as I have done lately. Whether this be believed or not, I am perfectly easy, as to any advantage that may be taken of my Letters, or of any transaction in a life which, though full of imperfections and error, I trust, has never been sullied by any intentional act, which can entail dishonour on, dear Sir,

“Yours, &c.

T. DROMORE.”

“*To Geo. Steevens, Esq.*”

REV. HENRY MEEN, B.D.

THE Rev. Henry Meen was a Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge; B. A. 1766; M. A. 1769; B.D. 1776. He was Rector of the united parishes of St. Nicholas Coleabbey and St. Nicholas Olave, London, to which he was collated in 1792, and prebendary of Twyford, in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul; in which Cathedral he held also the office of Lecturer. This very amiable and learned man completed, in 1780, Mr. Fawkes's Translation of the “Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius;” in the preface to which he speaks too modestly of his own share in the work, having written all the notes, and some of the translations. He was also the translator of “Coluthus Lycopolites,” in Dr. Anderson's edition of “Translations;” in which C. stood for *Coadjutor*, who was *Mr. Meen*. He afterwards distinguished himself in a critical work of very considerable erudition on an obscure subject, entitled, “Remarks on the Cassandra of Lycophron,” originally published in the *European Magazine*,* and reprinted in a distinct form,

* The Criticisms on Lycophron, in the *European Magazine*, begin in April 1796, and are continued in May, June, July, September, October, and November; in March, May, June 1797; and November 1799. These eleven communications are signed E. The signature afterwards changes to R. when

8vo. 1800. These remarks consisted of portions of the *Cassandra*, made into sections of Latin Arguments, Greek Originals, the Latin Prose Translations, an English Translation by Mr. Meen; together with short notes on the original Greek, and short English notes.

This work * was published as a specimen of an entire Translation of the *Cassandra* of Lycophron, which, from the specimen afforded by this pamphlet, it is much to be lamented that the learned Translator did not live to publish, as he thoroughly understood his dark, mysterious Author, and would have brought him before the English Public in a clear and elegant translation.† It is the more to be regretted that this laborious undertaking was not presented entire to the literary world, as we are assured that Mr. Meen completed his translation, which, with the rest of his books and MSS., was sold by Mr. Sotheby in 1817.

In 1816 was published "*Succisivæ Operæ; or Selections from Ancient Authors, sacred and profane, with Translations and Notes,*" ‡ 8vo. Of these Literary Scraps (Mr. Meen's own modest phrase for his "*Succisivæ Operæ*") the most considerable are Translations, with notes on portions of his favourite Lycophron's *Cassandra*, and of Pindar's Odes. This work also contains observations on Horace; on a book entitled "*De Reli-*

the Criticisms again appear in January 1801, and are continued monthly throughout that year; in 1802, are eleven more numbers; in 1803, is one; in 1804, are seven; in 1805, are four; in 1806, is one; in 1807, is one; in 1808, is one; in 1809, are four; in 1810, are nine; in 1811 are seven; in 1812, are three; and in 1813, are seven. In 1803 are six criticisms on Pindar, and in 1804 are five more.

* Reviewed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1801, p. 57.

† A translation of the *Cassandra* of Lycophron was privately printed by the late Lord Royston, 4to, 1806: a work of great excellence, executed when he was very young, and which received the high commendation of Professor Porson. (See hereafter, p. 67.) Since published, with a memoir, by Dr. Monk, the present Bishop of Worcester.

‡ This work is ably reviewed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxxxv. part ii. pp. 236—239.

gione 'Tractatus,' 1705; St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians, xi. 29; Gataker's and Pfochenius's Remarks on Lycophron, Milton, and Nican-der; St. Luke, xii. 49, and xvi. 9; 1 Cor. i. 12; and St. James's Epistle, i. 17. In 1766, he published with his name, "Happiness, a Poetical Essay,"* 4to. London. Of this Poem he spoke as a juvenile performance. In 1798, he preached before an Association of Volunteers, and printed and published his Sermon in 4to.; the text Gal. iv. 18. Mr. Meen was frequently consulted by Authors on the publication of their works, and was most liberal of his assistance in correcting them for publication, or seeing them through the press: among others, he corrected the proof-sheets of Bishop Percy's "Blank Verse before Milton,"† a work which was destroyed by Messrs. Nichols's fire. He died at his rectory-house in Bread Street Hill, Jan. 3, 1817, aged 72.

The Rev. H. MEEN to Bishop PERCY.

"MY LORD,

July 26, 1796.

"Last night I received this sheet, which I send with my own emendations. It will be satisfactory, no doubt, to see what corrections I have made, and to judge of their propriety. Every interjection and every vocative case is put between a parenthesis. These parentheses are retained. Your Lordship may possibly respect them for their antiquity's sake. I am sure they are respectable on no other account. Our translator is for the most part faithful. In one instance, however, I have caught him tripping. Permit me to detain your Lordship for a moment with this matter, and to request the favour of your opinion.

"The line is this:—

*Est aliqua ingrato meritum exprobrare voluptas,
Hac fruar.*

* See p. 6, and 42.

† This is frequently the subject of the subsequent correspondence. See before, p. 5.

i. e. There is some pleasure in upbraiding an ungrateful man with his deserts. That pleasure, says Medea, I shall now enjoy.

“T. thus :

It is some pleasure to unthankfull wights,
For to object the good forepassed turns.

Neither the sense of the passage, nor the Latinity, will admit of this construction. *Ingrato* is governed, as the grammarians speak, by *exprobrare*. ‘*Exprobrare alicui*’ is good Latin. It is Ovid’s Latin here,—‘*exprobrare meritum ingrato*.’ But *his* construction is, *Est aliqua voluptas ingrato—exprobrare meritum*. Can this be right? I will abide by your Lordship’s decision; for I have consulted no commentators. But your Lordship’s intimate knowledge of these matters will give to every word its proper orthography, and rescue every line from such errata as remain. I am concerned only with the rough draught. The finishing touches are reserved for your Lordship’s pen. I was happy to read, that your journey to Northampton was safe and pleasant; and sincerely hope, that the remainder of it may be equally so. In expectation of the favour of a line before you proceed for Ireland, I remain, my Lord, your Lordship’s obliged and obedient servant,

“H. MEEN.

“P. S. Dr. Farmer, we hear, intends to spend some part of the summer at Bath or Buxton. We are sorry to learn that he is not better in health than when he was in town. Messrs. Steevens and Reed present their compliments to your Lordship.”

“MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, Aug. 6, 1796.

“The favour of your Lordship’s letter I received this morning. Not having yet had the pleasure of seeing your nephew, I was willing to take the earliest opportunity of inclosing and forwarding the last proof-sheet for your inspection. Your corrections, though numerous, were necessary. Some few errata had, however, escaped even your Lordship’s accuracy. After all our care, some inaccuracies may still remain; something, omitted or added, may stand in need of further correction.

“In a glossary to Chaucer I found ‘quappe’ thus ex-

plained: 'quappe, v. for quake.' Mr. Malone, to whom I mentioned this word, did not recollect it. He recollected only 'quakk.' On consulting his glossary, he found 'quappe,' in Chaucer, page 158. The sense requires *me*, according to your Lordship's emendation. But the words 'that me trapt by thy forme,' might have been spared; for they are the translator's addition, who, contrary to his usual custom, has spun out the two lines of Ovid into four of his own. The comma, which had been placed at 'wights,' and is now transferred to 'pleasure,' restores the passage to the author's sense. Thus my fabric of criticism, which was built on no firmer foundation than a misplaced comma, falls to the ground. Your Lordship's little notes at the bottom are of use; but, in my opinion, a glossary at the end of the book, as in the Reliques, would have been more useful still. He that knows not the meaning of 'to guile,' is equally ignorant of 'bauen blase.' The page, which occasionally presents him with one solitary note, he wishes to have been enriched with a thousand. Your Lordship's directions, given in your letters, shall be my rule; and I am greatly obliged to you for these useful communications. Be pleased from time to time to favour me with them, that I may proceed according to art, and not add to the errors of the press the errors of the pen. I shall be happy, however, in an opportunity of paying my respects to your nephew in town, of talking over these matters with him, and acquainting him with our progress. Be pleased to give me your opinion of this sheet, and correct what errors may yet remain.

"I remain, with compliments to the ladies, your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant, H. MEEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, Oct. 3, 1796.

It has been my endeavour to revise and transmit this sheet to your Lordship with all imaginable speed. If it reaches not Dromore so soon as you expect, be pleased to ascribe the delay to winds and waves, or to some transmarine accident, with which we on this side the water are not concerned. The pointing, as corrected in the margin, is very accurate. It seems, indeed, sometimes too precise, if we are to be guided by the rule laid down by your Lordship respecting Master Turberville's punctuation, which was, to leave it as we find it, unless in those places

where the sense was rendered obscure by it, and its absurdity was manifest.

“ Upon the whole, I hope the remaining errata are in this last proof-sheet very few. Still, *humanum est errare*, i. e. from some cause or other, errors will creep in. It is not in the power of scholars, compositors, or devils, printers’ devils I mean, to keep them out. Your directions respecting the other parts of this publication shall be duly attended to. I thank your Lordship for your kind wishes of success in my business at St. Paul’s; but matters are at present *in statu quo*. The Dean* is not yet returned to town. We are in expectation of the pleasure of seeing Dr. Farmer towards the end of this month. He is now at Cambridge. Mr. Steevens and Mr. Reed are with him. He has certainly been benefited by his excursion to Bath; but I have not had the satisfaction of receiving a line from him or his nephew, since their return to Cambridge.

“ To your nephew I am now writing; being desirous to thank him, though late, for his polite and friendly letters. I am, my Lord, your Lordship’s obliged and obedient servant,

H. MEEN.”

“ MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, Dec. 15, 1796.

“ Your Lordship has, I fear, been long in expectation of a packet. The P. S. to your last letter expresses a hope for another sheet of Turberville. It is my wish to transact this business for your Lordship without delay; but the printers are sometimes dilatory. The press is filled with other works, and they are for a time inattentive to this. Not to mention the many petty avocations that are perpetually calling off the attention, and occasioning delay. Twice every day I attend at St. Paul’s, in the absence of the Residentiary. Next February I hope once more to see our friend Dr. Farmer in town, and to see him in better health than when he last attended here. His nephew returns to town next week. From him I expect to hear a particular and a favourable account of the state of his health. I am willing to flatter myself that your Lordship will find this sheet tolerably correct. In revising it, I have availed myself of both the copies

* Bp. Pretymann.

of Turberville, Mr. Malone's and my own ; and corrected the 'Steel-Glass' by Mr. Steevens's edition. Be pleased to repeat your injunctions, and signify by letter what further amendments you may wish to be adopted. Permit me to ask, whether your nephew is likely to succeed to the valuable living in your Lordship's gift ; and whether it be tenable with his preferment in England. He inclined to think, as I learn from his letter, that his Irish benefice might be held together with his English fellowship. The event I have not heard ; but should be happy in an opportunity of congratulating him on his good success. Mr. Reed continues very ill. Mr. Steevens thinks him in great danger. He desired me to present his duty to his *uncle*. From him, I presume, your Lordship heard for the first time of my juvenile production, called a "Poem on Happiness." I wrote it when an under-graduate ; at a period when I ought to have been employed about other and better things. Mr. Steevens, whom nothing escapes, discovered among rubbish this silly thing ; and mortifies me frequently with repeating lines from it ; though he knows that every quotation is a sarcasm.* Be pleased to favour me with a line, giving me your directions and emendations, and whatever may appear necessary to your Lordship, that this work may come from the press as free from errata as possible. Be pleased to present my compliments to Mrs. Percy and to your nephew.

"The compliments of the season to them and to your Lordship. I remain, your obliged and obedient servant,
"H. MEEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, Jan. 23, 1797.

"The omission of 'Cydiippe to Acontius' was a strange oversight. But your Lordship will here receive a part of that epistle, revised with care, from Mr. Malone's and my own copy. I will endeavour, since such is your Lordship's wish, to ferret out *The Two Swannes* ; sincerely hoping that it may not prove a wild-goose chase.

"The state of Dr. Farmer's health will not permit him to return to town in February, which is his month of residence ; I therefore took the first opportunity that offered to pay my respects to him in college, and spend a few

* See p. 6.

days with my college-friends. It will, I am certain, be satisfactory to your Lordship, to know how Dr. Farmer does. I wish it were in my power to give you, my Lord, a more favourable account of our worthy friend's health. But he is very far from well. There is a visible change in his person and appearance. He looks enfeebled and emaciated. Occasionally his spirits revive, and he recovers for a time his usual cheerfulness. He complains much of the cramp, which frequently disturbs his rest; and he is apprehensive that it will finally seize some vital part, and prove fatal. No arguments will prevail upon him to alter his habits. He takes but little exercise, and sees but little company, except that of his own society, with whom he spends his most comfortable hours. But I am happy to hear him say that he intends to be with us in June. I sincerely wish that he would exert himself a little; and not sink under his infirmities with a languor bordering upon despondency. Much, it is thought, might yet be done by a change of air, diet, and exercise: and nothing surely should be omitted, that can prolong a life valuable as *his*. It will afford me much pleasure, to have once more an opportunity of paying my respects to your nephew in town; whose return to it your last letter encourages me to expect. I sincerely congratulate him on the good living to which he has succeeded; and which he holds, I presume, with his preferment here. Be pleased to present my compliments to him and to the ladies. Your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant,

"H. MEEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, March 14, 1797.

"It is with pleasure that I embrace the earliest opportunity of forwarding these sheets to your Lordship. Your printer's numerous engagements will not always allow him to be so expeditious as he could wish. But we ought rather to double our diligence, than be remiss in this work; which, through Mr. Steevens's diligent and successful researches, is likely to swell into a bulky volume. Besides *The two Swannes*, he has discovered another poem of the sort you are in search of, named *Elizabetha Triumphans*, by one Aske. I have compared this sheet of Turberville's Ovid with Mr. Malone's and my own copy. I have also compared what you here find

of Gascoigne's 'Steele-Glass' with Mr. Steevens's edition and my own. You will, I hope, find both the one and the other tolerably accurate. There are some lines towards the end of this Epistle of Cydippe, which, your Lordship will allow, are not a little difficult even in Ovid. Elucidation is by no means our translator's talent. He is far more dexterous at creating difficulties than removing them; at obscuring his author's sense rather than clearing it. The notes of Gascoigne's Nightingale are, it must be confessed, not very enchanting. Now, just now, while I was writing this, Mr. Percy, whom I have long expected, has favoured me with a call. He has spent some time, he tells me, at Oxford. He retains his fellowship, and resigns his Essex living. It certainly must be highly pleasing to him to make Oxford his place of occasional residence, and to divide his time between his friends on this and that side the water. I could but remark, how much his health is improved since I last saw him. His stay was short; for he was hastening to Essex with all speed. He mentioned the panic into which you had been thrown by the French; and from which your Lordship and family are, I hope, long since recovered. The winds providentially blew, and the locusts were dispersed. Are we to expect the pleasure of seeing your Lordship in London this summer? I am, my Lord, your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant,

H. MEEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, May 2, 1797.

"I congratulate your Lordship on your return to England, to the quiet of Northamptonshire from the turbulence of Ireland. I have been favoured with two letters from your Lordship. As directed by the *former*, I called on Mr. Wigley,* and found him at home. He presents his compliments, and expressed his readiness to frank any letter or pamphlet to the Bishop of Dromore. The limit, *one ounce*, would have prevented my inclosing, together with the sheet, the corresponding part of my copy of the Steele-Glass. The method of conveyance suggested by your *second* letter is therefore preferable. I have corrected sheet q, and returned it to the press, that the corrected proof may be ready for your Lordship, and

* See before, p. 22.

come accompanied with the Steel-Glass. I am this morning preparing for my country residence at Chigwell in Essex. Indigestion and a want of appetite, arising from my confinement in this filthy air, have rendered such a change of situation necessary. It is my intention to return to town every Saturday, with a view to my church. Your Lordship may rest assured that the present work shall not on this account be delayed. I shall wish to double rather than remit my diligence, and finish what we have so well begun with more than usual dispatch. I spent a few days at Cambridge lately. Dr. Farmer, I am sorry to say, is very unwell; weaker and worse than in January. He has been much solicited, and, I believe, is come to a resolution, to spend some time with his friends and relations at Leicester. The change of air, of diet, of company, and the kind attention of friends constantly about him, will certainly be of service, and contribute, I hope, to prolong his valuable life. Mr. Steevens and Mr. Reed are both well, and present their compliments to your Lordship. Your letter encourages me to hope that your Lordship will, in the course of the summer, pay a visit to town, and pass some weeks with us. I shall be happy in the opportunity of paying my respects to your Lordship on your return, and of transacting any business that may be of use. My stay at Chigwell is only during the month of May. Your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant,

"H. MEEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, June 15, 1797.

"My absence from home has prevented my acknowledging the favour of your Lordship's letter so soon as I wished. I have collated the last sheet of Gascoigne with the original edition, and marked the variations with accuracy. The spelling differs in many places from that in Mr. Steevens's copy. This is my month of residence at St. Paul's, for my good friend Dr. Farmer. I sincerely wish I could give your Lordship a favourable account of his health. But he continues, I am sorry to add, in very indifferent health, and is unwilling to quit his college residence for Leicester, to which place his relations and friends are desirous to bring him. Mr. Steevens and Mr. Reed, who are well, join in compliments. I am, my Lord, your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant,

"H. MEEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, Aug. 30, 1797.

"I am greatly obliged to your Lordship for your kind inquiries after my health. My jaunt to Ramsgate has been of service. The sea water and sea breezes have contributed to remove my complaint, and I am much better. This morning I called on Mr. Nichols, and left with his son the First Book of Lucan's *Pharsalia* by Marlow; requesting him to take particular care of it, as it belonged to Mr. Steevens, and was a scarce book.* He will send me soon the sheets that have been printed off since my last inspection. I lament that my indisposition, and consequent absence from town, have interrupted my progress in revising the sheets, and obliged me to discontinue the work, which I undertook with pleasure, and which I shall now be ready to resume, should your Lordship see occasion for my assistance. It is my intention to spend next month at Chigwell, a pleasant village in Essex, near Woodford, and only ten miles from town. I resided there in May last. September is Dr. Jackson's month; who, I believe, will reside the whole of it at Amen Corner. His constant residence in his respective months gives me an opportunity of taking these short excursions for the benefit of my health. I wish I could give your Lordship a more favourable account of Dr. Farmer's health, than that which I have very lately received from his nephew Mr. Farmer, who is constantly with his uncle at college. He writes thus: 'The Master seems to be no worse now than when you last saw him, some months ago; though in the interim he has been very bad indeed. Professor Harwood thinks Dr. Farmer might in some measure re-instate his health, if he would get into the air. But he has not been down stairs these two months and upwards.'

"Mr. Steevens and Reed present their compliments, and will be happy to see your Lordship here.

"In the *European Magazine* for this month, which will be published on the 1st of September, under the article *poetry*, p. 115, your Lordship will see a copy of verses by Herbert Croft 'On returning the key of the gardens at Ham House to the Earl of Dysart.' His name is written at length. These verses, on his marriage, are accompanied with notes, of which this is one: '25

* See Mr. Steevens' Letter to Bp. Percy, Sept. 9, 1797, in p. 23.

Sept. 1795, the Rev. Herbert Croft was married, by special licence, at Ham-House, by the Bishop of Dromore, to Miss Lewis.' I am, my Lord, your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant,

"H. MEEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, Dec. 16, 1797.

"I sincerely condole with your Lordship on the loss we have sustained by the death of our lamented and much-esteemed friend Dr. Farmer.* The business which your letter explained to me, will, I hope, be settled to the satisfaction of both parties, when an opportunity offers of consulting those papers to which your Lordship refers, and mentions as being in Ireland.† Be assured, should the subject be mentioned to me, I shall not fail to state it according to your Lordship's representation. The parcel of letters, which Mr. Steevens delivered to me sealed, shall be packed up in a box, and sent according to your direction. I shall be happy to pay my respects to your Lordship in town; and read with pleasure your intention of paying us a visit soon. I wish an earlier day had been mentioned; and that you could have made it convenient to have taken a seat at St. Paul's on the Thanksgiving-day.‡ Great preparations are making there, and great interest for tickets on that day.

"The MS. notes on the New Testament, if put into my hands, shall be taken care of with other papers.

"I am, my Lord, your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant,

H. MEEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, Nov. 25, 1799.

"I rejoice to find that your Lordship writes in so good spirits, and that you have formed the good resolution of continuing firm, as you express yourself, at your post, amidst and spite of the scenes of turbulence and distraction with which you have been, but, I hope, are no longer surrounded. I read your Lordship's letter to Mr. Reed,

* See p. 33.

† See p. 35.

‡ For Lord Duncan's naval victory at Camperdown. King George III. and his Consort and Court went in state to St. Paul's Cathedral, December 19, 1797.

who tells me that he cannot recollect any poems of Dr. Grainger in the *European Magazine*, nor under what signature they appeared there. He also observed, that the Bishop of Dromore is himself in possession of the *European Magazine*. To say the truth, Mr. Reed seems to be somewhat displeased that application should be made to him on this occasion, under the character of editor of the above-mentioned Magazine. He is not the editor, he asserts; nor does he wish to be so considered. Dr. Lettice * presents his compliments, and begs leave to inform your Lordship, that he has somewhere in his possession six epistles of Ovid translated by Dr. Grainger. He told me that it once was his design, together with Dr. Grainger, and the assistance, I think, of Mr. Hunter, to translate all Ovid's epistles; but that his attention was called away to other pursuits, and the design was dropped.

"Your Lordship is so obliging as to inquire, what are my present literary labours? I am engaged in publishing a volume of poems written by a Scotch lady, Mrs. Scott. They are chiefly elegiac, possess merit, and will be published for the benefit of Mr. Lumley, a Northamptonshire clergyman, whose wife was sister to the author. They will be printed by subscription, are dedicated to Lady Elgin, and among them is a poem written to Mr. Dundas, who was a near relation. There will also be inserted a poem written by Burns, and another by Blacklock. If these great friends intend to patronize the work, and exert their influence in favour of it, subscriptions will be numerous and respectable, and the expenses of publication will be no longer formidable.

"I will endeavour to procure a list of the several magazines in which any of Dr. Grainger's poems have appeared. In the mean time, should your Lordship see occasion to write to Mr. Reed, I am persuaded he could give you the most satisfactory information.

"The present Sub-Dean of St. Paul's is the Rev. Weldon Champneys.† Mr. Farmer has expressed to me his satisfaction, and that of his family, at your Lord-

* Dr. John Lettice died Oct. 18, 1832. See *Literary Anecdotes*, III. 158, 752; and a memoir of him in *Gent. Mag.* 1832, ii. 477.

† The Rev. Weldon Champneys, D.D. was also Vicar of St. Pancras, where he died, Oct. 26, 1810, in his 75th year. See an account of him in *Gent. Mag.* 1810, ii. 495.

ship's statement.* Be pleased to present my compliments to Dr. Percy. I should be happy in an opportunity of paying my respects to him and to your Lordship in town. Dr. Lettice resides at Hampstead, and is tutor in the family of Mr. Beckford. I am, my Lord, your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant, H. MEEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, Feb. 14, 1800.

"The favour of your Lordship's last letter should have been acknowledged sooner, had not I waited for the translations of Ovid's Epistles, which Dr. Lettice could not immediately find. They are now before me, and are these: Epistles 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 18. They are written in a hand remarkably small, neat, and delicate. After the title of the 18th, viz. Leander to Hero, Dr. Grainger's name follows in a parenthesis, thus, (By Dr. Grainger.) This is the only epistle that bears his name. Dr. Lettice tells me that he has some other epistles, five, I think, which he employed and paid a friend to translate for him, as it was once his intention to publish a complete translation of these love-elegies, but that his design was prevented by other arrangements. Among the little poems, said to be written by Grainger in the European Magazine for Sept. 1798, only one appears in any subsequent number, viz. On Fancy, inserted in the Magazine for June 1799. The author of this short account of Grainger's life and writings may possibly have the other poems in his possession; at least, he may be the properest person to give any further information about them. These first five epistles, your Lordship informs me, were written by Grainger's friend.† The 18th was certainly written by Grainger himself, as his name is annexed to it. But you speak of *two* epistles as written by him. Dr. Lettice may probably have overlooked the other.

"The unwelcome news of the death of your old friend George Steevens, Esq.‡ has, I presume, long since reached your Lordship's ear. His decline was rapid. Repeated strokes of the palsy, quick in their succession, and more violent in their return, shook, impaired, and at last de-

* See p. 34.

† This was, it is believed, Bishop Percy himself.

‡ See the preceding article in this volume, p. 1; and also vol. V. p. 427—

stroyed an understanding the most vigorous, and a body apparently strong enough to combat with ordinary diseases for many years to come. But the palsy was, I understand, a family complaint; and he seems to have had a presentiment that such would be his end. He left by will, to Dr. Farmer an 100*l.*, and an 100*l.* to Mr. Reed, with benefit of survivorship. The valuable copy of his own edition of Shakspeare, enriched and ornamented with more than 450 heads, he bequeathed to Lord Spencer. To Mr. Windham, the member, he left his complete and curious collection of Hogarth's works. Not a single book, besides these now mentioned, has he reserved, as a token of regard, for any of his friends: neither has he consigned them to any public body or museum. They are become the property of his relation Miss Steevens, to whom he left the bulk of his fortune, and whom he has appointed his sole executrix. His collection of books, though not large, is more curious and valuable than was generally suspected. They will be disposed of, most probably before May, at a public auction, and their destination will be announced, as usual, by the fall of the hammer. This inglorious end, which Mr. Steevens's sagacity must have foreseen, his vanity, one might have thought, would have determined him to prevent. On the 30th of January his remains were interred in the chapel of Poplar. This was his native place, and here his family was buried. He was followed to his grave by the clergymen of Poplar and Hampstead in one coach; and by Mr. Reed, Mr. Nettleship, and myself in another. Mr. Nettleship is partner with Mr. Nichols, who was, your Lordship probably recollects, Mr. Steevens's attorney and friend. Every token of regard which friendship could shew, or merit claim, was liberally manifested on this mournful occasion.

"The poems, which I took occasion to mention to your Lordship, in consequence of your kind inquiry after my literary pursuits, were written by a Scotch lady of the name of Scott. She has been some years dead. These poems have long been in the possession of Mr. Lumley, who married her sister. He has the living of Barnwell in Northamptonshire; and is very intimate with Captain Brown, with whom your Lordship was once acquainted when you lived in those parts. They both called on your Lordship at Northumberland House in town. He desires

to return his thanks for the honour of your name, to be added, by permission, to his respectable list of subscribers. It would be highly satisfactory to me to have an opportunity of submitting these poems to your Lordship's inspection, who are so able a judge of these matters. There is scarcely a poem which, on some or other account, is not very faulty, and stands in need of corrections: yet amidst these many defects are interspersed beauties and excellences of an high order. There runs through every composition, great or small, a vein of poetry of the better sort; such as Blacklock and Burns, her particular friends, would have been disposed to commend.

"Your Lordship will see inclosed in this parcel a likeness of Jane Gibbs,* and proposals for publishing Mrs. Scott's Poems. I am, my Lord, your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant,

H. MEEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, Aug. 29, 1800.

"The favour of your Lordship's letter should have been acknowledged sooner, had I been able to procure or give some information respecting Farmer's publications. They are all scarce; particularly his treatises on the *Demoniacs* and on *Miracles*. Worthington wrote an Answer to the *Demoniacs*, as did also Fell. They are 8vo volumes, and sell for about eight or nine shillings. Farmer replied to Worthington. The *Temptation* can be more easily met with than his other works. Not one of these books could I procure at Lackington's. They were in his Catalogue, but are sold. I have met with some of the above-mentioned books, but not all. When I have procured the whole, and collected such other pamphlets as the subjects, either of the *Demoniacs* or of the *Temptation*, may have given birth to, your Lordship may rely on my care in forwarding them to you according to your direction. But the works of Farmer are not to be found in every bookseller's shop; much less are the Answers. They must be sought, both the one and the other, at stalls, and in alleys and dark corners, known only to the curious. The two boxes are safely deposited in my house, which shall remain their place of security till called for. It will afford me sincere

* An infamous squinting street-walker, the terror of the beaux of that day.

pleasure to hear of the continuance of your Lordship's health, and that you have received benefit from your excursion to the pleasant villa you mention. Thanks to your Lordship for your friendly invitation; but my engagements fix me to this place, where I shall be always happy to transact any business for your Lordship. In the mean time, with my best wishes for your Lordship's safe journey and speedy return to this place, I remain, my Lord, your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant,

"H. MBEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, April 8, 1801.

"Permit me to return your Lordship my sincerest thanks for the favour of your last letter, to the contents of which I have not failed to pay the earliest attention. That I have thus long delayed to answer it, your Lordship will, I am confident, be disposed to ascribe to any other cause than wilful and intentional neglect. Since the time your letter reached me, the preservation of my health has called me to Margate, Brighton, and to various places; and for some weeks past I have been rocking the cradle of declining age, and rendering the bed of sickness and of pain tolerable, if not easy, to an aged mother, who had reached the utmost limits of life, and had been patiently expecting the summons which she at last received. Such are the avocations and disquiets by which my time and attention have been frequently called away, not only from my own little concerns, but from those more important commissions of my friends which claimed my immediate attention, and which it is my desire always to execute with alacrity and diligence. The day I received your box, I opened it as desired, and acquainted Mr. Bremner,* bookseller, that at my house was a parcel containing two folio volumes of MSS. directed for Mr. Foulis, printer; that it was your Lordship's desire that he would take particular care of this parcel till orders were given for the disposal of it. The parcel is still at their house, under the protection of Mr. Elmsly;† for Mr. Bremner, who has been long ill, is since dead. It is somewhat strange that Mr.

* Of Mr. David Bremner, see *Literary Anecdotes*, III. 311.

† Mr. Peter Elmsly, bookseller, died May 2, 1802, aged 67. See memoirs of him in *Literary Anecdotes*, VI. 440.

Foulis should not once in all this time have either written or sent after this parcel.

"My attention is at this time more immediately directed to the publication of those poems, to which your Lordship was so kind and condescending as to become a subscriber.

"Permit me to take occasion here to renew my thanks to your Lordship for your very acceptable present of the last edition of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. I was not aware till lately what treasures it contained; how many delicious little pieces lie scattered through the various parts of this very entertaining work; whose story in many instances instructs, and whose poetry never fails to please. In collecting Mrs. Scott's Poems, I have had occasion to consult your volumes, and have availed myself in a note of the information they afforded me. She certainly read poetry, and wrote verses from an early period, and seems to have been not a little fond of legendary tales. There is one in her collection that bears that name, which she calls Edwin and Edith. But I must not detain your Lordship with particulars now. This would be to trespass on your time and patience, and to exceed the limits assigned to a letter. I can only express my wish, my Lord, that you had been in town at this time, as I should gladly have embraced the opportunity of submitting these poems to your perusal, and should have been disposed to estimate their worth by the sentence you might pass on them.

"Dr. Lettice and Mr. Reed desired me to present their particular compliments to your Lordship. The former is still resident at Hampstead, busily employed in teaching the young ladies his pupils,* and occasionally lamenting that his time is not more at his own disposal. Mr. Reed proposes writing to your Lordship soon. He therefore reserves his intelligence of whatever kind for his intended letter. Has your Lordship completed the collection of Dr. Grainger's Poems? If there be anything wanting that I can possibly upon inquiry supply, be assured that in this or in any other instance I shall be always ready to give my assistance. Miss Steevens,† who succeeded to our late friend's property, and lived in his house, died

* The daughters of W. Beckford, esq.

† Miss Elizabeth Steevens died at Hampstead, Jan. 26, 1801.

there lately, after having enjoyed this considerable accession to her fortune only one year. Her complaint was a dropsy, for which she had been tapped. Her age was about 52.

I lament my absence from this place when Mr. Haslewood* favoured me with a call. I was equally unsuccessful in my call on him. We have not yet met. I wished to have asked him many questions respecting your Lordship's health, the time of your return to this place as a member of the Imperial Parliament, where Dr. Percy† is, and many other particulars; concerning which a line from your Lordship, whenever and as often as your leisure will admit, will be esteemed a favour, that will satisfy every inquiry, and give me real pleasure.

"My health is at this time much better than usual. Its permanency depends upon my care; for health at my time of life is as capricious as fortune,—it comes not but with solicitation, and leaves us without ceremony. Be assured I shall be happy to hear of the continuance of your Lordship's health, and that I am, my Lord, your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant, H. MEEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, Jan. 29, 1802.

"In the last letter with which your Lordship was pleased to favour me, and which now lies before me, dated May 6th, you take occasion to mention your expectation of being summoned to the Imperial Parliament *next* year. As the year to which your Lordship refers is now commenced, I am willing to hope that the period is not distant when we may congratulate your Lordship on your return to town. Accept, in the mean time, my compliments and best wishes for the continuance of your present good health, and for the return of many new and happy years to yourself and to your family. You have probably seen, my Lord, Todd's new edition of Milton. The perusal of it will, I am confident, afford your Lordship real pleasure. Mr. Todd‡ has lately left Canterbury for this

* The Rev. J. D. Haslewood.

† Dr. Percy, the Bishop's nephew, died May 14, 1808. See "Literary Anecdotes," VIII. 148.

‡ The Rev. H. J. Todd left Canterbury in 1802, and accepted the rectory of Allhallows, Lombard Street. In 1820 he removed into Yorkshire, on being presented to the rectory of Settrington. In 1832 he was appointed Archdeacon of Cleveland, and he died, beloved and respected, Dec. 24, 1845. See a memoir of him in *Gent. Mag.* 1846, i. 322; *Literary Anecdotes*, Index VII. 422; and *Literary Illustrations*, VI. 620, 625, &c.

place, where he has been put in possession of a city-living. Mr. Reed is intimate with him. Among other curious matters contained in his 'Account of the Life of Milton,' the Editor has inserted the following:—'I have to notice the existence of another treasure, viz. Milton's copy of *Lycophron*, with his own marginal observations. Of this remarkable curiosity, hitherto unknown to the public, I received my information from Mr. Walker, by whom it had been inspected in the library of Lord *Charlemont*, the present fortunate possessor of it.' Knowing your Lordship's friendly partiality to my humble attempts towards illustrating this author, you will excuse the liberty I have taken in turning your attention to this interesting anecdote. Your Lordship may perhaps be acquainted with this nobleman; or you may have had occasion to consult his library. I am confident, however, that if you will be so kind, my Lord, as to request the use of this book for a certain time, and for the purpose intended, you will be put in immediate possession of it. How desirable an acquisition a single remark from Milton would prove in a work like this, your Lordship well knows. Let me, therefore, only add my apologies for the liberty now taken, and which the experience of your Lordship's repeated kindnesses could alone have induced me to take.

"A copy of Mrs. Scott's Poems,* which your Lordship was pleased to honour with your name as a subscriber, is reserved for you here. Your boxes are taken care of; as shall whatever other things you may hereafter see occasion to commit to my trust. Dr. Lettice, who presents his compliments, leaves Hampstead and his present connexions there about Midsummer next, being summoned to residence by his Bishop. Your Lordship has probably seen Dr. Vincent's† animated defence of his school, suggested by some passages contained in Notes written by Dr. Rennell,‡ and by the Bishop of Meath,§ in their respective anniversary Sermons.

"It is with pleasure that I inform your Lordship, that Mr. Reed is much better in health than he has for some

* "Alonzo and Cora, with other original Poems, principally elegiac. By Eliz. Scott." 2vo. See Monthly Review, XXXVIII. 436.

† Dr. Vincent's "Defence of Public Education," 1802.

‡ Dr. Rennell's Sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 1799.

§ Bp. T. Lewis O'Beirne's Sermon, reiterating the opinions of Dr. Rennell. See Gent. Mag. 1802, p. 148.

time been. He desired me not to forget his particular compliments. Dr. Berdmore,* whom probably your Lordship knew, lies dangerously ill at his house in Southampton Buildings. From having been well as usual, he was suddenly and violently attacked by an inflammatory fever. He has lately published a little pamphlet, containing strictures on Gray, Hurd, Warburton, &c. I am, my Lord, your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant,

"H. MEEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, March 17, 1802.

"Be pleased to accept of my many and sincere thanks for the favour of your letter, dated 19th February, in which your Lordship has obligingly promised to exert your influence in procuring Milton's copy of Lycophron of its noble possessor. It would, as your Lordship well knows, be to me a valuable acquisition. As it is probable that the curiosity of many may have been already excited, and that applications may have been early made to obtain this treasure, it seems but a prudent step to adopt, as soon as possible, whatever means your Lordship may think proper to employ for the purpose intended. If you would be so obliging, my Lord, as to take the earliest opportunity of writing to this young nobleman, the information wished, will, I am confident, be immediately given. Such early application is, I think, most likely to be attended with success. Thus might the book be in readiness for your Lordship in your way through Dublin. But I am ashamed to be thus troublesome. I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most obliged and obedient servant,

"H. MEEN."

"My LORD,

Bread Street Hill, June 26, 1802.

"Be pleased to accept of my sincere thanks for the favour of your Lordship's letter just now received, and for your kind condescension in pursuing your inquiries after Milton's Lycophron. Milton's Notes and Emendations may, perhaps, be neither numerous nor important; but

* The Rev. Dr. Samuel Berdmore, the learned schoolmaster at the Charter House; elected in 1769, and resigned 1791. He was a member of the Unincreasable Club. He published "Specimens of Literary Resemblance in the Works of Pope, Gray, and other celebrated writers, with critical observations," 8vo, 1801; and died Jan. 20, 1802. See an account of him in *Gent. Mag.* 1802, p. 94.

your Lordship well knows into what consequence even trifles rise when the pen that wrote them has attained its eminence.

"Dr. Lettice is about leaving Hampstead, and retiring to his living. Mr. Reed continues in tolerable health, and desired me to transmit to you his kind and respectful compliments.

"The 1st volume, in 4to., of a work, called '*Londinium Redivivum*,' is just now published. It is also called in the title-page, 'An Ancient History and Modern Description of London; compiled from parochial records, archives of various foundations, the Harleian MSS., and other authentic sources. By James Peller Malcolm.'*

"A weekly publication, entitled, 'The Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, *abridged*,'† will make its appearance on Saturday.

"Your Lordship's truly obliged and obedient servant,
"H. MEEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, Jan. 1803.

"Be pleased to accept of my sincerest thanks for the favour of your letter and the information it afforded me. I am greatly obliged to your Lordship for pointing out to me the channel through which I may hope to be indulged with a sight of Milton's *Lycophron*. Its greatest curiosity, so far as I can learn, is, that it bears the name of Milton in his own hand-writing. I cannot learn that it contains any marginal notes. Yet is it difficult to conceive that such an author as *Lycophron* could ever possibly have been read by such a reader as Milton without having enriched it with original remarks and conjectural emendations.

"Be assured I shall with the greatest pleasure receive of your bookseller two or more sets of Goldsmith's works, and shall be happy to second your Lordship's charitable design by the sale of a few copies. This edition is a valuable acquisition to literature. And as it is a work

* Mr. Malcolm was an able antiquary and a skilful draughtsman. He died April 5, 1815; and an account of him is given in *Gent. Mag.* for 1815, i. p. 467—469.

† This valuable Abridgment of the Philosophical Transactions was compiled by the celebrated Dr. Hutton, Dr. Shaw, and Dr. Richard Pearson, and was published by Mr. R. Baldwin, of Paternoster Row.

which has had the good fortune not only to have been finished under your Lordship's inspection, but to have been furnished with valuable materials from your own literary stores, it will, I am confident, have many purchasers.

"The new edition of Shakespeare, with additions by Mr. Steevens, will, I understand, soon make its appearance. This business your Lordship knows is in Mr. Reed's hands, who desires me to present his compliments.

"Mr. Todd, the ingenious editor of Milton, is very busy in preparing a splendid and useful edition of all Spenser's Poems.

"The book of antiquities, entitled 'Londinium Redivivum,' by Malcolm, lately published here, has met with considerable encouragement. It is patronized by Mr. Nichols and Mr. Gough. Mr. Malcolm is an industrious antiquary. He has collected his materials from places hitherto unexplored, and has arranged them in a manner that pleases and informs.

"But the period I hope is not far distant when an opportunity will offer of congratulating your Lordship on your return to this town after a very long absence. In the mean time, be pleased to accept of my services, in whatever instance you may see occasion for them. I have not had the satisfaction of hearing from or seeing your nephew Dr. Percy for a long time. Be pleased to present my compliments to him. Whenever he passes through town I shall be glad to see him, and hope that he will not forget to favour me with a call. I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most obliged and obedient servant, H. MEEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, May 12, 1803.

"The favour of your Lordship's letter was highly gratifying, as it conveyed to me the most satisfactory account of your better health and gradual recovery. Indeed I have been long anxious to hear from your Lordship, having understood from various quarters, that you had been very much indisposed. I was therefore happy to have received from yourself this favourable account; which I shall with pleasure communicate to inquiring friends. Permit me once more to express my thanks, and acknowledge my obligations to your Lordship, through whose friendly interposition and kind exertions I am put in possession of Milton's Lycophron. In consequence of

a note from the Hon. Mr. Caulfield, I waited upon him at his house, and returned with this literary treasure in my pocket. On examining it I found a greater number of marginal notes than I had been led to expect; viz. about 50. Many of these notes are but trifles; they are mere references to other editions, and intimations of the preference which Milton was disposed to give to other readings. But in some few notes, to the amount of five or six, he has called forth his critical talents, and given something, *suo de penu*, worthy of himself. It will be proper, I think, to collect these marginal notes together, and assign them a place by themselves; for, like precious ore, long buried in the mine, and late extracted, they will be prized for their worth and rarity. Mr. Caulfield has indulged me with the use of this book till his return to town. It is my intention then to accompany it with a letter of thanks to Lord Charlemont, requesting him to give me leave to insert the *late* Lord Charlemont's well-written account of this literary curiosity. This paper came inclosed in the book, and was transcribed by Mr. Caulfield from the original. I have also other rarities to produce, of which I can say nothing now, having already trespassed much too long on your time and sight.

"Mr. Todd is still busily employed about Spenser. He has gained much reputation by his edition of Milton. The booksellers have agreed to pay him a very liberal sum for his Spenser.

"In consequence of what had passed in a former letter from your Lordship, respecting the sale of some copies of Goldsmith's Works, I expected to have received, long since, some copies from Mr. White.* But he has sent me none, and seems not to have been acquainted with your Lordship's intention. I should be happy to receive them by the channel you had mentioned, and for the purpose you designed.

"I hope your Lordship's complaint is gradually going off; and that I may be gratified with hearing soon, that your former health is established.

"Mr. Reed presents his compliments. He continues in tolerable health. We both unite in our wishes for your Lordship's return. I am, my Lord, your Lordship's truly obliged and obedient servant,
H. MEEN."

* Bookseller, in Fleet-street. See "Literary Anecdotes," III. 127.

“MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, Aug. 1803.

“I beg leave to return your Lordship many thanks for the favour of your letter lately received. On the receipt of it, and without delay, I inquired after Mr. Charles Goldsmith, and learned, that he had lodged for some time at a house in Somers Town. The master informed me, that on the return of peace he left England, and went over to France; from which country he had reason to suppose that he was not yet returned.*

“Mr. Reed, who desires me to present his particular compliments to your Lordship, assures me, that the plate and note, respecting the men whose heads appear not above their shoulders, are inserted in that edition which he has just now published. I am in possession of the former edition, of the year 1793, published under the immediate inspection of Mr. Steevens. In reading *Cymbeline*, I was much entertained and informed by an excellent note on ‘her attendants are all *sworn* and honourable,’ for which permit me here to return your Lordship my thanks.

“Your Lordship may reasonably conclude, that Lord Charlemont’s *Milton* has been long since returned to him. That it is not, must be ascribed to a circumstance which I will relate in few words. When I received this book of Mr. Caulfield, who with great politeness allowed me to take it home, it was my wish to return it as soon as possible. Having satisfied my curiosity, and transcribed the notes, a few weeks after my first call, I repeated my visit to Mr. Caulfield at his lodgings, taking with me a copy of my *Remarks on Lycophron*, intending to request the favour of his acceptance of it. He was not at home. I then left a note, and a copy of my *Remarks*, requesting to know what day he would choose to appoint, on which I might wait upon him with the *Lycophron*, and accompany it with a line of thanks to his Lordship. To this note, which was left on his table, together with my *Remarks*, in the presence of his servant, no answer was returned. I was every day expecting an answer, but received none; till at last, but not till Mr. Caulfield’s return to Ireland, I was favoured with a letter from him, in which he expressed his surprise that I had so long detained this book, con-

* Charles Goldsmith returned to England, and died in Ossulston Street, Somers Town. He had a son Oliver, who, with his mother, returned to the West Indies. See *Prior’s Life of Goldsmith*, II. 575.

trary to his own and his brother's expectation. That I answered this letter immediately your Lordship needs not doubt, and explained particulars, as I have now related them. But, as I could not recollect the day on which I waited upon this gentleman the *second* time, I had recourse to my journal. Here I minute the little occurrences of the day; and hence I learned when first I received the book, and when I made my second call. After having recurred to my journal, and learned the day of my second call, I wrote again to Mr. Caulfield, acquainting him that I left with his servant a note, &c. From my two letters to this gentleman, explanatory of this business, I am induced to hope that Lord Charlemont will ascribe the detention of his book to an accident, and not to any intended neglect.* I should esteem it a particular favour if your Lordship would be pleased to explain the matter to Lord Charlemont as it is here stated; and to assure him that his book, while it continues with me, is perfectly safe; and that it shall be returned whenever any one authorized by his Lordship to receive it shall call for it. In the mean time I beg leave to repeat my obligations to Lord Charlemont for the opportunity afforded me of perusing this book; and to your Lordship, through whose friendly interposition I obtained it. You will, I am confident, be so kind as to excuse this long detail of particulars, as I was anxious to exculpate myself from the charge of neglect which I might probably have incurred through this long detention of the book, which is detained contrary to my wishes, but is safe under my protection.

"Not only the two numbers of the *European Magazine*, but also a third, which respects the same subject, is here inclosed. A page or two from the month of *August*, as well as from the months of *February* and *July*, forms a part of this packet; for they all equally relate to Mr. Rolt. I therefore thought that it would be agreeable to your Lordship to see them all. The biographical sketch of this extraordinary man, drawn up in the *Magazine* for *July*, afforded me much pleasure. It is certainly a well-written, as well as a faithful narrative.

* We presume this copy of *Lycophron* is in Lord Charlemont's library; but we remember a copy of *Lycophron*, with Wilkes's autograph, offered for private sale a few years after this date; and we purchased another book that had belonged to the same person,—*Anthologia Græcæ*, with MS. notes by Upton.—J. M.

"Your Lordship is so condescending as to inquire after my literary pursuits. This inquiry is probably made with regard to my Lycophron; on whom I occasionally write a note, and correct my translation.

"In the European Magazine for August, the leaf that contains some account of Richard Rolt,* contains on the other side a few lines of Pindar, a version, and remarks. I shall be happy if this short specimen meets with your Lordship's approbation. Some such literary trifle it has been my amusement to write, and it has found a place in the Magazine of every month through the year.

"I sincerely lament the inflammation of which your Lordship complains, as settled in your eyes, and which renders writing difficult. It will give me much pleasure to hear that this complaint is wholly removed, and that I may hope to be favoured with another letter from your Lordship much sooner than before. But I hope the time is not far distant when we may congratulate your Lordship on your return to this place. I am, my Lord, your Lordship's truly obliged and obedient servant,

"H. MEEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, March 13, 1804.

"The favour of your Lordship's letter, lately received, afforded me the sincerest pleasure. I lament to find, that the complaint, of which you made mention some time since, still continues to be troublesome; and that writing is rendered painful to your Lordship through weakness of sight. This disorder will, I hope, be removed by the return of spring, and warm weather with it. I am extremely obliged to your Lordship for the trouble you have been pleased to take, in transmitting to Lord Charlemont, through the hands of Mr. Caldwell, a copy of my letter, that respected the return of the book. It is satisfactory to learn, that his Lordship is fully convinced that no delay was intended, and that the book remains still safe in my hands. Be pleased, my Lord, once more to present my compliments to Lord Charlemont, with many thanks for this singular favour; assuring him at the same

* This excellent memoir of Richard Rolt was sent from Dublin, and was not unlikely sent by Bp. Percy; Mr. Chalmers has copied it in his "Biographical Dictionary." The interesting letters that passed between Voltaire and Rolt are printed in the European Mag. for Feb. 1803.

time of the safety of his book, and of my readiness to return it either to the Honourable Mr. Caulfield, or to any other friend whom his Lordship may appoint to receive it.

"I am greatly obliged by his Lordship's inquiry after my little pamphlet, and shall request that he will do me the honour to accept of a few copies, which will accompany the return of his *Lycophron*.

"I rely much on the hope of seeing your Lordship in town before the summer is over, and of conversing with you on the subject of Milton's *Notes upon Lycophron*. He shows himself to have been curious and inquisitive at an early period. He read all the Scholiast's *Notes* in due order, and without exception. This I collect from his having read a story there told, and which he has noticed as being *fabella lepida*.

"Mr. Rivington will not forget to transact the business required. To prevent mistakes, he took a copy of your Lordship's letter respecting it.

"With regard to literary news, I fear it will not be in my power to collect much which has not already reached you through the various channels of public or private intelligence. Dr. Lettice sent me lately from Peasmarsh, where he now resides, a *Plan of Lectures*, which he intended to read in London, on the subject of 'Artificial Memory.' His intention was, to improve upon Grey's *Memoria Technica*, and by extending his plan render it more generally useful. He is prepared for publishing a new and enlarged edition of Grey's work. On his return to town, he probably consulted with friends. He called, not long since, on Mr. Reed and on me; and has, I am told, wholly declined the project of reading these Lectures. An improved edition of Grey's *Memoria Technica* would, I incline to think, be well received. But the subject is not of sufficient magnitude or importance to call together a number of people to attend a regular course of lectures.

"Mr. Todd is busily employed in preparing, as your Lordship knows, a new edition of Spenser.

"Mr. Warton, son of the late Dr. Warton, is preparing a new edition of Dryden's works.*

* Which appeared in four volumes, 8vo, in the year 1811, with a few notes by Dr. J. Warton.

"Not long since, I had the pleasure of dining at the Bishop of Chester's* with Dr. Bennett, the Bishop of Cloyne. I was pleased to see him so well, and to pay my respects to him after an interval of more than twenty years. But I must forbear to trespass longer on your Lordship's sight, and request to know in your next, when we may hope to have the pleasure of seeing, and congratulating you on your return to town. Be assured, I look with pleasure to that period, which, I hope, my Lord, is not far distant. I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most obliged and obedient servant,

H. MEEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, July 30, 1804.

"Permit me to return my sincerest thanks to your Lordship for the favour of two letters; the former written 'with the pen of your secretary,' the latter by yourself. Be assured, I was highly gratified by the opportunity you afforded me of recognising your own hand-writing in your second letter. It induced me to suppose, what I hope you will confirm, that your sight is better. Agreeably to your Lordship's wish, as expressed in your second letter, I called on Mr. Mayne.† He is a Scotchman, and a proprietor of a daily paper called the Star. He lives in Carey Street, No. 1, Star Printing Office; where, when I had explained the occasion of my call, he received me with great politeness. He apologized for the liberty he had taken of sending your Lordship a copy of his poem, and for his omission of his place of abode.

"The Bishop of Cloyne is still in town. He is at this time wholly free from the gout, and in perfect health. He desired me to present his particular compliments to your Lordship when I wrote. You will receive this letter through the favour of his frank, which, at your Lordship's suggestion in a former letter, I requested. His house is

* Dr. Majendie; translated to Bangor 1809. He died July 9, 1830. See a memoir of him in *Gent. Mag.* 1830, ii. 273.

† Mr. John Mayne died March 14, 1836, at an advanced age. He was by trade a printer, and, after serving his time with Messrs. Foulis at Glasgow, he came to London, which he never afterwards quitted. The poem by which he is most known, "The Siller Gun," was first published in 1777, but was afterwards enlarged. He also published "Glasgow," a poem; but he most excelled in ballad effusions. He was kind to every one, and universally beloved. A good memoir of him is in *Gent. Mag.* for May 1836, in which publication many of his smaller pieces may be found, from 1807 to 1817.

in Quebec Street; where I had the pleasure of dining with his Lordship, on the day appointed by himself for conferring on me and my Ward the favour of a charity sermon.* Thus the Bishop of Cloyne has followed the good example of the Bishop of Dromore; and I must here repeat my obligations to them both for this singular mark of condescension and kindness. I assure you, my Lord, my neighbours frequently inquire after the health of the Bishop of Dromore; and recollect with pleasure the favour you conferred on them, when you preached for the benefit of their charity your excellent Sermon.

"Once more your Lordship must allow me to return you my thanks for interesting Lord Charlemont in my favour, and putting me in possession of Milton's Notes on Lycophron. I wish much for an opportunity of conversing with your Lordship on these subjects; and congratulating you, as I have been accustomed to do, on your return to London.

"I have lately purchased a Translation of the Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius, in three volumes, by William Preston, Esq. Dublin. This gentleman published a book of Poems some few years since. His Dissertations possess, I think, considerable merit. Of the Translation I shall say nothing; but of both the one and the other I rather wish to learn your Lordship's opinion.

"Mr. Reed is now on a visit to his friend Mr. Braithwaite,† at Amwell, a pleasant village in Herts, once the residence of Scott,‡ the Quaker; whose critical Essays, pub-

* Bishop Bennett died July 16, 1820. He was particularly kind in advocating from the pulpit the claims of the London charities on several occasions. See a memoir in *Gent. Mag.* 1830, ii. 184, and a warm eulogy on Bp. Bennett in Mr. Gardiner's "Music and Friends," copied in *Gent. Mag.* 1839, i. 233.

† Daniel Braithwaite, esq. F.R.S. and F.S.A. died in Harpur Street, Dec. 28, 1817, aged 86. He had retired from his office of Comptroller of the Foreign Post Office several years before his death, on a liberal pension, in reward for the laborious duties he had so long and so well performed. His abilities and integrity in office were only excelled by the placid amenities of his private life. He was a member of the Unincreasable Club; was very intimate with Mr. Dilly, who left him a legacy of 1000*l.*; with Mr. Reed, and other of his learned contemporaries. He enjoyed his mental faculties to the last, and, though nearly blind, indulged in his favourite exercise of walking till the end of his mortal existence. In 1807 Mr. Nichols printed for Mr. Braithwaite 25 copies of a little Poem, "An Epistle to D. B. by T. P." Qu.? Who was T. P.? Was it Thomas Park?

‡ Of this amiable and clever Quaker Poet see *Literary Illustrations*, vol. V. p. 764.

lished by Hoole, your Lordship will recollect. But I must not trespass any longer on your time and sight.

"Be assured, my Lord, I shall be always happy to hear from your Lordship; and to transact any business for you here, whenever you may see occasion. It will afford me real pleasure, to learn your Lordship's sight is better, and whatever else you may please to communicate to, my Lord, your Lordship's most obliged and obedient servant,

"H. MEEN."

"MY LORD,

Bread Street Hill, Jan. 20, 1807.

"My long silence has, I assure your Lordship, proceeded from no other cause than my apprehension lest my letters should occasion you unnecessary trouble; for I could not but observe with concern, that when your Lordship last favoured me with a letter, it was not written with your own hand. This single circumstance induced me to fear that the weakness of your sight, of which you had often complained, was not lessened, but increased. I shall be sincerely glad to receive from your Lordship a more favourable account. In the mean time, I once more venture to trespass upon your Lordship's patience and time, by giving you the earliest information of the loss we have sustained, by the death of our excellent and justly-valued friend, Mr. Isaac Reed.* His paralytic affections have for some years been gradually increasing. To persons thus afflicted all exertion is painful. It has long been an effort of no common sort to move from his room, in which he constantly sat, surrounded by his books, and occasionally relieved by the calls of his friends. Imperturbed by them, he sometimes, though but seldom, consented to dine out. He dined with Mr. Braithwaite on New-year's day. His appetite continued to the last, as did that of his friend Mr. Steevens; for their complaints were similar. On Sunday evening, Jan. 4th, I called, as usual, to drink tea with him; when, to my surprise and sorrow, I found him confined to his bed. On the morning of the following day it was the misfortune of his sur-

* Mr. Reed died Jan. 5, 1807. Whilst confined to his bed by a fractured thigh, Mr. Nichols dictated a Memoir of his friend, which was printed in the *Gent. Mag.* for Jan. 1807, p. 80; and reprinted, with additions, in *Literary Anecdotes*, II. 664.

rounding friends to see him dying and dead. The talents and virtues of this excellent man are too well known to your Lordship to need any recital from me. His books will be sold by auction, according to the directions given in his will; which was drawn up by himself with perspicuity and precision, and bore the evident marks of a benevolent mind.

"I beg leave to communicate to your Lordship a piece of literary intelligence, which I am confident has not yet reached you, for it is scarcely known here; it being a work that is printed only for the perusal of a few friends. The work to which I refer, is a translation of Lycophron into blank verse, by Lord Royston,* the eldest son of Lord Hardwicke. The poem is illustrated by mythological notes and a preface; and it is printed in 4to. Mr. Reed was of opinion, that I ought not, on account of this version, to desist from pursuing my intended plan, which will comprise many critical notes, the Greek text, and, through the favour of your Lordship's friendly exertions, the curious MS. notes of Milton.

"Mr. Thirlwall,† who, I understand, is not unknown to your Lordship, and was for some time curate to Dr. Percy, is about publishing some select parts of Bp. Jeremy Taylor's excellent works, particularly his 'Holy Living and Dying.' He intends to prefix a life of the author; but finds it difficult to collect materials. It occurred to him, that, as he was for some years Bishop of Dromore, it was likely that some of his more valuable papers may have been preserved in some muniment-room or repository in your cathedral. Indeed it appeared to me very probable that your Lordship's research may have been long since turned to discoveries from this quarter; and that you may have in your possession some curious documents respecting this distinguished man.‡ Be pleased to excuse the liberty I have taken, in turning your attention towards him and his works: any information from your Lordship, with regard to either, would be

* See p. 36.

† The Rev. Thomas Thirlwall, M.A. curate and lecturer of Stepney, and rector of Bowers Gifford, Essex. He died March 17, 1827. He was father of Dr. Connop Thirlwall, Bp. of St. David's. The "Primitiæ" of the latter, published when he was only 11 years of age, were dedicated to Bp. Percy. See a memoir of Mr. Thirlwall, in *Gent. Mag.* 1827, i. 568.

‡ On this subject see remarks by the Rev. E. Jones, in "Literary Anecdotes," VIII. 148.

esteemed a singular favour, and would be acknowledged with gratitude by Mr. Thirlwall, who desired me to present his respectful compliments to your Lordship. Dr. Jeremy Taylor is generally spoken of as Bishop of Down and Connor. But in his funeral-sermon by Rust, are these words: ‘the great Doctor Jeremy Taylor was resolved upon for the Bishoprick of Down and Connor; and not long after, *Dromore was added to it.*’ But I am trespassing, I fear, on your time, my Lord; and troubling you not only with the length of my letter, but with the request it contains respecting J. Taylor’s works.

“I sincerely condole with your Lordship for the loss you have sustained; * as does Mr. Nichols, who desired me to present his respects, and to acknowledge the receipt of two letters from your Lordship, which he would have answered immediately, had he not been confined to his bed by a fall, as he was walking in his printing-office. By this accidental fall he has fractured the bone of one of his thighs. He is assured by his medical friends, that he is in the way of recovery and doing well; but that he must submit with patience to a long confinement. This to a man of his activity is distressing.†

“Be assured, my Lord, it will afford me the most sincere pleasure to hear of the continuance of your good health, and of whatever else you may please to communicate through the favour of a line from yourself or friend. I shall be happy to transact any business for your Lordship here, in whatever way you may choose to point out; being, with much sincerity, your Lordship’s truly obliged and obedient servant,

H. MEEN.”

* The death of Mrs. Percy, the wife of the Bishop, which occurred Dec. 30, 1806. See *Gent. Mag.* 1807, p. 91; a Poetical Epitaph on Mrs. Percy, by Hafiz, in the same Magazine, p. 60; and Lines to the Memory of Mrs. Percy, by the Rev. H. Boyd, in the same vol. p. 125. Seventy Poems by Hafiz appeared in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* from 1801 to 1817. See General Index to the Poetry, vol. III. p. 508.

† Mr. Nichols fractured his thigh by a fall Jan. 8, 1807 (see *Gent. Mag.* LXXVII. 79); but happily recovered, and lived for nearly twenty years after the accident, dying Nov. 26, 1826.

ROBERT ANDERSON, M.D.

ROBERT ANDERSON, M.D. well known to the public as the editor and biographer of the British Poets, was born at Carnwath, an extensive parish in Lanarkshire, and was educated at a celebrated school in the Royal Burgh of Lanark. His academical studies were prosecuted in the University of Edinburgh, and, after an extended course of literature and science, he there took his Doctor's degree. For several years he practised as a physician at Alnwick, in the county of Northumberland, where he married Miss Grey, a lady related to the noble family of that name; and being thus emancipated from the necessity of professional exertion, he finally returned to Edinburgh, where he continued to reside for upwards of forty years, in a condition of life removed from affluence, but perfectly consistent with genuine independence and comfort.

The works of Dr. Anderson are various and valuable, and have been favourably received by the public; they are principally critical and biographical. His edition and lives of the British Poets in 14 large volumes, was published in 1795, and was soon followed by an edition of Dr. Moore's Works: both were more creditable to the editor than to the publishers, who injured the sale of them by an ill-judged parsimony in bringing them out. He next published the Miscellaneous Works of Dr. Smollett; this passed through six editions; the eighth made up a separate edition under the title of "The Life of Tobias Smollett, M.D. with Critical Observations on his Works," Edin. 1800; this work is held in great

and just estimation; but that which is most admired is his "Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., with Critical Observations on his Works," third edition, Edinburgh, 1815, 8vo. He also made numerous contributions to various publications, but more through his fondness for literature than any love of money. His correspondence with literary men was extensive, by whom he was held in the greatest esteem, not more for his talents than the frankness of his temper and the warmth of his heart. He was very attentive to the interest of men of letters, and peculiarly so to that of young persons in whom he perceived any indications of genius. He was in his politics a sound whig, and from his earliest youth showed the highest respect for the civil and religious liberties of mankind; this his passion appeared even strong in death, for on the very evening before he died, he called for a map of Greece, that he might observe the elements of this new state, in whose future fortune he had felt himself so deeply interested.

Though Dr. Anderson lived to so good an old age, his mental and corporeal faculties betrayed few symptoms of it; he had been uniformly temperate and regular, and he possessed an habitual cheerfulness. He was, in many cases, kind even to enthusiasm.

Dr. Anderson died in Windmill-street, Edinburgh, March 20, 1830, in his 79th year, as much regretted in his death as he was esteemed in his life. Although he had outlived many of his oldest friends, he still enjoyed the society of a respectable circle, who knew how to appreciate his character, and will retain a pleasing sense of his worth, and a lasting affectionate respect for his memory.*

* Gent. Mag. April 1830, p. 375.

Bp. PERCY to Dr. ROBERT ANDERSON.

"SIR,

Dublin, July 21, 1798.

"Your edition of the Poets of Great Britain does so much honour to their biographer and critic, that every friend to literature should assist his candid and ingenious labours; this I hope will serve as my apology for addressing a letter to you, without a more regular introduction.

"The part of your work in which I have found myself more particularly interested, is the article of my beloved friend Dr. Grainger. You have done justice to his merits as a man and as a writer, but have been very imperfectly possessed of his writings. Here I can possibly be of service to you, as I can not only point out to your notice many anonymous poems, which he allowed to be printed in periodical miscellanies, but several that were never published, which he bequeathed to me, with all his MSS.

"His only surviving daughter succeeded to a very handsome fortune from her mother's family; otherwise a complete collection of Dr. Grainger's Poems might have been published, to great advantage, by subscription, for her benefit. I have often wished they could have been given to the world in a perfect form; but the booksellers will not undertake an edition without greater expectation of profit than could be excited by an elegant but retired poet. I should be very glad to deliver over to you all these treasures, to make what use of them you pleased, either to publish them separately, or in a future edition of your general collection.

"If this offer should prove acceptable, you will be pleased to address a line to the Bishop of Dromore, in Dublin, where I am at present, and when I go to my see (which the cessation of our disturbances give me hopes I shall do soon), I will look over my papers and give you more perfect information on the subject. In the mean time I remain, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

"T. DROMORE."

Dr. ROBERT ANDERSON to Bishop PERCY.

“MY LORD, Heriot's Green, Edinburgh, Nov. 30, 1798.

“The very polite and flattering letter which your Lordship was pleased to write to me from Dublin, in July last, concerning my edition of the British Poets, happened to be sent to my house during my absence from town, and reached me only about the middle of September. It is but an ill return I make to your Lordship for the attention and approbation with which you have honoured my willingness, rather than my ability, to do justice, among others, to the memory of your friend Dr. Grainger, to have delayed my acknowledgment so long. I doubt whether I shall easily obtain your Lordship's pardon for my tardiness; but if you imagine that it has proceeded from either neglect or indifference, you neither do justice to yourself nor to me. I am incapable of deliberately showing any disrespect to the learned and ingenious editor of the “*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*,” the most competent judge in our nation of the value of my endeavours to vindicate the claims of many too much neglected English poets; and can never be insensible of the politeness and liberality of the venerable Bishop of Dromore, the friend of Shenstone, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Grainger, in condescending to offer me his assistance in reprinting, with additions, the poems of the elegant author of ‘*The Sugar-Cane*.’

“The correspondence of many respectable persons in Great Britain and Ireland, to whom I am personally unknown, I reckon no inconsiderable addition to the pleasure I have had in contributing to extend, however little, the honour of our national poetry and the boundaries of literary biography. But from those who have made the poetry of our country an object of deliberate investigation, I had not the vanity to expect either attention or approbation; and least of all from Dr. Percy, the most respectable poetical antiquary now living, who, co-operating with his learned contemporaries Warton and Tyrwhitt, has not only strengthened and recommended the taste for poetical antiquities, by the revival and illustration of our ancient popular poetry, but reflected a lustre on the poetry of elder time by the exquisite delicacy and beautiful simplicity of his own compositions.

“ I had certainly, my Lord, every reason imaginable to be gratified by the favourable opinion of a man of your character, whose literary merits have long stood high in the public esteem; and if I had followed my inclination I should certainly have answered your letter, as far as it depended upon me, immediately, by signifying, as I do now, my thankful acceptance of your polite offer of Grainger's MS. poems in your possession, and my readiness to co-operate with your Lordship in preparing a complete collection of his poetical works for a separate edition. But, in order to return your Lordship a satisfactory answer, it was necessary for me to prevail upon some bookseller to undertake the publication. This I found a matter of some difficulty. From the times being so unfavourable to literary productions, and Grainger being, as your Lordship has observed, though an elegant, rather a retired writer, I could not prevail upon the booksellers here to engage in the undertaking, though I offered to furnish the materials, and to give my assistance, gratuitously. Having some time ago recommended to Mr. Mundell, printer to the University of Glasgow, the proprietor of the *British Poets*, a separate edition of ‘*The Sugar-Cane*,’ I again applied to him, stating the plan you suggested in the most encouraging manner; but being then, as he has been during the last two months, in London, he delayed giving me a final answer till his return to Scotland. The weight of Dr. Percy's name has at length determined him; and I have now the pleasure to inform your Lordship that he expresses his willingness to engage in the publication, upon the conditions that it shall not exceed two moderate duodecimo volumes, and that either your Lordship or I shall be responsible for the edition. I imagine there is no hazard in my agreeing to the first condition. With respect to the other, though I am sensible that there is no person living better qualified to perform the office of Grainger's biographer and editor than your Lordship, and that no employment could be more grateful or honourable to your feelings, at the distance of so many years, yet there may exist circumstances of delicacy connected with your episcopal character, which may induce your Lordship to decline it; in which case, though conscious of my inability for the task, I am willing, as my necessary avocations and a very delicate state of health may permit, to give a portion of my

time to the undertaking. The plan of a separate edition meets with the approbation of all my literary friends here, not only as erecting a respectable monument, which has been long wanting, to the memory of our ingenious countryman, but as preparatory to the admission of his collected works in the second edition of the *British Poets*, which is in contemplation, the first, amounting to 2000 copies, being nearly sold off. Mr. George Paton obligingly promises the use of his letters and other information; and the Earl of Buchan did me the honour to breakfast with me lately on purpose to talk over the scheme, and to open fresh sources of information respecting his controversy with Smollett (whose *Life* I am now revising for a third edition), and his share in *Maitland's Scotland*, *Biographical Dictionary*, *Monthly Review*, &c. In the '*European Magazine*' for September, I observe an ode of Grainger's, entitled '*Cheerfulness*,' said to be printed from a copy in his handwriting, with some notices of him sufficiently known, and the titles of five other pieces transmitted for the use of that publication, '*Fancy*, an irregular Ode,' '*Address to the Evening Star*,' '*The Imperfect Retreat*,' '*Love*, an Ode,' '*To the Nymph of P****water*:' on the authenticity of these pieces I request your Lordship's opinion.

"I shall gladly receive the MSS. and have recourse to your Lordship for such information as you are more able to give than any other man. I am, my Lord, with the greatest respect, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

"RO. ANDERSON."

Bp. PERCY to Dr. ANDERSON.

"SIR,

Dromore, 21st Feb. 1799.

"That your obliging and truly acceptable letter hath remained so long unacknowledged, I trust you could not possibly attribute to any dissatisfaction at the contents, or to any captious offence taken at your delay in writing, which you have so well accounted for. I was unwilling to write till I had recovered all Dr. Grainger's papers, which, with others of my own, had been huddled into boxes, and buried in vaults, during our late Rebellion; a precaution which my servants had taken in my absence, as one of the pitched battles with the King's forces had

been fought within ten miles of my house. I at last find that one manuscript had been sent with some of my own writings to England; yet am not sure that it contains more than an unfinished tragedy of his writing, intitled, 'The Fate (or Siege) of Capua.' In the course of the following summer I expect a call to England, which will enable me to give you a more satisfactory account of it. After all, I should not have delayed writing to you so long had I not been confined for more than a month past with an illness that interrupted my researches.

"I have two or three manuscript volumes, containing many unfinished poems, but to the following he had given his full correction, and printed them himself, but without his name, in a periodical publication, intitled, 'The Grand Magazine, 1758,' all but the first, which he gave to Dodsley, and the last which he wrote for the 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry.'

1. Ode to Solitude.
2. An Address to the Evening Star.
3. Three Elegies written from Italy.
4. Hymn [so he intitled it] to Cheerfulness.
5. To the Nymph of P*** [Pithkeatly] Waters.
6. Triumph of Beauty.
7. Three Epigrams.
8. An Elegy on having quarrelled with Melinda.
9. Bryan and Pereene, a West India Ballad.

These, with his, 10. 'Sugar Cane,' and his Version of Tibullus, were, I believe, all that he ever printed; but I have besides, a Translation, in our alternate elegiac metre, of Ovid's two Epistles of

11. Leander to Hero, and
12. Hero to Leander.

These two were written to oblige a young friend* of his at that time (circ. 1758), who had conceived a design of publishing a Translation of all Ovid's Epistles in that metre; and a very ingenious poet† in this country has begged what pieces were then attempted, and intends to complete them.

"P.S. Your partiality for my slight attempts is expressed in terms, I fear, too strong. I beg all compliments may be discontinued in our future correspondence. Your delicate sense of the peculiarity of my situation, and judicious opinion concerning it, merits my thanks. I will

* Bp. Percy.

† Mr. Boyd.

not scruple to acknowledge every proper regard for the memory and writings of my friend, and will give every assistance to the edition for which, when Mr. Mundell desired one of us to be responsible, I suppose he meant that one of us *should appear as editor*; if so, your kindly stepping forward lays me under a particular obligation.

"In the European Magazine for September 1798, page 192, the editor is promised the following poems of Dr. Grainger, from copies in his own hand-writing, viz.

1. Solitude; an Ode.
2. Cheerfulness; an Ode [which is printed].
3. Fancy; an irregular Ode.*
4. An Address to the Evening Star.
5. The Imperfect Retreat.
6. Love; an Ode.
7. To the Nymph of P*** Waters."

Dr. ANDERSON to Bp. PERCY.

"MY LORD,

Heriot's Green, June 20, 1799.

"I seize with pleasure the opportunity of a gentleman of this place setting out for Dublin, to return your Lordship my acknowledgments for the favour of your truly acceptable and interesting letter, dated Feb. 21, from Dromore.

"Amidst much ill health, and the cares that daily press upon me, these acknowledgments would have been sooner made, had I not waited, for some time, in expectation of receiving, by some private conveyance, the copies of Grainger's MSS. and printed poems, which your Lordship deemed worthy of publication, with your corrections, &c.

"I waited also for the recovery of Mr. Paton from a tedious indisposition, in hopes of being able to give your Lordship some account of the Graingeriana in his possession. That worthy and communicative gentleman received your Lordship's remembrance with great satisfaction; and such at the time was his fancied activity, that he promised to send me, in a few days, every letter, &c. belonging to Grainger, with remarks on my account of his Life; but since that time (the beginning of March) the infirmities of age have increased so fast upon him, that he has never been able to exert himself sufficiently for that purpose. His very valuable and extensive collection is,

* Printed in European Mag. 1799, p. 405.

indeed, so ill arranged, that it is at all times difficult for him to produce what is in his possession. He is very feeble, but, as the warm season advances, I hope he will gain a little strength, and favour me with his recollections; yet, at the age of eighty, the most vigorous constitution cannot afford much hope.*

"I now regret that I did wait upon any account whatever, since to your Lordship I may seem to render an unworthy return for the amicable obligations you have conferred upon me.

"I am truly indebted to your Lordship for a friendly call I received some time ago from Dr. Trail, of Lisburne; who, while he gave me the assurance I wanted of your continuing to enjoy the blessings of health and domestic tranquillity, strengthened at the same time by his inquiries (a conviction I before entertained), that I had delayed these acknowledgements too long.

"I have, indeed, my Lord, been silent; but never for a moment insensible of your polite attention, nor unmindful of the task I imposed upon myself of editing, with your assistance, the Works of Grainger at the Glasgow press.

"Upon mature reflection, I am still of opinion it would be creditable to your Lordship, and highly advantageous to the edition, that it comes out under your name, and with such an account of the author and his writings as you are best able to give; in which case, I profess my readiness to obey your instructions, to the utmost extent of my ability, with respect to the mode of printing it, and superintending it through the press. Mr. Mundell will risk the expence of an edition in two volumes small 8vo, but will promise nothing to the editor, but as many copies as he may choose to present to his friends. For the sake of Grainger, for the sake of literature, I wish your Lordship to be the editor; but if higher considerations, such as I formerly suggested, oppose my wishes, I urge them no further, but think myself honoured in being your coadjutor in doing justice to the memory of a worthy and ingenious man. At present my hands are pretty full: the revision of the Lives must be forwarded. I proceed progressively through the old poets, but slowly, waiting for Malone's transcripts from Aubrey's MSS. Any additional notices respecting them, or the modern poets, especially your contemporaries, Shenstone, Jago, Goldsmith, War-

* Mr. George Paton died in May 1807, in his 87th year. See *Gent. Mag.* LXXVII. 977. His library was sold by auction in 1809. (LXXIX. 348.)

ton, &c. &c. will be thankfully received. I will quit them, however, awhile, for Grainger, whenever you are pleased to furnish me with materials to work upon. If you have made a selection of the proper pieces for publication, a safe conveyance now offers by the return of the gentleman who leaves this, in passing through Dromore. I inclose his address, for any parcel sent to Belfast by the coach in eight days, under cover to Mr. Robert Thomson, care of J. S. Ferguson, Esq. Belfast.

"Two very dear and ingenious friends of mine, admirers of Dr. Percy's writings, have availed themselves of this conveyance to desire your Lordship's acceptance of some of their publications, 'The Pictures of Poetry'* and 'The Pleasures of Hope;†' the last is universally admired here, and has had an unprecedented sale. The intended edition of Grainger is known in London, and has, I observe, been noticed with approbation in several periodical publications. Having to write by this conveyance, upon a very short notice, to Mr. Cooper Walker and Mr. Whyte, in return for books and useful information, will, I trust, apologize for this hasty and imperfect acknowledgment, from my Lord, your Lordship's grateful servant,

"RO. ANDERSON."

Bp. PERCY to Dr. ANDERSON.

"DEAR SIR,

Dromore House, July 1st, 1799.

"I received your very obliging letter of June 20th, accompanied with two elegant presents of poems from your ingenious friends, to whom I beg you will return my best acknowledgments. I should gladly avail myself of the opportunity of transmitting to you by Mr. Thomson the MSS. of my dear friend Dr. Grainger, but I have found, by collating the copy of his Poem on Cheerfulness, in the European Magazine for August 1798, with a printed and a manuscript copy in my possession, that it would be very desirable first to collate his other poems with the copies promised in the European Magazines for September et seqq., which I have not yet been able to procure in this remote region, but I am expecting them; and, as soon as I can settle a good text from these various copies, I will easily get the whole conveyed to you, and

* By Alexander Thomson. See Monthly Review, vol. XXXIII. 149.

† By Thomas Campbell. He died June 15, 1844. See Gent. Mag. 1844, ii. 213.

then we can settle the terms and adjust the mode of printing the proposed edition of Dr. Grainger's Poems, &c.

"In the mean time, I must request your acceptance of my last edition of the 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' from the editor, my nephew.

"In your Life of Shenstone you refer to a passage in Mr. Graves's 'Recollections,' concerning the share he (Mr. Shenstone) is supposed to have had in the 'Reliques,' &c. On this subject be pleased to look into a Note in my Preface, vol. 1, page xvii. (†); and, if you have his letter to Mr. Graves there mentioned, you will see how that matter was. But I have had a letter of retraction in form from Mr. Graves himself, which I hope to show you.

"As I could not now send you Grainger's Poems prepared for the press, I was glad of the opportunity of sending you these slight volumes; and if I had been possessed of two copies more, I would have transmitted two other sets for the two gentlemen who so obligingly favoured me with the productions of their muse; but if you will be pleased to inform me how my London bookseller can transmit the books to them, they shall be forwarded to Edinburgh without delay; as also another copy for Mr. Paton, if he has never received one of this edition.

"In the mean time believe me to be, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
THO. DROMORE."

DR. ANDERSON to the Bishop of DROMORE.

"MY LORD,

Heriot's Green, July 31st, 1799.

"This letter will be delivered to your Lordship by your friend Dr. Traill, who sets out from this place, on his return to Ireland, to-morrow, and expects to be at Dromore in the course of eight days. The Doctor was so obliging as to take the trouble to call at my house this morning, to inquire, by your Lordship's desire, if I had received a parcel you sent by Mr. Thomson; and, with a politeness that seems natural to him, to offer to take charge of anything I had to send to Dromore.

"I thankfully and willingly avail myself of the Doctor's offer, to write a few hasty lines to your Lordship; for though I have not yet received the present you intended for me, owing to Mr. Thomson's not returning, as he intended, by Belfast, I feel myself obliged by the honour

you have done me, by presenting me with a copy of your 'Reliques,' and seize this opportunity to return you my sincere thanks for such an obliging mark of your attention and regard. I am impatient for the arrival of the parcel, and I have hopes that your Lordship's much-valued present may be accompanied with some papers or useful information relative to Grainger; but I am under no apprehension for its safety. Mr. Thomson assures me that, upon his leaving Dublin, he wrote to Mr. Ferguson at Belfast, to be careful to send any parcel that might be addressed to him, by a safe shipmaster, to Greenock. As he has not yet received any of the goods which he commissioned at Belfast, he supposes that no ship has come from that place to Greenock since he was there.

"I was favoured by Mr. Thomson with a letter from your friend Mr. J. C. Walker, containing some useful information for my republication of the *Lives of the Poets*; particularly some information relating to Goldsmith's 'Auburn.' I am at present engaged among the old poets. 'To your stock of biographical notices,' says Mr. Walker, 'respecting them, I can, I fear, add but little; but from my friend Bp. Percy you may derive much. I hope his Lordship will indulge us with a *Life of Surrey*.' Need I add my wishes to those of your ingenious and learned friend? I wish also to be indulged with those notices, which you are best enabled to give, of Shenstone, and your other poetical contemporaries. Mr. T. Park, of London, has favoured me with a curious MS. poem, *Eloisa to Abelard*, which, in the opinion of Mr. Malone, bears indubitable marks of being an anterior production to that of Pope. It is supposed to be of the æra of Q. Anne, and probably belonged to Gay. The parallelisms are numerous and striking. Who could have the idle vanity to compose a poem *after* Pope, on a similar subject? This poetic curiosity I reserve for critical disquisition in my republication of Pope's *Life*.

"Another poem of Grainger's* has appeared in the *European Magazine*.

"I am happy to inform your Lordship that Mr. Paton is upon the recovery. I dined with him last week; his conversation was cheerful and instructive, but he has as yet found no poems or letters of Grainger's. He is to renew his researches.

* "Fancy, an irregular Ode." See Vol. XXXV. p. 405.

"I am, very respectfully, my Lord, your Lordship's
faithful, humble servant,
RO. ANDERSON."

"MY LORD,

Heriot's Green, 28 Sept. 1799.

"I am much obliged by your Lordship's last favour of July 1st, and beg leave to repeat my sincere thanks for the much valued present of a very elegant copy of the new edition of the '*Reliques*,' which accompanied it. The parcel, which should have been brought here by Mr. Thomson, had been long delayed at Belfast, and afterwards at Greenock; for it reached Edinburgh only about three weeks ago, when I happened to be from home. The volumes, very fortunately, had been so carefully packed that they received no injury. They have been frequently in my hands; and are now upon my table.

"I observe many useful and important additions, &c. in the preliminary essays and prefatory notices; but no additions appear to have been made to the poetry. Indeed very little could have been added without enlarging the volumes to an inconvenient size, or forming an additional volume. Yet I could have wished, among other pieces that might be mentioned, that both the *first* and *second* parts of '*Love will find out the way*' (vol. iii.), which are said in the *St. James's Chronicle* to have been printed together 'at London, for F. Foulis, dwelling in the Old Bailey,' had again been united in one publication. It is there said also that the *first* part of this ballad varies in many instances from that printed in the '*Reliques*.'

"In a folio MS. collection of old heroic ballads and songs in my possession, I observe a different copy of '*Sir Patrick Spence*' from that printed in the '*Reliques*.'

"The elegant and appropriate inscription of the '*Reliques*' to the memory of the late Duchess of Northumberland, is highly honourable to her Grace's character and to your Lordship's feelings, yet I cannot help regretting the omission of the former dedication to the Countess, which I have always admired, as it contains a handsome vindication and recommendation of the work, and exhibits a beautiful specimen of dignified, delicate, and well-turned compliments.

"I observe an allusion to that magnificent and high spirited lady, the rebuilding of Alnwick Castle, and the local scenery, in a MS. '*Monody*' in my possession,

written in 1787 by a gentleman * who had resided in Alnwick, on the death of a beloved wife, a relation of the Howick family. The subject, at least, will, I think, please your Lordship; for the Percy family, and the scenery in the neighbourhood of Alnwick Castle, which your taste contributed to embellish, must be associated in your mind with many agreeable and affecting images. If I am not prevented, I will transcribe the passages relating to Alnwick, for your Lordship's perusal; and likewise the ballad above mentioned. I have a strong temptation, in the opportunity of a private conveyance, of which I willingly avail myself, though I must write in haste.

"My poetical friends, Thomson and Campbell, are much obliged by your Lordship's acceptance of their little volumes; and highly flattered by the honour you intend them of a present of the 'Reliques.' They bid me say that copies addressed to Messrs. Mundell and Son, Edinburgh, to the care of Messrs. Longman and Rees, booksellers, Paternoster-row, London, will come here safely, with other books. Mr. G. Paton has not yet received a present of the new edition, and is equally gratified with the honour you intend him. The copy, he bids me say, may be sent here, by the same conveyance, to Messrs. Mundell and Sons. I have just been with this liberal and communicable old man, to procure a copy of the 'Orpheus Caledonius,' for the use of my friend Dr. Currie of Liverpool, the biographer and editor of Burns, the Scottish poet.

"I have observed only one other piece of Grainger's in the European Magazine, which, probably, you have seen. I am thinking to desire a friend in London to send the Editor a note, requesting him to print the remaining pieces, that your Lordship may be enabled to proceed with the collation. My hands are pretty full at present, with revising the old poets; corresponding with Dr. Currie on Scottish song, &c. G. Chalmers likewise is preparing a Life of A. Ramsay, and levying contributions. I have observed the note respecting Shenstone. I wish for more information; but I cannot urge your Lordship further. Surrey's Life I yet expect from you, when you edit his poems, so long promised. I am always, my Lord, yours, most faithfully,

RO. ANDERSON."

* This was Dr. Anderson himself. See p. 69.

Bp. PERCY to Dr. ROBERT ANDERSON.

"DEAR SIR,

London, June 18, 1800.

"On the 16th April, I sent you in a cover franked by Gaspar Ercke, Esq. (Under Secretary at War,) from Dublin, as complete a collection of Dr. Grainger's Poems as I had been able to procure in print or manuscript, but, as I never received notice of their coming safe to your hands, I fear they miscarried. They were directed to the care of Messrs. Mundell and Son, Edinburgh. I shall be very glad to find that they have not miscarried, and can very readily excuse your having omitted to write to me, on account of the continual demands upon you for your time and attention by other more pressing literary claims."

Dr. ROBERT ANDERSON to Bp. PERCY.

"MY LORD,

Heriot's Green, 21 June, 1800.

"Your Lordship's kind favour, dated Dublin, April 16, accompanying the Poems of Dr. Grainger, arrived here very safely, and has remained too long unacknowledged. I am unquestionably very much to blame, in not sooner acknowledging the receipt of a packet so truly valuable and acceptable. My omission, I confess, has been partly intentional; but there is danger in delaying the performance of any duty. I flatter myself, however, that to your Lordship's candour it will not convey the slightest suspicion of deliberate inattention to the honour of your correspondence.

"Knowing that your Lordship was to embark for England soon after the date of your letter to me, I intended to offer you my early congratulations on the happiness of being re-united to your family in Northamptonshire, after so long period of separation, anxiety, and alarm, imperiously exacted by the high considerations of public duty. I communicated my intention to an ingenious friend here, who wished to avail himself of the opportunity to submit to your Lordship's inspection one or two of his compositions in the style of the ancient Scottish ballad, in testimony of his high respect for your character, and of his gratitude to the editor of 'The Reliques,' upon which he formed his taste for ballad thinking and expression. He happened soon after to go into the country, where he has been detained till now, when he does himself the honour

he intended, by transmitting two ballads, 'The Eve of St. John,' and 'Glenfinlass,' for your Lordship's opinion, and desires me to offer you the testimony of his sincerest esteem and veneration. The name of my friend is Walter Scott, Esq. a native of Tiviotdale, of the Harden family, an Advocate, and Sheriff of Selkirkshire. He is the translator of Burgess's 'Leonore' and 'Earl Walter,' and Goethe's 'Goetz,' and will soon appear as editor of a collection of Border Ballads, to be entitled 'The Minstrelsy of the Border,' in one volume, printing at Kelso, upon the plan of 'The Reliques,' which will be followed by two volumes of 'Illustrations of Border History, Poetry, and Popular Antiquities.*'

"I have now, my Lord, to return you my cordial thanks, in the name of the public, for the care and pains you have taken to collect, collate, and transmit to me the uncollected and inedited poems of Dr. Grainger, for a complete and uniform edition. I cannot express my feelings on the sight of the writings of a man of genius thus put into my hands for publication, by the kindness of an affectionate friend, so long after his death; but I have no difficulty in expressing my opinion of the poems, which, upon a cursory examination, I easily perceive, though of unequal merit, as must ever be the case in a collection of juvenile poetry, are upon the whole creditable to the talents of the writer, not unworthy of the author of 'The Sugar Cane' and the 'Ode on Solitude,' and in one or two instances afford even a higher idea of his powers. I am happy to coincide in opinion with your Lordship and Mr. Boyd respecting the emendatory variations in the pieces printed in the *European Magazine*. What he deliberately printed in the *Grand Mag.* is certainly entitled to respect; but the additions and alterations have so much the appearance of improvement, that they may reasonably be supposed to have been the result of a subsequent revision. If the editor of the *European Magazine* (who is, I believe, Mr. Reed of Staple's Inn,) would have the goodness to communicate (if at liberty) the pieces in his possession, for the use of the edition, or the name of the person (if known) from whom he received them, every ground of doubt and suspicion might be removed by the

* Thus far of this letter is printed in Prior's *Life of Goldsmith*, II. 78, from the original, then in possession of Mr. Mason.

evidence of the poet's handwriting, and the history of the MSS. If this favour could be obtained through the intervention of any of your Lordship's literary friends in London, it might put me in the possession of some valuable additions to the collection, and some useful intelligence. There can be no objection to Mr. Boyd's associating the two Epistles from Ovid with his own version of the *Heroides*; but correct copies of them at least may probably be wanted before his work be published; for I cannot settle the plan of the edition with Mr. Mundell and the arrangement of the pieces till the whole materials be in my possession. 'The Fate of Capua,' a tragedy, among your Lordship's papers in England, though not prepared for representation, may perhaps be worth bringing forward in the edition. I have lately met with a poetical curiosity, a neat edition of 'The Sugar Cane,' with 'Beauty, a Poem, by the same Author,' in 12mo, London, printed and sold by the booksellers, 1766. The poem consists of 515 lines, in blank verse, and is a chaste and elegant performance. I should be glad to have your Lordship's authority to ascribe it to Dr. Grainger.* The internal evidence seems favourable to the supposed authenticity. Dr. Johnson's 'Irene,'† in particular, is noticed in it, I think, in a friendly way. I will thank your Lordship for your opinion of this novelty, and to dilate a little at your leisure upon the plan of the edition, upon the impression which the powers and manners of Dr. Grainger made upon your mind, and upon the biographical illustrations which may be thought necessary. Notices of his friends, communicated in the 'Sugar Cane' and the 'Tibullus,' will be acceptable. Some of them are designed by initials, which may now be given at length.

"Having been called away when I had written the above this morning, I had the pleasure to find on my return your Lordship's most obliging favour of the 18th inst. from London on my table; which has laid me under additional obligations to your liberality and indulgence. I am truly sensible of your Lordship's kindness in doing justice to my sentiments towards you at all times; if you should suspect me of inattention to your correspondence,

* See hereafter, p. 87.

† An autograph first sketch of "Irene" was presented by Bennet Langton to George the Third, and is now in the British Museum. The variations from the printed copy are pointed out by Boswell in his *Life of Johnson*.

it would give me pain ; or if you should conceive that I had rather make excuses than acknowledge in time the receipt of your favours ; this also would hurt me. Having waited so long, I thought it better to wait till Mr. Scott's arrival should enable me to make my return to your Lordship more acceptable.

" I return your Lordship my thanks for the copy of Mr. Graves's Letter, which will be of use to me.

" Dr. Frome (with whom I have frequently the pleasure to converse) has misunderstood my correspondence with Dr. Currie of Liverpool, the editor of Burns, for which he is admirably qualified, as your Lordship will perceive now that the edition is come out.

" I am to be drawn aside from my Prefaces, to edit the whole works of Drummond, in 2 vols. 8vo.

" I am interested in Mrs. West, and will be obliged to your Lordship for her Poems, which may be sent to the care of Mundell and Son here, to Messrs. Longman and Rees, London.

" Mr. Campbell and Mr. Thomson's copies of the ' Reliques' have not come to hand.

" I am, &c.

R. ANDERSON."

" MY LORD,

Heriot's Green, 13 Sept. 1800.

" I have this day been favoured with your Lordship's letter of the 8th instant, accompanying Grainger's MS. Tragedy ; and have again experienced your kind indulgence to my culpable tardiness in acknowledging your most obliging favour of Aug. 8, a present of Mrs. West's Poetry, and three copies of ' The Reliques' for my friends here, of which I am truly sensible.

" I have many apologies to make for my omissions, which to your Lordship's candour I am sure would not be made in vain ; but I am convinced that the best excuse I can make for them is to dispatch this cordial acknowledgment of your Lordship's favours with as little delay and as little ceremony as possible.

" I was truly concerned to hear of your Lordship's indisposition before you left town, but now flatter myself, from the intention you express of setting out soon on your return to Dromore, that your health has been tolerably re-established ; and by the quiet and good air of the country I pray God it may long continue, for the sake of

your friends and the world at large, but little interrupted by the few infirmities which a temperate declining age brings on frail mortality.

"Before I had your Lordship's letter, I found the poem on Beauty,* given by Pearch,† on good authority I suppose, to Shiels, who,‡ I think, wrote also a poem on the death of Thomson, entitled 'Musidorus.' I wished to have full information concerning the copies of Grainger's poems in the European Magazine; but since your Lordship is satisfied they are, as they appear to be, the genuine productions of Grainger, it is of little importance. I have just had time to glance, with eagerness, at the unfinished tragedy. One or two good passages caught my eye: if it be too imperfect for publication, it will give some idea of his powers for dramatic composition. When the Ovidian Epistles arrive, the collection will, I suppose, be complete, and the printing may proceed. Your Lordship, I presume, would prefer the printed copies, and bring forward no variations. I earnestly request your Lordship, at your leisure, to favour me with the communication of such corrections and additions to the printed Life as you are able to give. Does your Lordship know of any portrait of Grainger for an engraved head?

"I had the pleasure to present the copies of 'The Reliques' to Mr. Paton and Mr. Thomson, who both expressed their obligations to your Lordship for the honour you have done them, and will thank you yourselves by this opportunity. Mr. Campbell is at present in Germany, but is expected to return in a few months. Mr. Paton is very ill, but is to write your Lordship.

"Mr. Scott was highly gratified by your Lordship's approbation of his ballads, and the scheme of his collection of Border Lays, which is not yet gone to press. I know Mr. Jamieson,§ through my accomplished friend Mr. Heber, and had the pleasure to introduce him to Mr. Scott, in whom, instead of an imperious rival, he found a friend and liberal promoter of his intended publication of a 'Collection of Old Scottish Ballads,' with some Annotations written by himself. He intends to give afterwards a volume of Old English Ballads, and a volume of

* See p. 85.

† Collection of Poems, 6 vols. 1775.

‡ Robert Shiels was an amanuensis of Dr. Johnson. He died Dec. 27, 1753. See *Gent. Mag.* 1753, p. 590; and *Lit. Anec.* V. 308.

§ See p. 90.

Gaelic, Welsh, and Norse Ballads. He is very desirous of being known to your Lordship, and I am happy to bear my testimony to his learning, ingenuity, candour, and integrity. The old copy of *Gil Morice*, in your possession, he is most anxious to see, and would esteem it a great favour to have the liberty to copy it for the purpose of collation. He is known to Sir F. M. Eden, whose recommendation will be more effectual than mine.

“Mr. Thomson, an advocate here, a relation of the late Lord Hailes, is about to publish a collection of his original Works, with his Life. Has your Lordship any letter or papers that would promote his undertaking? I send you a packet by Mr. Aust. I am, my Lord, your Lordship’s most faithful servant,

“RO. ANDERSON.

“MY LORD,

Heriot’s Green, Sept. 14, 1800.

“Writing your Lordship yesterday, in unavoidable haste, I omitted to mention, amongst other things, the information I obtained from Mr. Foulis, relative to the disposal of the French MSS. They may be left, he says, with Mr. David Bremner, bookseller, opposite Southampton-street, Strand, London; the partner, I believe, of Mr. Elmsly. The pecuniary acknowledgment your Lordship alludes to, would, I doubt not, be very acceptable to the owner, a degenerate and unworthy son of Mr. Elzevir, of Scotland.

“Dr. Trail and Lady Frances have been in Ireland, and returned about two weeks ago, of which your Lordship had, no doubt, been informed by the Doctor himself, whom I have scarcely seen since his return, having been much hampered with temporary business.

“I owe your Lordship my particular thanks for Mrs. West’s Poems,* with the perusal of which I have been,

* The Writings of Mrs. Jane West were highly approved of and recommended by Bp. Percy. Her works, as well as her attention to her domestic duties, have been frequently commended in the pages of the Gentleman’s Magazine. See 1799, p. 1128; 1801, pp. 7, 99. Her Letters to her Son were reviewed in 1801, p. 735. A letter of Mrs. West, to Lady Dorchester, occurs in 1800, p. 318, and some sonnets of hers pp. 370, 465; also lines addressed to her, p. 466. In the Gent. Mag. 1802, p. 100, is a letter signed “Desborough,” referring to the British Critic for Nov. 1801, for “a very satisfactory account of the person, character, and family of Mrs. West, which were of the most respectable connections. Although her worthy husband farmed his own estate, and she superintended the management of her household and dairy with the most exemplary economy, they were neither of them in the low situation which a writer in the same Magazine (p. 7) so

upon the whole, much delighted. They do credit to the genius, taste, piety, and benevolence of the amiable and elegant writer. They do not, in general, possess the spirit and elevation of the higher poetry, but they abound in tender, interesting, and moral sentiments, elegantly expressed in easy numbers, and adorned with pleasing poetical imagery. In some instances, as in the 'Ode on Poetry,' she soars far above mediocrity, and approaches to sublimity. I am interested in Mrs. West as a wife, a mother, and a friend. She is little known here, but the domestic sketches your Lordship sent me, have been eagerly circulated among my friends, and I have frequently had the pleasure to introduce her ingenious, chaste, and elegant volumes into the collections of persons of taste and virtue. Her novels are more generally read and admired.

"I have to apologize for troubling your Lordship with a packet containing so many scraps and notices. I thought it would be a little [amusement] for your Lordship to compare 'Lord John and Proud Ellen,' with 'Child Waters,' in 'The Reliques,' and I had it transcribed by a little girl at my elbow, in whose hands your volumes are very frequently, from a pretty large MS. collection of old Scottish Ballads, communicated by Mrs. Brown, wife of Dr. Brown, minister of Falkland, in April last, to Professor Tytler, and lent by the Professor to me. The story seems to be the same with that of 'Child Waters;' the one is apparently a Scottish, the other an English ballad; as to which is the oldest, I pretend not to say. It is remarkable that Mrs. Brown (a daughter of the late Professor Tho. Gordon, of Aberdeen,) never saw any of the ballads she has transmitted here, either in print or MS., but learned them all, when a child, by hearing them sung by her mother and an old maid-servant who had been long in the family, and does not recollect to have heard any of them either sung or said by any one but herself since she was about ten years. She kept them as a little hoard of solitary entertainment, till, a few years ago, she wrote down as many as she could recollect, to oblige the late Mr. W. Tytler, and again very lately wrote down nine ballads more to oblige his son the Professor.

heedlessly represented them, with a blameable inattention to their feelings." Mrs. West had the misfortune to lose her husband Jan. 23, 1823, and paid a just tribute to his memory in *Gent. Mag.* 1823, i. 183. Mrs. West lost her son, Mr. T. West, to whom her valuable letters were addressed, April 10, 1843. She is still living (Nov. 1846.)

"Mr. Jamieson visited Mrs. Brown on his return here from Aberdeen, and obtained from her recollection five or six ballads and a fragment. If this treasure excites your Lordship's curiosity, I shall transmit to you the titles of the ballads, with the first stanza, and number of stanzas of each. The greater part of them is unknown to the oldest persons in this country.—I accompanied Mr. Jamieson to my friend Scott's house in the country, for the sake of bringing the collectors to a good understanding. I then took on me to hint my suspicion of modern manufacture, in which Scott had secretly anticipated me. Mrs. Brown is fond of ballad poetry, writes verses, and reads every thing in the marvellous way. Yet her character places her above the suspicion of literary imposture; but it is wonderful how she should happen to be the depository of so many curious and valuable ballads.—Mr. Scott gives a few metrical romances in his *Border Ballads*. He would be greatly obliged to your Lordship for some more information about 'Eger and Grene.' We have recovered 'Sir Tristram.' Mr. Heber has sent me, from Mr. Ellis, Way's *Fabliaux*, an elegant and delightful work. I am, very respectfully, my Lord, your faithful servant, "R. ANDERSON.

"P.S. Mr. Jamieson* is a native of one of the northern counties of Scotland, studied at Aberdeen, and has resided about eight years in England, is master of Macclesfield School, about 30 years of age. He speaks the Gaelic language, and shows a strong propensity to settle all doubtful etymologies by referring to that language. Against this practice, so fallacious and unsatisfactory, I had many objections. I objected also to his plan of editing the *Old Ballads*, with interpolated stanzas written by himself, whenever he conceives the narrations defective, or the transitions abrupt, obscure, &c. He is to mark his additions. In other respects he appears to have rightly estimated the duties of an editor.

"I am quite ashamed to send your Lordship this hasty scrawl, but have not time to copy it over before the post goes out, and I wish to repair my omissions as soon as possible."

* Robert Jamieson, M.A. and F.S.A. author of "*Popular Ballads and Songs*," 2 vols. 8vo. 1806. See *Monthly Review* 1807, vol. LII. p. 19. Mr. J. was joint editor, with Mr. Weber, of "*Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*;" from the earlier *Teutonic and Scandinavian Romances*," 4to. 1816. See *Monthly Review*, LXXX. 356. LXXXI. 68. In this work Mr. Weber illustrated *Teutonic*, and Mr. Jamieson illustrated *Danish Antiquities*.

" MY LORD,

Heriot's Green, Jan. 27th, 1801.

" I received the pleasure of your Lordship's most obliging letter from Ecton, inclosing a kind and acceptable communication for Mr. Scott, for which I must entreat your Lordship to give me credit for the truest sentiments of esteem and obligation. I know your Lordship has too much goodness not to make proper allowance for the variety as well as urgency of my present avocations, and to excuse me whenever I shall have appeared remiss in my duty.

" Mr. Scott was highly gratified and obliged by your Lordship's attention to his inquiries respecting the old metrical romance of Eger; and the obligation was enhanced by your transcribing several stanzas of it for him, at a time of much hurry and interruption. On Mr. Scott's part, he felt that particular thanks were due to your Lordship for your polite attention, and I furnished him with your address, for the purpose of giving him an opportunity of showing his gratitude and respect, and of corresponding with your Lordship on the subject of the publication of his *Border Ballads*. The desire you expressed to see a list of the titles of the *Ballads*, has, I doubt not, been long ago satisfied by Mr. Scott's letter to your Lordship, which was not long delayed; and, though it did not excuse my omission, served to assure your Lordship that your packet to me came duly to hand.

" By the way, I believe Mr. Scott has not yet made a final selection of the *Ballads* to be inserted in his two volumes. The contents of the first volume, which consists of *Historical Ballads*, and is now far advanced at the press, are nearly settled; but the arrangement of the second volume, which consists of *Romantic Ballads*, is not yet completed. Mr. Lewis has offered him a *Ballad* lately; but he has so much discredited himself, as a man of talents and fortune, by the publication of his '*Tales of Wonder*,' that the editor of the *Border Ballads* seems ashamed of being associated with him in that work, and disposed to decline his assistance. Mr. Jamieson, of Macclesfield, is so much alarmed by the disapprobation expressed concerning the '*Tales of Wonder*,' that he is more than half resolved to proceed no farther in his intended publication; but he is too easily dejected, and must be encouraged to proceed.

" A fourth volume of '*The Reliques*,'* from Dr. Percy,

* Never published. See *Literary Anecdotes*, VI. 583.

has given, as may be expected, very great pleasure, and excited very general expectation here. It will give me much satisfaction, if any of the Ballads in the list I now send your Lordship from Mr. Tytler's collection, be thought new or curious, to transcribe correct copies for your perusal or use.

"Mr. Tytler is son of the late William Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouseslie, in the county of Midlothian, author of the *Vindication of Queen Mary*, and editor of the *Poetical Remains of James I.*, and a considerable contributor to the *Antiquarian and Royal Society Transactions of Edinburgh*. He is Professor of Universal History in the University of Edinburgh, and Judge Advocate of North Britain, and author of '*Principles of Translation*,' '*Outlines of Universal History*,' '*Principles of Military Law*,' and editor of Fletcher's '*Piscatory Eclogues*,' and a contributor to the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, of which he is Secretary to the Literary Class. A copy of his '*Principles of Translation*' will be presented to you by his brother Colonel Tytler, upon the Irish Establishment.

"The death of Mr. Mundell threatened to derange our plan respecting Grainger; but I am now happy to inform your Lordship that the business is to be carried on by his brother, who is ready to begin to print Grainger. I am afraid I tire your Lordship by my entreaties to send over the remaining materials in your possession, with such corrections and additions to the *Life* as you can give. Mr. Mundell wishes to bring forward the edition this winter.

"I have been writing the *Life* of Smollett over again, for a second edition of his works; and I beg your Lordship's acceptance of an extra copy, and your opinion of the controversy between him and Grainger. A thousand thanks for your kind invitation to Dromore House. Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to obey it. Dr. Trail desires his respectful compliments.

"I am, &c.

RO. ANDERSON."

"MY LORD,

Heriot's Green, May 9th, 1801.

"It must have appeared, I fear, not a little extraordinary to your Lordship, that I should have sent, for your acceptance, a copy of my *Life* of Smollett, and other little things, without acknowledging the receipt of your letter

from Northamptonshire, of a distant date. I confess that a sore self-accusation lies on my mind for my omission. I am anxious, however, to convince your Lordship that I am not quite so culpable as I may have appeared; and, in testimony of this truth, I inclose a letter written several months ago, and supposed to be forwarded by a gentleman going to Dublin, together with some things abovementioned, but which was left behind in consequence of the gentleman's forgetting to put the parcel into his trunk. It was sent back (to my great surprise) on his return from Ireland; soon after Messrs. Mundell and Son found an opportunity of sending it by a private conveyance to Belfast, but unluckily the young man who prepared it at the warehouse left out the letter. It contains the acknowledgment long since due; and the list and initiatory stanzas of the old Ballads in Mr. Tytler's MS. collection. I trust, therefore, it will plead more powerfully for me than if it were re-written.

"A considerable length of time has elapsed since the arrival of your last packet from Dromore House, accompanied by the last *fasciculus* of Grainger's Poetical Remains. During the greater part of that time I have been afflicted with a serious indisposition, threatening a pulmonary affection, which weakened me exceedingly, and rendered me incapable of the exertion of writing. I am now, I thank God, considerably better, though I am still languid, and have an habitual feverishness that never leaves me. I have deferred the performance of my duty to your Lordship, till I am roused from the languor that oppresses me, and called away by Messrs. Mundell and Son from the idleness of desultory reading, to prepare the works of Grainger for the press. The death of Mr. James Mundell (the successor of Foulis) has been a serious loss to me, and indeed to literature in general, for his mind was enlarged beyond the mere lucrative views of his profession. I possess, however, the confidence of his relations, who carry on the printing and bookselling business here, and, though I feel the want of his active and liberal co-operation, I am to execute the extensive plan of the Lives of the British Poets, and the other literary undertakings he left unfinished. They begin to print Grainger next week. The Collection is calculated to make two volumes small 8vo. like Mrs. West's Poems, but not so thick. The 'Sugar Cane,' with the 'Life' (which is not yet

written), will make the first volume. As you mention no corrected copy existing, I believe I must send it as it stands in the 4th edition. Several passages want illustration, which probably you can give, not to be used as notes, but for my information. B. I. l. 19, 'Aurelius,' the Governor General,—who is meant? l. 231–2, where, when, and in what situation did he live in Dorsetshire? Who are meant by l. 329, 'Amyntor;' l. 544, 'Christobelle;' l. 580, 'Mortano;' l. 607, 'Theodosia?' B. II. l. 23, the particulars of his intimacy with 'Shenstone?' Is the tale, l. 427, founded on fact? B. III. l. 31, 'M***,' if Colonel Martyn mentioned in the preface? l. 153, when, where, and in what situation did he live in Annandale? l. 377, compliment to Whitehead, particulars of their intimacy? l. 463, 'Avaro,' who is meant? l. 509, the particulars of his intimacy with 'Johnson,' 'Percy,' 'White,' and 'Mrs. Lennox.' Who is 'White?' l. 514, is 'Pæon's son' Armstrong? if so, particulars of their intimacy? B. IV. l. 25, 'Melvill,' I suspected to mean General Melvill,* and he himself admits it. Through the kindness of my noble friend the Earl of Buchan, the worthy General has lately honoured me with his correspondence, and communicated some valuable notices, highly honourable to the poet and himself, and very flattering to your Lordship. The miscellaneous poems are not yet arranged. Does your Lordship approve of a classical arrangement, Odes, Elegies, &c.? I beg your advice. Are the various readings to be printed, or only what seems best? I think the Epistle can give no offence to the Highlanders. I request your Lordship to send me the corrections and additions you can furnish for the 'Life,' as soon as possible. When did Mrs. G. and her daughter die? to whom was the surviving daughter married? where does she live? Dilate a little, if you please, on the statements of Boswell, and favour me with your remarks on the controversy with Smollett, mentioned in the 'Life' I sent you. I suspect he was a writer in the Monthly Review at the time,—a sufficient ground of quarrel. Do you know any of his contributions, and when he ceased to write in it? Give me the history of his 'Tibullus,' of his coadjutor, Bonnel, and

* General Robert Melvill died Aug. 29, 1809, in his 86th year. See memoir of him in the Sixth volume of the present Work, 833.

the anonymous translators of Ovid's *Elegies*, &c. What became of Bourryan?

Dr. Trail called upon me before he went to England, and showed me the specimen of young Cunningham's poetry, which is very promising. It has an original air, and what is uncommon in the productions of uneducated youth, more distinguished by good sense than exuberance of fancy. I shall be happy to hear of the further progress of his mind and studies, under your Lordship's benevolent patronage.

"I expect with impatience the appearance of 'Lord Surrey,' and the fourth volume of the 'Reliques.'

"Mr. Scott has resolved to extend his 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' to three volumes. The first is nearly finished. He is likewise to print very soon, at the same press, an edition of 'Sir Tristram,' from a MS. in the Advocates' Library. In England, similar exertions are making to bring forward the metrical romances.

"Mr. Park* is an amiable, ingenious, and accomplished man, of, I believe, a very moderate fortune. He is author of 'Sonnets and other Poems,' 12mo, 1798, and is the best informed in our old poetical literature and biography of any person I have the honour to correspond with in England. He assists Ellis in his 'Specimens,' Way's 'Fables,' and the 'Romances.'

"Mr. Jamieson is preparing his collection, and is anxious to hear from your Lordship.

"I beg leave to offer your Lordship my sincere congratulations on the marriage of your daughter† into the noble family of Clanwilliam, an event which cannot fail to add to your domestic felicity.

"I am, &c.

RO. ANDERSON."

"MY LORD,

Heriot's Green, June 15, 1801.

"I sent a pretty large packet for your Lordship a considerable time ago, addressed to Mr. Ercke, of the War Office, Dublin Castle, with a request to forward it to Dromore House. Although I hope it has arrived safely,

* Mr. Park died at Hampstead, Nov. 26, 1835, aged 75. See a memoir of him in *Gent. Mag. N.S.* vol. V. p. 663.

† The Hon. and Rev. Pierce Meade was married April 6, 1801, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Bp. Percy.

yet I feel uneasy about it, as I am very anxious to obtain the forgiveness I solicited from your Lordship for the delay that happened in my sending it, and desirous to receive from you the information I want respecting the life and writings of Dr. Grainger, of which I have undertaken to give an account in the new edition of his Works, now far advanced at the press. Permit me therefore to beg a line from your Lordship on the subject, at your leisure, that I may be enabled to proceed in my task with as little delay as possible. Besides the urgency of the publishers, which is incessant, I have a reason for expediting the publication that concerns myself; as I expect, about the end of July, some friends from London on a tour in Scotland, who have a claim upon my time and attention here and in the country, which is indispensable.

“It would give me infinite satisfaction to have it in my power to show my personal veneration for your Lordship’s character, by obeying your polite invitation to Dromore House, and presenting you with my own hand the collected Works of your deceased friend. Your name, which I have been accustomed to respect from my school-boy days; your extensive and accurate knowledge of ancient and modern poetical literature, to which I have been much indebted in the course of my studies; and your curious and valuable library, so rich in the treasures of foreign and domestic poetical antiquities, possess attractions which, in better health and more convenient circumstances, would be irresistible. Such a visit would not only be interesting to sensibility and curiosity, but is calculated to produce biographic and literary impressions of the highest value. The conversation of such men as Mr. Boyd and Mr. Walker would also be extremely gratifying and instructive. I am unwilling to abandon the hope, that, when Grainger is off my hands, and other indispensable duties are performed, it may yet be in my power to pass over to Ireland this summer.

“The first volume of Grainger is nearly finished. I shall proceed through the second as well as I can. I am sensible of the difficulty that attends all posthumous publications, and that they should never appear without the authority of the original writers or their judicious survivors, who were in their confidence, and zealous for their reputation.

"I am sorry to seem importunate, but I cannot help again requesting your lordship to favour me with the advice and information you are best able to give respecting the several difficulties and queries I troubled you with in my last at your first conveniency. From a hint in Hull's letter, I suspect your Lordship furnished the Translations from Ovid. Dr. Trail called upon me last week, and is perfectly well. I am, my lord, with great respect, your lordship's faithful servant,

"RO. ANDERSON.

"P. S. I have an opportunity of a private conveyance which I have long waited for, Mr. Robert Thomson going from this place to Dublin, who takes charge of this packet. I beg your Lordship's acceptance of a copy of Miss Bannerman's Poems. She has written about nine or ten tales of superstition and chivalry."

"MY LORD,

Heriot's Green, Aug. 1, 1801.

"I had the pleasure of receiving your lordship's most friendly and obliging favour of the 20th June, with your answer to my queries concerning the 'Sugar Cane' in due course. Every letter I receive lays me under additional obligations to your Lordship, which I can only repay with grateful thanks. My acknowledgment of your last favour has been delayed till I am reminded by Dr. Trail's going to Ireland that it has been delayed too long. For some time I was in hopes of being able to fix the day of my own departure from this place, to make my visit to Dro-more House, to which your Lordship's kind invitation, renewed in the most liberal and friendly terms, made me look forward with very great pleasure. While any hope remained of my being able to accomplish it I was unwilling to trouble your Lordship for the additional information you can give concerning the life and writings of Grainger. I now fear, my Lord, that it will not be in my power, at this time, to follow my inclinations, which have been long fixed on this favourite visit, on account of the pressure of temporary business, and the attention I owe to the necessary duties of life. A visit of a week to Lord Buchan, at Dryburgh Abbey, in the beginning of last month, to inspect his lordship's literary and antiquarian collections, and to see the 'Land of Song,' and several excursions I have since made in this neighbourhood with

my friends Messrs. Martins (three sons of J. Martin, Esq. M.P.) and the Rev. Mr. Darke, of Worcestershire, on their way to the Highlands, have interrupted my attention to Grainger, and delayed the publication of his Works. The printers are teasing me to go on, that the work may be finished, and I am desirous to put it off my hands with as little delay as possible; so that I am obliged to request your Lordship to favour me with that information in writing, which I flattered myself with the hope of receiving from you in conversation. In giving you this trouble, which might have been spared, I do not wish it to be understood that I despair of seeing your Lordship this year, for I cherish the fond hope that it may be in my power to present Grainger's Works to you with my own hand, at Dromore House.

"The parentage and birthplace of Grainger are involved in some obscurity. General Melvill and Dr. Wright think he was born in Edinburgh. Mr. G. Paton doubts his father having an estate in Cumberland.* I had it upon the authority of his brother's widow, who is now dead. I hope to obtain more authentic information respecting the early part of his life. For the rest I have great reliance upon your Lordship, and beg leave to mention particularly my unanswered queries. Your answer to my queries on the 'Sugar Cane' will be very useful; though in some particulars, of no great importance, unsatisfactory. Every particular that may serve to illustrate his personal or literary history will be acceptable. The text is nearly finished. To the first volume I intend, with the assistance of Dr. Wright, to add a Linnæan Catalogue of the West India Plants, &c. With some hesitation I have yielded to the opinion of others, and sent the fragment of the 'Fate of Capua' to the press. It is incorrect as well as imperfect, yet it has passages worth preserving. It is the last article in the second volume, which is rather small. As soon as I am favoured with your Lordship's answer I shall begin to prepare the Life, &c. Your Lordship will, I hope, permit me to mention my obligations to you in their proper place. The work, indeed, which owes its existence to you, might, with peculiar propriety, be inscribed to you. I hope your Translations from Ovid

* In a letter of Grainger to his brother in law, Mr. Burt, he expressly says, "I am the son of a gentleman of Cumberland, who was ruined by his own extravagance, and that of his wives."

are preserved, and will be given to the world. Your share in the 'Tibullus' I always admired, without suspecting the editor of 'The Reliques.' On my return from the country I found Dr. Trail's card, (who knew Grainger in the West Indies, where he was lately physician to the army, and is a warm admirer of the 'Sugar Cane,' and is himself an excellent botanist); and I hasten to acquaint Mr. Tytler, who wishes to send you a copy of his Essay, and through my hands.

"I am, &c.

RO. ANDERSON."

Dr. ANDERSON to the Rev. Dr. TRAIL.

"DEAR SIR,

Heriot's Green, Dec. 7, 1801.

"A few minutes after I had your obliging message from the Bishop of Dromore, the Gentleman's Magazine for November was laid on my table, containing Cunningham's Verses 'On the Peace,' of which it announced the appearance.

"I perused this effusion of untutored genius with eagerness, and I can truly say, with no small degree of satisfaction. Although it has some weak lines, and some faults of style, yet it bears indubitable marks of the feeling and imagination of a poet, and exhibits the disposition of the Bishop's ingenious protégé in an amiable point of view.

"Young Cunningham, in my mind, is not of the first order of genius; but when he has attained to taste, and acquired sufficient skill in versification, he may become an elegant and respectable moral poet.

"I have a copy of Dr. Grainger's Essay on the West India Diseases, which makes it unnecessary for the Bishop of Dromore to send over his copy, in portions, by post. It is now in the hands of my worthy friend Dr. Wright, for the benefit of his notes and illustrations, which he is well qualified to give, from his accurate knowledge of the diseases and natural history of the West Indies. If it be not appended to 'The Sugar Cane,' it is to be reprinted as a separate publication, with Dr. Wright's notes and additions.

"I shall write my learned and venerable correspondent in a few days, and thankfully avail myself of his polite offer of accommodation respecting my Irish correspondence. I am, &c.

RO. ANDERSON."

Dr. ANDERSON to the Bishop of DROMORE.

"MY LORD,

Heriot's Green, May 8, 1802.

"I owe your Lordship many obligations for your last kind favour, and the useful memorandums that accompanied it, which would have been acknowledged sooner, if I had not resolved, at your suggestion, to lay Grainger aside till you come to England, and to discontinue for a while to trespass farther upon your kindness. My resolution was turned into a necessity by my subsequent indisposition, which dispirited me exceedingly, and from which I am but imperfectly recovered; having an habitual feverishness that never leaves me, and a repugnance to take up the pen that nothing exceeds, except my delight on seeing the handwriting of a friend, and my satisfaction in performing a necessary duty. By the kindness of Dr. Trail I was enabled to assure your Lordship of the safe arrival of your packet, and to acknowledge the satisfaction I received from the information it contained respecting several particulars I was desirous to know; and his friendly visits afforded me opportunities, from time to time, of receiving accounts of your health, which were very satisfactory. I had an opportunity of writing a few lines to your Lordship, in unavoidable haste, by the worthy Doctor, on his returning to Ireland, to accompany a copy of Dr. Grainger's "Essay on the West India Diseases," which he obligingly takes over with him, for your acceptance. On looking over the Advertisement to the Essay, your Lordship will, I hope, be satisfied with the reasons I have given for reprinting it in a separate form. General Melvill has expressed his approbation in the most flattering manner, and thinks Dr. Wright's Notes a valuable addition. I speak of the Advertisement as my own, because it was wholly written by me, though signed by Dr. Wright, who, at my request, wrote the Notes in an interleaved copy of the Essay belonging to me. As the idea of reprinting it, though in another manner, originated with your Lordship, I could not, in the character of the Editor, give the history of the publication, correctly, without mentioning your name. The Doctor, like me, gave his assistance gratuitously, receiving from the publishers only a few presentation copies, which were so distributed as to serve as an announcement of the publication, in London, Liverpool, &c.

"Although the publishers suffer some loss by the delay of the publication of Grainger's Poems, yet they wait very

willingly till it be convenient for me to furnish them with the Account of his Life, and such additions to the poetry as your Lordship's diligence may yet procure. Of seven articles communicated to the editor of the European Magazine, vol. XXXIV. Sept. 1798, in the handwriting of Grainger, Nos. 5 and 6, intituled, "The Imperfect Retreat," and "Love, an Ode," have not yet appeared in that Miscellany. The application which your Lordship has been so good as to say you will make to the Editor respecting them, will, I have no doubt, procure either their being printed immediately in the Magazine, or communicated for the use of the edition, if you think they have sufficient merit for that purpose.

"I am sorry to inform your Lordship that my inquiries concerning the birthplace and family of the poet have been unsuccessful. A friend of mine in Dunse, himself an elegant poet, inspected carefully the parish register from 1719 to 1731, but found no vestige of the name or family of Grainger. His inquiries concerning the residence of his father in that place have been equally fruitless. Nobody seems ever to have heard of him, and yet Mrs. W. Grainger's information, which is given in the printed Life, and copied into the new edition of the Biographical Dictionary, assigns Dunse the honour of his birthplace. His brother, Mr. W. Grainger, was of the qualified Episcopal Church, probably from education; in which case his father, being an Episcopalian, would not record the names of his children in the baptismal register of the Presbyterian church. Does your Lordship recollect whether Grainger was considered as a member of the Church of England, or a Dissenter, at the time he resided in London? The spelling of the name with an *i* is Scottish; but unfortunately no person of the name existing in Scotland claims any relation to the family of the poet. I have yet, however, hopes of obtaining more satisfactory information. I suspected Grainger's writing in the Monthly Review, from the style of Smollett's attack, of which it might be the principal cause. Does your Lordship know of any other? I wish to see his 'Letter to Smollett,' but cannot procure a sight of it here. I should be obliged by having your Lordship's opinion of the controversy, and of my statement of it in the Life of Smollett. He appears to have been in Italy previous to 1756; and his subsequent connection with Mr. Bourryan. I know not in what capacity he explored the continent: as an inquisitive

physician, or a travelling tutor? Rosalinda, to whom his 'Elegies from Italy' are addressed, was probably a real, not a fancied mistress. In the Westminster Magazine for December 1773, the story of his marriage is told with circumstances afterwards retracted by the writer.* Did your Lordship's 'Vindication' of Mr. Grainger appear in that publication, or where?† As the lively and agreeable, though vain and credulous biographer of Johnson,‡ was your Lordship's friend, I must request your advice respecting the best manner of correcting his misrepresentations on this delicate point. I wish also to have your account of the circumstances relative to the recitation of the ludicrous passage in 'The Sugar Cane.' Did the Homeric imitation occur in the first sketches of the poem transmitted to you? Who were present at the reading? and what the process observed in correcting it? I regret that Boswell's tattle has made it necessary to mention such a trifling circumstance. Your Lordship will, I trust, excuse the trouble I give you on account of my anxiety to do justice to the character of Grainger. On your Lordship's coming over to England this summer, I shall expect to be favoured, at your convenience, with the information contained in the collection of his Letters in your possession, which will, I hope, clear up many obscurities of his life. I shall then be enabled to put the preliminary matter off my hands, and the work will be completed. I beg leave to recur, at this time, to a wish I expressed some time ago, but which your Lordship's attention to more important business has made you overlook, to inscribe, with your permission, the Work, undertaken at your suggestion and completed by your assistance, to you. I am fully aware of the delicacy of your Lordship's situation, and, upon mature reflection, I am convinced that there is a peculiar propriety in my showing my respect for you in a place that calls for the association of your name with that of Grainger, your beloved friend, a man of distinguished talents and virtue.

"The Life of Goldsmith, which your Lordship recommended to my notice, has, I presume, been improved by your information. Who is the writer?§ I am in pos-

* In the Number for Jan. 1774, p. 32.

† In the Whitehall Evening Post, Thursday Jan. . . 1774.

‡ Mr. Boswell.

§ Samuel Rose, esq. was the editor of Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works, 1801. He died Dec. 21, 1804, aged 37. See Lit. An. iii. 387. Lit. Illustrations, vi. 583.

session, by the kindness of Mr. Walker, of some valuable communications from Ireland respecting Goldsmith's family, &c.

"Lord Woodhouselie (Mr. Fraser Tytler) was much gratified by your Lordship's good wishes on his advancement to a seat on the Bench. By a private conveyance he sent for your acceptance his 'Essay on Petrarch,' and 'Universal History.'

"Mr. Walter Scott desired Cadell and Davies to forward a copy of the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' to your Lordship, which I hope you have received.

"I sent you, by Dr. Trail, a number of the 'Moniteur,' on account of a notice in it that concerns you; and a copy of Mr. Hay Drummond's 'Verses,' which I assisted in bringing forward under that modest title. You have seen the 'Complaynt of Scotland,' and I should be obliged by your opinion of the manner in which my young friend has performed his task.* Dr. Trail likes 'The Godly Ballads, &c.' which I believe are accurately edited; the preliminary matter requires great indulgence. I see Mrs. West has published 'Letters on Education;' but I have not had an opportunity of reading them. Mr. Park will present your Lordship the book from which he made the transcripts, on your arrival in London.

"I am, &c.

RO. ANDERSON."

"MY LORD,

Heriot's Green, July 5, 1802.

"I am apprehensive that the time which has elapsed since I had the pleasure of receiving your Lordship's successive favours of the 3d and 5th of last month, may have made me appear negligent or insensible to the honour and kindness you have done me by your obliging invitation to Dromore House, and your friendly anxiety on account of my health. Although the silence I have observed has been I confess too long, yet I can say with truth that I have not ceased for a single moment to reflect on your Lordship's kindness with gratitude and sensibility, nor discontinued, for a single day, to meditate on the journey you planned for me, in the most obliging and flattering manner imaginable, in order to arrange my matters so as to enable me to undertake it with as little inconvenience and delay as possible.

"After some fluctuation of purpose, occasioned chiefly

* This young friend was Mr. Leyden. The work is most learnedly and admirably edited.

by my invalidism, I now think I cannot better express the obligation I feel on account of your Lordship's friendly attention, and especially the kindness that prompted you to mention among the inducements to my leaving home, the infirm state of my health, than by frankly claiming the privilege you have given me to partake of the hospitality of Dromore House, and, by exchanging for a while the atmosphere of *Auld Reekie* for the fine air of Downshire, try to invigorate my relaxed nerves, and find relief from my uneasy languor, and an habitual feverishness that never leaves me.

"If this note is fortunate enough to find your Lordship at home and disengaged, about the middle or end of this month, I propose to set out on my journey to Dromore House, on or about the 14th inst., and I hope to be able to reach Dromore on or about the 20th of the month, by the way of Port Patrick.

"I need not repeat what I have before said, and now feel, of the pleasure and satisfaction with which I look forward to the time, so near at hand, when I shall enjoy the conversation of the Bishop of Dromore, whose character I so highly esteem and venerate, and from whom I have received so many proofs of kind regard in the course of a correspondence which has been continued for several years, with much honour and advantage to me. I am, with sincere esteem, respect, and veneration, my Lord, your Lordship's faithful servant, RO. ANDERSON."

"MY LORD,

Heriot's Green, July 29, 1802.

"I was so fortunate as to receive your Lordship's kind favour of the 10th inst. two days before I was to set out on my journey to Ireland; so that I was able to defer my departure till after the 27th, with perfect readiness. I am extremely indebted to your Lordship's attention; for I am sensible that my visit to you at the time of the Primate's visitation must have proved inconvenient to you, and very unpleasant and mortifying to me. By deferring my departure, I had the pleasure of obeying your Lordship's wishes, and of devoting eight days to my friend Mr. Jervis,* Lord Wycombe's tutor, and Dr. Kippis's successor, on his way to visit the Western Islands and Highlands, with two Germans, who arrived here the same day

* The Rev. Thomas Jervis died Aug. 31, 1833, aged 85. Of this eminent dissenting divine, an excellent memoir will be found in *Gent. Mag.* ciii. ii. 376.

that your letter reached me. I am easily discouraged, yet I have nothing to regret, except the progress of the season, that must shorten my stay in Ireland, and the loss of an agreeable travelling companion, who went without me ; though that may yet be supplied by a gentleman of this place going to Dublin.

"I now propose to set out on my journey to Dromore House on the 31st inst., or at latest on the 2d of August, by the direct way to Portpatrick, without passing through Glasgow, where I might be detained.

"In the near prospect of showing my respect to your Lordship, where I am most desirous to see you, I cannot help expressing the fears I have of being self-obtrusive, and of intimating that my visit may not in the smallest degree prevent your attention to any necessary business or duty. I am, with sincere esteem and veneration, your Lordship's most faithful servant, RO. ANDERSON."

"MY LORD,

Eccles Street, Oct. 1st, 1802.

"Amidst the hurry and bustle of going every where, and of seeing every thing worth seeing, and of conversing with every body worth knowing in this city, I take up the pen, with great pleasure, to discharge some part of the immense debt of gratitude I owe your Lordship for the unwearied kindness you shewed me during my long residence at Dromore House. At present I must content myself with making you a hasty and imperfect acknowledgment, an inadequate expression of my feelings ; having to thank you particularly for introducing me to the acquaintance of Dr. Campbell, of Newry, and of Sir Richard Musgrave, Mr. Ledwich, and Mr. Lloyd of this place, from all of whom I have experienced the most friendly and flattering attentions imaginable. I went directly to St. Valeri, without stopping at Dublin, and delivering your letters, where I spent ten days very agreeably in the society of a very amiable and interesting circle of friends. St. Valeri* is delightfully situated at the confluence of three rivers, near the entrance to the Dargle, about a mile from Bray, opposite to the two Sugar Loaves, the most beautiful mountains in Wicklow. The grounds, which do not exceed eight acres, are laid out with great taste. The lawn before the house, sloping to the river, was laid out this year in wheat,

* The seat of Joseph Cooper Walker, esq.

for the purpose of some further improvement. The library is an elegant and spacious room, well filled with a judicious selection of books in all the departments of classical and polite literature. Mr. Walker accompanied me to Dublin on Thursday sen'night, and continues to shew me unwearyed attention, almost beyond his ability. I live with him at his brother's house, whose carriage is constantly at our service. He is one of the worthiest of men, with a mind highly cultivated. I regret our missing the Provost on our way to town. My attention, however little, to literature, has procured me the acquaintance of Mr. Kirwan, Dr. Hill, General Vallancey, Mr. Preston, Dr. Ryan, and many other learned and ingenious men, and invitations from Mr. Latouche, of Bellevue, Countess of Moira, and others, which I have been obliged to decline, as I expect to sail for Scotland to-morrow or next day. Mr. Ledwich has afforded me much valuable information; but I have not yet seen Beauford. I saw your god-child, looking well, and the mother perfectly youthful and lovely. General Vallancey shewed me every thing in the collection of the Dublin Society, attended me through the Botanic Garden, and presented me with their publications, and the proof sheets of his Dictionary, itself a large volume. He is an agreeable man, and ought to confine his exertions to the Dublin Society, which are useful and laudable. Sir Richard * shewed me the country around Dublin, and has presented me with a copy of his History, with a very friendly and flattering inscription. I am much indebted to his polite attention. Lloyd I like very much, but I have not room for particulars. Remember me, in the kindest manner to Mrs. Percy, and believe me, my Lord, always yours faithfully,

“ R. ANDERSON,

“The kindness I have experienced here is inexpressible. The presents of books and pamphlets from authors, editors, &c. fill two large boxes.

“Mr. Walker desires his best respects to your Lordship, and begs you would lend him a transcript of Harvey's MS. Notes relative to Spenser, for the use of Todd, that is, such as are not printed by Malone.”

* Musgrave.

"MY LORD,

Heriot's Green, Nov. 6, 1802.

"When I wrote to your Lordship from Dublin I expected to sail for Scotland the day following. The approach of the stormy season warned me to depart, but I was detained by various unavoidable obstacles and engagements till the 10th of October.

"I had a very pleasant and expeditious passage to Salt-coats in thirty hours, with a smooth-water wind from the land all the way. The pleasure of my short voyage was much enhanced by the fineness of the weather, which gave me an opportunity of seeing the bay and city of Dublin and the adjacent country glittering to the morning sun; a scene of unparalleled beauty and magnificence. I had enjoyed the same scene before with Sir Richard Musgrave, in a morning ride to Clontarf; but the view from the bay was infinitely superior. I spent a few days with Dr. Wodrow at Stevenston, and Professor Richardson at Glasgow, where I met Prince Ruspoli, the new Grand Master of Malta, and on the 16th was happily re-united with my family, after an absence of eleven weeks, for which I duly acknowledge the kindness of Providence. I fear, my Lord, I cannot justly say that my health has been benefited by leaving home; but I can say, with pride and pleasure, that my excursion has been, in every other respect, highly gratifying and useful. I left the hospitable shore of Ireland, "the Emerald Queen of Isles," with a sigh of regret, in leaving many learned, ingenious, and estimable friends whom I will never see more. I here spend my days, without the hope of ever again visiting Dromore House; but the woodlands, the groves, and the meadows, which I lately trod with you, are associated in my mind with the recollection of many instances of personal kindness, and many topics of instructive conversation, which I will remember as long as I can remember any thing. This is not the place, nor the time, for me to speak of you, but I request your Lordship will have the goodness to make my acknowledgments of the amiable condescension and polite attention of Mrs. Percy as acceptable to her as possible.

"The lawyers, physicians, and clergymen I met with in Dublin are not inferior to the same classes of men in Britain; but the mass of the inhabitants, even those of rank and fortune, seem more distinguished by an excessive frivolity, ostentatiousness, and luxury. There is little

taste for elegant amusements; even the theatre is neglected, except when a celebrated player appears. My kind friend Walker would have introduced me to the Provost; but I did not like to owe my introduction to him after being at Dromore House. Mr. Beauford is so strangely shy of strangers that Mr. Ledwich could never bring him to see me. I have, however, got a publisher and a good price for his MS. and wrote Mr. Ledwich to that purpose a few days ago. I have a packet from Sir Richard Musgrave, containing some papers for publication in the Newspapers and Magazines, which I shall attend to. I desired Mr. Ramsay to send you a copy of the paper. I think you will be gratified with Mr. Hay Drummond's sonnet. I found it on my table at my return. Mr. Boyd has done himself and me honour in a poem addressed to me after I left Newry, which I suppose you have seen. Miss Stewart has praised the translator of Dante in strains equal to his own. I have heard from Dr. Trail; he is well. I gave Mr. Hay Drummond one of the prints, which he values highly. I request you would send one to Joe Walker. I promised to make the request for him. I have been much hurried, and have not yet taken up Grainger; but will do it immediately. I beg the favour of a line from you concerning your health, occupations, and amusements.

"I am under obligations to the Dublin authors, editors, &c. for their publications, which filled two large boxes. Vallancey alone gave me nearly a score, Transactions of the Dublin Society, County Surveys, &c. Preston, a learned, ingenious, and classical poet, is printing a version of Apollonius Rhodius, with two volumes of Dissertations and Notes.

"I am, with great respect, yours ever,

"R. ANDERSON."

LADY DALRYMPLE (widow of Lord Hailes) to Bp. PERCY.

"MY LORD,

Newhailes, 10th Nov. 1802.

"Your Lordship's letter of so old a date as the 13th of September only came to my hands yesterday, owing to my having been from home, and to some mistakes in the method of transmitting it to me; this will account to your Lordship for my seeming neglect, and I shall not be quite easy till I know that you have received and accepted my apology.

"I am no stranger to the friendship that subsisted between your Lordship and my husband. I have often heard him mention it with pleasure, and also your correspondence on the subject of Popular Scottish Poetry. There are, I know, a good many letters of yours to Lord Hailes preserved, which shall certainly be transmitted to Dr. Anderson, according to your Lordship's directions, as soon as the person who arranged the letters returns from England, where he now is, but will undoubtedly be in Edinburgh (in this neighbourhood) in a few days.

"I believe it is the wish of many of Lord Hailes's friends, that a complete collection of his publications should be made,* as well as some account of his life given; the first I dare say will be accomplished, but with regard to the last I am more doubtful, as there are none of his family now alive who can afford any assistance as to dates or anecdotes of his early life, always looked for in such publications. I trust, however, that his literary labours, when put together, will prove fully to the world what were his grand objects in life, the cause of religion, virtue, and learning, consequently the happiness of all mankind.

"If your Lordship has happened to preserve any of Lord Hailes's letters, that you think may be of use in assisting any attempt that may hereafter be made to give some account of his life, Miss Dalrymple and I will take it as a particular favour if you will transmit them to us at your leisure. I have the honour to be your Lordship's most obedient, humble servant,

"HELEN DALRYMPLE."

Dr. ANDERSON to Bp. PERCY.

"MY LORD,

Heriot's Green, Dec. 16, 1802.

"I am much flattered and obliged by the last token I received of your Lordship's friendly remembrance. Forgive me for any appearance of inattention in my having delayed the acknowledgment of it. I have had much inclination, but little power for correspondence; for I have been often unwell, and much hampered by temporary business. I have even shamefully neglected to send your Lordship the inclosed letter from Lady Dalrymple. I avail myself of an envelope from one of your members, sojourning here, to forward it; and here transcribe the following sen-

* Lord Hailes's Works have never been published in a collected form.

tence from Lady D.'s Letter to me for your Lordship's information.

" ' Lady Dalrymple presumes Dr. Anderson is fully acquainted with the subject of the letter, and assures him, that, as soon as the gentleman who arranged Lord Hailes' papers returns from a jaunt in which he is at present, all Bishop Percy's letters that have been found shall be transmitted to Dr. Anderson.' Her Ladyship has not yet transmitted any letters to me.

" With Lord Woodhouseslie's letter before me, acknowledging the receipt of the present I sent him, I am tempted to transcribe the following passage:—' I return you many thanks for the portrait of our excellent and much valued friend the Bishop of Dromore; and for the Verses on the Death of Dr. Johnson, which, considering the early age at which they were composed, are very remarkable. It gives me high pleasure to know that I am kindly remembered by a character so eminently respectable and deserving. I am proud of his esteem, and I annex the highest value to his friendship.' It is highly gratifying to me to have to transmit sentiments of reciprocal esteem between two friends I value so much as the Bishop of Dromore and Lord Woodhouseslie. Your Lordship may be assured, that I did not miss the first opportunity of conveying to Lord Woodhouseslie your invitation to Dromore House, to meet Lord Redesdale; but I have not seen him since, for this is session time. The last time I saw him he expressed a strong wish that your Lordship would take Edinburgh in your way to England, to give him and your friends here the pleasure of showing you their respect. In my friend's wish I do most cordially join, for myself and others.

" I have had no answer from Mr. Ledwich relative to Beauford's Essay. I hope he is not offended at my zeal to bring it forward. I acquiesce in the justice of your Lordship's censure of my Scotticisms, and feel much flattered by your favourable opinion of my Preface. I am revising them with slow haste, and beg the favour of your Lordship's corrections and additions. The printers are busy, and do not begin Grainger till after Christmas. Where is your Lordship's Answer to the Account of Grainger in the Westminster Magazine to be found? * I

* In the Whitehall Evening Post, Thursday Jan. . . 1774.

beg my best respects to Mrs. Percy and to Dr. Percy. I am afraid of over-weight, and must conclude. I shall write again soon. I am, my Lord,

“Yours affectionately,

“RO. ANDERSON.”

“MY DEAR LORD,

Heriot's Green, May 21st, 1803.

“I am indebted to your Lordship for your very friendly letter to me, of a distant date, for which I owed you an acknowledgment at the time, but I deferred it till I should have something new or important to communicate, which might be more acceptable than the repetition of my cordial thanks for your continued kindnesses, and for your friendly confidence in my attachment and attention to any thing that meets your regard.

“I expected some literary occurrence would afford me an early opportunity of performing my duty to your Lordship in an acceptable manner. It is not necessary to remind one of your experience, how often, at almost every turn in life, we are disappointed of some pleasure, and dragged away from something agreeable, and chained down to something painful to our feelings. Such has been my situation.

“I missed not an opportunity I owed to the kindness of Dr. Trail, of sending your Lordship some literary trifles for your amusement, by Mr. Macartney; and I designed you a letter by the post, to announce a larger parcel, which I had an opportunity of sending, soon after, in a bale for Mr. Gilbert, bookseller, in Dublin, to be forwarded by a safe conveyance to Dromore House.

“At that time I caught, as I thought, a common cold, a disorder to which my flimsy constitution is extremely liable in the winter, which did not yield to the usual remedies, and was followed by a tedious, feverish indisposition, on which the influenza supervened, and laid me up severely, and debilitated and dispirited me so exceedingly as to render me incapable of attending to any kind of business, not even the indolent occupations of reading and writing.

“I am now so far recovered as to be able to go into town, though I feel, at this moment, in some degree, the lassitude and languor which attend this disorder in every stage.

“Never was anything more general than the influenza. It has brought into activity all our chronic complaints,

but has not been fatal here, except in cases where it supervened on some previous infirmity. Such was the lamented case of Dr. Robert Kennedy, who died a few days ago; a young man of the highest reputation for physical science in this city. It has appeared, I hear, in Ireland, but less generally. I sincerely hope it has spared my highly respected friends at Dromore House. By a letter I had lately from Mr. Boyd, I find he has been very ill, and his complaints seem to resemble the characteristic symptoms of this disorder. But he is recovered again, and flirting, as usual, with the Muses.

"I am sorry to give your Lordship any trouble that might be spared. The recurrence to the multiplied evils which the influenza has produced, is painful to myself. I have said enough. I only mention these, to show you that I have had my share, and that my long silence has not been voluntary.

"From my friends in Dublin I have received many proofs of continued kindness, and experienced much indulgence. The memorials of my gratitude and esteem which I committed to the care of Mr. Gilbert, have, I learn, been duly forwarded; and among the rest, I doubt not, the parcel for Dromore House has come to your Lordship's hands. The 'Chronicle of Scottish Poetry,'* 3 vols. and 'Tales of Superstition,' are presents from Mr. George Paton and Miss Bannerman; the other books come from me as literary novelties, for your acceptance.

"Our excellent friend Mr. Ledwich has, at length, transmitted to me Mr. Beauford's curious MS. and drawings, for which he has received 20*l.* through the hands of our amiable and patriotic friend Sir Richard Musgrave. They will appear soon in an edition of Ossian, from Mundell's press. Dr. Smith thinks them sufficiently interesting to curiosity and to learning to deserve publication, and Mr. Laing is of the same opinion, so that they come abroad with the approbation of both parties, and *valeant quantum valere possunt*. The Doctor has abandoned 'Highland Antiquities' to his brother. He breakfasted here yesterday, and has laid on my table a voluminous MS. Commentary on the Bible, for publication. He speaks of your 'Key' in terms of high approbation.

"Mr. Cooper Walker's Essay on the revival of the

* The Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, by Mr. Sibbald, in 4 vols.

Drama in Italy, and a new volume of Poems from Mr. Boyd, will likewise proceed from Mundell's press in the course of the summer, in an elegant style.

"Grainger has been long standing still, waiting your arrival in England, and the aid of your promised communications.

"A third edition of my account of Smollett is going to press immediately. The second edition of the 'Border Minstrelsy' will be out in a few days, with a third volume.

"Colonel Johnes is printing his translation of Froissart, at Hafod, in a magnificent style, only 200 copies, and 25 fine for the amateurs, and 20 or 30 engravings. I send you a specimen. I hear from him very frequently, and he desires me to say to you 'that he is indeed ashamed for not having stated to you his progress.' He invites me warmly to Hafod, to see Don Quixote's library, &c.

"The daily sight of your portrait, the dearest ornament of my dining-room, the frequent perusal of the copy of the 'Reliques' you presented to me, and a desire to please me, have produced an admirable Ode from the pen of Miss Stewart. It does my venerable friend, and the fair writer, infinite honour. I have suggested some additional topics of illustration, and will send it to you as soon as it is finished. Lord Woodhouslie and your other friends here wish you would take Edinburgh in your way to Northamptonshire. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Percy. I am, my dear Lord, with truth, affection, and respect, your obedient servant,

RO. ANDERSON.

"P.S. Dr. Trail set out for London about a month ago. He expects to meet you in England in the course of the summer. At the time of his departure we exchanged a note or two concerning Ritson's Preliminary Dissertation to his Metrical Romances, which contains a repetition of the gross and unmannerly abuse of the Editor of the 'Reliques.' My indignation against this wretched man was the greater, that I heard him, in this house, speak of Warton, and of you particularly, in a placable and penitential way, which gave one reason to think that he would make his *amende honourable* the first opportunity. Besides, you nobly made him an offer of your Romances. Mr. Brougham has reprimanded him severely for the folly and wickedness of his attack.

"I entreat your Lordship, the very first moment

of leisure, to devote a welcome page of forgiveness and of information to me."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Heriot's Green, June 27, 1803.

"In my last to your Lordship, I mentioned an Ode to the Editor of the 'Reliques,' by Miss Stewart, which I expected to have the pleasure of transmitting to you in a short time. In the mean time, I expressed the sincere hope I entertained of being favoured with a single line from your Lordship, to say whether the transmission would correspond with your intended journey to England. I now suspect that my letter may have arrived at Dro-more House after your departure, and so may not yet have reached you. I hesitate, therefore, about sending the Ode by my friend Mrs. Bindon, going to Limerick, lest it should come too late, and so perform a circuitous journey to Northamptonshire. I have written by this opportunity to Mr. Stott, requesting him to give me the information I want respecting your Lordship's motions. I herewith send you, at a venture, a few detached stanzas, as a specimen of the Ode, willingly transcribed by my youngest daughter, the author's most intimate friend. In the 37th stanza, *Easton* may be substituted for *Welbye*, if it was, as I think, at the time of the publication of the 'Reliques,' the place of your residence, near Lord Sussex. It was at first written "in *yonder* classic grove;" but I thought a local designation more appropriate. The other examples are chiefly "Northumberland betrayed by Douglas," "Lady Bothwell's Lament," "Earl of Murray," "Morrow, gentle river," "The Battle of Otterburn," &c. The young author addressed sixteen quatrain stanzas to me, with the Ode, beginning

'Thro' the dim shadows of monastic night,
Wild Fancy pauses in her dubious way,
To work for thee, who cheer'd her lonely flight,
The heartfelt warblings of her grateful lay.'

And ending,

'Ah! while thou watchest her * mysterious shrine,
Where long-lost visions meet thy tranced view,
Oh wilt thou turn and trace the doubtful line
My weak hand sketch'd in Fancy's dying hue.

* Genius.

' No magic tints in these faint pictures shine,
No bright'ning ray the pallid shades illumine,
And soon shall Time's expiring hours resign
Their fading colours to Oblivion's gloom ;

' Yet, ere they die, methinks the sacred light
That glows serene in Friendship's generous beam,
May save awhile from dim consuming night
The gay creation of th' enthusiast's dream.'

"I write this note in unavoidable haste, but I expect very soon to have an opportunity of writing to your Lordship at greater length. Meanwhile, believe me to be, my dear Lord, ever your faithful and affectionate humble servant,

RO. ANDERSON.

"I beg to be remembered to Mrs. Percy with respectful regard."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Heriot's Green, 16th Aug. 1803.

"I could not easily express how much I felt gratified by your lordship's successive favours of the 20th and 23d of July, the first accompanied by some valuable letters relating to the Grainger family. Long intervals of epistolary silence will always create uneasiness in the party most anxious to secure the friendly intercourse which has been cultivated. I was, therefore, extremely solicitous to hear from your Lordship, but the proofs which your letters contain of the continuance of your friendly regard have taught me to rely on you with a confidence more worthy of you and more becoming myself. My own ill health, and the prevalence of the influenza, had, I own, increased my anxiety about you not a little, and the painful circumstances in which you wrote to me have verified, in an alarming degree, my fears. The thought of your being confined to a darkened room, deprived of the sight of one eye, and threatened with the loss—the dreadful loss—of the other, gives me very sincere concern; for I know no man to whom such a privation would be a greater calamity. It would not merely be a heavy private affliction, but a serious public misfortune. I pray God the sight of your right eye may yet be preserved by the means you are using, by the advice, no doubt, of the most experienced practitioners in the United Kingdom. I offer you, my dear Lord, all that I can give, at this distance, the expression of my sympathy, heightened by the knowledge I have of your disposition and habits of

life, and my affection for your person and veneration for your character. In the concern which I feel, on this occasion, all your friends here, and all who honour talents and virtue, deeply participate. From two letters now lying before me, one from the Earl of Buchan, dated Dryburgh Abbey, Aug. 5th, the other from Colonel Johnes, dated Hafod, Aug. 15th, I transcribe the following paragraphs, as testimonies, among others, of the esteem in which you are held by wise and good men, and of the interest they take in your personal comfort:—

“‘I sympathize with you (writes the Earl) most sincerely on the melancholy tidings from Dromore House. The worthy, amiable Bishop Percy has been a real benefactor to English literature and a credit to his profession. Your pleasing residence last summer with the Bishop, and the manner in which that residence was employed, cannot fail of retaining a classical and heart-engaging place in your memory, and even in your life.’

“‘Loss of sight (writes the Colonel) appears to me the greatest that can happen of ills; and Milton seems to have felt—‘O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!’ and to such a good and excellent man as Dr. Percy it must be very grievous. I hope he may, at least, retain one eye.’

“This time last year I had the happiness of being under your roof. I lament that my lot is so cast that I have little prospect of seeing you again; but every circumstance of your friendly reception and instructive conversation is (as Lord Buchan truly remarks) indelibly impressed on my memory. A visit to such a man, like that of a pilgrim to a distant shrine, forms an era in the life of a private individual. Although it may have the appearance of personal vanity, I have satisfaction in reflecting that my visit to Dromore House, in connection with our literary correspondence, has contributed, however little, to recal you from your long retirement in Ireland to resume your station in the ranks of learning, and to receive renewed testimonies of public gratitude for your eminent services to English poetry.”

“ Sept. 15, 1803.

“ I wrote, my dear Lord, the preceding pages about a month ago, as a part of a letter to your Lordship, and being suddenly called away to Roxburghshire, I laid it aside. Since my return, I intended you a letter, written more largely and distinctly for the sake of your eyes, but have had my hands pretty full, with correcting my Smollett, the fourth time, and my time much occupied by visitants. Dr. Trail has stimulated my indolence by calling this forenoon to apprise me of a private conveyance for my letter. So I take the opportunity to send you what is at hand, rather than what I might have written with more leisure, and solicit your indulgence. It is proper to mention, that I delayed writing to you at the time your letters came, that I might have an opportunity of announcing the transmission of Miss Stewart's Ode to Mr. Ercke. It is now finished ; but a fair copy must be made for you, and my female amanuensis (for the Bishop) has been with her friends at Alnwick for some time, and only returned with her sister yesterday. She will proceed to transcribe without delay, and I will write to you by post, when the transcript is ready for transmission. Miss Stewart has addressed some beautiful stanzas to me with the Ode, a copy of which shall be sent with it. My young friend is greatly flattered by the favourable opinion you express of the specimen of her Ode to you. She has caught a portion of my affection for you, and composed her verses *con amore*. A present from you of a copy of the ‘ Reliques ’ would be esteemed by her the highest honour and the most acceptable acknowledgment you could bestow. A similar present to Miss Bannerman would likewise be highly valued. Mr. George Paton has already received a present from you of the ‘ Reliques,’ through my hands. He sent you a copy of the Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, in testimony of gratitude and respect. He is not the editor of these books, but a Mr. Sibbald, a bookseller, lately dead.

“ Your Lordship owes me nothing on the score of subscriptions, or on any other account. Such books as I am concerned in bringing forward are subject to my contribution for my friends. I have got, at length, your Letters to Lord Hailes, but Dr. Trail does not think this conveyance a proper one for a packet so precious. It is too large for Mr. Ercke. The Letters of Mrs. Grainger, Dr. Cuming,

&c. will be very useful to me. I wish to see your Letter, and I rejoice to think that I shall be able to do justice to an injured woman.* The publishers are willing to wait your convenience respecting the transmission of the remaining letters and papers. They are printing Smollett in a separate volume, corrected and greatly enlarged. Our amiable and patriotic friend Sir R. Musgrave has given me an account of the abominable tragedy [murder of Lord Kilwarden, &c.†] that was lately acted in Dublin. Mr. Ledwich likewise.

"Make my kindest respects acceptable to Mrs. Percy.
"I am, &c. R. ANDERSON."

" MY DEAR LORD, Heriot's Green, Oct. 14, 1803.

“ Our worthy friend Dr. Trail was here yesterday, and brought me very agreeable intelligence from Dromore House respecting your Lordship’s general health, and the fate of my last letter to you, written at different times, and dispatched hastily by a private conveyance. I had some uneasy apprehensions about it, and as it appears to have been strangely delayed, and in some danger of being lost, I believe I shall henceforth take the liberty you have given me to transmit my communications to you, even if they should happen to exceed the size of a single letter, by the common post.

“The absence of Miss Stewart, and of my daughter, who went into the country with her friend almost immediately after she returned from Alnwick, has prevented the transcription of the Ode from being completed, with the necessary alterations, before now. On Wednesday I had the pleasure of putting it under a cover to Mr. Ercke, and before this reach you, I doubt not, it will be in your possession. The number of stanzas does not, you will observe, correspond with the specimen sent before. There were even more, but it was thought proper to omit those that might be easily spared. As it is, it may yet be thought too long; and my young friend submits it to the inspection of the great judge and master of the wild and wonderful, with trembling hope. I have been anxious that you should see correctness united with enthusiasm,

* Mrs. Grainger.

† Lord Kilwarden, chief justice of the King's Bench, was murdered in his carriage, together with the Rev. Rich. Wolfe, by stabbing them with pikes, July 23, 1803. See *Gent. Mag.* lxxiii. pp. 687. 708. 786.

but several imperfections yet remain. The word *exile* is twice accented wrong, in the Scottish manner. The title 'On the Reliques,' &c. might be better, 'On reading,' &c. or more shortly, 'Ode to the Editor (or the original Editor) of the Reliques,' &c. But this is a matter for your consideration. The Stanzas to me accompany the Ode, as they refer to it; and as they exhibit a striking review of the process observed in the composition of it, and a fine testimony of my amiable friend's modest estimate of her own performance, and of her kindness and gratitude to me. The Ode and Stanzas have been read with almost equal admiration by the best judges here, and a general wish has been expressed that they should be printed, in some way or other, with your approbation. I have sometimes thought that the Ode at least would not be misplaced in the fourth volume of the 'Reliques,' which is expected from Dr. Percy. If this idea meet with your approbation, perhaps some other topics of illustration might be suggested, and the whole corrected and adapted to your wishes. Such a fine enumeration of some of the most universally interesting pieces in the 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry' would, in my opinion, be an appropriate and suitable testimony to the value of the collection, and to the merit of the original editor. If I am wrong, I know your Lordship will have the goodness to pardon the suggestion.

"When Dr. Trail was here, I put into his hands the precious deposit of your Lordship's Letters to Lord Hailes, as he expects to have an opportunity very soon of sending them to Ireland by a safe conveyance. They came into my hands slowly and reluctantly, and I have been accused of aiding and abetting the removing them from this country. Your Lordship knows it was no suggestion of mine. At the desire of the gentleman alluded to by Lady Dalrymple, I solicited for him a sight of Lord Hailes's Letters to you, for the use of an intended edition of his original works. In the application to Lady Dalrymple I acted as your friend with good will, and with delicacy and respect towards her Ladyship, who is no way to blame for withholding them from you so long. I had a very polite letter from her Ladyship, apologizing for the delay, and mentioning her having written at the same time to you. As the loss of Lord Hailes's Letters to you is irreparable, Mr. Thomson wishes me to say that he would be greatly obliged to your Lordship to give him a

general account of their contents, as far as your recollection will serve, aided by your own part of the correspondence, for the use of his *Memoirs of his Life, &c.* Mr. Thomson is a man of excellent taste and learning, and will, I am sure, make a judicious use of any information you can give respecting your epistolary correspondence with Lord Hailes.

“As to our ‘Grainger,’ I have prevailed on the publishers to wait your Lordship’s convenience, and I expect in due time further communications from you, to enable me to put him off my hands. Mr. Laing, Mr. Thomson, and other unbelievers in *Ossian* here, think your Lordship’s testimony of the highest importance in the controversy, and concur in requesting you to put in writing a statement of your conversations with Sir John Elliott respecting Macpherson, and the impression which they made on your mind.

“They are printing here a new edition of ‘*Bruce’s Travels*,’ in 7 vols. 8vo, with additions, and a *Life*, by Mr. Murray, a young Orientalist of my acquaintance. I could wish to see your narrative of Bruce’s conversation at Alnwick Castle, written in Lobo’s *Travels*, which I neglected to transcribe.

“Mr. Park’s new edition of ‘*Nugæ Antiquæ*’ will soon be out. He wishes me to say that he is very sensible of your Lordship’s kind intentions respecting the ‘*Reliques*,’ but that he has already a copy of the last edition; and that if it were easily in your power to procure him a copy of the ‘*Northumberland Household Book*,’ he would reckon it an inestimable favour.

“I believe I sent your Lordship my learned and worthy friend Dr. Jamieson’s* ‘*Prospectus*’ of an ‘*Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language*.’ As you are an encourager of Mr. Boucher’s work, which is essentially different, I did not venture to solicit your subscription, but I know he would reckon your name a distinguished honour.

“Mr. Cooper Walker’s ‘*Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy*’ will soon proceed from Mundell’s press, with Professor Richardson’s ‘*Poems and Plays*,’ Mr. Beauford’s ‘*Ossian, with notes*,’ &c. Mr. Boyd tells me he has a volume of *Poems* on its way from Ireland. He has finished the ‘*Araccara*,’ and wants a publisher;

* Dr. John Jamieson died July 12, 1838, aged 80. See a memoir in *Gent. Mag.* 1838, ii. p. 445.

but it is too great an undertaking for Edinburgh publishers. I procured Mr. Winter's pamphlet 'On the present Temper, &c. of the Irish Nation,' to be reprinted here. It has been greatly admired. The author, a gentleman of large fortune in the county of Meath, and, in my opinion, a model of what a country gentleman ought to be, sent me a copy, and I thought the reprinting it would do some good here.

"Sir Richard Musgrave addressed to me a short narrative of the late insurrection in Dublin, which was printed in all our newspapers. From the late trials, it appears that the conspiracy was as irrational and wild in the design as it was savage and detestable in the execution.

"Mr. Rees, the partner of Mr. Longman, was here lately. He gave me such an account of the late edition of Goldsmith's Works, on the authority of Mr. Davies, as to make me wish very strongly to have an exact account of it from your Lordship, as far as you are concerned.

"I have made no use of Mrs. West's play, but I believe, with her permission, I could get it printed; in which case, it is probable she might wish to revise it. It would be improper to print any thing with her name that would lessen her reputation with the public as an ingenious and moral writer.

"Mr. Scott's 'Sir Tristrem,' printed more than two years ago, is still unpublished, for want of a preliminary dissertation and glossary. He has great difficulties in ascribing it to Learmont; and his able coadjutor Leyden is gone to India. He has a romance of his own ready for the press, entitled 'The Lay of the last Minstrel.' The third volume of the 'Minstrelsy of the Border' has, I understand, neither added to the reputation of the editor, nor increased the sale of the former volumes. Did your Lordship ever receive Mr. Scott's intended present of the volumes of the Minstrelsy?

"A letter came here a few days ago from Mr. George Chalmers, with the intelligence of the miserable end of that wretched man Joseph Ritson. According to Mr. Chalmers's account, he was taken in a state of mental derangement from his chambers in Gray's Inn, where he had previously destroyed all his MSS. &c., to a place of confinement in the neighbourhood of London, where he soon

* "Sir Tristrem" was published in the year 1804, with dissertation and a glossary.

after died.* Neither Mr. Park nor Mr. Heber have mentioned his death to me, nor has it appeared in the newspapers.

"I must conclude with requesting your Lordship to make no return, in the present state of your eyesight, but what is very brief. I will continue to write to you.

"Remember me kindly to Mrs. Percy. I am, my dear Lord, your affectionate servant, RO. ANDERSON."

"MY DEAR LORD, Heriot's Green, 24th Jan. 1804.

"I am conscious I must appear ungrateful; to receive so agreeable and affectionate a token of your friendship and regard as your letter to me of October 21, and not to acknowledge it immediately, will seem truly ungracious. Had I followed the first impulse of my mind, not a moment would have elapsed, but I recollected that it might seem inconsistent to be grateful in words and negligent in practice. I had a commission to execute for your Lordship which I trusted to accomplish by means of a safe private conveyance, and no opportunity has occurred since Dr. Trail returned the packet, in his departure for England, till the present moment, when I avail myself of my friend Mr. Thomson going to Dublin, to attend the sales at the Linen Hall, to confide the precious deposit to his care. I have requested him, if it be possible, in passing, to put it into your own hands, for the sake of security, and that he may gratify himself, and me on his return, by seeing your Lordship, and receiving a confirmation of the assurances I have had from every quarter of the restoration of your eyesight, and the continuance of your health. If he cannot spare time, I have desired him to commit it to the care of the Postmaster at Dromore, or our worthy friend Mr. Stott, to whom he is known.

"Soon after Dr. Trail's departure, my time and thoughts were occupied in the performance of duties the most melancholy and sacred in the world. On the 7th of November, in the evening, while my very dear and long-tried friend, Mr. Alex. Thomson, author of 'Paradise of Taste,' 'Pictures of Poetry,' &c. was conversing with me, in the midst of his family, he was seized with a paralytic affection, which, in a moment, deprived him of

* Mr. Ritson died Sept. 3, 1803. See an account of him in *Lit. An.* III. pp. 133-137. 350; and *Index Vol. VII.* pp. 353. 664. See also a *Series* of his Letters, with his portrait, in *Lit. Illustrations*, III. pp. 775-780.

sense and motion, and, in a few hours, of life. The scene I witnessed was dreadful. A disconsolate widow and six infant daughters, moderately provided, survive to lament his loss. The care of his MSS., and, in conjunction with some other friends, the management of their little affairs, have devolved upon me. His 'History of Scottish Poetry' is very imperfect; but his series of 'Pictures of Poetry' is complete, and his 'Essay on the Genius and Writings of Gray' prepared for publication. Nothing can supply to me the loss of a friend of so much worth, genius, and learning.

"About a month after Mr. Thomson's death my young friend Miss Bannerman was deprived of her mother by a similar calamity. Her death was instant, and without a groan. The loss of a mother, an only parent, is one of the heaviest misfortunes incident to life, but to lose with a mother the means of subsistence, depending on annuities, is dreadful indeed. Such is the lot of my young friend. Your lordship may easily conceive the nature and extent of my anxiety about poor Miss Bannerman.* Her health is at all times so uncertain and so ill-prepared to stand such a shock as it has been exposed to, that my fears are great; but when to her uncertain health I add the feverish inability of her mind, heightened by constitutional causes,—her total inability, from health and inclination, to pursue the ordinary means by which those of her sex are usually enabled to secure a livelihood,—her entire want of relations, for I do not know that she ever saw one who is entitled to that name,—I will acknowledge that my fears rise to a very painful height. Her literary powers, eminent as they are, do not seem, from any of her efforts hitherto, to be of ready or popular application. They are, perhaps, better qualified to acquire fame than profit. The Almighty regards with an equal eye all the works of his hand, but I cannot conceive what is to become of my young friend. I think that, from her own inability to earn a livelihood, her total want of relations, and her great merits, the public money might be worse applied than in affording her a small annuity. But I will spare your Lordship the trouble of dwelling longer on this affecting subject. It is very near my heart, and your goodness will excuse the mention of what it is bleeding to think of.

* Miss Anne Bannerman was author of a volume of "Poems," 1800; and of "Tales of Superstition and Chivalry," 1802. See hereafter, p. 133.

"Although I had no right to expect it, it would have been esteemed a high favour, amidst the cares that press upon me, to have had a line from your Lordship, with the agreeable accounts of your recovery, that I heard lately from Mr. Boyd.

"I am almost sick of aiding and abetting authorship, yet I am in the press again with the Ode to your Lordship, announced in the list of books in the press which accompanies this letter. It is splendidly printed on an imperial quarto, as the booksellers will have it, though I preferred a common quarto. Does your Lordship wish any particular number of copies (the impression is only 200) to be sent to Dromore House? They can be forwarded with the books you wanted, and a copy of my Account of Smollett, reprinted in 8vo., 7s., for your acceptance, to Mr. Robinson, at Belfast. By this conveyance you may have any book, review, or other thing you want, by writing a line to me, with as little delay as possible, for the communication with Ireland is infrequent, and attended with peculiar difficulties.

"You will see 'Grainger' is announced as in the press. The publishers are impatient, and I am ready to do my part, if your Lordship would enable me, by your promised assistance, to do it worthily.

"In my next letter I will state the conversation I had with Rees respecting Goldsmith, &c. My friend Park is highly flattered and obliged by your kindness. He is worthy of your esteem and confidence.

"My cordial remembrances wait on Mrs. Percy.

"I am, &c.

R. ANDERSON."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Heriot's Green, May 6, 1804.

"I duly received your Lordship's repeated favours; and though I kept silence from my inability to make you my acknowledgments properly, I felt deeply my obligations to your continued kindness.

"By the death of some valuable friends and the dispersion of others, I got entangled in a multiplicity of occupations, of sacred obligation, which employed, almost incessantly, my time and thoughts during the winter, and occasioned a temporary suspension of my private studies and literary correspondence.

"The sight of your Letter of the 7th April, with its valuable inclosures, so long expected, gave me sincere pleasure, though I was then, and have been during the

whole month, the most inclement ever known in this country, laid up with a severe cold ; from which I am now recovering, though still languid and feverish, and incapable of much exertion of any kind.

"The weather, since the beginning of May, has been soft and warm, and I have ventured to take the range of the Green beside my house, and expect to be able to go into town on Monday.

"I most sincerely regret the anxiety my seeming inattention has occasioned your Lordship ; and I earnestly request you will, at no time, or upon any occasion, in future, attribute my accidental omissions to any thing like forgetfulness, ingratitude, or want of respect and affection, which no length of time or distance can diminish.

"It has given me much satisfaction, from time to time, to hear, from every quarter, of your Lordship's progressive recovery, of which your handwriting itself is to me a delightful proof ; in your two last letters the improvement is most remarkable, though you still speak of the effort of writing as painful, and diminish, in some degree, my pleasure, as well as discourage me from exciting you to make the exertion.

"After consulting Mr. Ware, the most eminent oculist, after Baron Wenzel, in Britain, I do not think the advice of Dr. Monro would avail any thing. He is not considered, at all, as an oculist ; and indeed we have no medical practitioners here of any reputation in diseases of the eyes, except Dr. Rutherford and Mr. Wardrop ; neither of whom are eminently skilful, though I know the first has studied the anatomical structure of the eye very particularly.

"As soon as I am tolerably well, and the General Assembly of our Church, which brings many of my friends to town, is over, I shall put the additions to Grainger's Works into the printer's hands, and put together the materials I have collected for his Life, which are still scanty and imperfect. I have no account of his family and birth-place properly authenticated. Even Dr. Cuming is mistaken in several particulars which he might be supposed to know correctly. The Letters are of great value, as they serve to illustrate his character, and place his marriage and the conduct of Mrs. Grainger in a proper light. The originals, as soon as I can get them transcribed for my use, shall be carefully returned to your repositories.

As I proceed, I fear I shall frequently have recourse to your advice and assistance.

"Miss Stewart's Ode has been delayed at the press, partly on my account. It is at length printed, in a superb folio, and is justly regarded as one of the most splendid, as it certainly is one of the most striking productions of the Edinburgh press. Two hundred copies only are thrown off, which the publisher cannot afford to sell under 7*s.* 6*d.* each copy. If your Lordship has no objection to the price, I could wish, for the sake of re-imbursing the publisher, that you would take twenty copies, for your friends, which, I understand, there will soon be an opportunity of forwarding in a bale of books for Magee at Belfast. The notes are chiefly selected from the 'Reliques,' and printed at the end. I wished them to be placed at the foot of the pages, but the printer sacrificed convenience to elegance. A small part of the introductory address has been printed; as my young friend would not appear without shewing the encourager and director of her poetical studies a public testimony of her respect. Mr. Stott's Verses to the Author are good, except a few lines, and very gratifying to her, but any poetical compliment would have been misplaced in her volume. Another poet has praised her, a few days ago, in an Ode, the strain of which is of a higher mood, resembling the wild and wizard strain of Gray's Cambrian lyre. I shall get a copy from "the nymph of fairy song," for "the mighty lord of legendary lore," and transmit it in my next to Dromore House. If the perusal of Miss Stewart's volume fail to give your Lordship the pleasure it was intended to produce, it will, at least, I am sure, convince you, if it be necessary, that my opinion of your distinguished merit has not been lessened by personal knowledge and the reciprocities of amiable intercourse. I may cease, for a while, to express the sentiments of veneration and affection I bear you, but I can never cease, while I live, to cherish my affection for your person, and to be the zealous friend of your fame, so closely allied to the honour of the nation.

"I easily prevailed on Mundell and Son to undertake a new edition of the 'Northern Antiquities,' which Longman readily undertook, and his partner Rees declined, for personal reasons, with which Cadell and Davies had furnished him, respecting the share you had in the edition of Goldsmith's Works. From your information, I was

enabled to repel the attack, and to throw the blame on the booksellers, who acted unhandsomely towards you; but he persisted in asserting that it would be extremely unpleasant to act with you in any literary concern. At your leisure I hope you will take the trouble to prepare the necessary corrections and additions for the new edition. Perhaps it may not be improper to give a correct account of the transactions between you and the booksellers, relative to the edition of Goldsmith. In a York Catalogue (Todd's) now lying on my table, I observe that work, 'with Memoirs of the Author, by Bishop Percy.'

"I must conclude, at present, earnestly requesting your forgiveness of my omissions, and offering my affectionate respects to Mrs. Percy. I am, ever truly, my dear Lord, your faithful and affectionate,

RO. ANDERSON.

"P.S. I forwarded the Letter to Lady Dalrymple by the ordinary conveyance immediately."

"MY DEAR LORD, Croy House, near Glasgow, 26th July, 1804.

"I have been here, for some time, on a visit to my friend Professor Richardson, whose kindness constrains me to stay yet another week to enjoy with him his fine woodlands, waterfalls, and groves, and the romantic scenery of this interesting country, the birthplace of Buchanan, Smollett, &c. From the window I see the obelisk, 90 feet high, erected to Buchanan by the gratitude of his countrymen.

"I have left the Professor and his amiable and intelligent colleague Dr. Cuming, in the garden, to write a few hurried lines to your Lordship, not to reply properly to your last, for the present opportunity allows me merely to make you my acknowledgments for it.

"I regret that I cannot avail myself of the opportunity of Dr. Trail going to Ireland next week; but I will write to you fully on my return home. I seize the pen, at present, chiefly to communicate to your Lordship some passages from 'Herbert's select Icelandic Poetry, translated from the Originals, with Notes,' which concern you. The poems of which Mr. Herbert* has given poetical versions, are 'The Song of Thrym,' 'The Battle of Hafar's Bay,' 'The Descent of Odin,' 'The dying Song

* The Hon. Wm. Herbert, now Rector of Spofforth and Dean of Manchester.

of Asbiorn,' 'Gunlaug and Rafen,' 'The Combat of Thalmar,' &c. 'The Song of Hroke the Black,' 'The Death of Hacon,' 'Fragment of Biarkamal.' In his notes to the first poem is the following paragraph, 'Translations made like Dr. Percy' (speaking of Cottle's *Edda of Sœmund*), 'by a person unacquainted with the Icelandic language, through the medium of a Latin prose translation, cannot be expected to represent the style and spirit of the originals; but Mr. C. has not even taken the trouble of understanding the Latin.' In his notes on 'The Death of Hacon,' he observes, 'An English prose translation, from the Latin version of Peringskiöld, has been published by Dr. Percy in his 'Runic Poetry,' which is not quite so inaccurate as the rest of that book; his translation of Regner Lodbroc's Ode teems with errors,* and indeed scarce a line of it is properly interpreted. Mr. Johnstone has had the merit of publishing the original text of that Ode more accurately than Worm or Biörner, with an English and Latin prose version, in which he has rectified Dr. Percy's errors, though his style is very indifferent. There is a celebrated passage which has been completely misunderstood by all its translators :

Erat circa matutinum tempus,
Hominibus necessum erat fugere
Ex prælio, ubi acute
Cassidis campos mordebant gladii.
Erat hoc veluti juvenem viduam
In primaria sede osculari.—Worm. *Literatura Runica*.†

'And in another stanza,

Erat sicut splendidam virginem
In lecti juxta se collocare.

Then follow your version and Johnstone's; and then—

"What notion the learned translators entertained of kissing young widows, I cannot pretend to say; but it is singular that they should have imagined Regner Lodbroc could have thought it like breaking heads with a broad sword. The fact is, that the lines mean the very reverse. *At* added to an Icelandic word has the force of a negative,

* "The geographical errors are particularly singular; '*Processimus ad terram prostratorum*' (i. e. the field of slaughter), is there translated 'we marched to the land of Vals;' and in '*Skioldungorum prælio*,' 'at Skioldunga.' The *Skioldungi* were, in fact, the descendants of Skiöld, King of Denmark."

† "This is an inaccurate title; *Runer*, from which is formed the adjective *runic*, is simply the Icelandic word for letters, literature, or charms wrought by means of letters."

and is frequently used. *Var*, means was; *varat*, was not. The lines ought to have been thus rendered: 'It was not early in the morning when men were compelled to fly from the report of battle, where sharp swords bit the surface of the helmets. This was not like kissing a young widow on the highest seat.' By which he meant that they had a long and hard contest, and that the spirit of war was very different from the pleasures of peace." In another place, "Dr. Percy, who follows Peringskiold, asserts, that Bauga was a subordinate god of war; but no such person is mentioned in either edition, and I can find no account of him. I believe that Peringskiold, who was puzzled by the word, got rid of the difficulty by translating it Bogonis, and that Bogo was deified by the learned Bishop."

"These are the only passages which occurred to me on taking up the book this morning, in which you are mentioned; and as there is a design of reprinting the Runic Poetry in the new edition of the 'Northern Antiquities,' I know you will readily forgive the trouble I give you in transmitting them for your consideration. The book is but lately printed, and probably has not yet reached you.

"I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Crawford when he was in Edinburgh, and regret that I saw him so seldom, and that he left town without mentioning the result of his consultation of Dr. Munro. I hope it has been more beneficial to you than Mr. Ware's advice. If I had been at home I would have returned, by Dr. Trail, the originals of Grainger's letters; but another opportunity may soon occur, or I will send them through the War Office. I hope the Ode, &c. arrived. They were sent to Belfast long ago. Miss Stewart and Miss Bannerman are quite delighted with your present of the 'Reliques,' the most superbly bound books that ever were seen. They will thank you. With my affectionate respects to Mrs. Percy, I am ever, my dear Lord, yours faithfully,

"RO. ANDERSON."

Bp. PERCY to Dr. ANDERSON.

“DEAR SIR,

Dromore House, Aug. 16, 1804.

“The complaint in my eyes compels me to use the pen of a secretary, which I hope you will excuse; but I am desirous to avail myself of any means to thank you for your obliging letter of the 26th of July, and I gladly seize the opportunity of transmitting to you, by my friend Dr. Trail, a copy of the Runic Poetry which I published above forty years ago, desiring you will candidly peruse it, and see if it is worth republishing now at the end of the Northern Antiquities. For my own part I had ceased to think of them both; but, if you wish to revive the latter, I cannot help thinking the former will tend to illustrate the subject, notwithstanding the severe criticism of Mr. Herbert, whose book I have never seen, nor do I recollect to have heard of it, but if you will give me the title and date I will endeavour to procure it. Notwithstanding that he condemns, in the gross, translations like mine, made through the medium of a Latin version, yet I humbly conceive an English reader will form thereby as good a notion of the peculiar images and general subject of the original, as from his own paraphrase (for it can be no other) in English verse; but in my translation I had an advantage, which Mr. Herbert seems to have overlooked, in having it compared with the original by the great master of Northern literature, the Rev. Edw. Lye, author of the Anglo-Saxon Lexicon, 2 vols. fol. and of the other learned works which I have mentioned in my preface. And if here or there a passage escaped his vigilance, or were mistranslated by following two such respectable authorities as Wormius and Peringskiöld, those two great northern luminaries, it will surely be very pardonable, considering the difficulty of the undertaking.

“However, to form a truer judgment of the subject, you would do well to compare my version of the ‘Ode on the Death of King Ragner Lodbrog,’ with that of Dr. Blair in his Dissertation on Ossian’s poetry.

“I shall say no more at present till I have seen Mr. Herbert’s book, but I desire you to accept all the kind respects of this family, and believe me to be, dear Sir,

“Your very faithful servant,

(Signed)

“THO. DROMORE.

"P.S. I have not yet heard of the arrival at Belfast of the copies of Miss Stewart's Ode, and beg you will inform me to whom they are consigned. I will not fail to remit to you the ten guineas which I promised on that account. Before I close up this letter, allow me to mention that Dr. Blair, having Wormius' book before him, in which is printed the original of Egil the Scald, a poem altogether in rhymes, and those very nicely formed, as you will see by page 92 of my book, (which, though printed in Runic characters, he could easily have decyphered,) has hastily pronounced that the termination of rhymes was utterly unknown to the ancient Islandic poets; and herein he has been followed by Dr. Robert Henry in his History of England, and I suppose by other compilers, which will give the more importance to a republication of my juvenile attempt, wherein that point is sufficiently ascertained."

Dr. ANDERSON to Bp. PERCY.

"MY DEAR LORD, Heriot's Green, 15th Sept. 1804.

"I designed your Lordship a letter in continuation before now, but the fine weather of the month of August, the romantic scenery of Strath-Endrick and Monteith, and the engaging kindness of my friends, detained me in the country till about the time of Dr. Trail's return from Ireland.

"Almost immediately on my coming home, I had the pleasure of receiving your Lordship's packet from the Doctor's hands, accompanied by the intelligence, which I did not find in it, of your being surrounded by all your family, and by his assurances of your being in excellent health and spirits; which helped to reconcile me in some measure to your making use for the first time in our correspondence of the pen of a secretary.

"By a note from New Street, received yesterday, mentioning the present opportunity of a private conveyance, I am glad to learn that the Doctor has had a few lines from your own hand the other day; a circumstance which convinces me that the complaint in your eyes is not worse, though you will probably use your own pen sparingly, as

a safe and prudent precaution for the preservation of your sight.

"The Doctor, I am sorry to think, is so much plagued with a lumbago, which has vexed him since he came from Ireland, that he cannot undertake so long a walk as to Heriot's Green.

"I have carefully re-perused your Lordship's little volume of Runic Poetry, and am fully convinced that the reprinting it at the end of the second volume of the 'Northern Antiquities' will tend to illustrate the subject, and form a suitable addition to that work. Indeed I am of opinion that it will be more properly placed in the 'Antiquities' than in the fourth volume of the 'Reliques,' where I believe you had an intention of placing it; I mean the version of the five poems.

"The criticisms of Mr. Herbert are petulant; but, in reprinting the Poems, I thought it right that you should know they existed, that you might, if necessary, take some notice of them. Even the remarks in your letter to me might easily be extended to an ample and satisfactory vindication of the general fidelity of your version.

"Mr. Herbert's book is entitled 'Specimens of Icelandic Poetry,' &c. printed at London some time in 1803 or 1804, a thin 8vo. Within the same period this young Oxonian has published two similar volumes, chiefly of Latin versions of popular poetry, and some originals. I cannot find any of his volumes here, but they may be procured of any of the London booksellers.

"Messrs. Longman and Rees have been here a few days; but they never recurred to the subject of the Antiquities; and the opinion of Rees respecting your Lordship's conduct towards Cadell and Davies precluded any further discussion. Your Lordship will yet, I hope, find a moment of leisure to dictate a statement of the concern you had in the edition of Goldsmith.

"The copies of Miss Stewart's 'Ode' have long since arrived at Belfast; and if they have not reached Dromore House, Mr. Magee is certainly very much to blame.

"Your Lordship's intended liberality towards the publisher merits every praise. The author on every consideration is out of the case. Your present of the 'Reliques,' superbly bound, is the highest honour and the most estimable acknowledgment she could receive from the editor.

"The best way that I could think of applying your

liberality was to purchase 28 copies of the Ode, for the benefit of the publisher; and after sending you eight copies, and making the few presents which you wished to be made from yourself here, to distribute the remaining copies among my friends, to whom it might be interesting in this country and in England.

"Accordingly I have sent copies to the Countess of Buchan, Miss Seward, Miss Bannerman, Dr. Percy, Dr. Ferrar, Professors Richardson and Muirhead, Mr. Heber, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Park, Mr. Johnes, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Dyer, Lindley Murray, Mr. Courtier, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Irving, Mr. Martin, Mr. Jervis, &c. &c.

"Mr. Scott, in a letter to me, desires his respectful acknowledgments to your Lordship for a present 'which (I copy his words) I value equally for the donor, the subject, and the poetry.' Similar acknowledgments and compliments have been received from others, which I need not repeat.

"In distributing the copies I deliberately overlooked Mr. Boyd, Mr. C. Walker, and Mr. Stott, in the persuasion that I might be anticipated by your Lordship's attention, which they know how to value.

"I take this opportunity to send your Lordship the last number of the 'Monthly Mirror,' an elegant publication, in which I see the Ode is handsomely noticed.

"The name of Miss Bannerman is introduced, and I cannot pass it over without dwelling a little on the painful apprehensions which it suggests. She has lost her only parent, and very lately her only brother in Jamaica.* I have sometimes thought that a small portion of the public bounty might be very properly bestowed on this elegantly accomplished woman. I mentioned her case to Professor Richardson, the confidential friend and adviser of the Duke of Montrose, a cabinet minister, who readily undertook to co-operate in any application that might be made to Government. The Duke is now at Buchanan House, and other channels are open; but no step has yet been taken in the business. Much do I wish, but little can I hope, that your Lordship could bestow a few minutes' reflection on the subject, and favour me with your opinion and advice. Perhaps an edition of her Poems by subscription might be brought forward at this time with success.

* See pp. 123, 129.

"Since I returned home I have taken up Grainger's memoirs, to put them together. In a letter to his wife's brother there is an account of his character and pretensions, in which he mentions, what I had suspected, that he had made the tour of Europe. At what time and with whom does not appear. Had it been with Bourryan? When did his connexion with him commence? He mentions also that his father was of Cumberland, and ruined by the extravagance of his wives. Shall I print this high-spirited and characteristic letter?

"With assurances of every good wish and respectful consideration for Mrs. Percy and your Lordship, I am ever your affectionate humble servant,

"RO. ANDERSON."

"MY DEAR LORD, Heriot's Green, Oct. 29, 1804.

"I duly received the pleasure of your Lordship's last favour, inclosing a draft on Messrs. Gosling and Co. for £10. 10s., which I immediately indorsed to Mundell and Son, in payment of the copies of the Ode.

"On referring to my last, or the Letter preceding it, your Lordship will find Lord Woodhouselie and Mr. Scott among those literary friends to whom I presumed it would not be disagreeable to you to have the copies distributed.

"Indeed, the liberality of the publishers had enabled me to present a copy to Lord Woodhouselie long before I knew of your Lordship's liberal intentions; and six copies having been given to the author, for presents, she sent one to Mr. Hay Drummond, whom she had often met at my house, which produced almost immediately the fine complimentary Ode, of which I inclose a copy.

"Mr. Hay Drummond left this place for England some time in May last, in considerable difficulties, I fear, occasioned, I believe, by his brother's death and other unpleasant circumstances. While he occupied Lord Breadalbane's lodgings in Holyrood House his elegantly accomplished mind, agreeable and gentlemanly manners, and amiable and virtuous disposition, made him a welcome visitant at Heriot's Green. I grieve to think that such a man should be chargeable with any species of imprudence.

"I presented a copy of the Ode to Mr. Paton, which might have been spared, as his understanding and memory

are almost gone, and scarcely any passion left, except that of getting and keeping; the common melancholy infirmity of old age.

"I am truly sorry for the misstatement in the Notes respecting your first promotion in the Church. I trusted to my recollection of the conversations I had with you on the subject of your early education and preferment, when I ought to have consulted Ecton or Bacon.

"I learn, with great pleasure, from Sir Richard Musgrave and Dr. Ledwich that the Ode is much admired by the Provost and Fellows of Trinity College. The author is peculiarly gratified by Mr. Boyd's approbation. I estimate, as I ought, your Lordship's benevolent intentions towards Miss Bannerman, and have to regret the impossibility of rendering your kindness effectual; for her mind is so lofty and unaccommodating that it is exceedingly difficult, at all times, to do her any reasonable service. The success of the plan I mentioned in my last is still uncertain. The present circumstances of the country are unfavourable to any thing of that kind.

"I had the pleasure, in the course of the last year, to co-operate with several respectable persons in this country and in England in procuring a moderate provision from the benevolence of individuals for a remarkable young man,* the son of a poor woman in the parish of Ednam, near Kelso. The young man is eighteen years of age, was born without legs or knees, and his thighs defective. His father was a day labourer, but has been dead for some years. When his father died, his mother, in great distress, exclaimed, "Oh, William, who will maintain you now?" To which he answered, "Dear mother, that Divine Being who created me in this helpless state will not suffer me to perish of want." His frame is delicate and his health infirm, but his countenance is pleasing and expressive, his mind active and intelligent, and his disposition cheerful, pious, and affectionate. He sits upon a table in the cottage through the day, and when the weather is fine his mother carries him into a field, where he reads and enjoys the air. He has taught himself to read, to write a legible hand, to play on the flute, to draw with a pencil, although he cannot raise one of his arms to his breast, and he attempts poetry. He is very grateful to any person who

* William Wight, see pp. 137, 138.

lends him books, drawings to copy, or pays him the least attention. My daughters saw him very frequently last summer, when they were on a visit at the Rev. Mr. Robertson's of Ednam, and found him extremely well informed, and capable of conversing with great propriety upon every subject. The poor young man expressed his gratitude for their attentions in a copy of verses,* the moral turn of which is agreeable, and characteristic of his disposition. The subscription fund amounts to £130, and is under prudent management. I am sure the value of the smallest contribution from the Bishop of Dromore would be enhanced to the young man as an expression of benevolence towards him from a character which he venerates. There is something striking in his reflections on the fate of the unknown author of the *Ballad of Chevy Chase*.†

“Dr. Grainger's Letter to Mr. Burt is remarkable, as it shews that his marriage did not meet with the approbation of his wife's brother. It is a first copy in his own handwriting. He justifies his pretensions as a gentleman and a scholar, by a review of his life and education, in which there are some new facts, such as his having made the tour of Europe, &c. As Mr. Burt appears to some disadvantage in the comparison between them, and, as it is probable a reconciliation afterwards took place, I hesitated about the propriety of recording this difference, though the character of Dr. Grainger is illustrated by the manliness of his behaviour.

“I have been laid up severely by a cold and fever about four weeks, but I am recovered, and expect to be able to resume my attention to Grainger, and to go abroad in a few days.

“A separate edition of the *Life of Johnson* was printed at the same time with the other, with the difference of a single paragraph at the end. It has been some time out of print and is to be republished. The corrections and additions, which your Lordship is best able to furnish, will be most acceptable. I send you, for the purpose of receiving them, an interleaved copy, by a private conveyance. John Gilchrist, Esq. Professor of Oriental Languages at Calcutta, and author of several learned publications, takes it to Dromore, and, I believe, will put it into your hands, for he is very desirous of shewing you his respect, on his

* See p. 137.

† See p. 138.

way to Dublin, where he has introductions to Lord Hardwicke, &c. He has strong claims to the urbanity which is due to a lettered stranger and a worthy man. I expect him every moment here; and conclude with my kindest respects to Mrs. Percy, from your affectionate servant,

“ RO. ANDERSON.

“ P.S. Dr. Gilchrist missed the road he was directed to take to Dromore House from Hillsborough; a great mortification to him. The dissensions in Leadenhall Street have led him back to London.

“ Our excellent friend Dr. Ledwich wrote yesterday, to offer for immediate publication a *brochure* of Dr. Ryan's, on the present exertions of the Roman Catholics in Ireland. I have advised its acceptance, and it will be printed here immediately, and a large part of the impression transmitted to Ireland.

“ I designed a letter to Mr. Stott, by this day's post; but I am agonized with a return of tooth-ache. Let this be my apology for seeming inattention.”

“ *On some Flowers presented to me by a young Lady.**

“ Ye flowers that so lately fresh, blooming and gay,
With blossoms of gold did my cottage adorn,
I behold you now languish, droop, and decay,
And my bosom with grief and with anguish is torn.

“ O bloom still and flourish, lest fate from my mind
Or misfortune should cause the remembrance to flee,
Of the lily-white hand and the heart warm and kind,
Of Anna who brought you from Ednam to me.

“ Say, what must I do to preserve your fair hue,
No flow'rets were e'er so much lov'd or so dear,
Shall I warm you with sighs, shall I often bedew
Your petals and soft downy leaves with a tear?

“ Ah no! 'tis in vain, you are ceasing to bloom,
Your fragrance is fled, and your bright tints decay,—
Faithful emblems of me, thus my old age will come,
Thus my youth and its raptures will vanish away.

“ But old age may come, and youth's raptures may flee,
Fate combine with misfortune to sadden my heart,
O Anna, my friend, the remembrance of thee
Shall never till death from my bosom depart.

August 15th, 1804.

W. WIGHT.”

* Miss Anderson. See p. 136.

"To the Shade of the unknown Author of the ancient Ballad of Chevy Chace.

"O thou unknown ill-fated bard, say, was the morn of thy life fair? Did fortune smile on thy youth? Did thy friends come often to thy dwelling, to cheer thee, and hear the wild but sweet warblings of thy well-strung harp? Why did they place no stone over thy lonely grave, that the bards of future times might come and pour over it sad sighs and tears of sorrow to thy memory? Poor unhappy bard! Perhaps envy combined with poverty to blast thy rising genius. Perhaps misfortune bereaved thee of the friends who would have told posterity of the social virtues of thy heart, and saved thy name from sinking into oblivion. Whether thou glidest through the ambient air, or whether thou soarest on the golden wing of cherub above the stars that light the night, hear and rejoice! Though thou art unknown, though no stone overgrown with moss points out thy grave to the traveller, thou shalt survive in thy strains for ages; the simple inmates of the hamlet shall often rehearse them when sitting on the hearth at the fire of winter. Yes, thy strains shall be admired till the last sign of genius expire, and Albion be no more. Peace to thee!

W. WIGHT."

Bp. PERCY to Dr. ANDERSON.

"DEAR SIR,

Oct. 17, 1804.

"I avail myself of the opportunity of writing to you a few lines by Mr. T. Armstrong, a young man of distinguished merit, who has for some time been assistant tutor in Dr. Bruce's academy at Belfast, where he attached himself so kindly to our infant bard T. R. Robinson, whose education he chiefly superintended, that I cannot but recommend him to your protection and favour, as far as you may find convenient. He now goes to Edinburgh to attend the Divinity Lectures, &c. to qualify himself for the ministry, and if you can introduce him to the notice of the Professors and Directors of those studies, you will very much oblige me.

"I hope you received my letter of the 29th, wherein I desired, if you thought necessary, to apply the remittance therein to Miss Bannerman,* and I would send another for Messrs. Mundell. My remote situation here I fear

* See pp. 123, 133.

cannot enable me to assist her further than by my own private contribution, though I am much concerned for her situation.

“ In your last you again urged me to refute the statement of Cadell and Davies, concerning their edition of Goldsmith’s Works ; previous to that, you should give me a brief account of their statement.

“ Have you seen the account of Ritson’s Romances in the British Critic for September ? It is singular enough that the quotation prefixed to that collection is there ascribed to Mr. Ellis, which that wretched man had taken from my essay in the ‘ Reliques,’ though he could not bring himself to quote me for it by name. I have had some very curious memoirs of Ritson, from a gentleman resident in Gray’s Inn, with a very minute account of the termination of his miserable life. In his last frenzy he was near setting fire to the building by burning his papers, &c. particularly an unfinished attempt to prove our blessed Saviour an impostor. All this I received from my friend Mr. Selby, with whom you were acquainted at Alnwick, and who is himself a Bencher of Gray’s Inn.

“ Mrs. Percy joins with me in kind respects. We, thank God, enjoy good health. I am about to try what effect electricity will have on my declining sight. I have just begun to apply it for five minutes twice a day, and shall persist in my experiment some time.

“ Believe me to be, with sincere regard,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your very faithful and obedient servant,

“ THO. DROMORE.”

Dr. ANDERSON to Bp. PERCY.

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ The moment I had finished the inclosed for Mr. Gilchrist, a packet was put into my hand by Mr. Armstrong of Belfast, from your Lordship, and Mr. Robinson, and the young poet. I have just time to say that I am happy to have it in my power to show attention to your Lordship’s recommendation and Mr. Robinson’s. Mr. Armstrong, whom I am much pleased with, shall be a welcome visitant here at all times. Young Robinson has introduced his friend to me in a copy of verses, of exceeding merit. Dr. Trail was here about an hour ago, and writes

to you by another conveyance, and sends the Edinburgh Review. When I am quite recovered, I will write to you at greater length. I am, &c.

“RO. ANDERSON.”

“MY DEAR LORD,

Heriot's Green, 4th Dec. 1804.

“I received the favour of your Lordship's kind letter by Mr. Stott, inclosing ten guineas, for the use of William Wight, the young man of Ednam.

“It is impossible for me to express the satisfaction I have in making your Lordship my acknowledgments for a benefaction so honourable to yourself, to Christian benevolence, and to human nature.

“All praise, I am sensible, must fall short of the merit of such a noble benefaction, and of the conscious satisfaction you must have in contributing to the relief of one of the most helpless of human beings.

“Of the pleasure of being the benefactor of indigent genius and virtuous poverty men of selfish indifference and thoughtless levity have no conception. One man only among my countrymen and my friends can form a conception of the exalted satisfaction your Lordship has at this moment. This excellent man is Sir William Forbes; who, on my mentioning the case of the young man, and the benefaction of a truly Christian bishop, immediately sent me the same liberal benefaction for his use, accompanied with expressions of kindness which enhanced the value of it.

“In the list of the contributors to the small fund which has been raised for the comfortable maintenance of the young man, I observe, with no unbecoming pride, the names of my highly respected friends Bishop Percy and Sir William Forbes possessing a distinguished pre-eminence above those of peers and peeresses, and commoners of princely fortune.

“Sir William Forbes has been employed some time in writing an extended biography of his late amiable and ingenious friend Dr. Beattie, to be prefixed to a collected edition of his Works in 8vo, and printed separately in 4to.* It is to include his literary correspondence with Lord Lyttelton, Bishop Porteus, Dr. Johnson, &c. on the plan of Mason's Life of Gray.

* This was published in 2 vols. 4to, 1806, and in 3 vols. 8vo, in the following year.

"I have got the son of our worthy friend Mr. Stott comfortably settled in the same house with Mr. Armstrong, very much to their mutual satisfaction. I have great confidence in the good principles and prudence of Mr. Armstrong, and William Stott is of such an amiable and docile disposition that he cannot fail to derive both moral and intellectual improvement from such an acquaintance. I am very much pleased with William in every respect. With his father's virtues he possesses solid talents, which, when duly cultivated, will, I have no doubt, enable him to make a distinguished figure in the liberal and useful profession he has chosen to follow from the most noble motives imaginable. My friendship for his father, and his own personal merit, give him the strongest claims on my regard, which I shall ever be ready to show with the most anxious solicitude.

"The whole Irish colony in Nicholson Street, and myself, were, indeed, deeply affected by your Lordship's account of the hopeless situation of poor Cunningham, beloved and esteemed by us all. The premature fate of this amiable and ingenious young man furnishes another subject of reflection, mortifying to human pride, that fine talents and the most exquisite sensibility are but too often the predisposing causes of an insidious and fatal disease.

"I send your Lordship a copy of Dr. Grainger's letter to Mr. Burt, which is curious and valuable for the information it contains. The facts correspond remarkably with the information communicated to me by his brother's relict. What is your Lordship's authority for fixing the time of his death 16 Dec. 1766, and his age 39? * The last seems incorrect, from the course of his life and studies requiring more time. Some of his pieces are dated so early as 1739, and two years after he seems to have been old enough to perform the duty of an army surgeon. He must have been then, I suppose, about 20 years of age, at least; which would make him, in 1766, about 44.

"I will thank your Lordship to help me to complete the new Index I am preparing for the 'Sugar Cane.' In B. III. l. 514, among his friends in England, he mentions one descriptively, 'my Pæon's son—Long known, of worth approved,' &c. Who is he? Is it Dr. Stewart Arm-

* The Bishop's authority was a letter from Dr. Grainger's widow now before us. EDIT.

strong? * Was he acquainted with Armstrong at all? In B. III. l. 31, is an address 'O M * * *,' &c. I suspect this person to be Daniel Mathew,† Esq., his wife's uncle, to whom he dedicated his pamphlet on the West India Diseases, and of whom he speaks, with commendation, in the letter to Mr. Burt. What is your Lordship's opinion? Was he acquainted with W. Whitehead,‡ alluded to, I suppose, B. III. l. 377?

"What must I do with Boswell's ludicrous account of the recitation of the 'Sugar Cane'?§ Shall I keep it, and retain your explanation, as they now stand? Did he visit Scotland after his brother's death?

"I shall be very thankful for any remarks your Lordship may think necessary on my Life of Johnson; your opinion, in all cases, will have great weight, as it justly has with the public. I wish to speak of the dead with liberal, but not indiscriminate praise. I shall, therefore, attend to your objections to Boswell, and I hope my impartiality will appear almost like praise.

"Mr. Selby's account of Ritson's miserable end makes but a small part of the shocking circumstances which are known concerning him. I had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Selby last year, when he regretted the interruption of your amicable correspondence. His health had suffered by the fatigue of the Middlesex election, but is now quite recovered. The Duke is again this year at Alnwick Castle, where he entertained Lord Moira on Sunday sennight, on his return from London. The Earl spent a night at the Castle.

"Colonel Johnes, the translator of Froissart, has sent me a list of names which occur in the account of the Battle of Otterburn, to be deciphered, of which I inclose a copy. It would be esteemed a great favour, if your Lordship find it convenient to consider it, and help him to the real names. His own conjectures are added. The Colonel has nearly finished the printing of his 3d volume, and it will be obliging if your Lordship would transmit your conjectures as soon as possible.

"I am, &c.

RO. ANDERSON."

* See p. 144.

† This is so appropriated by Dr. Anderson, in Index to Grainger's "Sugar Cane," p. 181. See hereafter, pp. 144, 146.

‡ So appropriated by Anderson, in "Sugar Cane," p. 185. See hereafter, p. 144.

§ Dr. Anderson has given the anecdote in his Life of Grainger, prefixed to his "Poetical Works," 1836. See hereafter, p. 144.

Bp. PERCY to Dr. ANDERSON.

"DEAR SIR,

Dromore House, Feb. 5, 1805.

"That your obliging letter has remained so long unanswered, and your queries unresolved, you have, I trust, candidly attributed to no common cause. Since I received it I have been much indisposed, and been also involved in a business of a very perplexing and interesting nature, which demanded my whole attention.

"I shall now consider, and endeavour to answer your queries respecting the works of my friend Dr. Grainger. With regard to his letter to Mr. Burt, I think it very interesting, and upon the whole does him honour. I think out of his letter might be extracted many anecdotes and references to the history of himself and his family, as would assist you in completing the narrative of his life, especially such as are confirmed, you say, by his brother's relict.

"That his father was of Cumberland I have heard him mention, and that he had suffered for his attachment to the House of Stuart in the year 1715, though he might not think proper to mention this in his letter to Mr. Burt. His father may also have impaired his fortune in the manner he describes. The Doctor was his son by a second marriage. His elder brother, who became a parent to him, was by a former wife. This is all I remember concerning his family. For though united by the strictest bonds of friendship, my acquaintance with him did not commence till about three years before he went abroad. In this interval I only saw him occasionally when I visited London; and afterwards, when he returned to England in 1763, though he spent some weeks with me at my parsonage in the country, yet our conversation was generally on literary subjects, and seldom or never led to family or personal inquiries.

"The time of his death was confirmed by the captain of a ship, who brought me a very kind letter from him and a present of a pig fed with sugar-canes, but told me the writer had died just as he was leaving St. Kitt's. How afflicting this coincidence I need not describe. As to his age I know not where I collected that, but I must have certainly been misinformed, from the particulars you mention, and you must settle it as you can by the lights they afford you.

"In the 'Sugar Cane,' B. III. l. 514, to 'Pæon's Son,' you may add this note, 'Probably Dr. Armstrong the poet.*' I say probably, because I never heard him mention their intimacy, though it may have existed unknown to me. In B. III. line 31, 'O M * * *' certainly applied to Daniel Mathew,† Esq. his wife's uncle, to whom he dedicated his pamphlet on the West India Diseases, &c. In B. III. l. 377: This certainly refers to the poet laureat Whitehead,‡ see his 'Ode to the Nymph of Bristol Spring,' &c. This I copy from a note written at the time in the margin of my edition of the 'Sugar Cane,' 1764.

"Boswell's ludicrous account of the 'Sugar Cane' deserves no attention, and need not be mentioned,§ as the passage was altered in the printed copy.

"I think Dr. Smollett accuses Grainger of having attacked him on the subject of his name, Tobias. But, to the best of my recollection, there was no foundation for this, and all that Grainger did was the printing his opponent's name at full length Tobias, who, till then, had always given his signature T. Smollet, and T. passed for the initial of Thomas. But Smollett adverted to the above circumstance in such angry terms as showed he was sore at the disclosure, which Grainger and his friends often laughed at. I wish I could recover Grainger's pamphlet, which, in the opinion of Dr. Johnson, did him honour, as it contains some judicious and valuable criticisms.

"Col. Johnes' queries concerning Froissart came too late, at least are so at present, for I understand his book is published; and indeed the failure of my sight had rendered me unable to investigate subjects of that kind, as the correspondence of names chiefly requires ocular inspection.

"You and your Hibernian friends have probably heard of the death of poor Cunningham, which took place on the 27th of December. A short history and character of him was published in our Belfast newspaper soon after, together with an excellent poem of little Tom Robinson. They will probably be seen in the Gent. Magazine,|| which has not yet reached us.

"Mrs. Percy joins in compliments with, dear Sir, your faithful and obedient servant, THO. DROMORE."

* See p. 142.

§ See *ibid.*

† See *ibid.*

|| See p. 145.

‡ See *ibid.*

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM.

“William Cunningham, the self-taught poet, while he was a poor weaver-boy, having received the first rudiments of education at one of the Bishop of Dromore’s sunday-schools, had, by reading such books as he could borrow, made so considerable a progress, that, in the autumn of 1800, he presented his Lordship with a copy of verses requesting the loan of books. The Bishop, struck with the marks of genius displayed in this poem, rescued him from the loom, and placed him at the diocesan school of Dromore, where his application was so diligent that, in about two years and a half, he had read the principal Latin and Greek Classics. Being thus qualified to superintend the education of youth, which had been the object of his wishes, he was received, early in 1804, as an assistant teacher in the academy of the Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Belfast, where he was distinguished for his diligence and skill in preparing the boys under his care to be examined before the last summer vacation. But, by this time, such strong symptoms of a consumption had appeared in his tall, thin, and slender frame, that he could not any more return to his charge, and his declining health confined him to the house of his poor mother, near the turnpike-gate between Hillsborough and Dromore, where he continued to experience the kindness of his former patron, and was most generously attended by Sir George Atkinson, an eminent physician in Hillsborough; but his case was beyond the reach of medical aid, and terminated fatally. He died at Magherabeg, near Dromore, in Ireland, Dec. 27, 1804, and was interred in Dromore churchyard on the 29th, having nearly completed his 24th year, being born March 19, 1781. Cunningham, though very unlike, in his bodily frame, to Dr. Goldsmith, who was short and not slender, so strongly resembled him in face, that, when he stood near the profile of the Doctor, his portrait seemed to have been drawn for him. His poetical compositions have often adorned the pages of the *Gentleman’s Magazine*; and the reader is referred particularly to vol. LXXI. pp. 1030, 1125; LXXII. pp. 60, 157, &c.”*

* *Gent. Mag.* 1804, ii. p. 1251. In the *Gent. Mag.* for Jan. 1805 are some Verses on Mr. Cunningham’s death, by Master T. Romney Robinson.

"MY DEAR LORD,

Heriot's Green, April 3, 1805.

"I am now to make your Lordship my acknowledgments, which have been too long delayed, for your last obliging letter, and to renew the assurances of my true respect and affectionate attachment.

"The apology which your Lordship had for suffering my last packet to Dromore House to remain so long unanswered, gave me great uneasiness for the state of your health. It came near my own feelings; for my health, during the winter, has been unusually infirm and fluctuating, so that I have hardly lived either for myself or my friends.

"It was with some hesitation that I ventured to recall your Lordship's attention to the life of Grainger; but I am thankful for your opinion. The letter to Mr. Burt is valuable in respect of the facts it contains. In printing the new Index for 'The Sugar Cane,' I durst not hazard even the conjecture of *Pæon's Son* being *Armstrong*;* for your Lordship well observes, there is not in the whole passage the slightest allusion to his poetical character. Your Lordship's suggestions respecting other particulars will be very useful. I am now to put Grainger off my hands. I find I must compress the narrative, for the publishers think it will make the first volume disproportionately large; but I shall give it fully in the general edition of the Lives of the Poets.

"I ought not certainly to have troubled your Lordship with Col. Johnes' *queries* concerning Froissart. As the distress was urgent, I hazarded my own conjectures, and procured explanations from Scott, who is strong in Border history, which have been printed in the fourth volume, with a handsome acknowledgment of our assistance.

"Mr. Laing is printing here a new edition of Macpherson's 'Ossian,' with notes, showing his imitations, by the addition of parallels from others and himself. He is to prefix a preface, in which he intends to introduce your Lordship's testimony concerning Macpherson's acknowledgment of the forgery to Sir John Elliott, with some others. I think it right that you should see the passage, and I have procured from Mr. Laing a copy of it, and likewise a copy of Sir John Macpherson's Letter to Dr. Blair, for your inspection. I shall send them by this post to Mr. Ercke, to be forwarded to you. It will be parti-

* See pp: 141, 144.

cularly obliging to Mr. Laing, if you could, with the earliest convenience, favour me with your opinion and instructions respecting the passage. To prevent any misrepresentation, I sincerely wish you would dictate a proper statement, in your own words. I remember, you once thought of doing it at Dromore House, but delayed it till it should be wanted. This seems a proper place for it. The edition is a very elegant one.

Armstrong leaves us next week, and will carry with him the honour of A.M. and the esteem of us all. I will write by Armstrong at greater length. With due remembrances to Mrs. Percy, I ever am your affectionate servant,

“RO. ANDERSON.

“Dr. Trail called on me a few days ago. I heard of the death of poor Cunningham, and have sent little Robinson’s elegy on his death, and the account of him, to be inserted in the fourth volume of the Poetical Register.

“I will be sincerely gratified for the promised remarks on Johnson.”

“MY DEAR LORD, Heriot’s Green, 9th April, 1805.

“I am indebted to Dr. Trail for the present conveyance, which allows me merely to offer your Lordship my affectionate respects, and to request your acceptance of a copy of Dr. Ryan’s pamphlet, which I procured to be reprinted here at the desire of Dr. Ledwich.

“I addressed a few hurried lines to your Lordship last week, and at the same time sent you a small packet through the hands of Mr. Ercke, which I hope you received.

“I very willingly complied with Mr. Laing’s wishes relating to Macpherson, as I knew that your Lordship was not averse to give your testimony to the world, and I was satisfied that it could not appear in a more proper time and in a more proper place.

“A copy of the ‘Northern Antiquities’ has been put into my hands within these few days, for the purpose of receiving any corrections or additions that may be thought necessary. Will your Lordship have the goodness to send me a transcript of the MS. corrections and additions in your copy for the use of the new edition?

“I am ashamed to recur to the mention of my Life of Johnson, except to say that I trust, in some interval of leisure, you may be inclined to favour me with your cor-

rections. I earnestly entreat your particular attention, likewise, to the Life of Shenstone.

"I suppose your Lordship has seen a collection of the Duchess of Somerset's letters, announced for publication in London. Does the collection contain the Duchess's letters in your possession? Indeed I cannot easily suppose that you would encourage, in any way, Phillips's* dangerous publications of that kind.

"I observe in Good's 'Life of Geddes,' p. 132, the following passage and note:

" 'We have several English translations of the Song of Solomon, some in verse and some in prose, and most of them have considerable merit.'†

"Our author has forgotten to enumerate another translation of the same book, most admirably executed and enriched by a commentary and annotations, printed for Dodsley in 1764, supposed to be the work of Dr. Percy, the present Bishop of Dromore.

"I will have an opportunity of writing to you again in a few days.

"With my kindest respects to Mrs. Percy, I ever am, my dear Lord, your affectionate servant,

"RO. ANDERSON."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Heriot's Green, April 12, 1805.

"I cannot permit my young friend Mr. Armstrong to return to Ireland without a brief acknowledgment of my obligations to your Lordship for introducing him to my acquaintance.

"It will, I am sure, give your Lordship sincere pleasure to receive an assurance from me that he knows the value of your recommendation, and that it has been eminently useful to him, in every respect.

"Through the kindness of my friend Professor Stewart, he, yesterday, received the diploma of A.M. from the University; a distinction which is not lightly conferred here, and which, I trust, may do him credit in his own country.

"The interest he takes in little Robinson is at once a proof of his discernment and the goodness of his disposition. We have discussed together several plans for the

* Sir Richard Phillips, the London publisher.

† " 'Particularly an anonymous one printed for Millar, 1751, and that of Dr. Hodgson, just now published.' "

improvement of the mind and strengthening the frame of this wonderful boy. He is of opinion that Robinson might be usefully employed, for some time, as an assistant in Dr. Bruce's academy, under his particular direction. I feel, I own, some hesitation in adopting his opinion, for his awkwardness is so remarkable, and his manners so peculiar, that I fear he may be deficient in personal importance; an essential qualification in an instructor of youth. His name alone would, I have no doubt, be creditable to the seminary, but, if he has not firmness of nerves and sufficient confidence in himself, he would derive no credit from the employment, and, it may be, suffer some mortification, which ought not to be. The particular turn of his mind ought to be regarded, and even his peculiar habits ought not to be overlooked in this scheme. At the same time, I am fully aware that some improvement may be reasonably expected from his exchanging the excess, perhaps, of parental indulgence for the exact propriety and order of a genteel well-regulated family. Of this plan I can judge very imperfectly; but Mr. Armstrong will gladly avail himself of the opportunity of shewing his respect to your Lordship, and of receiving your advice and direction concerning it.

"A few days ago I sent your Lordship a small parcel by a lady going to Lisburne, containing a copy of Dr. Ryan's pamphlet. I mentioned the author in confidence. At the desire of our excellent friend Dr. Ledwich I have prevailed on the publishers of it to undertake an enlarged edition of the same author's 'History of the Effects of Religion,' &c.

"A new edition of Bruce's Travels is printing here in seven volumes 8vo., with a copious Life of the Author, by Mr. Murray, a young friend of mine.

"Mr. Cooper Walker's 'Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy' is printed, and will be published in a few days.

"Mr. Boyd is still lingering in London. I had a letter from him yesterday, by which I find he has not yet been able to find a purchaser of his Translation of the Araucana.* He seems to have some dependence on the friendly zeal of Mr. Mathias. By his advice, he wishes to transfer the

* See on this Poem, "The Araucana," Sismondi's Lit. of South of Europe, vol. II. p. 271. The first part was published in 1569; the second in 1578; the third in 1590.

printing of the two volumes of his Poems, which was undertaken here, to London. As they have been announced for publication among Mundell's Books in the press, I am afraid it cannot easily be done.

"I offer my affectionate respects to Mrs. Percy, and ever am, my dear Lord, yours faithfully,

"RO. ANDERSON."

Bp. PERCY to Dr. ANDERSON.

"DEAR SIR,

Dromore House, May 1805.

"I received from you last month three very obliging letters with most acceptable inclosures; but only the first, I believe, had come to hand when I sent the statement for Mr. Laing concerning Macpherson, &c. This, I hope, proved satisfactory; if not, I would endeavour to render it so by considering any proposed alterations.

"I thank you for Dr. Ryan's pamphlet; and must desire you to present my respects to Lord Buchan, with my proper acknowledgments for the honour he did me in sending me the first of his *Oriental Repasts*. The inhabitants of the most remote eastern coast breakfast on tea, as we do; but, I believe, without any of the sublime suggestions of his Lordship.

"Of Phillips's intended publication of the *Duchess of Somerset's Letters* I know nothing; and certainly should be very unwilling to entrust to him any productions of that most amiable lady, the mother of my late excellent patroness the *Duchess of Northumberland*. In your *Life of Shenstone* you have rightly characterised her, as 'a Lady distinguished for her exalted piety, as well as every other accomplishment,' p. 587. What, then, will be your sensations to see attributed to this faultless character the lascivious verses usually ascribed to Lady M. W. Montagu in Dodsley's *Miscellanies*, beginning—

'Dear Colin, prevent my warm blushes,' &c.

in the late publication of this Lady's Letters by J. Dalway, see vol. V. p. 193? Lady Mary, in one of her letters to her daughter Lady Bute, has very allowably vindicated herself from the imputation of having written those indecent verses; but, as she does not herself name the authoress, what can be said for this Dallaway thus

taking upon him to attribute them to our Lady Hertford? of which, at best, he could have had no other information than by very remote report, for the verses must have been written before he was born, and he could not have made an application of them to any one with less credibility, from the uniform tenor of that Lady's life and character; besides, I do not remember that she ever wrote any verses at all, though her epistolary compositions are of the first-rate merit. This posthumous attempt to asperse her fame, till now of the most unsullied purity, at the distance of more than half a century, cannot be too severely reprobated; and I hope you will not let it pass uncensured in your next edition of Shenstone's Life, where it may be very properly alluded to in a note referring to your mention of the Duchess of Somerset.

"You ask me if I have any corrections to propose for Shenstone's Life. I suppose you mean that part of it wherein I am represented to have been greatly assisted by him in the publication of the 'Reliques,' &c. On this subject you would do well to consult the preface to my new edition, vol. I. p. 17, and particularly the note, wherein I refer to the following passage, in a letter of Shenstone to Mr. Graves, which he has published in vol. III. of Shenstone's Works:—'I proposed the scheme for him (Mr. Percy). I was also to have assisted him in selecting and rejecting, and in fixing upon the best readings; but my illness broke off our correspondence the beginning of winter, and I know not what he has done since.' But on this subject I must refer you to Mr. Graves's own letter to me, of which I sent you a copy. Johnson had committed great mistakes with respect to Shenstone, which you have very properly rectified on the authority of Graves. He grossly misrepresented both his circumstances and his house, which was small but elegant, and displayed a great deal of taste in the alteration and accommodation of the apartments, &c. On his sideboard he had a neat marble cistern, which, by turning a cock, was fed with living water; and he had many other little elegant contrivances, which displayed his genius, and made me regret that this little Temple of the Muses was pulled down for the larger building of Mr. Horne. This you may, if you please, mention in your new edition. That Johnson should have no conception of the value or merit of what is now called Picturesque Gardening, we cannot

wonder, as he was so extremely shortsighted that he never saw a rural landscape in his life; and in his *Travels through Scotland* pronounces that one mountain must be like another. But you have sufficiently corrected his mistake on this subject. Among Shenstone's 'Levities and Songs' are many which he himself sorely regretted to me had ever been committed to the press. But, when Dodsley was printing that volume of his *Miscellanies* in which they first appeared, Mr. Shenstone lay ill of a fever, and, being unable to make any selection, ordered his whole portfolio to be sent to him, relying on his care to make a proper choice of what were fit to be published; but he obtruded the whole into his volume, and afterwards used that as a plea for inserting them in his *Works*. But in the value of purchase, how much Mr. Shenstone's estate was improved by his taste will be judged from the price it fetched when sold by auction in 1795, being £17,000 sterling, though when it descended to him it was only valued at £300 a-year. - This, I think, will deserve mention.

"I must ask your pardon for having delayed my corrections of Johnson's *Life* so long; but the failure of my sight makes me proceed so slowly in all necessary business, and I have much, both official and financial, that I am obliged to trespass on the indulgence of my friends in all other subjects; yet, if you will mention the utmost time you can possibly allow me, I will endeavour to attend to it, although a great influx of business presses upon me this summer.

"Let me also know when you reprint your *Life of Swift*, as I hope to make some little communications on that subject.

"For the new edition of the '*Northern Antiquities*' I will send you very soon what few corrections and improvements I have to offer; and pray mention if you think any alterations ought to be made in the specimens of Runic poetry; for the petty, captious strictures, which you quoted in a former letter,* I do not think worth notice, as I was supported in my version of the disputed passages by the greatest Northern antiquaries.

"I wish you would now inform me what is the story told by Davies concerning our transactions with respect to Goldsmith's *Works*, which you may do in perfect confidence, for I will never quote or mention your name in my

* See before, pp. 127, 130.

refutation of his slanders, and statement of his sinister conduct.

"I think you mention, that, in the course of the summer of 1803, you saw my friend Mr. Selby, when he regretted the interruption of our correspondence; but we have since renewed it, and he favoured me last year with a very minute and interesting account of Ritson's tragical exit. In the *British Critic* for January you will see some allusion to that subject,* brought in awkwardly enough there, as it ought to have appeared in the former volume, either in the number or preface where Ritson's work is mentioned.

"I must not close without desiring you to present my proper acknowledgments to Mr. Stewart for his kind attention to young Armstrong, and the like to yourself on the same account. I think he will do credit to you both. They have taken little Robinson into Dr. Bruce's family as an Usher, which cannot but tend to polish his manners and accustom him to the civilities of life, which the indulgence of his fond parents would be too apt to make him neglect. They have lately exhibited on the Belfast Theatre a wonderful little actress, six years old, who is said to rival, if not eclipse, Young Betty herself, and T. R. Robinson wrote for her a very lively and appropriate address, which I doubt not will appear in the *English Papers*.† In the *Morning Post*, May 23, you will see some very elegant verses, written by our friend Hafiz,‡ on Saint Colman's Well in my Glen, in which, with great delicacy and nothing fulsome, is a compliment paid to your humble servant, otherwise I should not mention it to you. These verses I found one morning hanging over the Well itself, without any writer's name; a proof of his delicate attention."

Dr. ANDERSON to Bp. PERCY.

"MY DEAR LORD, Heriot's Green, 13 June, 1805.

"I have great pleasure in seizing the opportunity of Dr. Trail's going to Ireland, to return your Lordship my thanks for two most obliging and interesting packets, which I duly received; the last, by the way of Dublin, about eight days ago.

"I have delayed so long making your Lordship my

* Drawn up by Bp. Percy.

† It is printed in *Gent. Mag.* for July 1805, p. 653.

‡ Mr. T. Stott, of Dromore.

acknowledgments for the statement you communicated to me concerning Macpherson, which was completely satisfactory to Mr. Laing, from a fear of breaking in too frequently upon that leisure which you dedicate to the most important duties.

“I had another reason for risking, by my silence, the appearance of being insensible to your Lordship’s very obliging attention towards me; and that is, the expectation I had from time to time of being able to send you a copy of Mr. Laing’s Preface, which, owing to the delay in communicating to him the sheets of the Report of the Highland Society, as they were thrown off, for his use, was only printed off two days ago.

“Instead of the Preface, where the statement is inserted, Mr. Laing is to send your Lordship a copy of the whole work, which is curious and valuable, and has given orders to have one put in boards for you, to go by Dr. Trail; and I have this moment been at Constable’s to urge the getting it done in time.

“The Doctor is to take for you a copy of the Report respecting the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian; so that you will be able to form a proper judgment on the controversy between Mr. Laing and the believers.

“Mr. Laing’s present to your Lordship will, I doubt not, be accompanied with a due acknowledgment of your liberality and politeness, of which he speaks in very high terms.

“The statement, which even Dr. Smith allows to be of very great weight, is, you see, printed in your own words; but Mr. Laing has removed the note referring to the authority you gave me, to the text, where he thought it came in more properly.

“I wish much to have your Lordship’s opinion of the controversy, as it now stands, at some moment of leisure. The whole evidence on the side of the believers has been produced, and its value estimated in Mr. Laing’s Preface.

“Every part of your Lordship’s last communication is valuable; and, though I do not mention the facts and observations particularly, I estimate as I ought their value, and some of them will serve to illustrate my poetical biographies.

“Most sincerely do I wish to have your remarks on my Life of Johnson, and I am not without hope that you may find a little leisure in the course of the summer to give

me the benefit of them. It is not intended to go to press till about the latter end of October ; so that it may come out in the beginning of the year.

“ The corrections, &c. for the new edition of the Northern Antiquities will be acceptable as soon as possible, as it is intended to bring it out about the same time. In a new edition some alterations in the Runic Songs will be necessary. The supplementary note at the end may be placed under pages 9, 10, with some alteration in the first sentence. The preliminary observations are quotations, distinguished by inverted commas ; but the note is apparently the translator’s. Is there any reason now for retaining the N. B. on the back of the title-page ? The note, page 10, in the Preface, relating to Mallet, should be altered. In page 13, Preface, there is a correction thus : ‘ Its aim at least is to show, that if that studies.’ The correction seems incomplete. The strictures of Herbert, for the reasons you mention, are not worth notice. A translation of Regner Lodbrog has been given by Mr. Johnstone. What is the character of it ? It is not a poetical one.

“ As to the conversation I had with Mr. Rees, in which your name was mentioned improperly, I yet retain, at this distance of time, a general impression of it, though I do not distinctly recollect the particular expressions. It was occasioned by mentioning to Mr. Rees a conversation I had with Mr. Longman sometime before, relative to his undertaking a new edition of the Northern Antiquities. Dr. Leyden was present, and, as I recollect, eagerly recommended the undertaking, and proposed Mr. Walter Scott to be the editor. Mr. Longman said, ‘ I would prefer Bishop Percy ; his name is of more weight and importance in the literary world, and of higher estimation with the public at large.’ In this opinion I concurred, and I even went the length of saying, that the ‘ Border Ballads’ were not entitled to be placed on the same shelf with the ‘ Reliques.’ This opinion, I understand, has been reported to Mr. Scott, and has produced a jealousy of your pretensions, and a coldness towards me. The existence of a literary cabal is evident, and Scott is the idol. But more of this another time. To return to Rees. He peremptorily declined the undertaking, which Longman caught eagerly, and said, from the account Mr. Davies had given him of your temper and conduct in the edition of Goldsmith, he would have no concern with you in any

like undertaking whatever. He mentioned bringing forward Boyd, and other things of a troublesome kind. To all this I opposed your own account, which obtained no credit with him.

"I have written to the editor of the 'Poetical Register' respecting the report that is wandering about Belfast, which I have no doubt is entirely groundless. The pieces I sent are few in number, and could not make a separate publication, even with such materials as the newspapers might supply. Besides Mr. Hood is a fair man, and incapable of an undertaking of the kind.

"Some friend in Belfast sent me the newspaper which contained little Robinson's Address, which is exceedingly good. I have taken the opportunity to send him a copy of my young friend Mr. Gillespie's poem on Refinement, which is just printed, but not published. I beg your Lordship's acceptance of a copy, and would be glad to have your opinion of it.

"I send also, for your acceptance, a copy of my friend Dr. Brown's Observations on Hume. As you have already Professor Stewart's account of Leslie's affair,* Dr. Trail will tell you the rest.

RO. ANDERSON."

"MY DEAR LORD, Heriot's Green, 3d Sept.† 1805.

"The return of our worthy friend Mr. Stott to Ireland, allows me an opportunity of making your Lordship my acknowledgments for your kind letter, and of expressing my affectionate respects and cordial remembrances.

"I designed your Lordship a longer letter, in continuation of my last; but I am disappointed by Mr. Stott and his friends taking their departure a day sooner than I expected.

"My time has been much employed lately by necessary attentions to visitants introduced to my acquaintance from London and Dublin. A son of Counsellor Duhigg,‡ an agreeable young man, brought me a present of his father's publications, 'King's Inns Remembrances,' and two pamphlets. Mr. Duhigg is highly commended as a legal antiquary by our friend Dr. Ledwich, and appears to

* See Pamphlets on this subject, by Professor Stewart, a Minister of Edinburgh, and by Professor Playfair, in 1806, Edinburgh. The subject was on "The Election of a Mathematical Professor."

† "Not received till Jan. 29, 1806. T. DROMORE."

‡ Bartholomew Duhigg, esq. barrister at law, author of the "History of the Inns of Court in Ireland," 1807, 8vo.

be a writer of curious research and information; but he writes a bad English style. He is publishing the 'History of the King's Inns;' I hope it is written with more simplicity and perspicuity.

"I was exceedingly gratified by the accounts Mr. Stott gave me of your Lordship's health. It is pleasant to your friends to reflect how very few privations you have suffered by the failure of your sight.

"Subscription papers for young Robinson's extraordinary volume have been sent to me from Belfast, and I have got a few names, and when the town is full, I expect a great many more.

"I have endeavoured in vain to procure your Lordship a copy of Johnstone's publication, referred to in my last. It is entitled, 'Lodbrokar-Quida; or, the Death-Song of Lodbrok: now first correctly printed from various manuscripts, with a free English translation: to which are added the various readings, a literal Latin version, an Islando-Latino Glossary, and explanatory notes. By the Rev. James Johnstone,* A.M. Chaplain to his Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Denmark,' printed for Elmsly, London, 12mo. 1783, price 3s. The author, I think, died some years ago in Dublin, and was, I believe, known to Mr. Cooper Walker. Has your Lordship seen Mr. Walker's last publication? †

"I have had an unpleasant correspondence with our friend Mr. Boyd relative to the printing of his Poems here, or in London. They had been some time ago announced for publication here; but, having entered into some engagement with Longman and Co. he was desirous to have the MSS. returned, and I got the matter, at length, settled entirely to his satisfaction. I acted solely

* The Rev. James Johnstone, M.A. published (besides the work mentioned above) "The Norwegian Account of Haco's Expedition against Scotland in 1263. In the original Islandic, from the Flateyan and Frisian MS.; with a literal English Version and Notes. Copenh. 1782." 4to.—"Antiquitates Celto-Normanicæ; containing the Chronicle of Man and the Isles. Abridged by Camden, and now first published complete from the original MS. in the British Museum; with an English translation and notes, &c. Copenh. 1786." 4to. This work was reviewed by the modern Camden, Richard Gough, esq. in Gent. Mag. for Dec. 1786, p. 1061; and the review produced a defence of Mr. Johnstone in the same Mag. for July 1787, p. 565; in which are noticed some private particulars of the author's history.—"Antiquitates Celto-Scandicæ, sive Series Rerum Gestarum inter Nationes Britannicarum Insularum et Gentes Septentrionales. Copenh. 1784." 4to.

† "Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy. 1805."

from a regard to his interest and reputation ; but, I fear, he is offended, as I have not heard from him for some time, and he is I understand still in England. Mr. Stott is negotiating the publication of a volume with Longman, which I have no doubt will be successful. R. ANDERSON."

Bp. PERCY to Dr. ANDERSON.

"DEAR SIR,

Dromore House, Nov. 27, 1805.

"Amidst continual interruptions of official business, or other unavoidable avocations, I have at length gone through your Life of Johnson, and submitted such corrections, additions, and notes, as occurred to me, of which you may make what use you please ; but I could wish not to have my name unnecessarily obtruded on the reader, and therefore beg you will manage that with your usual prudence and delicacy. I have endeavoured to avoid all harsh censures on Johnson's former Biographers, but, if you think anything too severe or uncandid, I leave you to soften it. If the like should have escaped your own pen, I am sure your candour and liberal sentiments will induce you to do the same yourself. I think you have more than once blamed Johnson for wasting his life in unprofitable conversation, &c. Surely such a sentence cannot justly be passed on one of the most extensive and voluminous writers we ever had, because he was not always writing and publishing. It is true he sometimes blames himself, but, if this proceeded from his over religious scruples and morbid melancholy, no considerate person will join him in it, but, on the contrary, acquit him. I must also express my wish, that, as Johnson's biographer, you would not give so decided a sentence on any of the political opinions in which you may happen to differ from him, and from many other of your readers. Let them stand or fall upon their own bottom. I think a candid and impartial history should not be a book of political controversy. My friendship for you urges me to recommend all the above points to your mature consideration.

"The book I have transmitted to our Secretary at the Dublin Post Office, who, I trust, will frank it to you. As soon as I am informed of its safe arrival, you shall hear again from, dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant,

T. DROMORE."

Dr. ANDERSON to Bp. PERCY.

"MY DEAR LORD,

Heriot's Green, Dec. 14, 1805.

"I sent a Letter to your Lordship in a parcel addressed to Mr. Stott at Glasgow, which Professor Richardson, who was concerned in it, has endeavoured to recover,* but without success.

"I have had the pleasure of receiving your Lordship's successive favours; the last on the 3d instant, which was followed, a few days after, by the Life of Johnson, forwarded by the Secretary of the Post Office in Dublin.

"I lost no time in attending to your Lordship's inquiries about Mr. Boyle the banker, supposed to have some property belonging to the late John Lays Black, a native of Dromore. From my own knowledge, I was certain that no banker of that name had resided in Edinburgh within the last thirty years. But it occurred to me that Boyle might be a mistaken spelling for Bogle, a name that appears on the notes of the Royal Bank of Scotland, and I consulted Mr. Simpson the cashier, and Mr. Bogle, one of the clerks. The index of the names of persons who have money deposited in the Bank was carefully examined, and the name of J. L. Black could not be found. I inquired at every other banking-house here, in vain; and finally resolved to have the advice of my worthy friend Sir William Forbes, the banker, who was then detained in Aberdeenshire by a severe accident. I have now his assurance that no banker of the name of Boyle ever resided here, nor in Glasgow; though there is a considerable merchant of the name of Bogle in that city, who may have connections with Ireland. It would seem that Black's relations have no receipt or voucher of the deposit; the want of which, if the money could be traced, would occasion some difficulty in the payment.

"Amidst the public and private duties which press on your Lordship's time, joined to the weakness of sight, I feel infinitely flattered and obliged by your minute and critical examination of my Life of Johnson. The corrections and additions are numerous and important, and will, in every respect, be estimated by me; and they ought and I am sure will be greatly valued by the public, on account of the hand from which they come. I have not yet determined on the use I am to make of your liberal permission; but they are so accurately written, particularly the addi-

* Printed in p. 156.

tions, that I think, at present, of printing them as they are, with your Lordship's signature, in the form of notes.

"I am extremely anxious that little Robinson should have a well-filled subscription, and I have not been idle, nor unsuccessful, though the town is not yet full, and it is difficult to excite the same interest in him here as there is naturally in Ireland. Miss Stewart, with her name, has sent me a copy of verses to the young poet, which I shall transmit to Belfast, when I get a frank.

"The Northern Antiquities is to be begun to be printed when the manager of Mundell and Son's business returns from London, about the beginning of January. He has been absent two months, and several works have been delayed in which I am concerned. I will give you timely notice of its progress through the press. I shall write to you more particularly about Johnson. I have great pleasure in the good accounts of your general health from every quarter. With kindest wishes to Mrs. Percy,

"I ever am, &c.

R. ANDERSON."

"MY DEAR LORD, Heriot's Green, March 25, 1806.

"Since the return of Mr. Doig from London I have been incessantly urging him to begin the Northern Antiquities, and I have delayed writing to your Lordship till I am ashamed, because the work which it is to follow has not passed through the press.

"Having an opportunity of writing to your Lordship by William Stott returning to Dromore, I had some conversation with Mr. Doig to day concerning the business, and have finally arranged with him the mechanical part, which is to be far more elegant, in respect of paper and print, than the last edition, and the volumes will be more uniform. I suppose it will be necessary to engrave the specimens of the Islandic character. Herbert and others uniformly spell the first syllable of the word Islandic *Ice*. Does your Lordship prefer the old spelling? I have some petty questions of this kind in reserve, when we begin to print. I am greatly flattered by the confidence your Lordship reposes in me, but feel that I must exercise the privilege of correction with reverence.

"The fifth edition of my Life of Smollett will soon be out, much enlarged, with an Appendix of Original Correspondence, communicated to me by the Historical Society

of Massachusetts, of which I have lately been elected a member. This New England rising in the West has published nine volumes of 'Historical Collections,' which have been transmitted to me in a very flattering manner.

"Has your Lordship any notices concerning Dryden not already given to Johnson and Malone? Walter Scott is editing his Works, and has laid us all under contribution. We are puzzled about the parallelism between Monmouth and 'Amnon's murder,' mentioned in the beginning of 'Absalom and Ahitophel.' He was one of the 'Royal Dukes' who killed a watchman, as described in the 'State Poems,' but we do not find him accused of 'royal murder.'

"I have lately made a discovery that will enrich my Johnson, a dedication of eleven pages, to the Parliament, prefixed to the 'Evangelical History Harmonized,' in 2 vols. Newbery, 1757. It bears on the title page, 'By a Society of Gentlemen,' but was the production of the Rev. John Lindsay. The dedication has escaped the diligence of Boswell and Malone, and is written in the excellent dedicatory's best style of dignified remonstrance and sublime piety.*

"Little Robinson's subscription, I rejoice to hear, is well filled. His admission to Trinity College was, indeed, a triumphant entry.

"I expect to have an opportunity of addressing your Lordship again in a few days.

"I beg my kindest respects to Mrs. Percy.

"I am always your Lordship's affectionate humble servant,

RO. ANDERSON.

"P.S. I forgot to mention my concern to hear of the failure of the Vaccine Inoculation. It succeeds universally here. I suspect there is some inaccuracy or fallacy in the Dromore cases. If properly treated and authenticated, they should be communicated to the College of Physicians, appointed to make a Report concerning it next Session of Parliament. My faith is unshaken by the publications of Dr. Moseley and others."

* We may here mention that another piece of Dr. Johnson's writing escaped all his biographers and commentators, till the Rev. J. Mitford pointed out the last chapter of Mrs. Lennox's "Female Quixote," as being from internal evidence written by him. It is thus headed—"This is the best chapter of all the book," and it was reprinted entire in the Gentleman's Magazine for January 1844, p. 41.

"MY DEAR LORD, Heriot's Green, 28 June, 1806.

"You obliged me greatly by the communication of Dr. Grainger's letter, and gratified me exceedingly by the useful information which accompanied it. The letter is an important document, and affords me complete refutation of the newspaper calumny.

"I deferred making your Lordship my acknowledgments for it at the time, in the expectation of seeing Dr. Trail, to whom I communicated the inclosure, and in the expectation that, in the progress of my biography of Grainger, I should find certain points on which it would be necessary to consult you.

"Dr. Trail, who has been going here and there, returned to town yesterday, and I had not seen him since I received your letter till Thursday, when I had a long interesting conversation with him. He intends going to Ireland about a fortnight hence, and is to call on me some day next week to fix the precise time of his departure, and take charge of my missives to your Lordship. Mr. Thomson, the bearer of this, has given me but a moment's warning of his intention to set out to-morrow for Dublin, with Mr. Gilbert the bookseller; I am therefore obliged to write to your Lordship in great haste.

"I am proceeding in my account of Grainger, with such materials as I have, and expect soon to put it off my hands. The last sheet of the second volume and the preliminary matter only remain to be printed. Dr. Wright has just sent me a curiosity, a reprint of our Essay* at Jamaica, with the advertisement and notes; the Sugar Cane; and Col. Martin's Essay on Plantership; in one octavo vol. with the title of 'Three Tracts on West Indian Agriculture, and subjects connected therewith, viz.' &c. by A. Aikman, printer to his Majesty and to the Assembly, to whom it is dedicated, in 1802. The printer took the hint of my design announced in the advertisement to the Essay; and I am glad of it, as it has led to a re-publication of the Sugar Cane where it was produced, though it may limit the sale of our edition.

"The printers here are not ready to proceed in it, and I am continually drawn aside by indispensable avocations from prosecuting my undertaking, which, however, has gained by the delay in many respects. The last letter you sent is of inestimable value. Can it be possible that there may be yet another document among your Lord-

* Dr. Grainger's Essay on the West India Diseases. See before, p. 99.

ship's valuable manuscript collections that has escaped your diligence?

"I am much obliged to your Lordship for your suggestion concerning Smollett, of which I shall avail myself in my observations on his History, which are not yet printed off.

"The Northern Antiquities are to be taken up in the course of the summer, to be ready to come out in the end of the year, the usual time of publishing works of value. The specimens of the Islandic on the title-page are to be engraved, and the book will be printed handsomely. But I will write to you more fully on this subject afterwards.

"A bookseller here has lately reprinted your 'Key to the New Testament,' rather inelegantly, with your name thus, 'By Thomas Percy.' in the title-page, taken from the dedication, without knowing your rank and distinction.

"In justice to your Lordship, I have suggested to Mundell and Co. to print a handsome edition, with your Lordship's permission and authority, if you will have the goodness to give them.

"Scott is going on with Dryden, and reprinting all his plays, and giving offence to many.

"Sir William Forbes has published his *Life of Dr. Beattie* in two 4to volumes, with an engraved frontispiece from Sir Joshua Reynolds's emblematical painting.* He has presented me with a copy in a very flattering manner, and been very civil to me in some parts of it, but I have not yet had leisure to ascertain its value.

"Dr. Trail has purchased a copy, and will bring it over for your inspection. Your letter to Beattie with Bishop Porteus's Sermons, and character of the author, is inserted, and does your Lordship much credit in every respect.

"I owe your Lordship my particular acknowledgments for your letter by W. Stott; so just to my respectful and affectionate attachment, and so indulgent to my toils, which are incessant.

"I will write to your Lordship by Dr. Trail more fully.

"I am ever, with every kind wish to Mrs. Percy, your Lordship's most affectionate humble servant,

"RO. ANDERSON.

"P.S. I believe I have not yet mentioned to your

* Concerning this emblematical Painting, and the Portrait of Beattie, see a curious note in *Gent. Mag.* for November 1846, p. 462.

Lordship Miss Bannerman's scheme of publishing a collected edition of her Poems and Tales, in 4to, by subscription, at a guinea, for her benefit. She was for some time averse to it; but it is now going on. She has about 250 names. From particular friends she takes, for her present subsistence, the price at subscription, reserving still £200 for the expense of printing. Your Lordship, with a benevolence equally prompt and liberal, at a certain time, proposed to send her £10 for her benefit.* Let me now assure your Lordship that a subscription to that amount, paid at present, would be received with the most heartfelt gratitude. I would apologize for mentioning Miss Bannerman's circumstances to your Lordship, did I not know that your goodness and humanity will render anything of that kind unnecessary.

"We are all impatient to see young Robinson's extraordinary volume. I rejoice to hear of the honours he has received at Trinity College."

"MY DEAR LORD, Heriot's Green, 13 July, 1806.

"Since my last to your Lordship by Mr. Thomson, I have had the pleasure of a visit from Dr. Trail, who is in good health and spirits, and leaves this city for Ireland to-morrow. I avail myself of the opportunity to write to you, according to the phraseology of Miss Byron, in continuation. Communication between Dromore House and Edinburgh is so infrequent, that when it does occur I embrace it eagerly, to give you some account of our little affairs.

"I begin with mentioning the substance of a conversation I had yesterday with my printers about a new edition of the 'Key to the New Testament,' namely, that your Lordship would let it be an authorised edition, with your name, and that they would print it in a style of suitable elegance. I mentioned something to that purpose in my last, and I recur to it willingly, from an earnest desire to extend the utility of this little work, which, in my opinion, is better calculated to advance, in a popular and rational manner, the study and knowledge of the New Testament, than a multitude of volumes.

"By a letter which I received yesterday from Mr. Armstrong, I learn that young Robinson goes on in a rapid career at Trinity College; and that his brother, a fine

* See before, p. 123, 129, 133, 138.

boy, died about a month ago. I can easily conceive how great the shock must have been to a man of such nervous sensibility as Mr. Robinson. Thomas is now, I believe, his only child. His extraordinary volume, of which the subscribers' names, amounting to 1750, will be no contemptible part, has not yet reached our city. We take about 150 copies for our share, of which I take 50 for my friends, and Mr. Anderson, bookseller, the same number, for sale. Mrs. Blake, sister of Eliza Hamilton, and Mr. Allan, proprietor of the Belfast News Letter, take the rest.

"By the gentleman who brought me Mr. Armstrong's letter, I had the satisfaction to learn, that the tutor of the young poet has commenced his professional career with extraordinary *éclat*; and he himself informs me, that he is invited to preach on trials in the first congregation in Dublin. From our knowledge of his qualifications and character we may safely anticipate his success.

"Mr. Drummond, whom your Lordship mentions, sent me a copy of his poem, 'The Battle of Trafalgar,' soon after its appearance. I perused it with singular delight, and easily prevailed on Mr. Anderson to order fifty copies for sale here, which is now going on. It is, in my opinion, not only the best, but the only good poem which the death of the heroic Nelson, the *decus et dolor patriæ*, has produced. The title is exceptionable, and the mechanism of the verse, perhaps, too uniform, the fault of his models, Pope and Darwin; but the imagery, the sentiment, and the diction evince, undeniably, considerable vigour of imagination, and great command of poetical language.

"Mr. Drummond sent me, some time ago, a specimen of a new version of Lucretius, executed with so much spirit and elegance, that I strongly recommended him to complete it in the same style. Such a version, accompanied with proper notes, correcting the false philosophy of the original, printed in a moderate size, would easily supplant the old version of Creech, and even that of Good, which, though in many respects valuable, is in blank verse, in two expensive 4to volumes.

"I have been interrupted by a valedictory visit from the worthy Dr. Trail, of whom I have this moment taken leave, with much regret, as his intention of spending the winter in England gives me a very distant hope of his

return to Scotland. Within ten days he will be at Dromore House; where I often, in imagination, attend your Lordship to the lake, the garden, the glen, the lawn, and the grove; the scenes of many a social walk, and of many a pleasant and instructive hour, the impression of which no length of time can efface from my memory. To me they seem unchanged; the lake has lost none of its watery tenants, who obey the call of their master, and take their food from his hand, and the torrent issuing from it forms many a cascade with the same pleasing astonishment. But the garden, I fancy, may show marks of a more perfect and progressive cultivation; and the trees you planted may now cast a broader shade on the seats consecrated to friendship, and close the opening vistas.

“At this distance, how delightful to me is the reflection, that, since it is no longer permitted to your Lordship to contemplate the scenery which your taste embellished, you bear the privation with pious resignation, and cheerfully pursue your accustomed walks with health as vigorous and step as firm and light as when I had the happiness to attend you! I most cordially hope that you may continue many years longer the patron and example of religion and learning, and the friend of human kind.

“I know not whether I mentioned to your Lordship my design of enlarging the collection of Poetical Translations. The third volume is now printing, which will include, among others, Callimachus, Tryphiodorus, and Ossian. Mr. Preston gives us his Apollonius. Has your friend Mr. Meen completed his version of Lycophron? * I am told there is a version of Propertius by one Drummond. Has your Lordship ever met with it? I have Mr. Nott’s ‘Cynthia.’ I will thank your Lordship for your advice respecting a proper selection of translations of entire works. What is become of your version of Ovid’s Epistles? I have many inquiries after your edition of Surrey, and the 4th volume of the ‘Reliques.’ I answer, they are both forthcoming.†

“Dr. Trail takes over Sir William Forbes’s *Life of Beattie*, with which I think you will be delighted. I am truly sorry to say the worthy Baronet is dangerously ill.

* This version was never completed.

† The edition of Surrey was never *completed*, though the text was printed; and the fourth volume of the ‘Reliques’ never appeared.

The Doctor takes over also the Edinburgh Review, and some other books and pamphlets. The Leslie controversy has produced several ingenious pamphlets, but the interest they excite is chiefly local. I had collected them for you, but the Doctor dissuaded me from sending them. I send, however, a new edition of my friend Brown's Observations on Hume, and a copy of the ninth edition of the Pleasures of Hope, of which you have the first, the most imperfect. Permit me to solicit for it the honour of a place in the cabinet or the drawing-room, with the approbation of Mrs. Percy.

"I send you some political squibs, the two songs by Walter Scott.

"With kindest respects to good Mrs. Percy,

"I am, my dear Lord,

"Your affectionate humble servant,

"RO. ANDERSON."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Heriot's Green, 14 Aug. 1806.

"I could not hold myself excused were I to neglect the opportunity of my friend Mr. Watson going to Dublin to-morrow, to make your Lordship my acknowledgments for your last kind note, inclosing a draft on Messrs. Goslings, London, for £10. 10s. as your subscription for Miss Bannerman's Poems.

"The knowledge I have of your Lordship's disposition, makes me believe that the most gratifying return I can make for this noble instance of your liberality, is the assurance that it was received with overflowing gratitude by the poor young lady, as a donation of Providence, at the very moment she needed the sum to pay her board and lodging for the ensuing quarter.

"Before this time, I doubt not, your Lordship has seen Dr. Trail, and received the packet I sent by him for Dromore House.

"Messrs. Mundell and Co. are much obliged to your Lordship for your compliance with their request respecting an authorised edition of the 'Key to the New Testament,' and desire me to say that they will begin to print it as soon as they receive the corrections from your Lordship.

"I observe an error of the press at page 35, 'Newton' for 'Newcome,' Rivington's edition, 1792.

"Having many letters to write by this conveyance, I must defer writing to your Lordship at greater length: I have only to request your attention to the printed sheets of the new edition of my *Life of Smollett*, which I send for your inspection, particularly the passages relating to the controversy between Grainger and Smollett.

"In unavoidable haste I write this note of acknowledgment.

"I beg my very kindest respects to Mrs. Percy.

"I am always, my dear Lord, your most affectionate,
humble servant,
RO. ANDERSON."

DR. ANDERSON to Mr. THOMAS ROBINSON.*

"MY DEAR SIR,

Heriot's Green, 30 Oct. 1806.

"I avail myself of the opportunity of Mr. Orr going through Belfast, on his way to Hillsborough, to send you my best compliments and cordial remembrances.

"I am obliged to write this note in unavoidable haste; but I obey the strong impulse of my mind in congratulating you on the splendid progress of my young friend Thomas, in Trinity College. If he be now with you, remember me very kindly to him; and if he is in college, assure him, when you write to him, of my affectionate regard and kindest wishes.

"Our amiable friend Armstrong sent me from Dublin, some time ago, a proof of the young poet's portrait, upon which I set a high value. The likeness is remarkably striking, and the figure finely expressive. I inclose a note for our friend, as I am uncertain concerning his motions.

"I have yet another subject for congratulation in the

* Mr. Robinson was born on the banks of Windermere. He was a pupil of Romney; and settled in Ireland, where, both at Belfast and at Dublin, he was much patronized by Bp. Percy and others. He died July 27, 1810. See an account of him in *Gent. Mag.* LXXX. ii. 288; and Lines to his memory by Hafiz, *ibid.* 462. His eldest son, Thomas Romney Robinson, was born at Laurence Town, near Gilford, co. Down, April 23, 1793. Several of his compositions (when only eight years old) are in the *Gent. Mag.* LXXI. 1124. LXXII. 61. 252. LXXIII. 454. LXXV. 63. 359. 653. He was educated at the academy of the Rev. Dr. Bruce at Belfast, where he gained the first premiums, not only in the Latin and Greek Classics, but in History, Mythology, and Logic. He was entered at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1806; and in 1810 was on that foundation, having then lately taken his bachelor's degree.

appearance of the young poet's extraordinary volume, accompanied by a well-filled and respectable subscription.

"I sent over a list of a few names, and Mr. Anderson, bookseller, and others, sent over lists. The copies have been long expected here, yet none have been transmitted to us. Will you have the goodness to inquire about this neglect of the poet's Edinburgh friends. The whole copies may be sent in one bale to Mr. Anderson, comprehending the separate parcels according to the lists; and you will please to inform Mr. Anderson or me how the money is to be sent safely, and with as little expense of commission, if any, as possible.

"I have to request the favour of you to forward the parcel which accompanies this to our excellent friend the Bishop of Dromore, and that for Mr. Boyd, when you have opportunities. Mr. Orr returns from Hillsborough in two or three days, and will take charge of any missives from my friends at Belfast.

"I beg my kindest respects to Dr. Bruce and family.

"I am, with great regard, my dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"RO. ANDERSON."

Dr. ANDERSON to Bishop PERCY.

"MY DEAR LORD,

Heriot's Green, Nov. 18, 1806.

"The sight of even the imperfect traces of your Lordship's handwriting in your kind notes to me, is a gratification which I cannot forego, without particular concern, at a time when I believed the failure of your sight was not sensibly increasing, and cordially hoped that your active literary life would not terminate in the total privation of so great a blessing. Yet there is consolation to me in the thought that your health continues firm, and the energies of your mind are still vigorous, and actively employed in the service of the republic of letters, to which you belong.

"Soon after my last to your Lordship, by Mr. Watson, I was drawn away into Lanarkshire to attend the death-bed of a near relation, where I was detained a long time, partly by civilities and partly by perplexities in settling some family concerns, and returned home only to make a more distant excursion, which had been concerted with a friend before.

“ I have been quietly settled at home for some time, and have finished the new edition of my *Life of Smollett*, of which I sent your Lordship the printed sheet concerning Grainger. I have written a great part of the narrative over again; and the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which I am a foreign associate, have enabled me to subjoin a pretty long Appendix of original letters. By a Mr. Orr going to Hillsborough, I sent your Lordship a copy about a fortnight ago, with a copy of Mr. Preston’s Epistle* to me, of which a very few copies have been printed, chiefly for my poetical friends, whose works he has characterised, and some extracts from Mr. Jamieson’s ‘Popular Ballads,’† containing a merited eulogy and defence of your Lordship against Ritson, to be left at Mr. Robinson’s, Belfast. The parcel, I suspect, is yet on the road, as I hear Mr. Orr has been detained at Paisley by illness.

“ I am glad to find your Lordship’s correspondence with Mr. Graves on the Chattertonian controversy, is to be printed. In the introductory paragraphs of my account of Chatterton I have stated my authorities at length, and acknowledged that I chiefly followed Dr. Gregory’s candid and comprehensive narrative. I had no original materials; but subsequent publications, particularly the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, supplied some new facts and observations, which I put together hastily, yet carefully. I have, hitherto, found no reason to change my opinion. The Pseudo-Rowley probably wrote his poems in modern English; and then altered the spelling and looked into his Glossary for old words which would suit the measure and emphasis of the line, and when he found old words which would exactly supply the place of the modern, he adopted them. But the first outlines, which he carefully destroyed, cannot be produced in support of this opinion.

“ I expect Grainger will be out before the end of the year, according to the reference in the *Life of Smollett*. The letter to Smollett, unfortunately, cannot be found.

“ The corrections for the ‘Key’ will be highly acceptable to the printers. They are to proceed with the ‘Antiquities’ when they receive the corrected copy from Dromore House, or corrections referring to the pages, which may be easily followed.

* See p. 65.

† See p. 90.

"One of Dr. Bruce's assistants has just brought me a copy of little Robinson's Poems. With the subscription list I am delighted, and satisfied with the mechanical execution of the volume. The Dedication is, what it should be, delicately respectful. I wish the word *to* had been omitted in the second line. The biographical sketch is interesting, and the tissue of poetry in it skilfully introduced. In Miss Stewart's verses, p. xxiv. 'Affliction' should be 'Affection;' and p. xxv. 'sting' and 'string' in the plural. I think *Juvenile* should have been omitted in the title page. The Elegy on the death of Romney should have been inserted in the Collection; surely Mr. Hayley does not think it his property. The liberality of the public demanded from the young poet every literary return in his power.

"Mr. Boyd has sent me some squibs against Moore; but the humour is coarse and indelicate. Obscene poems cannot easily be ridiculed without writing obscenely. I have seen our friend Hafiz's battle piece; it is spirited, and finely descriptive. The word *offspring* in the 5th stanza is a strange mistake.

"With kindest respects to Mrs. Percy, I ever am your Lordship's affectionate servant,

"RO. ANDERSON."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Heriot's Green, 8 Dec. 1806.

"A few days ago I received the pleasure of your Lordship's kind favour, inclosing two papers of corrections for the new editions of the 'Key to the New Testament' and the 'Northern Antiquities;' and this morning I have been favoured with a note from your Lordship, desiring me to return the paper of corrections for the 'Key.' I lose no time in complying with your Lordship's wishes; and I cannot suffer the paper to depart without filling the envelope with my acknowledgments for your Lordship's kindness, and my especial thanks for your remarks on my statement of the controversy between Grainger and Smollett. Your Lordship's opinion makes me regret exceedingly the loss of Grainger's Letter, which I cited chiefly on the authority of the Critical Review, a suspicious vehicle of information in this case. No diligence has hitherto discovered a copy in the collections of the fugitive pamphlets of

the day. I mean to be candid, and to do equal justice to both my ingenious countrymen.

"I am sorry the parcel I sent by Mr. Orr has not reached Dromore House, as that gentleman left Scotland about a fortnight ago, and was to leave it at Belfast.

"I forgot to say before, that if your Lordship wishes to have a copy of my friend Jamieson's book,* I shall have a safe conveyance about the beginning of the year. It is elegantly printed by Ballantyne, in two 8vo volumes, one guinea, in boards. He made me a present of a copy. Scott superintended the printing in his absence, at Riga, pursuing some mercantile scheme, and collecting Northern ballads. The original 'Gil Morrice,' from the folio MS. is a great curiosity.

"Your Lordship's instructions relative to the new edition of the 'Northern Antiquities,' shall be carefully observed. In the curious additional note respecting the composition of words, you give *Egglezveghan*, in Cumberland, as an illustration: I was so struck with the resemblance it bears to the word *Ecclefechan*, the name of a village in Annandale, between Langholm and Moffat, that I suspect it is only a different mode of spelling the same word. It is remarkable that there should be a village of the same name on both sides of the Solway Firth.

"I have a letter from Hafod to-day. Mr. Johnes expects to finish the printing of Joinville about Christmas, and is proceeding vigorously in the translation of Monstrelet. His re-election was easy.

"Our elections are nearly over, and a greater proportion of returns in the ministerial interest than was expected. I was at the election of the Peers on Thursday, which was keenly contested. The issue shows the decline of Lord Melville's interest. Of seven anti-ministerial candidates, five of whom, Strathmore, Kelly, Dalhousie, Aboyne, and Napier, were in the last Parliament; only one, Aberdeen, Lord Abercorn's son-in-law, not in the last Parliament, was chosen. Haddington was the other unsuccessful candidate.

"Miss Bannerman's book is printing at Mundell's press, upon the encouragement of a moderate subscription list, of about 300 names.

"I beg my cordial respects to Mrs. Percy, whose indis-

* "Popular Ballads and Songs, &c. by Robert Jamieson," 2 vols. 8vo. 1806.

position gives me particular concern. I ever am, my dear Lord, your affectionate humble servant,

“RO. ANDERSON.”

Dr. ANDERSON to Bp. PERCY.

“MY DEAR LORD,

Heriot's Green, 11th March, 1807.

“The last note which I received from your Lordship, of a distant date, prepared me in some measure for the melancholy intelligence communicated to me a few days after by our worthy friend Mr. Stott, of the death of Mrs. Percy;* an event which, on the bed of sickness and anguish, has often been the subject of my thoughts, and as often the subject of my sympathy, as it has deprived you of the affectionate partner of your long and happy conjugal union, and the world of the beneficent example of a good woman, good in every sense of the word. All my family, and indeed all your friends in this country, have truly sympathized with you under this heavy domestic calamity. I have suffered the loss of a respected friend, whose kindness I will ever remember, by the same calamity that has made you solitary and sorrowful. To add to the affliction I feel for the mournful survivor, I have been incapable of expressing my sympathy as I ought, by a severe indisposition. An acute rheumatism, which seized me about the beginning of January, and the pain and debility consequent on it, have confined me to my chamber, and made me incapable of attending to any kind of business for a long time. I am yet but imperfectly recovered, but I could not think of suffering another Irish mail to depart without attempting a short reply to your kind note of the 4th inst. merely to express my condolence and my concern for the friendly apprehensions which my long silence has given you. The feverishness has nearly left me; I am gaining strength, and would be quite well, but for a kind of stupefaction and light-headedness, which leave me slowly.

“Considering, as you do, every dispensation of Divine Providence as wise and salutary, I have great comfort in

* “Dec. 30, 1806. Died, at Dromore House, in Ireland, aged 75, Mrs. Percy, the truly worthy, amiable, and very accomplished wife of Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore. She was the daughter of Martin Goodriche, esq. of Desborough, co. Northampton.” *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. LXXVII. p. 91. See before, p. 68.

the thought, that you are every day more and more reconciled to a deprivation which wise and good men cannot avoid anticipating and preparing for, even in the happiest moments of possession. 'Our lights,' as the poet aptly says, 'go out by one and one;' and happy it is for us that they steal thus away. In the number that remains, and the gratitude which their continuance excites, our griefs are softened and gradually removed. But the time will at length arrive, when all our earthly props must shake, and when nothing that is not built on an immortal base will endure and sustain the mind, anxiously looking round for support. For this event the good man is prepared, and contemplates it with a composure which, while it elevates his mind to nobler views, does not destroy the relish of his present rational and innocent pleasures.

"I would have sent your Lordship Jamieson's publication, but I was disappointed in the conveyance I expected. An opportunity will occur about the middle of next month, and, if it be not too late, I will then send it to Belfast, with any thing else you wish to have from this quarter. Grainger is to be taken up as soon as I can do any thing. George Paton* died last week in his 86th year. Miss Bannerman's poems are now under the hot-press, and will be published next week. Your ten copies shall be forwarded to Belfast in a package. Lord Woodhouselie's *Life of Kames* is just come out, in two 4to volumes. Scott has a new poem in the press. By the death of my friend Preston,† our edition of Jonson is abandoned.

"I have perused with much interest Mr. Stott's‡ and Mr. Boyd's§ verses on the death of Mrs. Percy.

"Believe me ever, my dear Lord, your affectionate humble servant,
RO. ANDERSON."

* Mr. George Paton is already noticed in p. 77; but it appears by this letter his death occurred in March, instead of May, 1807.

† William Preston, M.R.I.A. barrister at law, and one of the Commissioners of Appeals, died at Dublin, Feb. 2, 1807. His publications are enumerated in Watt's *Bibliotheca*, p. 774. See before, pp. 65, 170.

‡ Mr. Thomas Stott, of Dromore, was concerned in a large firm in the linen trade; and in his relaxations from business, indulged his superior genius by gratifying readers of taste with poetical effusions, under the signature of Hafiz, which generally first appeared in the *Belfast Newsletter*; and very many of them are recorded in the *Gent. Mag.* See General Index to the *Poetry*, vol. III. under his own name of Stott, p. 536, and his assumed one of Hafiz, in p. 508. His epitaph on Mrs. Percy is in *Gent. Mag.* 1807, p. 60.

§ The Rev. H. Boyd, translator of Dante. His *Lines to the memory of Mrs. Percy* are in *Gent. Mag.* 1807, i. 155; and verses on the death of Bp. Percy, 1811, ii. 556. Several of his early poems appear in the *Gent. Mag.* See General Index to the *Poetry*, vol. III. p. 492.

"MY DEAR LORD,

Heriot's Green, 23d April, 1807.

"I gladly avail myself of the opportunity of Mr. M'Clean's movement to Ireland, to give your Lordship this assurance of my remembrance and affection, and to announce my sending, some time ago, Jamieson's 'Ballads,' in a package of books for Mr. Ward, bookseller, in Lisburne, to be forwarded to Dromore House.

"Mr. M'Clean, who charges himself with this note, was recommended to my attention by Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Drummond. He was Armstrong's successor in Dr. Bruce's academy; has been a student in our college this winter; and returns home to be settled minister of a Dissenting congregation in the county of Armagh, to which he belongs. As I have found him deserving of my regard in every respect, I have yielded to a wish which he has earnestly expressed, of showing your Lordship his high respect and admiration in passing through Dromore.

"Since my last to your Lordship, my health has been gradually mending, though the weather has been extremely cold. I hope it has not been so inclement in your Island, and that your Lordship's health and spirits are as good as your friends wish them to be.

"The uncertainty of earthly happiness has lately been sadly exemplified at Hafod, the elegant and classical mansion of my worthy friend Mr. Johnes. In three short hours an accidental fire completed the destruction of the house, the pride and ornament of the Principality, and destroyed the labours and collections of nearly thirty years. Among the irreparable losses are the papers and drawings which he had arranged for the printing of the supplementary volume of Froissart. These he regrets most exceedingly. Fortunately the Pisaro library, which he had lately purchased, had not arrived. He is insured, but, should the offices pay the whole, it would not cover half his losses. He bears his misfortune with the greatest fortitude. 'I am stunned,' he says, in a letter to me from the Devil's Bridge, 'but not knocked down.' He is now in London with his family, at the house of his friend Mr. Smith, Bloomsbury-square. This morning I received the present of his 'Joinville,' in two 4to volumes, with plates. The 'Travels,' he informs me, are nearly printed, and 'Monstrelet' more than half translated. His future plans are uncertain. This is a melancholy subject, which your Lordship will forgive me for dwelling upon.

"As Mr. McClean is waiting for this note, and one for our worthy friend Hafiz, I am obliged to stop short; but, as you are seldom absent from my thoughts, I shall soon trouble you with another missive.

"Accept of the kindest wishes of my family and of your ever affectionate humble servant,
RO. ANDERSON."

Dr. ANDERSON to Bp. PERCY.

Heriot's Green, Edinburgh, Dec. 29, 1800.*

"List of Old Scottish Songs, *penes* Alex. Fraser Tytler, Esq. Advocate, Edinburgh.

No. 1. WILLIE'S LADY.—Lines 76.

Willie's ta'en him o'er the faem,
He's woo'd a wife and brought her hame, &c.

"Communicated to Mr. Lewis, and inserted, with alterations, in his "Tales of Wonder," 2 vols. 8vo. 1800.

2. JACK, THE LITTLE SCOT.—Stanzas 34.

Johnie was as brave a knight
As ever sailed the sea,
And he is to the English Court
To serve for meat and fee, &c.

3. CHIL' BRENTON.—Lines 142.

Chil' Brenton has sent o'er the faem,
Chil' Brenton's brought his Lady hame, &c.

4. THE GAY GOSS HAWKE.—Stanzas 28.

O' well's me o' my gay goss hawke,
That he can speake and flee,
Will carry a letter to my love,
Bring another back to me, &c.

5. YOUNG BETRICE.—Stanzas 32.

Young Betrice was as brave a knight
As ever sail'd the sea,
And he's ta'en him to the Court of France
To serve for meat and fee, &c.

"The conduct of the story is different from that of No. 2, which it resembles. Some of the lines are in "Gil Morrice."

6. ROSE THE RED AND WHITE LILY.—Stanzas 60.

O Rose the Red and White Lily!
Their mother dear was dead,
And their father married an ill woman
Wist them twa little quee'd, &c.

* This Letter should have been inserted, agreeably to its date, in p. 91.

7. BROWN ROBIN.—Stanzas 21.

The King Val and his nobles a'
 Sat drinking at the wine,
 He wou'd ha' nane but his ae daughter
 To wait on them at dine, &c.

8. WILLIE O' DOUGLAS DALE.—Stanzas 33.

Willie was as brave a Lord
 As ever sail'd the sea,
 And he's gone to the English Court,
 To serve for meat and fee, &c.

“The introduction is similar, but the incidents are different from those in Nos. 2 and 5.

9. KEMPION.—Stanzas 20.

Come here, come here, ye freely fee'd,
 And lay your head low on my knee,
 The heaviest weird I will you read
 That ever was read till a Lady, &c.

10. LADY ELSPAT.—Stanzas 12.

How brent is your brow, my Lady Elspat,
 How golden yellow is your hair;
 Of all the maids in fair Scotland
 There's nane like Lady Elspat fair, &c.

11. KING HENRY.—Stanzas 22.

Let never a man a wooing wend
 That lacketh things three,
 A routh of gold, and open heart,
 An' fu' o' charity, &c.

12. LADY MAISERY.—Stanzas 31.

The young Lords of the North Countrie
 Have all a-wooing gane,
 To win the love of Lady Maisery,
 But of them she wou'd ha' nane, &c.

“Stanzas 21, 22, and 23, are in ‘Gil Morrice,’ beginning,

O, when he came to broken briggs
 He bent his bow and swam,
 And when he came to green grass growing
 He took off his sheen and ran;
 And whan he came Lord William's gates
 He bade na to chap or ca',
 But set his bent bow till his breast
 An' lightly lap the wa', &c.

13. CLARK COLVIN.—Stanzas 14.

Clark Colvin and his gay Lady,
 As they walk'd to yon garden green,
 A belt about her middle gimp
 Which cost Clark Colvin crowns fifteen, &c.

“Inserted, with alterations, in the “Tales of Wonder.” A different copy in Herd's Collection, printed at Edinburgh, in 2 vols. 12mo. 1776.

14. BROWN ADAM.—Stanzas 16.

O wha wou'd wish the wind to blaw,
 Or the green leaves fa' therewith,
 O wha would wish a leeler love
 Than Brown Adam the Smith? &c.

15. THE CRUEL SISTER.—Lines 58.

There was twa sisters in ae bow'r, Edinburgh, Edinburgh,
 There was twa sisters in ae bow'r, Stirling,
 There was twa sisters in ae bow'r, for ay,
 There came a knight to be their wooer,
 Bonny St. Johnston stands upon Tay, &c.

“The Songs in the MS. are accompanied with the music, to which they are sung.

“The late William Tytler, Esq. got the above fifteen songs from Professor Thomas Gordon, Aberdeen, in 1783. The following extract of a Letter of the Professor to his son Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq. explains how he came by them: ‘An aunt of my children (Mrs. Farquharson, now dead), who was married to the proprietor of a small estate near the sources of the Dee, in Braemar, a good old woman, who spent the best part of her life among flocks and herds, resided in her latter days in Aberdeen. She was possessed of a most tenacious memory, which retained all the songs she had heard from the nurses and countrywomen in that sequestered part of the country. Being maternally fond of my children, when young, she had them much about her, and delighted them with her songs and tales of chivalry. My youngest daughter, Mrs. Brown, at Falkland, is blessed with a memory as good as her aunt’s, and has almost the whole of her songs by heart. I mentioned them to your father, at whose request my grandson Mr. Scott wrote down a parcel of them as his aunt sung them. Being then but a mere novice in music, he added in the copy such musical notes as he supposed might give your father some notion of the air, or rather lilts, to which they were sung.’

“On the hint contained in the foregoing Letter, Mr. Fraser Tytler wrote to Mrs. Brown of Falkland very lately (February 1800), and requested, that, if her memory could furnish any more ballads of the same nature, she would be so good as to write them out, and send them to him. In consequence he received from her the following nine other ballads, some of them extremely curious, and all of them of considerable antiquity, together with the music to which

they were sung. In a Letter which accompanied them, dated April 21st, are these words: 'I do not pretend to say that these ballads are correct in any way, as they are written down entirely from recollection, for I never saw one of them in print or manuscript; but I learned them all when a child, by hearing them sung by the lady you mentioned (Mrs. Farquharson), by my own mother, and an old maid-servant that had been long in the family. I dare say I may have fragments of others, but I could not so easily recollect them, except the ballads they belonged to were mentioned.'

List of Old Scottish Ballads, &c.

No. 1. THOMAS RHYMER AND QUEEN OF ENGLAND.—Stanzas 16.

True Thomas lay o'er yond grassy banke,
And he beheld a ladie gay,
A ladie that was brisk and bold,
Come riding o'er the fernie brae, &c.

2. LOVE GREGOR.—Stanzas 26.

O wha will shoe my fu' fair foot,
And wha will glove my hand,
And wha will lace my middle gimp
Wi' the new-made London band, &c.

3. FA'SE FOOLRAGE.—Stanzas 35.

King Easter has courted her for her goud,
King Wester for her fee,
King Honour for her lands sae braid,
And for her fair bodie, &c.

4. JELLON GRAME AND LILLIE FLOWER.—Stanzas 23.

O Jellon Grame sat in Silver wood,
He whistled and he sang,
And he has call'd his little foot page
His errand for to gang, &c.

5. THE BONNY EARL OF LIVINGSTON.—Stanzas 12.

O we were sisters seven, Maisry,
And five are dead wi' child;
There is none but you and I, Maisry,
And we'll go maidens mild, &c.

6. BONNY BEE HO'M.—Stanzas 11.

By Arthur's Dale as late I went
I heard a heavy moan,
I heard a lady lamenting sair,
And ay she cried, O hone! &c.

7. BONNY FOOTBOY.—Stanzas 38.

O there was a Ladie, a noble Ladie,
 She was a Ladie of birth and fame,
 But she fell in love with her father's Footboy,
 I wis she was the mair to blame, &c.

8. CRUEL BROTHER ; OR, THE BRIDE'S TESTAMENT.—Stanzas 15.

There was three ladies play'd at the ba',
 With a hey ho ! and a lillie gay,
 There came a knight, and play'd o'er them a',
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly, &c.

9. LORD JOHN AND BIRD ELLEN.—Stanzas 39.

I forbid ye a', ye gay ladies,
 That wear scarlet and brown,
 To leave your father's families,
 And follow young men frae the town, &c.

"Mr. Walter Scott has added a second part to No. 1 ; different copies of Nos. 2 and 5, are printed in the Scottish Ballads, 2 vols. 1791.

"Mr. Jamieson, of Macclesfield, shewed me four or five more old ballads, or fragments, last autumn, which he had taken down from Mrs. Brown's recitation, but I do not recollect the titles.

"RO. ANDERSON."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Heriot's Green, 23d July, 1807.

"I seized the opportunity of the Rev. Mr. Buckminster, an American traveller, going to Ireland, to give him a note of introduction to Dromore House, that he might shew your Lordship his respect, and retain through life the classical remembrance.

"The day after Mr. Buckminster's departure I received the pleasure of your Lordship's very kind and interesting letter, bearing on the cover the welcome intimation of the return of your privilege of franking, and intimating the obliging offer of the use of it for my letters to Ireland, of which I shall thankfully avail myself.

"In introducing my Presbyterian friends to your Lordship's acquaintance, I acted from a full conviction of the liberality of your sentiments towards men of worth and learning, of every religious denomination ; but the noble testimony you have given in your last of the liberality of your disposition towards Roman Catholics, as well as Presbyterians, in a country convulsed by religious hatred and intolerance, is inexpressibly gratifying to me and all your friends here. In these times, when religious ani-

mosities are fomented to serve political purposes, I am happy to produce an example of such a distinguished friend of religion, literature, and civil government, as the Bishop of Dromore, 'letting his moderation be known to all men.' Among us there are many good subjects and good Protestants who regret the continuance of those circumstances which occasioned the exclusion of Presbyterians from civil and military offices, and hope that the time will soon come when the members of the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches will be placed on an equal footing in all parts of his Majesty's dominions.

"A letter which I received lately from our worthy patriotic friend Sir Richard Musgrave, exhibits very different features, and displays something of a spirit not quite so conformable to the peace and concord which pure religion dictates, and which the speech delivered in his Majesty's name on the prorogation of Parliament, recommends to 'all classes and descriptions of his people.' He sees Popish treason lurking in grim repose, and expecting an opportunity to overturn the Protestant establishment, and hopes the Duke of Richmond will execute the laws with rigour. Yet the writer of this letter we know is one of the mildest, kindest, and best-natured men living.

"But the discussion of a subject about which wise and good men differ in opinion is far from my intention, as it directly points to the late changes of administration, and the alliance of politics with religion. The cry of 'No Popery' resembles that of 'Sacheverel and the Church' in Queen Anne's reign, in which Bolingbroke, whose religious principles were well known, warmly concurred. Swift, in one of his letters, plainly acknowledges that the cry had been raised merely to serve a political purpose. The evil consequences of that measure are well known. The present unparalleled state of the continent makes me shudder to think of politics.

"I begin my answer to your Lordship's letter by acknowledging the receipt of one guinea, through the hands of Dr. Stott, the price of Jamieson's two volumes, which I sent to your Lordship in a package to Lisburn.

"Miss Bannerman's subscription volume is now printed and delivering to subscribers. The printers distribute the copies, and will forward your Lordship's ten copies, which are paid for, in the first package they send to Belfast or Lisburn. The interest you take in that accomplished lady

will excuse my mentioning here that she is gone to Exeter as governess to Lady Frances Beresford's daughter; a respectable and useful situation, which, in the judgment of all her friends, reflects more credit on her than all her poetry can do. She is now to earn her livelihood, like other females in her circumstances, by the exercise of her own talents, to which she has become reconciled by the failure of every other plan for her comfortable provision. The situation was procured for her through the intervention of a friend of mine in London, in a very obliging and flattering manner. The family of Lady Frances is, I doubt not, well known to your Lordship.

"I owe your Lordship my sincere thanks for the very curious and important details respecting the history of Don Quixote's library, collected by your Lordship and lost in the fire at Hafod, and the Latin version of Cædmon's Anglo-Saxon paraphrase of the Bible. The information concerning Cædmon is particularly valuable and useful to me, and the hint respecting Mr. Manning's improved version will be a subject of investigation not to be neglected. The Hafod press has suffered but little interruption, and Joinville's *Memoirs* and La Brocquiere's *Travels to Palestine in 1432-3*, have proceeded from it within a short time, and, by the kindness of the worthy translator, are both in my possession. He is now employed on Monstrelet's continuation of Froissart, which is to be his last labour. The *Travels* are printed in royal 8vo, his other *Translations* in 4to. Ducange's *Notes and Dissertations on Joinville*, historical, heraldic, juridical, &c. are very curious and valuable.

"Among our late publications Lord Woodhouselie's *Life of Kames* is the most considerable. The worthy author appears everywhere the friend of religion and the advocate of civil and ecclesiastical establishments; but he has failed in exhibiting the prominent features of Kames, and is not thought to have executed his task, as a metaphysician, a philosopher, and a lawyer, with sufficient ability and success. My friend Mr. Ramsay, of Ochterlyre, a neighbour of Kames in the country, informs me that he furnished Lord Woodhouselie with copious extracts from his own biography of that singular man, with anecdotes of judges and lawyers, which his Lordship acknowledges publicly, and yet every thing has been so distorted and misrepresented that he is ashamed, and has

written to him to suppress his name as an authority in the second edition of his book.

"Although my health is better, my occupations for some time have been light and desultory. I am often languid and averse to writing. But Grainger is ready for the printers, who will bring it out, among other things, before the end of the year. They will be glad to receive the corrections for your 'Key,' to be going on with, under your inspection, by sending the proofs and those of the Northern Antiquities in the same way; both to be ready before the winter, the usual time of publication.

"About the beginning of April I was solicited by the Rev. Mr. Bourne, of Hollis Street, Dublin, a kinsman of Sir Richard Musgrave's, to admit as an inmate in my house his son Robert, for the re-establishment of his health and the reformation of his manners. I consented to give him that kind of care and protection which he needed, and I have observed the most beneficial effects of the change in his circumstances and manner of living. He is of Trinity College, and intended for the church.

"I have to mention the liberality and disinterestedness of Dr. Ryan,* as an author, towards me. On receiving £80 for the third edition of his History, he gave Mrs. Ryan one moiety, and the other to me, to purchase a piece of plate, to be a visible memorial of his friendship and esteem. The History, besides, is inscribed to me, very handsomely. It is well received here, and Lord Woodhouselee has written a long commendation of it, and many of the most respectable of the Scottish clergy speak highly of the design and the execution.

"Mr. Park has finished the Royal and Noble Authors, and is engaged by Lackington and Co. to give a new edition of Warton's History of English Poetry, with a continuation.†

"Scott's Dryden is at the press, and will be out next winter, and his poem on the Battle of Flodden. I like our friend Hafiz's sonnet to Mrs. Meade very much.

"RO. ANDERSON."

* The Rev. Edward Ryan, D.D. prebendary of St. Patrick's, Dublin; author of "The History of the Effects of Religion on Mankind, in countries ancient, modern, barbarous, and civilized," Lond. 2 vols. 8vo. 1788-93. See his other works in Watt's Bibliotheca, p. 823.

† Mr. Park collected materials for this work, but subsequently relinquished it. Some Notes of his will be found in the last edition, 4 vols. 8vo. 1824.

“ Dromore House, January 4, 1808.

“ The Bishop of Dromore presents his kind respects to Dr. Anderson. It is so long since he has heard from him that he cannot but entertain very serious apprehensions of his suffering under severe and continued illness, and he shall be happy to be relieved from his anxiety on this subject. If the Doctor's silence has been occasioned by the Bishop's strictures on the conduct of Mr. J. C. Walker, it is necessary he should be informed that the first person who pointed out the base malignity of Ritson to the Bishop was Mr. Walker himself, who being engaged by Ritson to assist him in some literary researches, had received a letter from him containing some of the vile insinuations he afterwards published in his Introduction to the Romances. This, Mr. Walker brought and showed to the Bishop, with all the appearance of indignation that such unprovoked malice could excite in the most zealous friend. He at the same time complained with how little civility that man had repaid his own services. Yet, when Mr. Ritson's book came out, Mr. Walker, in a letter to Mr. Boyd, affected to pity the Bishop, perhaps because the latter did not receive his kind commiseration with all the gratitude he ought. He soon after takes care to hold up to the attention of his readers this very mass of scurrility and abuse in his Letter to Mr. Preston, referring to the Old Metrical Romances, though he was well aware that all Ritson knew on the subject had been originally pointed out to him in the Dissertation in the ‘ Reliques,’ &c. With regard to Ritson's Introduction, the torrent of gross and vulgar invective which is poured forth in it is too contemptible to merit attention, and every charge carries its own confutation with it, except in one place, where, having no direct accusation to bring forth, he endeavours to inflict a deeper wound by a mysterious insinuation, and there being no positive statement offered, it is impossible to answer; and it must only be submitted to candid reflection whether this wretch, who has given every possible vent to his malice, would have withheld any charge whatever if it could have been supported. Where Ritson dilates with so much parade, and marks by inverted commas how the attempts to supply the chasms in the Marriage of Sir Gawaine should have been pointed out to the reader, Mr. Walker, who is so conversant with the Italian Poets, should have vindicated the editor of the

‘Reliques’ for following their example in this *rifacimento*, even if the original itself had not been given verbatim at the end of the book. But enough of this poor miserable maniac, and his admirer Mr. Joseph Cooper Walker! * Yet, before he is finally dismissed, it may deserve mention that one of the most criminal charges brought against the editor of the ‘Reliques,’ is his having printed, after the example of Allan Ramsay, some popular Scotch songs of known antiquity, with the ancient orthography of ‘zou,’ ‘zouth,’ for ‘you’ and ‘youth,’ &c. &c. while he himself prints in modern types the ancient romance of ‘The Geste of Kyng Horn,’ without noticing that the original is written in the old MS. in the Anglo-Saxon character; and, although it is evidently the most ancient in our language that has been discovered, he thrusts it into the middle of his second volume below many others of later date, and attacks the editor of the ‘Reliques’ with the most scurrilous abuse for supporting an opinion concerning its antiquity, which he in vain attempts to confute. But innumerable other instances might be given of his wilful prevarication and gross departure from truth, in order to gratify his deep-rooted malice.

“In one of his letters Dr. Anderson expressed his approbation of the endeavours which had been used here to conciliate the different religionists in this country. Perhaps he will not think undeserving notice an attempt of this kind that was lately made at Dromore, where, besides the cathedral church, there are two dissenting meeting-houses belonging to what are called the Old and the New Lights, and also a mass chapel for the Roman Catholics. It having been deemed expedient to make a charitable collection for the poor at this severe season, to induce the inhabitants of all religions cordially to unite in this good work, the Bishop’s Chaplain preached an excellent sermon in the principal meeting-house, and the money was collected by the two dissenting ministers and the Roman Catholic priest, who equally divided the pews among them, and are to distribute a very handsome collection impartially among the poor of their four congregations. The Honourable Mr. Meade also, who has married the Bishop’s youngest daughter, and is rector of a parish

* Mr. J. C. Walker is an author whose works, from their learning and research, should be spoken of with the utmost respect.

in which are many wealthy inhabitants of the Presbyterian persuasion, to promote the same desirable object among his parishioners of all religions, preached on the same day a charity sermon in a large meeting-house in his parish, and obtained therein the greatest contribution ever known in a country congregation, which he and the dissenting minister, a very worthy man, will divide among all their poor without distinction. There is no Roman Catholic chapel in that parish, or their priest would have been invited to concur with them. In truth, there is no where less intolerant bigotry than in this part of Ireland, or more general harmony among all who differ in religious opinions.

“Before the Bishop concludes, he must beg to be informed what is intended concerning the publication of Dr. Grainger’s Works, and what Dr. Anderson thinks of letting Messrs. Rivington, the late proprietors of the ‘Key to the New Testament,’ vend the new edition in London; at least be consulted about it. Is it also desired that the new edition of the Northern Antiquities should be undertaken? On the above, or any other subject, the Bishop will be glad to hear from Dr. Anderson, who is desired to accept his most cordial wishes of many new years, and of health and happiness to him and all his family.

“What did Dr. Anderson think of the Bishop of Down’s statement of the treatment he received from Messrs. Cadell and Davies, in the publication of Goldsmith’s Life, &c.?”

“MY DEAR LORD,

Heriot’s Green, May 18, 1808.

“I am greatly indebted to your Lordship’s candour, and the distinguished good-will you bear towards me, in believing that I have been hindered from acknowledging the satisfaction I have received from your continued kindnesses, by no other cause than inability arising from almost perpetual bad health.

“About the middle of last summer I was drawn away into Roxburghshire, to repair the severe shocks which my health had suffered during the winter, by the fine air, moderate exercise, and solitude of the country. From Tweedside I was soon able to make an excursion into the mountainous districts of Tiviotdale, Ewesdale, Eskdale, and Cumberland. I surveyed for the first time the scenery

of the Border ballads, and visited the ancient castles of the Border chiefs, the dens of thieves and robbers. I sat on the ruins of Hermitage, in a moralizing rather than a marvellous mood, so that I saw neither *Redcap* nor *Shellycoat*; and indeed the creatures of popular superstition live only in legends, and no longer haunt these peaceful valleys. Nothing could exceed the pleasure I had in viewing the romantic aspect of the country, except the satisfaction I experienced in the kindness of its inhabitants, who detained me a long time going here and there. I returned to Ednam with my friend Mr. Hutcheson (our Scottish Burns), who accompanied me from Edinburgh, and joined my daughters, towards the end of autumn, much recruited in strength and spirits by the fine air of the mountains. I lingered among my friends at Kelso and Dryburgh Abbey till the approach of the cold season warned me to return home.

"I found your Lordship's acceptable packet on my table, containing the statement of the transaction between you and Cadell and Davies, relative to the edition of Goldsmith's Works. The narrative, with the corrections which you supplied, is a valuable document, and furnishes a complete justification of the share you had in the transaction. It requires no addition, except, perhaps, an acknowledgment, which does not appear, that the publishers paid Goldsmith's family the stipulated price.

"After a long absence from home, I found myself overwhelmed with business of one kind or other, which prevented me from writing to you at the time; and soon after I was seized with a cholera morbus, so violent, that my life during two days was despaired of by my family. I recovered slowly, and the debility which followed, and a succession of relapses and recoveries from catarrhus and rheumatic complaints, confined me almost the whole winter to my chamber, and rendered me incapable of attending to any kind of business.

"The mild weather which is now come, after the most austere and variable winter ever remembered, has already been beneficial to me, and more regular opportunities of taking exercise may help to restore me to my usual tone of valetudinarian temperament.

"It was intended to bring out Grainger's works, so long delayed, early in the winter, and the last sheet of the second volume was proceeding at the press when I was

laid up severely. It is the first employment I have undertaken, and I expect it will be finished in about three weeks. A regard to the size of the volumes obliges me to compress the preliminary matter. To give a little more uniformity to the volumes, I have some thoughts of prefixing a considerable fragment of an Essay on Elegiac Poetry to the second volume.* It seems to have been intended to be prefixed to Tibullus; but it is not unsuitable to the translations from Ovid. It is partly in the handwriting of Mr. White, and partly in that of Grainger.

“The ‘Key to the New Testament,’ and the ‘Northern Antiquities,’ would have been printed, if I had been able to give my assistance, and the necessary corrections and additions had come over. Mundell and Co. have no objections to let Rivingtons have a share of the ‘Key.’ The offer has not yet been made, owing to the long confinement of the partner, who takes charge of the publications. He is now upon the recovery, and I doubt not will be ready to begin with the ‘Key,’ when I have put Grainger off my hands. The publishers of books are discouraged, at present, from engaging in expensive undertakings by the advance of 25 per cent. upon printing paper, owing to the want of supply of rags from the continent.

“I did not overlook what your Lordship has noticed in Mr. Cooper Walker’s ‘Essay on Romantic Fabling,’ and I think with justice; for certainly the editor of the ‘Reliques’ was entitled to commemoration and applause, in preference to Ritson and Ellis, who only followed him. The *mentio honorifica* of Ritson at all surprised me, as I had dissuaded him from appearing as his correspondent in a biographical sketch by one of his friends, to which he was solicited to contribute. He seemed convinced, at the time, that it would not be creditable to be concerned in it; and I hinted too that it would affect the intercourse between us, as my attachment to your Lordship’s person and character would oblige me to take notice of an unkind and deliberate association with a malignant and implacable enemy of your fame. I have had no epistolary communication with Mr. C. Walker, nor indeed with any of my literary friends in Ireland, for many months. At the time he sent me the Essay, I mentioned the note as likely to be offensive to your Lordship; and he took occasion to speak of you, as he has uniformly done to me, in terms of

* This was not done.

the highest respect. He is certainly a very well-natured worthy man, and I can ascribe to nothing but his excessive good-nature his indiscriminate admiration of men of letters, of almost every description, which may be easily mistaken for an inordinate ambitiousness of notoriety.

"Dr. Jamieson has published his Dictionary of the Scottish Language, in two very large 4to volumes. Your Lordship was so good as to give your name as a subscriber, and it appears in the list. I am waiting for a private conveyance to forward it, and I have heard of a gentleman going to Lady Clanwilliam's, in your neighbourhood, next week. The price was originally three guineas, but the enlargement of the work made it necessary for him to charge a guinea more; which has been willingly paid by all the subscribers.

"Mr. H. Drummond is printing here the first book of a translation of Lucretius, and is preparing for the press a philosophical and descriptive poem on the Giant's Causeway. He gives me an account of an intended academical institution, a kind of *schola illustris*, at Belfast; which may be unfavourable to his interest and that of Dr. Bruce. Mr. Armstrong, it seems, has opposed the new college, in a printed pamphlet, which I have not seen. To me such an institution, on a broad scale, seems well adapted to the circumstances of the province of Ulster. I hear with much pleasure that your Lordship, notwithstanding your esteem for Dr. Bruce, has given a liberal aid towards the new institution. I know not the particulars of the plan; but, if assistance is wanted from this country in conducting it, I would recommend to your Lordship's patronage one or two persons eminently qualified to be professors of the most useful branches of science and literature.

"Scott's '*Marmion*' is come out; a work of more promise than performance. It does not rise above, and often falls below the '*Lay*.'* It is censured severely in the Critical Review, and even in the Edinburgh Review, though more handsomely.

RO. ANDERSON."

"Dromore (Ireland), 24 May, 1808.

"The Bishop of Dromore presents his kind respects to Dr. Anderson, whose obliging letter of the 18th instant

* "The force in the *Lay* is thrown on style; in *Marmion* on description; in the *Lady of the Lake* on incident." Sir Walter Scott's Preface to *Rokeby*.

relieved him from much anxiety which he had suffered from his long silence. This he had, as he now finds, too justly attributed to severe illness, and he sincerely rejoices that it is in a great measure removed, and that the good Doctor can now resume his useful labours. He need not express what pleasure it will give him to see the long-expected edition of his friend Dr. Grainger's Poems; and then Dr. Anderson may, if he pleases, proceed to the republication of the 'Northern Antiquities,' if he thinks it will answer under the enormous increase of the price of paper, or leave it to sleep for another half century; but as for the 'Key to the New Testament,' the Bishop fears a new impression will not so well answer just now, as Messrs. Rivingtons reprinted it not long since, with the fallacious allurements of a new edition 'corrected,' although they never once dropped the least hint of their intention to him, nor solicited, much less obtained, a single correction from him. Yet this will not excite surprise in those who have had any dealings with the Rivingtons. However, the dispersion of these copies, which are not all circulated, may, perhaps, render it convenient to wait a little longer before the intention of an Edinburgh edition is resumed, for the corrections therein proposed are not of sufficient number or consequence to excite much discussion, or deserve the attention of the public. At any rate, the Bishop desires that such an intention may not be mentioned to the Rivingtons by any one but himself.

"In the 'Statement of what passed with Messrs. Cadell and Davies concerning the Life of Dr. Goldsmith, prefixed to his Miscellaneous Works,' the Bishop fears a mistake was committed in the copy sent to Dr. Anderson, respecting a very important date, viz. of the time when Mr. Lettice accompanied him at the interview he had with those booksellers, and offered the proposal of which they afterwards so much complained, and so gladly availed themselves to excuse their subsequent misconduct. This really happened January 4, 1796, almost two years (at least upwards of a year and three quarters,) before the agreement was concluded between them and Dr. Percy; so that that proposal had not the least connection with it. In a copy of this Statement, which has been retained here, the above date is erroneously written, Jan. 4, 1797, and, if the same error has been committed in Dr. Anderson's

copy he is desired carefully to correct it, and to represent the subject properly to such as may have seen it. Dr. Anderson seems to hint that to this Statement ought to be annexed acknowledgments that the publishers paid Goldsmith's family the stipulated price. The Bishop did not apprehend that this was necessary for any vindication of himself from the misrepresentation of Mr. Davies, &c., but, if it should be deemed so, it may be proper to mention that, of the two hundred and fifty copies, one half were allowed to be sold in England, and these were delivered to Mr. White, bookseller, in Fleet Street, London, with an express injunction, that he was to account for all the profits arising from the same to Dr. Goldsmith's brother Charles Goldsmith, who had returned from the West Indies with his family, and resided in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court. From this brother of Dr. Goldsmith the Bishop frequently heard, informing him that the payments were duly made, and whatever copies he desired were delivered to him to dispose of among his friends for his own benefit. He believes Mr. Charles Goldsmith is since dead, but the account is still open with his family, to whom Mr. White must account for any that may have remained of the 125 copies delivered to him. The other moiety of the impression was sent to Ireland, consigned to Mr. Archer, bookseller, in Dublin, intended for the benefit of Dr. Goldsmith's niece, daughter of his eldest brother the clergyman, who, being reduced to indigence, it was principally on her account that the Bishop had applied in 1800 to Messrs. Cadell and Davies to afford some present relief, to alleviate the distress occasioned by the delay of the publication; which being refused by them, the Bishop had supplied the same himself, and continued to do so till her death, which took place before Mr. Archer had come to a settlement for the 125 copies transmitted to him. Part of these are still unsold, and as two more elegant editions have been printed in London, which it is feared will supersede the sale of these, it is intended to get those copies into the country, and dispose of them by private subscription; and then whatever arises from this sale, or remains of Mr. Archer's balance, that was unpaid to or for the niece, shall be delivered to any relative of Dr. Goldsmith who shall be found a proper object of the same. The Bishop of Dromore will, with great pleasure, pay the additional

guinea, with his former subscription of three guineas, to Dr. Jamieson's Dictionary, &c."

"MY DEAR LORD, Heriot's Green, 14 July, 1808.

"I received the first notice of the death of your excellent nephew,* and my much-valued friend, from the Obituary of a London newspaper a few days before I had the melancholy intelligence from Dromore House. My mind was unprepared for an event that gave me the deepest concern; for I had infinite regard for Dr. Percy; had received no account of his previous illness, and was expecting a letter from him concerning a friend of mine at Oxford, whom I had introduced to his acquaintance last winter, and who had experienced his kindness and urbanity in a high degree. Among the many delightful reminiscences associated with the recollection of my visit at Dromore House, there is none, excepting of our own friendship, which I shall ever appreciate more highly than the acquaintance I made with Dr. Percy. As I well knew and valued his open and amiable disposition, his generous and noble nature, his lively and ardent genius, and his virtuous and elegantly accomplished mind, I feel more deeply for those who lived with him in habits of intimacy; for I am sure he was known to no one by whom his loss will not be lamented. Even your Christian and philosophic mind, which teaches you to extract good from every event and condition of life, will lament the premature decease of an amiable and ingenious relative, the sole remaining hope of an ancient family, made more illustrious by your learning and virtue. You have the sympathy of all your friends here; who despair of seeing the fourth volume of the 'Reliques' proceed from the press. I trust, however, it will be forthcoming when you can exert yourself sufficiently to make the necessary arrangements.

"This has been to me a season of affliction. I had scarcely received your Lordship's last friendly communication, when I was called away into Lanarkshire, to attend the death-bed of my eldest brother. But I must not dwell on the circumstances of an event that I witnessed so lately. I ought to bow in humble and filial submission to the adverse dispensations of our heavenly Father.

* This Dr. Percy, of St. John's College, was an elegant scholar and poet, and a very accomplished and amiable man. A few short Poems of his are in the "Poetical Register." See before, p. 54.

"Certain family affairs having detained me long in the country, I have made no further progress in printing Grainger; which, however, I intend to resume when I have attained a little more firmness and alacrity of mind.

"Messrs. Mundell and Co. are not deterred by Rivingtons' edition of 'The Key,' from engaging in it when you favour them with the necessary corrections. 'The Northern Antiquities' is also kept in view, and will be taken up in the course of their business. I shall not cease to stimulate them when I have acquired a right to do it, by dismissing Grainger from my hand.

"The Statement needed the correction your Lordship took the trouble to send; and, though not requisite to your vindication, the account of the conduct of the publishers to Goldsmith's family renders it perfect and satisfactory.

"Last week, I find, and not before, the printers have forwarded six copies of Miss Bannerman's Poems and Dr. Jamieson's Dictionary, in a package, to the care of Mr. Black, Belfast. They had waited till Mr. H. Drummond's Translation of the first book of Lucretius was ready to go in the same bale. You desired only five or six copies of the subscription Poems to be sent, if the remainder could be turned to Miss Bannerman's advantage. I mentioned your generous offer, which she thankfully accepted.

"When I mentioned the Belfast college to your Lordship, I had my friend Dr. Irving* in view for a Professorship in the departments of the Greek and Latin languages, Belles Lettres, and History. He is author of the Lives of the Scottish Poets, and the Life of Buchanan, which procured him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the Mareschal College, and a young man of great integrity of character, and of very accurate and extensive classical and literary attainments. He would be a great acquisition to the new college, and is justly ambitious of your Lordship's patronage and recommendation; which I solicit for him with an earnestness that nothing but the confidence I have in your generosity can excuse. I have to speak of Marmion, &c. in my next. I am always, with the highest esteem and regard, my dear Lord, your affectionate servant,

"RO. ANDERSON."

* The Rev. David Irving. A list of his numerous biographical and other works is in Watt's Bibliotheca, p. 536.

"MY DEAR LORD,

Heriot's Green, Aug. 26, 1808.

"Having been unavoidably engaged in composing some family differences in the country, owing to my brother dying intestate, I have only now received the pleasure of your Lordship's last favour, inclosing copies of your correspondence with Mr. Stevenson, relative to Dr. Irving, which requires my prompt and warmest acknowledgments.

"I cannot express sufficiently the grateful sense I have of your Lordship's great kindness and attention in recommending my friend Dr. Irving so earnestly to the managers of the Belfast Institution. Dr. Irving has been long in the habit of entertaining the most sincere respect for your Lordship's character as a man and as a scholar, and, if he should be indebted to you for his appointment, I am sure its value would not be a little enhanced in his eyes. To your Lordship, whatever may be the effect of your recommendation, I am equally certain he will always feel the highest obligations.

"I speak of Dr. Irving from an intimate acquaintance of ten years, during which time he has resided chiefly here, and attended all the classes in our College, except those of medicine. He is a very genuine scholar, about thirty years of age, of a manly appearance, a grave and sedate deportment, a candid and liberal temper, and an upright, firm, and delicate mind. He has hitherto been maintained by his family in a style of gentility; but it is necessary for him to engage in some active useful employment suitable to his abilities. His merit is such, that he was thought of by my friend Professor Richardson for the Greek Chair at Glasgow, in the prospect of a vacancy, which did not take place. This kind of merit is rare in Scotland, where Greek literature is little cultivated.

"If, in the arrangement of the Belfast Institution, there be any Chair suited to Dr. Irving, in the departments of languages, belles lettres, and history, and if, in your Lordship's opinion, any testimonials from persons in this country be necessary, he can have recommendations from the most distinguished members of our Universities,—Professor Stewart, of Edinburgh; Professor Richardson, of Glasgow; Principal Brown, of Aberdeen; and Dr. Hunter, of St. Andrew's.

"Dr. Irving has published 'Elements of English Composition,' 12mo, which he is now revising for a second edition, at home, in the country, near Langholm; 'Lives

of Scottish Authors, Fergusson, Falconer, and Russell,' 12mo; 'Lives of the Scottish Poets, with Preliminary Dissertations on the Literary History of Scotland, and of the Early Scottish Drama,' 2 vols. 8vo, 1804; and 'Memoirs of the Life and Writings of George Buchanan,' 8vo, 1807. His two last publications shall be sent for your Lordship's acceptance by the first conveyance to Belfast. On the two first he sets no value, in their present state.

"Your Lordship owes me nothing on the score of subscriptions, except the price of Dr. Jamieson's Dictionary. Mr. Coucher, author of the Pleasures of Solitude, has handed the proposals for publishing a new volume of poems, entitled, 'Last Lays,' by subscription, at 10s. 6d. He announces it from *peculiar and imperious circumstances*: it is his *last appeal*. If your Lordship again encourage him, I shall have pleasure in remitting your subscription.

"Professor Richardson sent me a copy of Dr. Graham's Essay, to which he was a contributor, at the time it came out. I immediately announced it to Mr. Laing, then in Orkney. When I saw him on his way to London he had not then read it, but expressed his intention of giving it a serious perusal. I missed the pleasure of seeing him on his return from London, after the prorogation of Parliament. I have not since had any epistolary communication with him. Dr. Graham is the most sober and temperate writer that has appeared on that side. Yet his *refutation*, as he improperly calls it, is by no means satisfactory, though Mr. Laing has not always taken sure ground. Mr. Ross has printed 30 copies of a literal translation of the Gaelic Ossian, and sent a copy to me for my opinion and remarks. His object is to convict Macpherson of ignorance of his native language, from certain discrepancies which he finds between the version and the original. This cannot be easily admitted; for, upon the supposition that Macpherson wrote the poems first in English, and afterwards translated them into Erse, it might be expected that, in translating them into Erse, he would avail himself of the idioms and capabilities of the language; and to some process of this kind may be attributed the difference we find, which is chiefly in the use of epithets and modes of expression, not in the sense.

"My printing operations have been suspended. I am

truly sensible of your Lordship's 'friendly sympathy and consolation.

"The harvest is going on everywhere around us. The wheat crop is materially injured. In East Lothian the loss is not less than 25 per cent. on an average. Many fields are hardly worth the cutting. The other crops are abundant.

"I congratulate your Lordship, with all my heart, on the glorious success of the Spanish patriots. It surpasses the hopes even of enthusiasm. May their success be complete, and may an improved constitution reward their labours!

"Address 'Malcolm Laing, Esq. M. P. Kirkwall, Orkney.'

"I am, with every imaginable kindness, your Lordship's affectionate humble servant,
RO. ANDERSON."

"MY DEAR LORD, Heriot's Green, Nov. 15, 1808.

"Since I had your Lordship's last most welcome and agreeable communication, I have had the pleasure to see Dr. Trail here, and to receive from him most satisfactory accounts of your health and enjoyments.

"No opportunity has occurred of sending you copies of Dr. Irving's publications, till this morning, when an officer of the 92d regiment, going to Tuam, called on me, and most willingly undertook to leave the packet that accompanies this at the post office, Dromore, for your Lordship.

"Dr. Irving feels infinitely indebted to your Lordship's kindness.

"Dr. Bruce's son is come over to attend our University. He informs me the buildings of the Academy are begun; but the Institution has not commenced.

"I will write to your Lordship very soon, and transmit the testimonies for Dr. Irving, from Professor Richardson and others.

"I have only a moment to write this note, and to put the package into the hands of Captain Little.

"I am always, my dear Lord, most truly and affectionately, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

"RO. ANDERSON."

" MY DEAR LORD,

Heriot's Green, 6th Dec. 1808.

" I hope the parcel I sent your Lordship by Captain Little, about a fortnight ago, arrived safely at Dromore House. It contained Dr. Irving's *Lives of the Scottish Poets*, and *Memoirs of Buchanan*, for your Lordship's acceptance. In a note which accompanied it, I took occasion to say, that I expected soon to have an opportunity of transmitting testimonials in favour of Dr. Irving, from the most eminent classical scholars in Scotland. These testimonials have been handed to me, and I very willingly send them for your Lordship's consideration, in this, and the envelope that accompanies it. Owing to the accident of a packet for me, containing Dr. Hunter's testimonial, having been abstracted from the mail coach, a copy is sent, which happened to be taken by a friend of Dr. Irving's, which I know to be of his handwriting.

" The great honour and favour which your Lordship did Dr. Irving, by proposing him as a candidate for one of the Professorships in the New College at Belfast, upon my recommendation, makes me particularly solicitous that your confidence should be strengthened by the concurrent testimonies of the ablest writers and the most distinguished judges of literary merit in this country. I know your Lordship did not think such testimonies necessary; but, if you should be of opinion that they may serve to promote Dr. Irving's views, I have such perfect confidence in the interest you take in his success, that I rely on your readiness to submit them to the consideration of the managers of the College by the earliest opportunity.

" I know not whether the managers have appointed any Professors, and even Dr. Bruce's son, who is here, and lately left Belfast, can give me no satisfactory account of the Institution. From him I have received very gratifying accounts of young Robinson's progress in Trinity College, and the success of his father in Dublin.

" I sincerely hope the declining year finds your Lordship's general health as firm, and your spirits as good, as at the time Dr. Trail visited you.

" I am anxious to hear if you have stimulated Mr. Laing to answer Dr. Graham's book. I have not heard from him since he went to the North. Our printers have been settling the affairs of the partnership for some

time, and doing little. I expected there would be a dissolution; but I understand they are to go on, though upon a more limited plan, while the high price of paper continues. Grainger, however, is to be put off their hands, and my part is nearly ready, when they want it. They are also to take up your 'Key,' and the 'Northern Antiquities,' for which I had before made some arrangements.

"W. Scott has undertaken to give a new edition of Swift, and Somers's Tracts, for neither of which he is particularly qualified. But his name is up; the booksellers know the advantage of it. Since Dryden and Marmion, it is rather declining. He sometimes gave an article to the Edinburgh Review; but he thinks himself uncivilly treated in the two last numbers. The article, by Mr. Brougham, on Cevallo's Exposition, has given great offence to the friends of rational liberty and limited monarchy in this country. Lord Woodhouselie told me yesterday that every means would be used by the friends of Government to discountenance the publication, the sale of which amounts to ten thousand copies quarterly. They have all withdrawn their names as subscribers, and Mr. Scott has sent his resignation as a contributor. The English prints have taken up the article, which certainly contains the essence of Jacobinism. We have Sir Brooke Boothby* here, with poems and translations for publication. He is a daily visitor at Heriot's Green, and well acquainted with the literary history of the last forty years.

"I hasten to send off my envelopes by this day's post, and will continue my little notices for your amusement another day. My family and your friends here unite in the kindest and most respectful compliments.

"I am always, my dear Lord, your most affectionate humble servant,

"RO. ANDERSON."

* Sir Brooke Boothby, bart. published a Letter to E. Burke, 8vo. 1791; Observations on the Appeal from the Old to the New Whigs, and Paine's Rights of Man, 8vo. 1792; Sorrows sacred to the memory of Penelope, fol. 1796; Britannicus, from the French of Racine, a Tragedy, 8vo. 1803; Fables and Satires, with a preface on the Æsopian Fable, 2 vols. 8vo. 1809; Series of Elegiac Poems on his Daughter. He died Jan. 23, 1824, in his 80th year. See an account of him in Gent. Mag. 1824, i. 370.

" MY DEAR LORD, Heriot's Green, 28th April, 1809.

"I have serious oppression on my mind with respect to my tardiness in acknowledging my debt of gratitude to your Lordship for your continued kindnesses. It has ever been esteemed the wisest method between two evils to choose the least. I am now in that predicament; for I must either appear to your Lordship deficient in gratitude, or intrude on you a miserable account of my health, which cannot interest any human being. Such is the difficulty I am reduced to; but I am encouraged by the indulgence your Lordship has shewn me to speak of my infirmities in my own justification.

"A most severe catarrhus complaint, that had been hanging about me for a long time, increased so rapidly soon after my last communication with your Lordship, as to threaten pneumon, or inflammation. Vomices were supposed to be formed or forming in my lungs; I was oppressed with a troublesome cough, which disturbed my sleep, and disabled me from all mental application. When the excessive severity of the winter yielded to the mild weather of last month, I felt a considerable abatement of the violence of my cough, and my medical friends perceived no remaining symptoms of pulmonic affection. The cold weather of this month has been unfavourable to my recovery, but I have had no serious relapse. When the mild season was more advanced I looked forward to an excursion, to a distant part of the country, to make a trial of change of air and exercise for my recovery, and an event has occurred, a few days ago, which has determined me to visit Ireland; and I need not say that my determination has been influenced, in a great degree, by personal considerations, in which your Lordship has the largest share. Mr. Bourne has invited me to accompany his son to Kildress, so pressingly and so flatteringly, that I have yielded to the wishes of his family; and set out on the journey on the 2nd of next month. I know nothing of our route beyond Belfast; but I suppose it leads us by Dromore, so that I expect to have the pleasure of seeing you about the end of next week. Young Bruce leaves us to-morrow, and takes charge of this note. Poor Mr. Laing has been dangerously ill, of an apoplectic disorder, but I defer any notices of business or literature till I see you. I am always, my dear Lord, yours affectionately,

RO. ANDERSON."

"MY DEAR LORD, Mount Collyer, near Belfast, 12 May, 1809.

"On my arrival at Belfast on Monday I received your Lordship's very kind and gratifying Letter, through the hands of Dr. Bruce. If I had followed the impulse of my mind, I should have obeyed your most obliging and flattering invitation, and proceeded directly to Dromore House, to pay my personal respects where they are most due. I should also have very willingly taken the liberty you give me to introduce my fellow traveller, who is most desirous to shew you his respect. I thought it better, however, to defer my visit to Dromore House until I had consigned Mr. Bourne to his parents, when I should be less limited with respect to the time of my stay. I have been detained here by civilities which I could not easily decline, and which still press upon me. We set out for Kildress to-day in the coach by Lurgan, Portadown, and as soon as I can contrive the way to return from that place I will give your Lordship notice of it. It is an unknown country I am going to, and I cannot speak with certainty of my route. All your Lordship's friends here speak of you with affectionate respect; a subject highly pleasing to me, who am always, with sincere attachment, your Lordship's most affectionate humble servant,

"RO. ANDERSON."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Kildress, June 6th, 1809.

"I sit down with very great concern to inform your Lordship that I have been hindered from having the satisfaction of fixing the time of my leaving the county of Tyrone, by an alarming return of the nervous malady of Mr. Bourne's son, my late fellow traveller.

"For some time previous to the young gentleman's going to Scotland, he had been subject to the recurrence of epileptic fits, which had been interrupted during the two years he lived in my house.

"The malady returned twelve days ago with considerable violence, and has increased so much, that the intervals between the fits for several days have seldom exceeded ten minutes.

"When I left Belfast, I expected to accomplish the business which brought me to this place in two weeks; but I feel that I am tied to it by obligations which cannot be broken till a favourable change appear in my young

friend's malady, or his sufferings terminate in death; an event to which I look forward at no great distance.

"On my journey I had some painful and some pleasing recollections, in passing Masaghlin and Lurgan, at which latter place I met our worthy friend Mr. Stott, whom I was glad to see, and who assured me that your Lordship's health is as good as your friends wish it to be.

"An excursion that was planned for me into the county of Fermanagh, to visit the Bishop of Clogher, Dr. Miller, near Lough Erne, is already abandoned; and, as soon as I can with propriety leave this afflicted family, I shall hasten to pay my respects, where they are most due, at Dromore House, where I am sure to find a cordial welcome, refined society, and unpretending friendship.

"Meanwhile your Lordship will please to accept my respectful regards, and be good enough to excuse this hasty note from your most affectionate humble servant,

"RO. ANDERSON."

"*Stanzas to the Memory of ROBERT BOURNE, ESQ. fourth son of the Rev. Richard Bourne, of Dublin, who died at Kildress, in the county of Tyrone, on the 8th of June 1809, in the 24th year of his age. By DAVID CAREY, ESQ. Author of 'The Pleasures of Nature,' &c.*

"He possessed a mind richly imbued with sound learning and Christian principles, joined to great and active benevolence, which could only be exceeded by that of his estimable friend Dr. Robert Anderson, of Edinburgh, author of the 'Lives of the British Poets,' in whose house he had resided for some time, and who accompanied him on his visit to Ireland.

"When the warrior expires on his path of renown
The tears of a nation embalm his repose,
Tho' Mercy ne'er hallowed and Pity disown
The breast that ne'er felt her compassionate throes.

"But when Worth, modest Worth, like a star-beam that fell,
Is withdrawn to his own empyrean of light,
How few, ah, how few! round his cold earthly cell
Heave the deep sigh of sorrow, and weep for his flight!

"Yet bosoms there are, O! the dearest, the best,
(And may heaven on their path shed its loveliest beam!)
Who soothe the lone wanderer's pulses to rest,
And weep with a dear and a lasting esteem.

"And such o'er thy doom, lov'd, unfortunate BOURNE!
On sad sister shores, breathe the sigh of regret;
For thy virtues the good and the virtuous mourn,
Ah! memorials sweet! they shall never forget.

- “ As some bark that has glean’d, as she travers’d the deep,
 The gems of the Orient, the pride of the wave,
 Hails, joyfully hails, lovely Albion’s green steep,—
 When loud roars the tempest, and deep yawns the grave ;
- “ So gaily we saw thee on Life’s summer sea,
 The regions of Science and Fancy explore,
 Then seek each fond scene dear to Friendship and thee,
 And breathe thy last sigh on thy lov’d native shore.
- “ When the blooms of thy mind, like the Spring, met the eye,
 How bright was the prospect that Fancy pourtray’d !—
 Now faded, ah ! faded for ever, they lie
 Where the green turf of Erin now covers thy head !
- “ And Friendship his fond ineffectual care
 Bemoans, as he lingers and sighs to depart ;
 And Piety weeps, ’mid her holiest prayer,
 For a child that was lovely and dear to her heart.
- “ ’Tis thus as we journey Life’s dark valley through,
 Bright sunbeams of Hope oft illumine the road ;—
 How brightly, alas ! but how transient too !—
 For love, hope, and joy, find one gulphing abode.
- “ But pass undismay’d, O ye righteous ! the bound ;
 Though dim, mark the vista that opens afar !
 On the ruins of Time, o’er the darkness profound,
 Salvation has lighted her bright morning star ;
- “ And the cherubim train their glad welcome extending,
 Heaven’s triumph recording, her loud organ blow,
 For a soul from the confines of darkness ascending,
 That has trod the lone blood-press of death and of woe !
- “ Then weep not the pleasures so fading and dear ;
 For the handmaids of Bliss, in yon starry abode,
 Shall wipe from your eyes the disconsolate tear,
 And ray on your pathway the smiles of your God.”

“ *Stanzas to the Memory of ROBERT BOURNE, Esq. fourth son of the Rev. Richard Bourne, of Dublin, who died at Kildress, in the county of Tyrone, on the 8th of June, 1809, in the 24th year of his age. By MISS STEWART.*

‘ How pleasant was my friend ! ’—OSSIAN,

- “ Oh ! ye who mock the majesty of Heaven,
 And madly triumph in a sceptic fame,
 To whom the holier virtues ne’er were given,
 That stamp a mortal with an angel’s name !
- “ Turn from yon sepulchre, for ever blest,
 Where lost Affection sheds a mother’s tear !
 Turn, ye profane ! nor break the hallowed rest
 That wraps the son belov’d, the friend most dear !

- “ Indignant Genius guards the sacred ground ;
 Her voice commands you to revere the dead !
 None but the good and pure may there be found ;
 For there in peace the good and pure is laid.
- “ And there the Muse, who bears the holiest name
 Of all who form the minstrel host of Heaven,
 Might wake the lyre, devote to sainted fame,
 In strains to Candour, Truth, and Feeling given.
- “ What time, from ocean's dim and distant wave,
 The moon of Autumn flings her crimson'd beam,
 Lamented BOURNE ! o'er thy untimely grave
 Shall Friendship weep, and mournful Fancy dream.
- “ Remembrance never shall desert the tomb
 Whose bosom pillows thy unconscious head ;
 Nor cease to mourn that youth's delicious bloom
 Was doom'd so soon to wither with the dead.
- “ Her tears shall fall, when summer glows again,
 And health returns in every balmy gale,
 To think she visiteth the dust in vain,
 Nor warms the cheek, for ever cold and pale.
- “ And ye ! * to whom in life, in death, he gave
 A filial reverence and a brother's love ;
 To whom he turn'd, when hovering o'er the grave ;
 For whom he languish'd in his native grove ;
- “ To you the son, the brother ne'er can die ;
 Ah ! no, he still the dear alliance claims ;
 An angel's memory consecrates on high
 Of earthly loves, the spirit and the names.
- “ Ah ! while the good, the beauteous, and the wise,
 Revere his virtues, and his fate deplore ;
 And Love-Maternal, where her darling lies,
 Bends o'er the dust, her smile can warm no more ;
- “ Fain would the Muse a grateful offering bring :—
 To him we mourn, that humble Muse was dear,—
 She gives no wreath of Fame's eternal spring,
 Nought but the tribute of a sister's tear.”
-

“ Extract from the Preface to the 6th volume of General Vallancey's *Collectanea de rebus Hibernicis* :

“ In the progress of this work I have dissented from the common opinion, that the Irish language is of Celtic origin. The ingenious and accurate translator of Mallet has collated specimens of the Paternoster in all the Celtic and Gothic dialects ; and, after many observations on these dialects, he acknowledges that he cannot think the Irish and Welsh equally derived from one common stock ; at least not in the same uniform manner as any two

* “ The amiable family of Dr. Anderson in Edinburgh, with whom Mr. Bourne passed the last two years of his life.”

branches of the Gothic. Scarce any resemblance appears between them, says he; so that if the learned will have them to be streams from one common fountain, it must be allowed that one or both of them have been greatly polluted in their course, and received large inlets from some other channels." Preface, p. xli.

"Extract from the Reliques of Burns, p. 209. Remarks on Scottish Lays, in Johnson's Museum:

"Fairest of the Fair."

"It is too barefaced to take Dr. Percy's charming song, and, by the means of transposing a few English words into Scots, to offer to pass it for a Scots song. I was not acquainted with the editor until the first volume was nearly finished; else, had I known in time, I would have prevented such an impudent absurdity."

"The inclosures have obliged me to shorten my letter and extracts at this time. I will write again very soon.

"R. A."

"MY DEAR LORD, Windmill Street, 3d Jan. 1810.

"I had the pleasure of receiving your Lordship's last kind billet, which was most acceptable to me; and I very eagerly communicated to my family and your friends here the satisfactory intelligence which it contained concerning your health and spirits; Lord Woodhouselie, in particular, was much gratified by the account of the cheerful resignation you express under a privation of all others the most painful to a man of letters. The learned Judge, with his kindest respects, desires me to inform your Lordship, that he is printing a new Life of Petrarch, and will put a copy into my hands, in the course of this month, to be forwarded to Dromore House, for your acceptance and opinion.

"I was particularly interested in your Lordship's account of the celebration of the Jubilee at Dromore, and throughout your diocese. Every where in this country it was observed with feelings of genuine patriotism and loyalty. The character of our beloved sovereign forms a striking contrast to that of almost all the monarchs who have flourished at the same period. But it is painful and melancholy to turn our attention from his personal virtues to wicked or fallen greatness.

"Some time ago I succeeded in interesting my friend Principal Brown, of Mareschal College, Aberdeen, in an application I made for the degree of D.D. to grace the title-page of Mr. Drummond's new poem 'The Giant's Causeway.' The forms of the college requiring the attestation of two Doctors of Divinity to his character, I suggested the names of the Bishop of Dromore and Dr. Bruce, and I feel exceedingly gratified and obliged by your Lordship's ample testimonial in his favour. It came to my hand yesterday, and has been forwarded to Aberdeen, with the addition of Dr. Bruce's signature only. The Doctor thought it a work of supererogation or presumption to attempt to add weight to the authority of your name.

"The death of the learned Dr. Adam has made the office of Rector or Principal of our High School vacant. Among others, Dr. Irving is a candidate. It is in the gift of the magistrates. The emoluments about 600*l.* a-year. As the classical chair in the new college at Belfast may not be so advantageous, and may not be soon filled, Dr. Irving solicits this arduous and important office in his own country. He desires me, therefore, to request your Lordship will have the goodness to transmit the testimonials in your possession by the first post, 'To the Right Hon. the Lord Provost, Edinburgh,' to be submitted to a committee (the Lord President, Lord Justice Clerk, Lord Chief Baron, Dr. Gregory, and Professor Christison), chosen by the magistrates, to consider testimonies, and to recommend a fit person to be elected. He would, I am sure, be very grateful to your Lordship, if you think it proper or convenient to honour him with a slight token of your approbation and wishes for his success, to accompany the testimonies of the learned Professors.

"Accept the united wishes for many happy returns of the season to your Lordship, and the amiable family circle at Dromore House, of my daughters, and of your affectionate humble servant,
RO. ANDERSON."

From Dr. DAVID IRVING to Bp. PERCY.

"MY LORD,

Langholm, Dumfriesshire, 27 Jan. 1810.

"I should be destitute of every proper feeling, were I

insensible of your Lordship's goodness and condescension. The interest which you have repeatedly taken in my little concerns, though unproductive of the desired effect, demands my warmest acknowledgments, and contributes to cheer me in the midst of adverse fortune. Under the pressure of a recent disappointment, it affords me no vulgar consolation to reflect, that your Lordship, and other individuals of the highest character, favoured my pretensions, and endeavoured to promote my success. Towards those who lent me their support on this occasion, I feel the same fervent and sincere gratitude that would have awaited them on a happier issue. Of their kindness I do not judge by its effects. To be honoured with your Lordship's approbation, would console me under any mortification of this nature.

"The rectorship of the High School has been disposed of according to the ordinary method of favour and intrigue. A lucrative office happens in the present instance to be conferred on a person of merit; though it certainly was not his merit that recommended him to the electors. There was no public competition, no decent examination of testimonials. It was my ill-founded expectation of this equitable treatment that solely induced me to offer myself a candidate; for nothing could be more abhorrent to every feeling of my nature, than the direful necessity of submitting to a general canvass among such electors. I studiously absented myself from the scene of disgusting intrigue, and did not solicit a single vote. I have therefore the additional consolation of reflecting, that my competition has not left behind it the pungent sting of one solitary instance of unsuccessful meanness.

"I have the honour to be, with sincere gratitude and veneration, my Lord, your Lordship's most obliged and faithful servant,

DAVID IRVING."

Dr. W. H. DRUMMOND* to Bp. PERCY.

"MY LORD,

Mount College, Feb. 1, 1810.

"I have to apologise for my apparent neglect in not returning an immediate answer to your Lordship's in-

* William Hamilton Drummond, D.D. of Belfast; author of "The Battle of Trafalgar, a Poem," 1806; "The First Book of Lucretius, translated into English Verse," 1809, 8vo.; and "The Giant's Causeway, a Poem," 1812, 8vo.

quiries, as I certainly would have done had I been in possession of the suitable information. Since I was honoured with your Lordship's letter, I have received the following account of the Harp Institution :

“ The Irish Harp Institution is conducted by a President, Earl O'Neill ; Vice President, James McDonnell, M.D. ; Treasurer, Robert Tennent, Esq. ; Secretary, P. Reynolds, Esq., and a committee of twelve, who, with the treasurer and secretary, are elected half-yearly, by a general meeting of the subscribers. At the commencement the annual subscription was about 100*l.* : it is now about 250*l.*

“ There are at present ten blind pupils, who, with Mr. O'Neill their tutor, live in a house suited for the society, and are attended by a housekeeper, who is paid 7*s.* a week for each pupil, whom she provides with every thing necessary, except clothes. Mr. O'Neill pays for his diet and lodging out of his salary of sixty pounds a-year.

“ One-third of the committee superintend the household expenditure, and visit by turns, to see that the boys are properly attended ; one-third examine their progress in music, and visit in the same manner ; and one-third are appointed to collect subscriptions and extend the list, which is at present barely sufficient to support the establishment, and prevents the admission of any new scholars, though the applications are very numerous. The lowest subscription is one guinea, the highest twenty guineas.

“ Four of the committee are also appointed to collect Irish music ; four to search for Irish manuscripts relative to the music, poetry, and history of the country ; and four to extend the interests of the society. These offices are vested in the three foregoing.

“ Two of the pupils are so far advanced in music that they can assist Mr. O'Neill in teaching the younger ones.

“ Such, my Lord, is the information which I have received relative to the Harp Institution. That it is a benevolent and useful institution, and therefore laudable, seems to me unquestionable : that it will be successful in reviving the ancient music of this Island is more than doubtful. Modern improvements have got so long a start of the ancient arts, as to render the revival of the latter hopeless, even if it were desirable. The harp has had its honours. It was passing down quietly to oblivion. The attempt to retard it may be patriotic, but, I think, unavailing. The harp can never be restored to its ancient

dignity, nor inspired with its former power to please. But I forbear to obtrude my opinion on your Lordship's notice.

"Dr. Richardson has not made any communication to the Literary Society relative to Swift's Letters. Prior to the receipt of your Lordship's letter I had intended to inquire if there be a copy of Oppian in your Lordship's library. I have a particular desire to read his two poems on fishing and hunting, as containing some curious facts in natural history, but have applied for them in vain among all my literary friends here. I have ordered a copy from London; but, as its arrival is uncertain, I embrace this opportunity of requesting your Lordship to indulge me with a perusal of it for a few weeks, provided it be in your possession. It might be left for me at Archer's, Belfast. Give me leave to assure your Lordship, that I shall always esteem it an honour to be employed by your Lordship in any subject of inquiry. I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most obliged obedient servant,
"W. H. DRUMMOND."

Dr. ANDERSON to Bp. PERCY.

"MY DEAR LORD,

Kildress, 22th Aug. 1810.

"I sit down to write these few lines merely to apologise for my long silence, and to express the hope I entertain of soon having an opportunity of offering my respects to your Lordship at Dromore House.

"The kindness of my worthy friend the Dean of Tuam* has again drawn me across the Channel, to conduct my daughter to Kildress, in the vain hope of recruiting my health, weakened by a succession of bad colds, and tranquillizing my mind, agitated by unavoidable disquietudes.

"I must claim the indulgence of your Lordship's friendship for my tardiness in writing, which, I trust, you will excuse, when you are told that it has arisen from the same grievous oppression that has prevented me from making any progress in the studies which I proposed to myself during the winter.

"I defer the communications I have to make to your Lordship till I have the pleasure of conversing with you; which I take delight to anticipate as at no great distance, but I cannot, as yet, make any positive arrangement.

"On our way we spent a day with Dr. Drummond, at Mount Collyer, where I had the pleasure of meeting Dr.

* Richard Bourne, M.A., already mentioned.

Bruce, Mr. Joy, and Dr. Macdonnell, and the satisfaction of receiving good accounts of your Lordship's health.

"Since I came here I have been incessantly occupied in going here and there, for the house is full of company from Dublin; and yesterday Mr. Sandford, brother of Lord Mount Sandford, arrived from Lord Farnham's, with his protégé, to spend a week, and proceed, by Lord Roden's, on his return to England.

"I found an opportunity of a private conveyance of sending your Lordship Lord Woodhouselie's *Life of Petrarch*, which, I hope, came safely to your hand; the opportunity was unexpected, and did not admit of the delay of even writing a slight note.

"While I am lingering here, in the uncertainty of the time of returning home, I have to request the pleasure of a note from your Lordship, with your own confirmations of the favourable report of your health I received from Dr. Bruce, at Mount Collyer.

"I beg my kindest respects to Mr. and Mrs. Meade; and very cordially renew the assurance of the sincere veneration and unfeigned attachment with which I ever am, my dear Lord, your affectionate humble servant,

"RO. ANDERSON."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Kildress, 26 Oct. 1810.

"I delayed acknowledging your Lordship's very kind and acceptable billet, in the hope of having the satisfaction, at no distant period, of accomplishing my intended visit to Dromore House; but circumstances which I could not control have, from time to time, disappointed my expectations, and unavoidably prolonged my stay at Kildress till the falling leaf and the darkened sky warn me to return to my winter quarters with as little delay as possible.

"My daughter and I were easily prevailed upon to remain here during the Dean's absence in England, since the beginning of October, for Mrs. Bourne required the little amusement which we could give in this solitude; but he is on his return to Ireland, and I write this note in the fullest expectation of being able to leave Kildress about the beginning of next month. I need not say that my duty and affection will draw me to Dromore House, on my way to Scotland, and that I feel much obliged by your Lordship's kind invitation to my daughter, who is desirous to shew

her respect to the venerable friend of her father, and to receive his blessing.

"I cannot speak certainly of my movements, for I have not yet learned whether a postchaise can be had at Lurgan, as I would prefer returning to the county of Down by the Blackwater and the Bann, to the road by the east end of Loughreagh.

"Mrs. Bourne is most anxious to detain my daughter here, during my short stay at Dromore House, and proposes to send her forward to meet me at Belfast; but I wish her to accompany me, and her own wishes accord with mine.

"She joins with me in kindest respects to your Lordship and Mr. and Mrs. Meade.

"I am always, my dear Lord, your most affectionate
humble servant, RO. ANDERSON."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Portpatrick, 6th Dec. 1810.

"I obey the impulse of gratitude and affection in writing these few lines, to inform our kind and much-valued friends at Dromore House of the safe arrival of their late guests in their native land, after a pleasant passage of three hours from Donaghadee in a bullock boat, all the packets having been detained at Portpatrick by adverse winds.

"Our journey from Dromore House to Mount Collyer was perfectly comfortable, though performed in bad weather. We breakfasted at Blair's Lodge, and were entertained with frank and cordial hospitality by Sir George and our amiable countrywoman Lady Atkinson. We there found our fellow-traveller Miss Rutherford, and arranged the plan of our journey homewards together. She joined us at Mount Collyer on Tuesday, accompanied by Lady Atkinson; and we proceeded to Donaghadee in the same coach yesterday after dinner, but found no packet in the harbour.

"I regretted much my ineffectual search in the booksellers' shops at Belfast for new pamphlets or other publications which might amuse your Lordship. I found nothing worth looking into, and indeed very little that is new; as the booksellers seldom order any thing from Dublin, London, or Edinburgh, except upon commission.

"I met with no books in the hands of any of my literary friends which I wished to read, except a third edition of Dr. Milner's 'Inquiry into certain vulgar opinions concerning the Catholic Inhabitants and Antiquities of Ireland,' greatly enlarged; with an account of a second Tour, and Letters to Sir Richard Musgrave, Dr. Ryan, Dr. Ebrington, &c. I think the book would entertain your Lordship; but I could not get a copy for sale. Dr. Milner has revived the dispute about St. George, in a note concerning your Lordship.

"I was detained at Belfast longer than I intended, to attend the meeting of the Literary Society on Monday. Dr. Drummond is printing his poem, 'The Giant's Causeway,' at Belfast. I write this note surrounded with people, and will write to your Lordship from Edinburgh.

"My daughter unites with me in kindest respects and most cordial and grateful remembrances to Mr. and Mrs. Meade, and to her amiable and engaging family circle.

"I am ever your Lordship's most affectionate humble servant,

RO. ANDERSON.

"P.S. I avail myself of a private conveyance to send for your Lordship's acceptance a copy of a Biographical Sketch of the late Lord Melville, written by Mr. Douglas, a young advocate, and printed for distribution among his friends.

"The public anxiety is not yet relieved by the daily bulletins respecting his Majesty's health, which only indicate the prolongation of misery.

"The appointment of the present Lord Melville to his father's office of Lord Privy Seal very grievously disappointed the expectations of the Opposition.

"We look to your side of the Channel with alarming apprehensions of the opposition of the Roman Catholics to the Lord Lieutenant's proclamation.

"I wish your Lordship would dictate a billet to me, with your opinion on the subject of Delegation, so mischievous in its tendency here."

"MY DEAR LORD, Windmill Street, Edinburgh, May 15, 1811.

"I am greatly indebted to your Lordship for two very kind and acceptable letters, the one received so long ago that I am ashamed to think how long it is; and the other, through the hands of Mr. Brush, who arrived here on Saturday, and set out on his return home this morning.

"I have, indeed, been often unwell lately, and my engagements, after a long absence, have been overwhelmingly numerous, yet I might and would have written to your Lordship before now, if I could have communicated anything to you of sufficient interest or importance, of a literary kind, concerning myself or my friends.

"Though I have often been drawn away by the gay and polished society of Edinburgh during the winter, and particularly gratified by the acquaintance of Lord Fingall, Sir Brooke Boothby, &c. yet I made considerable progress in the studies I proposed to myself, and, by plunging into the dissipations of literature, I escaped, for a time, from my own anxieties and vexations, and hid from myself the pictures of injustice and ingratitude which are perpetually forcing themselves on my observation. Would that I could always throw ideal colours over the sad realities around me; but my broken spirits, overwhelmed by the weight of private injuries, the consequences of a misplaced and ill-requited friendship, are ill able to perform the task which occasional flashes of hope encourage me to resume. Years have elapsed, with hopes how sanguine! and not a single expectation accomplished, or design fulfilled. Still I resolved to persevere, though the enthusiasm of research return no more, and sorrow and disgust, languor and indolence, oppress me. I wish to repay the consolation I find in literature by something of my own, something that is sound and faithful, something that may be classed among the useful, though not brilliant labours of my contemporaries.

"As my progress in revising my poetical biography has been desultory, as inclination or materials led, I have not yet compared my collections with Oldys's MS. notes in every instance. If I had been aware of any limitation of time in using the book, I would certainly have completed my survey of the old poets, and returned it before now. It is chiefly a book of reference, and has, I find, been consulted by Reed and others. Your Lordship's anxiety about it is natural; but you may depend on its being kept safely, and returned by a safe conveyance.

"My Life of Smollett has been reprinted, the sixth time, this winter, in a new edition of his works; and the Life of Grainger must, it seems, be shortened,* on account

* This, it is much to be regretted, was accordingly done.

of the proportion which it is judged necessary to observe in the size of the volumes. I am very desirous to put it off my hands, and as soon as the dissolution of the partnership of Mundell and Co. is completed, and the literary property settled, I am ready to give my assistance in finishing it. I have no pecuniary interest in it. I will thank your Lordship to point out the poem which seems exceptionable, from the printed copy in your possession. The miscellaneous pieces are of unequal merit, as is usual in the short pieces of our best poets.

"I delayed replying to your Lordship's inquiries concerning Mr. Weber, in the hopes of having an early opportunity of announcing the appearance of his work. When it came out I procured a copy for you, to class with your other collections of that kind, intending to send it by Dr. Trail, whose departure has been delayed by a succession of bad colds and deafness. Mr. Brush has taken it off my table, and put it into his portmanteau. I will send by Dr. Trail Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, and some other things, if you think proper. Weber is a German, his mother an Englishwoman, with whom he lives here, as a student, devoting his time chiefly to old English literature. As an editor he is accurate and candid, rather than learned and sagacious. He will be thankful for your Romances, if the success of the present collection encourage the publishers to venture on another, for which there are ample materials. It is elegantly printed, the impression small, and the price high; a book for libraries and book collectors. Mr. Weber is editing Ford's *Plays*.*

"In going over Goldsmith's *Life*, I will thank you to point out the particular passages which were thrust into your narrative. Lord Buchan and Lord Woodhouselie make always kind mention of you. My daughter unites in kindest respects and cordial regards to your Lordship, Mr. and Mrs. Meade and family, with your affectionate servant,

RO. ANDERSON."

"MY DEAR LORD,

17th June, 1811.

"Dr. Trail begins his journey to Ireland this afternoon,

* Mr. Weber's edition of Ford's *Plays* did no credit to his knowledge or sagacity; he never collated the first editions, and was not acquainted with the language of the drama. Mr. Gifford subsequently published an excellent edition of the same dramatist.

and I have pressed somewhat heavily on him by the books I send you.

"I write this note merely for the sake of the inclosed Inscription for poor Robert Bourne. I will write to your Lordship at length by the post, as the package may not reach you for some time.

"I am ever respectfully your Lordship's affectionate humble servant,
RO. ANDERSON."

"*Inscription for a Mausoleum to the Memory of ROBERT BOURNE,* Esq. son of the Rev. Richard Bourne, of Kildress, Ireland.*

"Pause on thy way, or friend or stranger, here,
The spirit of the dead salutes thine ear;
Here, where in each endearing grace of youth,
Affection warm, pure Taste, and manly Truth,
And Piety, that heavenward points the road,
Repose, in bright expectance of their God.
Pause then, while Nature on her destin'd bier
Looks down and sheds the sympathetic tear,
To think how short a date on earth is given
To Joy's fair dream, and flowers that sprung in Heaven.
These, shown to mortal eye like angel's smile,
Bloom'd in this holy dust a little while;
Awhile bade Hope her brightest art employ,
And fill'd the friend and parent's heart with joy.
Now, Reader! mark, they deck this youthful urn,
Where sleep the ashes of lamented BOURNE.—
And if through giddy life's bewildered way
Thou followest still the phantoms that betray,
Know that, however fair and bright they bloom,
Like funeral fires, they light but to the tomb.
Yet bid not quickly her dim bounds adieu,
Nor think the grave unlovely to the view.
If thou hast half the saving virtues dear
Which warm'd the breast of him who slumbers here
Pass but this gate, (for know that all must pass,
And few the sands that linger in life's glass,)
Bright, like the rainbow o'er the walks of strife
Shall shine thy prospect of immortal life.
Is joy thy search?—the darkness melts away
Before the light that never shall decay,
Behold, enchanted man! the glorious prize!
Behind this little clod of earth it lies.
Beyond this scene, 'mid bloom of fairest flowers,
Bright burns the lamp that lights true Pleasure's bowers.
Hark! as the everlasting gates unbar
Assembled angels hail thee from afar—
Their harps are strung, their brows with garlands crown'd,
That scent the bowers of Paradise around,—
'Come, wanderer! come,' their holy harpings say,
'Come from the grave, thy stains are wash'd away.'—
Hear their blest voice, and fly the walks of Sin,—
Lo! Mercy's gate is ope—prepare to enter in."

* See before, p. 201.

"MY DEAR LORD, Windmill Street, 22d June, 1811.

"Your Lordship's very kind letter gave me great satisfaction. Before it arrived Dr. Trail's goodness had anticipated your instructions relative to the books, and I availed myself of the opportunity of the conveyance to the full extent of his convenience. I sent him, at his departure, according to a previous agreement, four small parcels, which might be conveniently put into the carriage; containing Cromeek's *Reliques of Burns*, making a fifth volume of his works;* *Collection of Songs*, with Burns's *Remarks*; and *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*; with Scott's edition of Miss Seward's *Poetical Works*; and the *Collection of her Letters*, published by Constable; in all thirteen volumes, in extra boards. I was aware of the pressure on the Doctor's luggage, but I could not let the opportunity go by of making some additions that seemed to be suitable to your extensive collection of popular poetry, literary biography, and criticism. The volumes are elegantly printed and high priced; and being intended for libraries are eagerly bought up by the collectors of books. Mr. Cromeek has been very successful in his illustrations of popular antiquities and manners; but the genuineness of some of his traditional songs may be reasonably doubted; "The Mermaid" particularly, one of the best. I should like to have your Lordship's opinion of them. He has inserted in the *Collection of Songs* the account of Ritson's death, which, as it came through your hands and mine, you will not be displeased to see. I wrote for him, among other things, the account of James Tytler, which he has awkwardly acknowledged. Miss Seward's *Works*, especially her *Letters*, touch on persons and times interesting to your Lordship. They are written, almost throughout, with a disgusting affectation of verbal ornament, and are everywhere tinctured with personal, political, and poetical prejudices. Her illiberal treatment of Darwin and Hayley, the first objects of her idolatry, admits of no excuse. Sir Brooke Boothby re-assured me yesterday, that Darwin, to his certain knowledge, himself wrote the first fifty lines in the *Botanic Garden*, from a short copy of verses on his garden at Lichfield, but Miss S.[†] sent them to the Gentleman's

* Select Scottish Songs, with observations by R. Burns, edited by R. H. Cromeek, vol. ii. 1810.

† The Verses are in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May 1783, p. 428; sent by a correspondent who signs M. C. S. and there said to be written by Miss Seward; but it does not appear the Verses were sent to the Magazine by Miss Seward herself.

Magazine with her name, and reclaimed them when he printed the Botanic Garden. Sir Brooke also assures me, from his own knowledge, that Darwin either originated, or wrote over almost anew, the greatest part of the Elegy on Captain Cook. The internal evidence is a strong proof of this account of the composition. Hayley is still living, and must have his feelings hurt by the malignant disclosure of his family differences, upon which it is not safe for a stranger to look, as they involve delicate circumstances which are only known to the parties themselves. Between the poetess and Scott and Southey, her latest idols, the commerce of flattery is extravagant, chiefly on her side. With a few exceptions, the praise of her contemporaries is sparing and invidious. Her strictures on Miss Bannerman's Poems, to which she returns with reiterated animosity in the fifth volume, are particularly harsh and acrimonious. My friend Park and I do not escape her censure for holding an opposite opinion; but mine she reckons of no value, after calling 'the defunct Leonidas' a fine epic poem, which is not accurately true.

"Mr. Weber has published a collected edition of Ford's Plays, in two volumes, and has in the press a new edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays; and a quarto volume, entitled 'Northern Antiquities,' furnished by himself,* with the assistance of Mr. Jamieson and Mr. Scott. The latter has in the press a new poem, which he thinks the best of his performances, 'The Vision of Don Roderick,' the subject of the Spanish ode of Luis de Leon, Count Julian's bringing over the Saracens, to avenge himself of Don Rodrigo, the last of the Gothic kings of Spain. It is written in the stanza of Spenser, and claims a place among our classical and legitimate poems. I feel as I ought your kindness in allowing me the use of Langbourn, and thank you for the references to Goldsmith, which will be useful. I was glad to see Mr. Brush here, for his own sake and for your sake. He would be struck by the death of Lord President Blair, the week after he saw him on the Bench. Dr. Trail will dilate on this event and the death of Lord Melville. My daughter joins in kindest regards to your Lordship and the family at Dromore House, with your affectionate humble servant,

"RO. ANDERSON.

* "Illustrations of Heathen Antiquities, from the earlier Teutonic and Scalvonian Romances," Edinb. 4to. 1814. See Roscoe's "German Romances," vol. iv. p. 8.

"P.S. Dr. Trail was much hurried some days before his departure, and we exchanged letters, not visits, in the uncertainty of finding each other. The Doctor is preparing a Life of Simson the mathematician, including illustrations of the ancient Geometrical Analysis of Pappus."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Windmill Street, 17th Aug. 1811.

"I would have acknowledged your Lordship's very kind letter, inclosing a draft on London for 8*l.* 11*s.*, the price of the books I sent you, before now, had I not been desirous of having some literary intelligence to communicate that might make my acknowledgment more welcome; and as I looked for the appearance of Mr. Scott's new poem, 'The Vision of Don Roderick,' in a short time, I deferred writing to you from day to day, until my affairs drew me into Fifeshire, where my stay has been prolonged by circumstances which I could not control.

"I remain at home only a few days, and then proceed to Ochertyre, in Perthshire, to spend some weeks with my friend Mr. Ramsay, in consequence of an engagement I made when he was in town, about two months ago. Mr. Ramsay is a country gentleman who has devoted a large portion of a long life to classical literature and historical antiquities. He was the intimate friend and neighbour of the late Lord Kames, and has been an accurate observer of all the remarkable passages in his time. His lucubrations on the characteristic features of manners, arts, government, religion, and literature in Scotland, during the last sixty years, fill ten folio volumes, of 700 pages each. Besides the benefit which my health and spirits may receive from the fine air of the mountains, the object of my visit, at this time, is to inspect and arrange with Mr. Ramsay his MS. volumes for a posthumous publication,* and to contrive to make it obligatory upon a distant relation, to whom he leaves, by will, his estate of 1,500*l.* a-year, under the superintendence of a literary trustee, to be appointed in his will, with a suitable compensation for his trouble. I

* Mr. Ramsay, of Ochertyre, was, it is believed, cousin-german to the father of Mr. David Dundas, Her Majesty's present Solicitor-General for England, and M.P. for Sutherlandshire. He was an excellent scholar, and noted for his elegant Latinity. Three letters of his, with specimens of his talent in the art of inscription, will be found in Burns's Works, by Currie, II. pp. 107, 115, 120. He was the Jonathan Oldbuck of Scott's "Antiquary;" see Chambers's Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. The MSS. alluded to are still at Ochertyre, the property of the Solicitor-General, and were never printed, either because no such bequest as that mentioned by Dr. Anderson was made, or because the survivors did not deem their publication expedient.

have recommended Dr. Irving for that office, with liberty to correct the language, without changing the character of the style, and to add notes and illustrations, without altering the representation of facts and opinions. Mr. Ramsay is deep in the history of private life. He has written 300 articles of rural biography, a new subject of writing; and 200 Latin inscriptions, epitaphs, and *Icones*, of which there is an example in my account of Smollett.

“At length the ‘Vision of Don Roderick’ is come out, which was expected to claim for its author a distinguished rank among the classical poets of our nation. Never was expectation raised so high, and never was disappointment more universal. It is written in the stanza of an acknowledged classical poet, which had been happily imitated in a few stanzas in his last poem, but he has completely failed in challenging a rivalry with the great father of allegorical poetry, in every respect. Even his admirable talent for description is seldom visible, except perhaps in his picture of the troops of which the allied armies is composed, English, Scotch, and Irish; the last rather incorrectly, as the Irish regiments are more in name than in reality. The subject of the poem is founded on an historical tradition respecting Don Rodrigo, the last of the Gothic kings of Spain. Mr. Scott has made no mention of a poem with the same title, printed in the ninth volume of *El Parnaso Espanol*, published at Madrid in 1772, which has been imitated with great elegance and spirit by Mr. Russell in his *Poems*, printed in 1788. The *Vision* terminates in the defeat of Rodrigo by the Saracens, invited by Count Julian to avenge himself of the violence offered to Caba, his daughter. Scott’s plan is more extensive, and includes the late events in the Peninsula, so interesting to the generous sympathy of the British nation: yet, unfortunately, that is the least interesting part of the poem. The whole is heavy, flat, and unimpressive.

“The quarto volume, entitled ‘Northern Antiquities,’ containing translations by Weber, Jamieson, and Scott, is delayed at the press for want of Scott’s contributions. It bears an affinity to your Lordship’s work, with the same title; which I regret was not reprinted here at the time it was projected, owing to the corrections being returned for your re-consideration, and not returned to me. The opportunity is gone by, by the dissolution of the partnership of the printers, and I have difficulty in getting Grainger completed. I send this by Mr. Mackay,

and will write to you again when I return home. My daughter joins with me in affectionate regards to your Lordship, and Mr. and Mrs. Meade and family. I am ever your Lordship's affectionate humble servant,

"RO. ANDERSON."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Windmill Street, 13 Sept. 1811.

"In the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1809, just published by Ballantyne, there is an original letter from Shenstone to Mr. Mac Gowan, of Edinburgh, which, I think, cannot fail to be interesting to your Lordship, as it contains some curious particulars concerning the first publications of Macpherson, and the proposed Collection of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. I have thought a transcript may be acceptable, as the book in which it is inserted may not come into your hand, and have been encouraged to send it by having the offer of an envelope from my young friend George Sinclair* (son of Sir John), the new member for Caithness, who expressed great satisfaction in writing your Lordship's name, which he regards with the highest honour and veneration. Sir Brooke Boothby was here at the time, and thought the sensibility he shewed in making this use of his privilege did the young senator very much credit; and your Lordship may believe it greatly enhanced the favour he did me.

"In Hall's 'Select Letters' your Lordship will find a letter from Mr. Mac Gowan to Shenstone on the subject of the Fragments of Erse Poetry, which I pointed out to Mr. Laing for the use of his edition of Macpherson's works.

"I have omitted the two first paragraphs of the letter, and another in a subsequent part of it, as they are merely ceremonious or unimportant.

"I presumed on your Lordship's good will towards me to introduce a young American traveller to Dromore House, to have the gratification of seeing you, and of receiving an impression of your urbanity and venerable appearance, which he will take delight to recollect among his friends in the United States. It is probable he will not deliver my note till he returns from Dublin; though it may be, the plan of his journey may lead him directly to Dublin through Dromore.

"Dr. Bruce, of Belfast, has just sent me, through the hands of Dr. Gregory's nephew, a student of Trinity Col-

* Now Sir George Sinclair, Bart.

lege, the fourth Fasciculus of Select Papers of the Belfast Literary Society, containing a very good paper of his on the advantages of classical learning.

"I am writing hurriedly for the post, and will recur to the account of Mr. Ramsay's papers and other matters in my next missive.

"With every kind wish for the health and welfare of your Lordship and family, I ever am most respectfully and affectionately yours,

"RO. ANDERSON."

"Extract of an original Letter from the poet Shenstone to Mr. Mac Gowan, late of Edinburgh, dated the Leasowes, Sept. 24, 1761; printed at length in the Edinburgh Annual Register, 1809, p. 549.

"As to the Erse Fragments, you judged very rightly, that, amidst the applause they were sure of receiving from the world, they would not fail to afford me a very peculiar satisfaction. I am indeed unfeignedly thankful for the early copy you sent me, and for the ingenious letter which accompanied them. It seems indeed from a former version of them by the same translator (which Mr. Gray, the poet, received from him, and showed my friend Percy), that he has taken pretty considerable freedoms in adapting them to the present reader. I do not in the least disapprove of this; knowing by experience that trivial amendments in these old compositions often render them highly striking, which would be otherwise quite neglected. And surely, under all the infirmities of age, they may be said to have an absolute claim to some indulgence of this kind. I presume the editor follows the same mode of translation in what he is now going to publish. I would wish him particularly attentive to the melody of his cadences, when it may be done without impeachment of his fidelity. The melody of our verse has been, perhaps, carried to its utmost perfection; that of prose seems to have been more neglected, and to be capable of greater than it has yet attained. It seems to be a very favourable era for the appearance for such irregular poetry. The taste of the age, so far as it regards plan and style, seems to have been carried to its utmost height, as may appear in the works of Akenside, Gray's Odes and Churchyard Verses, and Mason's Monody and Elfrida. The public has seen all that art can do, and they want the more

striking efforts of wild, original, enthusiastic genius. It seems to exclaim aloud, with the chorus in *Julius Cæsar*,

“ Oh rather than be slaves to these deep learned men,
Give us our wildness and our woods, our huts and caves again.”

I know not how far you will allow the distinction or the principle on which I build my remark, namely, that the taste of the present age is somewhat higher than its genius. This turn, you see, favours the work the translator has to publish, or has published already. Here is indeed, pure original genius! the very quintessence of poetry; a few drops of which, properly managed, are enough to give a flavour to quart bottles. And yet one or two of these pieces (the first, for instance, together with the second) are undoubtedly as well planned as any ode we find in *Horace*.

* * * * *

“ And now, having thanked you for the Scotch snuff (better than any I ever tasted before), I come to ask, whether you have any old Scotch ballads which you would wish preserved in a neat edition. I have occasioned a friend of mine to publish a fair collection of the best old English and Scotch ballads, a work I have long had much at heart. Mr. Percy, the collector and publisher, is a man of learning, taste, and indefatigable industry; is chaplain to the Earl of Sussex. It so happens that he has himself a folio collection of this kind of MSS., which has many things truly curious, and from which he selects the best. I am only afraid that his fondness for antiquity should tempt him to admit pieces that have no other sort of merit. However, he has offered me a rejecting power, of which I mean to make considerable use. He is encouraged in his undertaking by Samuel Johnson, Garrick, and many persons of note, who lend him such assistance as is within their power. He has brought Mr. Warton (the poetry professor), to ransack the Oxford libraries; and has resided, and employed six amanuenses to transcribe from *Pepys's Collection* at Cambridge, consisting of five volumes of old ballads, in folio. He says justly, that it is in the remote parts of the kingdom that he has most reason to expect the curiosities he wants; that in the southern parts fashion and novelty cause such things to be neglected. Accordingly he has settled a correspondence in Wales, in the wilds of Staffordshire and

Derbyshire, in the West Indies, in Ireland, and, if he can obtain your assistance, hopes to draw materials from the whole British empire. He tells me there is in the Collection of Magdalen College library a very curious collection of ancient Scottish songs and poems, he thinks, not published or known; many of Dunbar, Maitland of Lethington, and one allegorical poem of Gawain Douglas, too obsolete for his collection; and one yet more obsolete, called 'Peebles in the Play,' mentioned in Christ's Kirk on the Green. He met Mr. Gray in the University library, who is going to write the history of English Poetry. But to put an end to this long article, his Collection will be printed in two or three small octavos, with suitable decorations; and if you find an opportunity of sending aught that may be proper for his insertion, I think I can safely answer for his thankfulness as well as my own. He showed me an old ballad in his folio MS. under the name of Adam Carr: three parts in four coincide so much with your Edom of Gordon, that the former name appears to me an odd corruption of the latter. His MS. will, however, tend to enrich Edom of Gordon with two of the prettiest stanzas I ever saw, beside many other improvements. He has also a MS. of Gill Morice, called in his copy Childe Morice. Of this more another time. I must at present take my leave. Should you see Mr. Home, Mr. Alexander, or Dr. Robertson, I desire my best respects to them. And should you see my good Lord Alemoor and Mr. Professor Smith, I beg you would please to assert how unfeignedly I am their servant. I hope to muster up sufficient assurance, even now, to acknowledge by letter their acceptable presents of books; however the fire of gratitude was not less intense for having lain concealed and produced no blaze. I have many more Scotch friends whom I wish to particularize, but those, if I am not mistaken, live in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

"WILL. SHENSTONE.

"I will endeavour to procure and send you a copy of Percy's translation of a genuine Chinese Novel, in four small volumes, printed months ago, but not to be published before winter."

DR. ANDERSON to MR. M. DARBY.

“DEAR SIR,

Windmill Street, Oct. 9, 1811.

“Before I had your very interesting and affectionate notice of the amiable and excellent Bishop’s death, I had been informed of that melancholy event by a short note from Mr. Brush, which, you may believe, made the families in Windmill-street and Princes-street participate deeply in the affliction of our friends at Dromore House. Besides the reflections which your letter contains, so creditable to your understanding and your heart, it gave me the first account of the closing scene of his sufferings, painful even in imagination. The wise, the learned, the good man died as he had lived, a fine example of the power of religion on the mind; and it was indeed edifying to witness his patient resignation and calm composure at his end. I followed the first impulse of my mind in drawing up the following* hasty notice of his death for the Obituary of the Edinburgh newspaper. It seemed to me a sacred duty to attempt something of this kind in Scotland, where his reputation has been long established; and the arrival of your letter enabled me to render it, in some respects, more interesting and edifying. You will see the use I have made of it. I believe the facts I have stated are correct; except, perhaps, his age, which I suspect should be eighty-three. I wish you had mentioned it. I have sent copies of the newspaper to Mrs. Isted and Mrs. Meade, presuming that they will not be displeased to see even this slight testimony of respect to the memory of their venerable father circulated in Scotland.

“I write this note in unavoidable haste, and am very far from having expressed as I wished the sentiments of esteem I bear you, and my gratitude for the prompt and seasonable intimation you sent me. Let me, I entreat you, hear from you again; and let me know what is your destination, which I may influence. I am with great respect, dear Sir,

“Your sincere friend,

“RO. ANDERSON.”

* See p. 224.

Notice of Bishop Percy, from the Edinburgh Evening Courant, Oct. 7, 1811, written by Dr. R. Anderson.

“Died, at Dromore House, on the 30th September, aged 82, the Right Reverend Dr. Thomas Percy, Lord Bishop of Dromore, well known for more than half a century by various learned and ingenious publications, and distinguished by the most active and exemplary public and private virtues. He was the intimate friend of Shennstone, Johnson, and Goldsmith, and the last of the illustrious association of men of letters who flourished at the commencement of the present reign. He was a native of Bridgworth in Shropshire, and educated at Christ Church College, Oxford. His first promotion in the Church was to the living of Easton Mauduit, in Northamptonshire, in the gift of his college, which he held with the rectory of Wilby, given him afterwards by the Earl of Sussex. In 1764 he published a new version of the ‘Song of Solomon,’ enriched with a commentary and annotations. The year following he published the ‘Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,’ a work which constitutes an era in the history of English literature in the eighteenth century. The same year he published ‘A Key to the New Testament,’ a concise manual for students of sacred literature, which has been adopted in the universities, and often reprinted. After the publication of the ‘Reliques,’ he was invited by the Duke of Northumberland to reside occasionally with him, as his domestic chaplain. In 1769 he was nominated Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty; in 1778 promoted to the Deanery of Carlisle, and in 1782 to the Bishopric of Dromore, where he constantly resided, promoting the instruction and comfort of the poor with unremitting attention, and superintending the sacred and civil interests of the diocese with vigilance and assiduity, revered and beloved for his piety, liberality, benevolence, and hospitality, by persons of every rank and religious denomination. He was the last male descendant of the ancient family of Percy. Two daughters survive him; the eldest is married to Ambrose Isted, Esq. of Ecton in Northamptonshire, and the youngest to the honourable and reverend Pierce Meade, Archdeacon of Dromore.”

MEMOIR OF JAMES GRAINGER, M.D.

JAMES GRAINGER was probably born at Dunse, in Berwickshire, in 1724. He was the son of John Grainger, Esq. of Houghton Hall, co. Cumberland; who, in consequence of some unsuccessful speculations in mining, was obliged to sell his estate, and, having obtained an appointment in the Excise, settled at Dunse.

His father dying while he was young, the care of his education was kindly undertaken by his elder brother by a former marriage, Mr. William Grainger of Wariston, a writing-master in Edinburgh, and afterwards clerk in the office of the Comptroller of the Excise, who placed him at the school of North Berwick, under the tuition of Mr. James Rae, formerly one of the masters of the High School at Edinburgh, a teacher of eminent learning and abilities.

He was put apprentice to Mr. George Lauder, surgeon in Edinburgh, and afterwards attended the medical classes in the University.

He then went into the army, and was surgeon in Pulteney's regiment, at the battle of Falkirk, in 1745; and afterwards served in Holland in 1746, 1747, and 1748. A military man, even in the most active campaign, has many hours of leisure; and as these cannot be spent more rationally than in some literary pursuit, he employed that part of his time which was undevoted to his profession in perusing the classics.

Upon his quitting the army, after the peace of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Physic, and settled himself in Bond Court, Walbrook; where his taste for polite litera-

ture procured him the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, Percy, Shenstone, Dodsley, Armstrong, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other men of wit and learning.

In 1753 he published "*Historia Febris anomalæ Annorum 1746, 1747, 1748, &c. accedunt Monita Siphyllica*," 8vo. containing the result of his observations whilst in the army.

In 1755 appeared his "*Ode on Solitude*," in Dodsley's Collection, possessing merit enough to obtain from Dr. Johnson the term "noble," and Dr. Percy says, in it "are assembled some of the sublimest images in nature."

In May 1756, he commenced writer in the *Monthly Review*, in a criticism on Mason's Odes; and during this and the two following years contributed a variety of articles, chiefly on poetry and the drama, to that journal,* relinquishing his connexion with it about May 1758.

"The Grand Magazine of Universal Intelligence, and Monthly Chronicle of our Own Times," was projected towards the end of 1757 by a few printers and booksellers, and commenced the first

* The articles are marked by Dr. Griffiths (in the set afterwards possessed by Mr. Heber) "Dr. G." His chief Reviews are, besides the first (1756) on "The Converts, an Ode;" "Writings and Genius of Pope;" "Smart's Ode;" "Fakeer;" "Beauty, an Ode;" six articles in the *Monthly Catalogue* of the first Half-yearly Appendix; "Telemachus;" "Philippic Poems;" "Leucothoë;" "Philosophical Transactions (Sept. and Oct.) in conjunction with another writer, B. who is not known;" "Cupid;" "The Cadet;" "Ode to Love;" "Idea of Beauty;" "Tour in France," 1757; "De Choiei's Method of treating Persons bitten by Mad Animals;" "Woodward's Cases in Physick;" "Foreign Books," (February); "Foreign Books," (March); "Loss of the Handkerchief," Heroic-Comic Poem; "Collection Academique;" "Sayer's Translation in Latin of Pope's Universal Prayer;" "Newcomb's Versification of Harvey's Contemplations;" "Fleece, a Poem," by Dyer; "Oriental Eclogues;" "Medical Observations and Inquiries;" "Goldoni's Two Italian Comedies;" "Lind on the Means of preserving the Health of Seamen;" "Newcomb's Versification of Harvey's Contemplations in a Flower Garden," 1758; "Duncomb's Translation of Horace;" "Massey's Translation of Ovid's Fasti;" "Cidyllia, or Miscellaneous Poems;" "Holkham, a Poem;" "Verses to the People of England, by W. Whitehead;" "Ode to the King of Prussia;" "Fancy, an irregular Ode;" "Elegy on a Drum-head;" besides a great number of short notices in the *Monthly Catalogue*.

month of the following year. Who the editor was does not appear. Griffiths the publisher signs the dedication, which, like various similar publications of this period, is to the popular idol Mr. Pitt. Owen Ruffhead,* although writing at the same time largely in the Review, took a considerable share in the prose department. Grainger and Percy (as appears by the letters in the following Correspondence),† furnished pieces of poetry, and probably of prose.‡ From this Correspondence it appears that Grainger was the contributor of—"Address to the Evening Star," and "Three Elegies," in the January number;—"Hymn to Cheerfulness;" Lines "To the Nymph of P** (Pitkeatly) Waters;" and "Triumph of Beauty," in February;—"Elegy on having quarrelled with Melinda," and "Dialogue between Colin and Delia," in that of March;—"An Epistle from an Officer at Fort William in Lochabar, to Lord L—— in London, Feb. 1752," in that of April; probably, "Love, an Ode," in that of May;—and, possibly, an "Ode to Contentment," in that of June. About the same time Grainger translated "Leander to Hero," and "Hero to Leander," for Mr. Percy's intended version of Ovid's Epistles.

Percy's contributions to the Grand Magazine positively known are, the Latin Poem in the February Magazine, beginning with "*Effinxit quondam blandum meditata laborem;*" and two sonnets signed P. in that of March. The first Sonnet is

* The copy of this Magazine in the British Museum belonged to Isaac Reed, who writes thus on the fly-leaf: "The Dissertation on the Constitution of England, and much of the Political original Essays in this Magazine, were the productions of Owen Ruffhead, esq. as his friend Mr. Fountaine informed me on the 25th March 1777. I. REED."

† See Grainger's Letter to Percy, in Feb. and April 1758, pp. 247—252.

‡ On the probability of Goldsmith having a share in writing the work, see Prior's Life of Goldsmith, vol. I. p. 257, where several pieces likely to be his are enumerated.

“after the manner of Spenser, addressed to a young Lady.” It begins,

“While you, fair Anna! innocently gay.”

Anna was Miss Goodrich, whom Mr. Percy shortly afterwards married. The second Sonnet was occasioned by leaving B—R—T—N, July 1755. The “Hint to the Poets,” by Percy, is spoken of by Dr. Grainger in a letter, April 4, 1758,* but I cannot find such a poem in the *Grand Magazine*. The Scotch song alluded to† was probably the celebrated one, “O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?” It did not however appear in the *Magazine*.

In March 1758 Dr. Grainger became a member of the London College of Physicians; and in November following published a translation of *Tibullus*, which, meeting with an indifferent reception from the *Critical Review*, was said by Grainger to proceed from the personal pique of Smollett, though known to each other and interchanging civilities. Grainger, though said to be a worthy man, replied in the strain of an enraged and irritable author. This produced a severe rejoinder in the *Critical Review* for February 1759; and on the part of both there was more of personality and vituperation than was becoming, or the occasion demanded.

It was through Grainger the acquaintance of Percy with Goldsmith commenced, in the year 1758. The latter alludes to his former friend in “*Animated Nature*,” when speaking of fish that are poisonous. “The fact of a certain description of fish being poisonous when eaten, is equally notorious, and the cause equally inscrutable. My poor worthy friend Dr. Grainger, who resided for many years at St. Christopher’s, assured me that of the fish caught, of the same kind, at

* See p. 251.

† See p. 247.

one end of that island, some were the best and most wholesome in the world; while others, taken at a different end, were always dangerous, and most commonly fatal."

In a letter to the Gentleman's Magazine (1791, p. 614), Grainger's friend, Mr. G. Paton, says, that vol. II. of Maitland's History of Scotland was compiled from materials left by Dr. Grainger. William Maitland composed the first volume; and Andrew Millar engaged Grainger to complete the work.

In the autumn of 1758 Dr. Grainger had engaged to travel for four years with a young friend, John Bourryau, esq.* of large West India property, whose studies from an early period had been in part committed to his charge, and to whom he dedicated his Translation of Tibullus. The reward for this appropriation of time was to be an annuity for life of two hundred pounds per annum. The resolution to quit London, he writes to Dr. Percy, in letters from which this abstract was taken, was not adopted in a hurry; for though "his practice was not exceeded by that of any young physician in London,"† the proposed term of absence, he believed, would not interfere materially with his views, while it promised to add to the number and respectability of his friends.

In April 1759 he embarked for the island of St. Christopher, in the West Indies. During his passage a lady on-board one of the merchantmen bound for the same place was seized with the small pox, attended with some alarming symptoms. He was sent for, and not only prescribed with success, but took the remainder of his passage in the same ship, partly to promote the recovery of his

* Mr. Bourryau died in 1771, universally regretted, and left behind him a considerable estate to his family. *Westminster Mag.* Dec. 1773.

† See p. 267.

patient, but principally to have an opportunity of paying his addresses to her daughter, whom he married soon after their arrival at St. Christopher's. By this lady, whose name was Miss Daniel Mathew Burt, daughter to Mathew William Burt, Esq. Governor of St. Christopher's, he had two daughters, 1. Louise Agnes Grainger; 2. Eleanor C. Grainger, married, in 1798, to Thomas Rousell, Esq. of Wandsworth. This last lady was the god-daughter of Bishop Percy; who was also godfather to her eldest son James Percy Rousell.

In the autumn of 1763 Dr. Grainger returned to England. The poem of "The Sugar Cane," written during his abode in the West Indies, had been previously transmitted home, and after some uncertainty as to the mode of publication, did not appear until after he had sailed, in May 1764, on his return to St. Christopher's.

There, it appears, his affairs had become involved during his absence, which an inheritance from the death of his brother in Scotland enabled him soon after to obviate in part.

In Feb. 1766 he appears to have been undecided whether to remain in the West Indies or return to England, but finally settled himself in a house of his own, in an agreeable situation, and "determined to remain some years longer in the torrid zone." This we are told in the last letter to his friend Percy, dated Dec. 4, 1766,* and only twelve days afterwards death suddenly surprised him, Dec. 16, 1766,† in the *forty-sixth* year of his age.

Dr. Johnson said, that "Grainger was an agreeable man; a man who would do any good that

* See p. 294.

† Dr. Anderson says 1767, and so says Mr. Chalmers; but his death is thus recorded in the *Gent. Mag.* for Jan. 1767, "Dec. 14 (not the 16th) 1766, Dr. Grainger, physician at Antigua." In a letter of Mrs. Grainger to Bp. Percy, dated Feb. 14, 1770, she expressly says, "he died on the 16th of December 1766, in the 39th year of his age." His widow was, however, perhaps wrong in his age, but there can be no doubt of the year of his death.

was in his power." His translation of 'Tibullus' he thought was very well done; but the 'Sugar Cane' did not please him.

Dr. Percy gives this character of Grainger: "He was not only a man of genius and learning, but had many excellent virtues, being one of the most generous, friendly, and benevolent men I ever knew." To the friendship of Grainger, Percy acknowledges that he owed the beautiful ballad of Bryan and Pereene, founded on a real fact that happened in the Island of St. Christopher, printed in Vol. I. of "Reliques of English Poetry," 1764.

Grainger possessed considerable learning and genius. His manners were simple and unobtrusive in general society, and therefore sometimes overlooked for more loud and common-place, though less gifted and informed talkers. He looked earnestly to the acquisition of fame as a poet, more so than the merits of his pieces warranted, and wishing to rise to literary eminence by this alone, believed he had in some measure secured it; for, on first proceeding to the West Indies, he expressed to Mr. Percy the intention of leaving with him, in case of his own death, a corrected copy of his works for publication, with a request that not a line should be permitted to appear which might be thought to derogate from his reputation.* His poems, however, have not had all the success he expected.

Dr. Grainger is thus characterised in the Westminster Magazine for 1773, p. 685:—"Dr. Grainger was a man of modesty and reserve; and his friends were indebted to the inspiring juice of the grape to make him throw off the *mauvais honte* so prejudicial to his own merit; for, when warmed with the enlivening juice of the true Falernian, in spite

* See p. 270. See also p. 283, where he says, "I had rather not be talked about hereafter, than talked of as an indifferent poet."

of a broad provincial dialect, he was extremely pleasing in his conversation. He was tall, and of a lathy make; plain featured, and deeply marked with the small pox; his eyes were quiet and keen; his temper generous and good-natured; and he was an able man in the knowledge of his profession."

Many minute particulars of Dr. Grainger's history may be gleaned from the correspondence of Bp. Percy and Dr. Anderson, given in the preceding pages of this volume, and from the subsequent letters of Dr. Grainger to Percy. An edition of his "Poetical Works" was suggested to Dr. Anderson by Bp. Percy in 1800; and the work was soon after completed at the press, but waited for a Life of Grainger, which was to have been written by Dr. Anderson from materials supplied by Bp. Percy. The Bishop died in 1811, and Dr. Anderson followed his friend in 1830; thus, it was not till 1836 that the "Works of Dr. Grainger" appeared, with a short Memoir* of his Life and Writings by Dr. Anderson, and an Index of the Linnæan Names of Plants, &c. by W. Wright, M.D. F.R.S.

The first volume of his Works contains the Poem of "The Sugar Cane;"† and the second volume is filled with the following Poems.

1. Solitude, an Ode.
2. Fancy, an irregular Ode.
3. Hymn to Cheerfulness.
4. An Address to the Evening Star.

* Dr. Anderson had prepared a longer Life of Dr. Grainger, from materials supplied by Bp. Percy, which it is to be regretted he did not print, fearing to make his two volumes of Grainger's Works of an unequal size. See a Letter of Dr. Anderson to Bp. Percy, p. 212.

† The Second Book had been originally addressed to Shenstone, and approved of by him. "To his memory therefore be it sacred, as a small testimony of the high opinion the author entertained of that gentleman's genius and manners; and as the only return now, alas! in his power to make for the friendship with which Mr. Shenstone had condescended to honour him."

This fine poem has been preserved in Johnson and Chalmers' English Poets, XIV. 478.

5. To the Nymph of Pitkeatly Waters.
 6. Triumph of Beauty.
 7. To Neæra, from Lochaber, Sept. 1752.
 8. Three Love Elegies, written from Italy; addressed to Rosalind.
 9. Elegy on having quarrelled with Melinda.
 10. An Epistle to Lord L——, in London, written at Fort-william in Lochaber, Feb. 1752.
 11. A Dialogue between Colin and Delia.
 12. Sonnet on leaving Neæra. To a Friend. In the manner of Milton.
 13. Epigram, "You wonder that I still deny," &c.
 14. Bryan and Pereene; a West Indian Ballad.
 15. Translation of two Epistles of Ovid: Leander to Hero; and Hero to Leander.*
 16. Fragment of the Fate of Capua; a Tragedy.
- In the List of Dr. Grainger's Poems, given in the European Magazine for September 1798 (and copied into this volume, p. 76), the following Poems are noticed, which do not appear in Grainger's "Poetical Works, 1836."
17. The Imperfect Retreat.
 18. Three Epigrams.
 19. Love, an Ode.
- Of the first Poem, "The Imperfect Retreat," I can find no copy. But I propose to add the other Poems at the end of this Memoir.

* These two Epistles were written to oblige a young friend of his at that time (circa 1758) who had conceived a design of publishing a translation of all Ovid's Epistles without metre; and a very ingenious poet of this country [Mr. Boyd] has begged what pieces were thus attempted, and intends to complete them." Bp. Percy to Dr. Anderson, Feb. 21, 1799. See p. 75.

Rev. H. Meen, in a letter to Bp. Percy, Nov. 25, 1799, observes:
 "Dr. Lettice (who resides at Hampstead, and is tutor in the family of Mr. Beckford), says he has somewhere in his possession six Epistles of Ovid, translated by Dr. Grainger. He told me that it was once his design, together with Dr. Grainger, and the assistance, I think, of Mr. Hunter, to translate all Ovid's Epistles, but that his attention was called away by other pursuits, and the design was dropped."—See p. 48.

POEMS BY DR. GRAINGER.

(NOT PRINTED IN HIS "WORKS," 2 vols. 1836.)

THREE EPIGRAMS.

I.

S[mollett] libell'd you lately, and yet you don't heed it !
'Tis needless.—Why ?—None but his booksellers read it.

II.

When Western possess'd but a thousand a year,
In a fine gilded chariot he loll'd every day ;
But now that he's master of twice that sum clear,
The hunks tramps afoot to each fair, to sell hay.
Let not, mighty Jove ! my petition be vain,
Reduce him to loll in his chariot again.

III.

You wonder that I still deny,
Tho' oft you beg my works to see ;
The reason's not that I am shy,—
I fear you'd send your own to me.*

POEMS SUPPOSED TO BE BY DR. GRAINGER.

ODE TO LOVE.

*Ακυπρις μουσαισι, κορασια, την αφροδιταν
Τιματ', η τον ερον υμνιν εφοπλισομαι.*—ANON.

I.

Parent of bliss, and source of every joy,
Hail, genial Love !
Whether the dallying hour you toy
With Psyche sweet entranced, or sportive rove
Arcadia's fabled vales, or haunt Cytherea's grove ;

* Grand Mag. 1758, p. 96. The third Epigram alone is in Dr. Grainger's Works.

In folds coercive melt the amorous pair,
 Or steel the heart of some relentless fair;
 Unmov'd, unconquer'd by the pleading sigh,
 And big tear starting in the lover's eye:
 Oh, smile auspicious on each hallow'd strain
 To thy dread power the flighty Muse shall raise;
 And, if justly flow the lays,
 Admit me of thy train.

II.

So wide, so universal is thy sway,
 In torrid climes, where the tann'd Æthiop glows,
 On mountain mantled in perpetual snows,
 All nature courts thy reign, thy impulse all obey.
 In fields or covert grove,
 With amorous joys elate,
 The linnet, warbling to his feather'd mate,
 Swells the mellow notes with love.
 The pard, forgetful of his native ire,
 With looks complacent eyes his spotted dame;
 No sparks of savage rage his breast inflame,
 His bosom pants not but with amorous fire.
 In vain the frigid nymph Philosophy,
 With supercilious brow and proud disdain,
 Boasts the aspiring soul to free
 From the soft bondage of thy amorous reign;
 To root the darling passion from the mind,
 That bounteous Providence assign'd
 A charm against the poison of despair,
 The balm of life, and antidote to care.
 Thy soft, thy pleasing chains to wear,
 By all the powers of Love I swear,
 With transports more refin'd engages me
 Than all the patriot boasts of golden liberty.

III.

Gentle power of fond desire!
 Oft as the tumultuous breast
 Takes the pure influence of thy genial zest,
 The jarring passions straight conspire;
 And with harmonious symphony
 Unite, and centre all in thee.

Stern Ambition drops his wand,
 Avarice opes his niggard hand ;
 Rage throws his blood-stain'd falchion by,
 And Anger melts with Pity's eye ;
 Revenge is lull'd, Care's tortures cease,
 And all within is calm and peace.

IV.

Yes, I will now take usury of Time
 For all the tedious nights
 Spent o'er the classic page
 Of those who dream'd upon Parnassus hill ;
 Or them, who, snatching from oblivion, draw
 Deeds, such as Cannæ and Pharsalia saw ;
 Whose labours bid the deathless laurels grow,
 That yet unfaded wreathe the hero's brow,
 And in the bold description flourish still ;
 Or that fam'd sage,
 Upon whose lips, as ancient fable tells,
 Erst while he slept, their balmy store,
 The honey-sweets of ev'ry rifled flower,
 The bees officious lodg'd, — there built their waxen
 cells.
 Dull hours, adieu ! Youth's vernal prime,
 Ere nipp'd by Age's wintry blights,
 To pleasantry and mirth, and amorous joys invites.

V.

But chief to you I bid a long farewell,
 Ye seats where Discipline and Dulness dwell,
 Where some good Founder,—rest his honour'd
 shade !
 With pious hand and rare munificence
 The rich foundation laid,
 The sacred shrine of round-faced Indolence ;
 The goddess there, on downy couch supine,
 Lolls thoughtless ; o'er her sluggard head
 The tingling bells their lulling influence shed ;
 Her pillow, schoolmen and Dutch folios,
 With opiate charms in ev'ry line,
 Drown wakeful Reason, and provoke Repose.

Goddess, adieu ! and yonder sauntering train,
 In flowing stole of sable hue,
 That blacken o'er the plain,
 Her venerable sons, ye finish'd drones, adieu !
 With souls so sober, and so dead to fame,
 Who dar'd to Glory's glitt'ring car aspire ?
 E'er glow'd your breasts with Friendship's generous
 flame ?
 Did e'er his transports to your heart
 The wild enthusiast Love impart,
 And your rapt soul inspire ?
 Or ever, the illumin'd mind
 With polish'd taste refin'd,
 Felt ye the force of Fancy's rapid fire ?
 Adieu, ye joyless walks, ye gloomy shades,
 Where pensive Dulness shapes his matin way ;
 Once the lov'd haunts of the Aonian maids,
 Whilst Echo, as she rov'd along,
 Swell'd with the force of MILTON's nervous
 song,
 Or softly flow'd in MASON's liquid lay.
 MORPHEUS, adieu ! and ye presiding pow'rs,
 That slowly drag the leaden-footed hours ;
 Far other blessings the coy Muse has won,
 For other scenes from MOMUS' sluggish haunts,
 For other joys her wakeful bosom pants.

VI.

Whilst by some babbling fountain's side,
 That thro' the lone sequester'd grove
 Winds its mazy course, I rove,
 Love and the Muse shall be my guide ;
 There, the harmonious daughter she
 Of Jove and Memory,
 With many a soft example fraught,
 From Time's old records brought,
 Of Love and Glory's blended influence tells ;
 This plastic sparks, where'er it dwells,
 In ev'ry delegated breast inspires
 A thirst for honest praise, and fans the hero's fires.
 So whilst the illustrious Trojan dame
 In arms her lord, her Hector, sheath'd,
 A tender tale of love she breath'd ;
 For Love and Valour aid each mutual flame.

The warrior soul of young Themistocles
 To the fair Teian gave the idle hour,
 Oft sooth'd the toils of war with am'rous ease,
 And held short dalliance in the Attic bower.
 The bright effulgence of her charms
 To deeds of glory urg'd her warlike lord,
 Beat in his active bosom love's alarms,
 And added force to his descending sword:
 Inspir'd the feats that set pale Europe free,
 That Greece and Glory saw, and XERXES blush'd
 to see.

VII.

BRITONS, if Freedom in your happy land
 E'er deign'd to fix her delegated stand,
 Let no base slave of power her reign molest,
 Or chase to happier realms th' illustrious guest.
 Oh! be each mind with native virtue fir'd,
 Be ev'ry breast with patriot worth inspir'd;
 Nor meanly crouch for aid to foreign powers,
 To shield from Gallic arms the British towers.
 Not so the warlike HARRY's conquering lance
 Planted his banners in the heart of France;
 Not so the British lion learn'd to roar
 With wasteful rage along the Norman shore;
 No foreign power was then implor'd,
 When royal EDWARD led the bold campaign,
 And the Boy flesh'd his maiden sword
 O'er Cressy's memorable plain.
 Dare to be Men; and let the glowing charms
 Of British beauties aid the Briton's arms,
 And when, by Love and Liberty led on,
 Your trusty swords, o'er which fair Victory
 Sits smiling, shall your injur'd country free,
 Wrest the drawn dagger from Oppression's hand,
 And give blythe Peace her olive wand.
 Oh, then cry hail on Albion's happy soil!
 Let festive Mirth the genial hours employ,
 In days of pleasant toil,
 And nights of virtuous joy.
 Then whilst the coy-one's grace to win,
 In some sequester'd arbour's shade
 Her artist-hand in idle hour had made,
 And deck'd with vernal flowers, and twisted
 eglantine,

You count the perilous danger of the war,
 Your wounds receiv'd, your trophies won;
 How will her tender bosom pant with fear!
 O'er the sad tale she drops a tear,
 And breathes a sigh for ev'ry scar.
 Till sinking on her hero's breast,
 With pity and with love oppress'd;
 Her melting eyes, her rising blushes yield,
 To crown with virtuous love the labours of the
 field.*

ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

*Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine Musas
 Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.*

I.

Divine Contentment! cottage-born,
 Do thou inspire my lay,
 Let no vain wish, no thought forlorn,
 Disturb the calm, the peaceful day.
 Forget'st thou when we wander'd o'er
 The sylvan BELA's sedgy shore,
 Or rang'd the woodland wilds along?
 How oft on HERCLAY's mountains high,
 We've met the morning's purple eye,
 Delay'd by many a song.

II.

From these delights by Fortune led,
 To busy life and crowds confin'd;
 At once each golden pleasure fled,
 Divine CONTENT was left behind.
 Yet could these eyes once more survey
 The comely fair in mantle grey,
 Her polish'd brow, her peaceful eye,
 Where'er the goddess deigns to dwell,
 In village cot or hermit's cell,
 With her I'd live and die.

* Grand Mag. for May 1758, pp. 248—250.

III.

Ah, where is now each image gay
 The hand of fairy FANCY wove,
 Of painted springs, Elysian day,
 The sparkling rill, the blooming grove ?
 Cease, cruel Memory ! think no more
 Of scenes which lost I now deplore,
 Abandon'd wild to care and woe ;
 With loss of EDEN'S* peaceful side,
 Eternal grief and pain betide
 The vain desire to know.†

LETTERS

BETWEEN DR. JAMES GRAINGER and the Rev. THOMAS PERCY.

“ DEAR SIR,

Walbrook, Oct. 22, 1756.

“ Your agreeable Letter I received some time ago, and should sooner have acknowledged the favour, had I not determined to have sent you some intelligence of the best Portuguese authors, along with my thanks. But although I have made some inquiry into that affair, and intend not to desist till I have picked up something, at present I can only inform you that I have been baffled in my search. Most of the Londoners who understand the Portuguese were more intent, when in that country, upon six-thirty's than upon Camoens, and know more of the privileges granted to the British factory at Lisbon than of their laws of the drama or epic. However, I do not despair ; there is a friend of mine, a British subject, born at Oporto, who, I expect, will be able to afford me some *eclaircissement*. He has some talents, and I think has read something beside the Book of Rates.

“ In a literary intercourse, such as I hope ours shall be, all ceremony must be discarded ; there can be no pleasure where correspondents stand upon punctilios. I shall write you as often as I find myself in a humour ; and if you intrust me with any of your poetical or other produc-

* “ A river near where the author was born.” The writer of this Ode appears to have been a Cumberland man. It is somewhat in the manner of Akenside.

† Grand Mag. June, 1752, p. 302.

tions, you may depend upon my sincerity, however my judgment may be called in question. In return for this I expect a cessation of compliments, and as frequent letters as you think proper. We Cits are awkward at complimenting; and I am not willing to expose my incapacity that way, even to my friend. So no more of Indian shells, &c. This scrawl will convince you I am no ways entitled to what you say.

"The playhouses opened some time ago. I think they tell me that Miss Bellamy is dead, and that Mrs. Cibber is recovered. Miss Pritchard has appeared with applause in the character of Juliet. She comes upon the stage much against her mother's inclination. I have not seen her yet, so I cannot prognosticate her fate. She has had every help, but, I am told, she wants sensibility. A week or two ago I laughed heartily at *The Miser*. Shuter did his part to admiration; I forgot the actor in the character.*

"Although I seldom saunter into the Green Room, I now and then hear a little of the theatrical secrets; and, if my intelligence is true, the town will be fed with no better fare this winter than it was the last. They speak of some tragedies; but I am tired of the serious, and long for the comic. Most of our bards disdain the sock and affect the buskin. What the deuce have we to do with kings and emperors? What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba? Let me have a lively representation of life. A good comedy laughs us out of our follies, and is really improving. A poetical genius, and a knowledge of the passions, are all that are required in a tragic writer; but for one to succeed in comedy, how many qualities are necessary? An intimate acquaintance of life and manners; a perspicuity to develop the movements of the mind; a promptitude of discovering the ridiculous parts of action; a gaiety of disposition, joined to a pointed irony and delicate wit. This is what I understand by the *vis comica*, which the ancients praised so much in Menander, and of which we have instances in some of our own comedies.

"I have just now before me a tragedy called *Minorca*,†

* See a curious account of *Shuter* the actor in *W. Jay's Life of Rev. Cornelius Winter*, 1809, pp. 25-27. He attended the ministry of Mr. Whitefield at Tottenham-court chapel, and the preacher once addressed him *individually* from the pulpit, "And thou, poor Rambler, &c."

† This contemptible tragedy was by Henry Dill, 1756, just after the place from which it is named was taken. Dill was a bookseller. See an account of him in "Literary Anecdotes," III. 641.

but I would rather have stood my chance of a fire of a bomb in Fort St. Philip's than be obliged to read its whole three acts. It is even worse than John Slade's.* I hope I do not know the author.

"Have you seen Bally's † prize poem? They tell me it is wretched stuff, as are all his compositions. Compliments to Dr. Gilbert; and am, dear sir, your friend and servant,

"J. GRAINGER.

"P.S. I shall write the Doctor soon."

"* * * Let me know your determination soon; and in the interim send me the first Elegy [of Tibullus]. The difference of stanza shall be apologised for in the Advertisement. ‡ Think of some notes."

REV. T. PERCY to DR. GRAINGER.

"Easton Mauduit, March 24, 1757.

"MY DEAR GRAINGER,

"I hope before this you have received a packet from me, containing your Advertisement, with a few slight marginal remarks: I inclosed it in a cover to my Lord Sussex, having had occasion to write to him; and I hope one of his servants, or the Penny Post, have before this conveyed it to you. I am ashamed to make you pay postage for trifles of so little value as my billets; and, on the other hand,

* John Slade was a lieutenant of marines, and lost his life in the *Ramilies*, when that ship was cast away, Feb. 15, 1760. He wrote "*Love and Duty*," a tragedy, 1756. It was acted for one night only, at the Haymarket Theatre, by himself and friends.

† The Rev. George Bally, M.A. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. He gained the prize for the Seatonian poem in the years 1755 and 1756, by the following poems, "*The Justice of the Supreme Being*," and "*The Wisdom of the Supreme Being*." These poems are, however, heartily abused by the Monthly Reviewers, xii. 159, xv. 678. In 1757 he wrote again for the prize, but his poem was rejected in favour of one by Dr. Glynn. He, however, published his poem. The subject was "*The Day of Judgment*." (Monthly Review, xvii. 395, 404.) But this rejection did not deter him from writing for the next year's prize, when he was again successful; the subject, "*The Providence of the Supreme Being*," criticised in Monthly Review, xix. 588. In 1759 he was presented to the rectory of Monxton, Hampshire.

‡ Dr. Grainger thus notices Mr. Percy's assistance in his advertisement to Tibullus: "The translator must return his sincere thanks to a worthy friend for his elegant translation of the first Elegy, and of Ovid's poem on the death of Tibullus. By what accident his own translation of the first Elegy was lost is of no consequence; especially, too, as the reader, from a perusal of Mr. P[ercy]'s specimen, will probably be inclined to wish that some of those now published had undergone a like fate, provided the same gentleman had likewise translated them."

my stock of franks is almost gone. However, I will always reserve one or two to save you the payment of double letters, though sometimes I may take the liberty to charge a single one to you.

"Last night I sat down to consider the two or three passages which, in your last, you particularly recommended to me. I have patched up two of them after some fashion, which I shall here send you. Excuse the meanness of them; they will, perhaps, suggest something better for you to substitute in their room. The first passage is in *Eleg. 5, lib. 1, s. 26*, '*Garrulus in Dominae ludere verna sinu,*' &c. What if the whole passage in your version from ver. 25 to ver. 39, were thus altered and contracted:

"I fondly thought, sweet maid, ah! thought in vain,
 Blythesome with you to live a village swain,
 When nodding [waving] Ceres asks the reaper's hand,
 Delia, I said, will guard the reaper-band,
 * O'er the ripe heaps at vintage will preside,
 And watch the must that flows a limpid tide;
 Will count my flocks, to clasp will frequent deign
 Some little prattler of my menial train;
 With pious care she'll load each rural shrine,
 For yellow crops a golden sheaf assign,
 Cates [feasts] for my fold, rich clusters for my vine.†

If you look into the original you will see the reasons for the liberty I have taken in altering the above, though some of them are merely to avoid repetition of the same epithets or rhymes.

"The other passage is in *Elegy 8, lib. 1, line 1*, '*Hunc cecinere diem Parcæ,*' &c. Accept this humble attempt.

("This day," the Sister-Fates prophetic sung,
 And singing drew the sacred twine along,)
 "He comes (nor shall the gods the doom [that hour] recall,
 Whose conqu'ring arm shall drive the vanquish'd Gaul."‡

Or thus :

He comes (nor shall the gods this thread divide),
 Whose arm shall crush [quell] fierce Aquitania's pride.

* Or thus :

At vintage will the loaded baskets guide,
 And watch the must that's press'd a foaming tide.

† This version was for the most part adopted by Dr. Grainger.

‡ This passage was thus finally printed by Dr. Grainger.

"This day," (the Fates foretold in sacred song,
 And singing drew the vital twine along)

"He comes, nor shall the gods the doom recall,
 He comes, whose sword shall quell the rebel Gaul."

I have taken the liberty to vary the second distich a good deal from yours, because I apprehend *hunc fore* is more literally rendered by *he comes*, &c. than as it is in yours. Your third distich will either come in after mine, or may be omitted; and the 4th may be immediately connected to the above, which will be most literal. I chose the word *Aquitania*, as I think modern names should, if possible, be avoided.

"As to the third passage, Elegy 9, lib. 1, line 35-38, 'At Venus,' &c. I can either make no sense of it, or else it will be such a sense as I choose to have nothing to do with. So that I would advise you wholly to omit the passage; the connexion will be better without them, viz. thus :

And scorn the treasure monarchs can bestow :
But she who gives to age her charms for pay, &c.*

I hope you will weed out all such descriptions as this we have passed over; it will be acceptable to all whose approbation is desirable. I am ever yours,

"T. PERCY."

"For Dr. Grainger, at Mrs. Clarke's, in Bond-street, Wall-brook, London."

Dr. GRAINGER to the Rev. T. PERCY.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

[1757.]

"I have considered your case with all the attention I master of, and can assure you that you have no occasion to apprehend either a radical decay or a blindness. It is indeed not surprising that you should suspect either; I know how precious to a man of letters are his eyes, and, of course, how very discouraging are the most distant apprehensions of losing them. I myself was once afraid of going blind, and had the floating atoms as you have, but, by the course which I shall recommend to you, am now, thank God, greatly recovered.

"In the first place, you must strain your eyes as little as possible by study, and never by candlelight.

"2. When you read, exclude all glare, shading your eyes with green silk; which should also be worn when you go abroad; at least, you ought to flap your hat.

"3. Keep your head always close shaved, bathing it every morning and evening in cold water.

* This suggestion was adopted by Dr. Grainger.

‘ 4. Take a pinch of the following snuff every night, half an hour before you go to bed :

R. Fol. siccat. asar.

———— Majoran.

———— Lavendul.

———— Tabac. a’ ʒj M. conterant. omnia
simul in pulverem.

The more it makes you sneeze, and opens your head, the better.

“ 5. Bathe your eyes three or four times a day with the following collyrium :

R. Aq. Regin. Hung.

Sp. Vin. Camphorat. a’ ʒi

— Lavend. comp. ʒiss M.

“ 6. Add a scruple of camphire to an ounce of the white ointment of the London dispensatory, and put the bulk of a pea in the inner corner of each eye when you go to bed, which ought always to be before eleven o’clock.

“ 7. Once a week use any gentle purgative.

“ 8. High-seasoned foods, and those of a gross nature, are improper.

“ 9. Drink valerian instead of tea, infusing some rosemary, e. g. one half with the valerian. Avoid malt liquors. Wine alone, or wine and water, are your best drink.

“ 10. I think a seton should be cut in your neck ; but, above all, I would advise you to hasten to town, where you shall want for no help that physic and surgery can administer.

“ And now, my dear Percy, you may depend upon it, that not one line shall be printed that can give modesty the smallest apprehension. I shall adopt your version of the 5th and 8th Elegy,* and leave out some of the suspicious verses in the 9th. I have read over your remarks, and think most of them very just. I cannot, however, help differing from you with regard to the 108th and 109th lines of the 5th Elegy of Book II. I have not lived so much in the country as you, but methinks I have often heard a father there talk of his son’s resemblance to himself, and hope that he would one day either be a captain or the parson of the parish. Besides, you will please to consider that the Roman husbandmen were different even from our yeomanry. It is strange,

* Of Tibullus.

but it is true, those Elegies which you justly find most fault with, were those that gave the most trouble in translating. But you know how difficult it is to clothe a common thought in poetical English. I thank you for your emendation of the Advertisement. It was sent me in due time.

"In expectation of a proof-sheet, which had been positively promised me this night, I have kept my letter open till twelve at night. But no proof. Should we not damn these lying scoundrel printers?"

"To the Rev. Mr. Percy, Easton Mauduit."

Dr. GRAINGER to Rev. T. PERCY.

[“ March 30, 1757.”]

"What you mention with regard to the ointment really astonishes me; and the more so, as a gentleman who laboured under the same eye disorder which you have, and for whom I had ordered it some time ago, came the other day to Bond's Court to thank me for the service which it had done him. But there is no opposing experience, and therefore I the more readily concur with you in not giving it a second opportunity of doing you mischief. Perhaps, though, it might be expedient to mix one part of my ointment with three parts of the camphorated white, to be used at bed-time.

"That the electuary for the first two or three times should scour you is not amazing. Diminish the dose, and take it but twice a week. Some little discharge by the intestines is absolutely necessary to preserve you from the condition of your poetical predecessors, Homer and Milton.

"Will my friend excuse me? Do you know I am half pleased to think that Northamptonshire æther does not suit you so well as London air. Is not that an indication of your being visibly most cut out for our metropolis? Would to God you had a fat city living, then you should drink water and I would booze wine.

"Tibullus goes on most miserably slow. I shall, however, soon send you down a third sheet. Pray set about the first Elegy of the third Book, and think of the Panegyric. We are to appear in two volumes.

"Mr. Johnson asked for you very kindly Sunday last, as did Miss Williams. Messrs. Turner and Bourryau are still in Hampshire. Douglass and Ingham are daily

going about seeking whom they may cure, no doubt, as is, dear Percy,

“ Your friend,

“ J. GRAINGER.

“ P. S. The money has not been called for. Pray send me a new note of the people to whom I am to pay it, the old being lost.”

“ To the Rev. Mr. Percy, at Easton Mauduit.”

“ DEAR PERCY,

Feb. 1758.

“ I was greatly concerned to find by the papers that Lord Sussex* was dead; and I sincerely sympathise with you on the vast loss you must have sustained by this unhappy event. He was your friend, and had interest; and your personal merit authorised him to say everything in your favour. But I hope *invenies alium*. My friend must be a dignified churchman. In the meantime I would advise you to attempt an alleviation of your sorrows by celebrating the virtues of the deceased in an Elegy. You who have done such justice to Tibullus, must succeed when the subject is your friend and patron.

“ I thank you for the elegant version you have sent me. I have read it to some folks of real taste, who all approve of it. Mr. Strahan,† a particular friend of mine, and some others, are at present upon an extensive plan of a Monthly Chronicle;‡ and as they have often heard me praise your poetical talents, they desire me to engage you to furnish them with poetry. They are determined to publish nothing in that way but what is good, and therefore they are very urgent with me for your Scotch song.§ Shall I let them have it?|| It can do you no harm, or rather it will do you honour when the author is named. I shall now and then send them a little supply; and if you will also at your leisure let them have some fresh,

* George Augustus Yelverton succeeded his father as second Earl of Sussex in 1731, died s. p. Jan. 8, 1758, and was buried at Easton Mauduit. (Brydges's Peerage, vi. 631.) Mr. Percy appears to have written an Ode in honour of him. (See p. 267.) He was succeeded by his brother and heir Henry, who died April 22, 1799, s. p. when the earldom of Sussex became extinct.

† Wm. Strahan, esq. afterwards king's printer and M.P. He died July 9, 1785, aged 70. See Lit. Anecdotes, III. 390—395.

‡ The Grand Magazine.

§ “ O Nannie, wilt thou gang with me?”

|| It did not appear in the Grand Magazine.

wholesome, country fare, they will not be niggardly to us in their acknowledgments.

"Mr. Crier cannot be induced to deal yet for awhile with your brother* upon any other terms than those already specified. The men of money are such cool, tardy, circumspect moles, that I have no patience with them. Your brother should come to town as soon as his affairs will permit him. More may be done by half an hour's conversation than fifty letters can ever effectuate.

"Let me have Ovid† by the first opportunity. Mr. Binnel‡ writes me that it is both exact and elegant. It will be a great ornament to the Life.§ I can say of the press what some body says in Terence of an old woman, I think, *Movet sed non promovet*. I shall, however, soon send you the first sheet of the second volume. Mr. B[innel] makes a conspicuous figure in it; for which, as well as for many other favours, I am, dear Percy, your friend,

"JAS. GRAINGER.

"P.S. Direct to me in Walbrook, simply. Vida, &c. came to hand, for which I thank you."

"MY DEAR PERCY,

Feb. 1758.

"Inclosed you have your paper properly signed, of which I give you joy. It only cost 14s. 6d. I am sorry it was not sent you last week, but I had not time to write you. Even now at this instant I steal half an hour from Van Swieten, as my last examinations before the College come on the next Friday, and, though I have hitherto

* Mr. Anthony Percy.

† Ovid's *Elegy* on Tibullus.

‡ The Rev. Mr. Binnel, Rector of Kemberton, in Shropshire. He died April 26, 1763. He was an early friend of Percy's, as Kemberton is only ten miles from Bridgnorth, where Percy was born. Mr. Binnel, as appears by this correspondence, was much consulted by Mr. Percy and Dr. Grainger on their poems. In the Advertisement to his Translation of Tibullus, Grainger says, "He is particularly obliged to his friend [Percy] for having procured him the valuable assistance of another learned gentleman [Mr. Binnel]; who not only took the trouble to compare his version of the three last books with the original; but also favoured him with some notes, which constitute the chief ornament of the second volume. Thus, like the Britons of old, the translator has called in auxiliaries to conquer him." These notes were abused by Dr. Smollett in the *Critical Review*. See Dr. Grainger's letter to Percy, Jan. 10, 1759, p. 268. It appears that all Mr. Binnel's notes in the original edition are marked. The notes were not reprinted in Chalmers's edition of the Poets.

§ Of Tibullus.

acquitted myself to the satisfaction of the President and Censors, and have no great reason to be afraid of my subsequent trials, I am determined to put it out of their power to puzzle me. I gave G.* that part of your letter to me, which related to Shin-ping-Sin. He did not seem to approve of the manner in which you propose to treat that fair foreigner. He wants a pleasing romance, and you talk of a faithful copy; but he is to write to you, and till then I would not have you begin your *rifacciamento*. Have you yet thanked Mr. Binnel for the many excellent notes he has sent me? If you have not, I beg you will, as I myself shall do as soon as I can sit down to scribble with a cheerful disposition. What scoundrels these printers are! I have had but four sheets since my return from the North, and these too, as I observe by your last, not over correct. Were I impatient to be an author, their slowness would heartily teaze me; but while I am not in the hands of the public I consider myself as so long reprieved from the cruel fangs of those savage beasts the Critical Reviewers. The tragedy of Agis† is much followed, and much decried. I have not seen it performed, and from the first act of it, which I have read at Strahan's, have no curiosity. In the mean time, it is what we in the city call good mercantable ware, for it will bring Home in six or seven hundred pounds. How easily some folks make their money! There is more real merit in your translation of the first Elegy of Tibullus, than in all I have read of that performance. If you intend to favour the public with any poetry for March, it cannot be sent too soon, as you will in that case have an opportunity of seeing it in proof, which I assure is of real use to an editor. I met Mr. Apperley yesterday in the street. We are soon to regale on beefsteaks at Horseman's, when we certainly shall not forget our Reverend friend. Remember Ovid's Elegy."‡

"DEAR PERCY,

[Feb. 1758.]

"I am at last able to sit down, with the pen in my hand, to thank you for your last obliging Letter, and to acquaint

* Mr. Griffiths, afterwards Dr. Griffiths, the bookseller, and proprietor of the Monthly Review.

† By John Home, the author of "Douglas," and other tragedies. He died Sept. 4, 1808. See p. 251.

‡ On Tibullus; printed in Grainger's Life of Tibullus.

you that I have talked with Griffiths about the Chinese novel. He tells me there is no occasion for any formal bargain; you are to translate it into good reading English, and he is to pay you fifty guineas for your pains. You are to add notes to explain the more uncommon customs, and are to introduce the whole with a prefatory discourse upon the manner of writing in China. For this supernumerary labour he promises to let you have some copies for yourself and friends. I should really have been much pleased if Griffiths would have remitted you, at present, part of the price, but I find, from the best authority, that this is seldom if ever done. I therefore told Griffiths it would be obliging me to let you have part in hand, to animate you in your drudgery. But he replied, "Should any accident happen to your friend, before the version is finished, my money would be lost, as none but Mr. Percy can perform our agreement." In short, after much pro-ing and con-ing, he at last told me, that as soon as the whole MS. was sent him he would remit you the fifty guineas, whereas the custom was never to pay the whole till the last sheet was sent to the press; and, indeed, I myself know this to be true; you must therefore set about Shui-ping-Sin as soon as possible, and when you have finished the first two books dispatch them up. He shall then pay you the half, because the work may be given to the printer. It yields me a real satisfaction to find that you are so well with your new Lord.* In truth, if he is a man of sense and politeness, I never doubted of your acquiring his esteem. It is very obliging in you to impress his Lordship with favourable notions of your friend. The countenance of a man of such fashion would be, no doubt, of consequence to me, in my medical advances. Is his Lordship fond of poetry? I think your late patron was not. Inclosed you have the third sheet of the second volume. In this proof you will find the Latin and English correspond. This was not attended to in the first volume, and is a real blemish. But if ever *our* work comes to another edition, it shall be amended. I lately received a most friendly letter from good Mr. Binnel. He makes a distinguished figure in this part of the work. I thank you again and again for my introduction to his friendship. He tells me that your translation of Ovid is so correct you have left him nothing

* Henry Lord Grey de Ruthyn, third Earl of Sussex. He died April 22, 1799, æt. 70.

to do. He could not say so of my poetry. There he was fully employed. The Latin Poem* you sent me—

‘Is all with Venus’ cestus bound.’

Pray who is the author of it? Am I to congratulate you upon this happy effort of elegant genius. It goes into the Grand Magazine this month; where you will again find your friend making fine speeches to a Water Nymph, and hymning the praises of Cheerfulness. The proprietors are determined to admit nothing in the poetical way but what is new, and seems to be beautiful. Do let me have something of yours for the next month. You and I, methinks, may supply them with poetry for the half year at least.”

“DEAR PERCY,

Walbrook, April 4, 1758.

“I congratulate you on your return to Easton, and hope soon to be favoured with the fruits of your retirement. It is the general opinion that Dodsley’s two last volumes are, upon the whole, greatly inferior to their predecessors. Doddy himself thinks otherwise; but, as Gil Blas says, “Cela sent de l’apopléxie.” His play, however, I am told, is a good one, and though refused by that great conner of theatrical merit, Mr. G.† greatly preferable to Agis.‡ In truth it had need, for never did I read a tragedy with much less merit, than this last of Mr. Home’s. His very friends are half ashamed of it, all but Sir Harry Erskine and Lord Bute; the former of whom wrote the prologue, and a pamphlet in praise of it, as the latter dragged the Prince of Wales twice to its representation. The author, in the mean while, if he has not much praise, has got much pudding, and that, you know, to a North Country Bard, is no small consolation. You ought, however, to be informed, that Agis‡ was sent to Garrick so recommended as that he could not refuse it; for I am right well assured his opinion of that play and mine is the same. He refused it three or four years ago, but then Lord Bute was not omnipotent at the Prince’s Court. Have you seen the March Magazine? The two Sonnets§ are there inserted, as the ‘Hint to the Poets’|| will be in the next month. The Elegy and Dialogue¶ are mine. The last poem is miserably printed. This I have the more reason to be

* See p. 227.

§ See p. 227.

† Garrick.

|| See p. 228.

‡ See p. 249.

¶ See p. 227.

angry with, as I corrected the proof sheet myself. How do you like these poems? Send me 'Ovid'* immediately, and you may depend upon the punctual payment of your bill. I was lately admitted a member of the College;† and am ever your friend,
J. G."

"DEAR PERCY,

Wallbrook, April 14, 1758.

"I received your bill, and the money shall be paid as soon as it is called for. I have also read Griffiths' letter. You must comply with his request, and if the specimen is approved of, you ought forthwith to bind him down to articles; booksellers, since the days of old Ben, have been a shuffling set of selfish knaves.

"Your poem‡ pleases me. And so, my friend, I find you have got it—*Pectus est quod disertos facit*. None of your social turn would desert your beloved companion, and brave the elements, without some very valuable consideration in view, and what that consideration should be, I, who have read Tibullus, can be at no loss to guess. Pray, may not I know the lady's name?§ and what progress you have made in her affections? for I am greatly mistaken if she has not got possession of a good part of your heart. It runs in my head too that the pretty Italian hand on the backs of some of my letters is your favourite's writing. Is it not so, my friend? And now, by way of drawing from you your secret, I will freely impart to you my own situation. You may remember I told you, when last in town, that I had some design of opening honourable trenches against a physician's daughter in the city. I did so, and had the pleasure to find that my artillery had made a sufficient lodgment in the heart of Miss Sophy; but, alas! when I expected the capitulation would have been signed upon my own terms, in stepped a demon called a settlement, and effectually baffled all my pretensions. In short, I have been obliged to raise the siege, and, though the governor of the place is wholly in my interest, there are certain cabinet counsellors, by the vulgar named parents, who make my entry into the fort

* See p. 248.

† Of Physicians of London.

‡ Probably, a Sonnet by Percy, beginning—

"While you, fair Anna, innocently gay,"

printed in the *Grand Magazine* for March, 1758, p. 145.

§ Miss Anne Guthridge [or Goodriche], afterwards Mrs. Percy. See pp. 68, 173, of this volume. And hereafter, p. 266.

wholly inexpedient. As I flattered myself with success, and was really fond of the situation, my discomfiture has hurt both my heart and my pride. However, I hope soon to regain my former tranquillity, and, if I feel much uneasiness now, it is chiefly on account of the sweet girl of whom I must no longer think as a partner for life. As this is the first time I ever seriously thought of matrimony, so I fancy it will be the last; unless my sentiments alter, which I will not pretend to say they will not.

"Never trust a country surgeon with inoculation. A fine face in the management of ignorance! for shame, for shame!

"We are got to the 144th page of our second volume."

"Saturday. (May 1758.)

"When I tell you that I write you this sitting up in my bed, to which I have been confined by a very severe indisposition, you will, my dear Percy, be the less surprised that I have not sooner thanked you for your last most acceptable packet. I heartily congratulate you on your having found out a young lady so every way agreeable to you,

*Non erubescendis aduris
Ignibus, ingenuoque semper
Amore peccas.*

And you may believe me it was not the least part of my misery that I could not write you my sentiments upon bathing, &c. at the time you expected them. It is a favourite practice of mine, not only before the eruption, but in every stage of the small pox; and if I have had uncommon success in this disorder, it is chiefly to be ascribed to that, and to a blister, which I never fail to apply on the approach of the secondary fever. To this last I hope you will particularly attend, and not let a false tenderness hinder you from using the only medicine which can prevent almost all the inconveniences consequent on inoculation. Though what I have said in praise of warm bathing may not come time enough, yet this with regard to the epispastic may, I know, be put in execution, and, indeed, renders the other less necessary. And now, my dear friend, that your Annie may have, after the small pox, the same brilliancy of charms that she at present can boast of, is my most sincere wish.

"I have spoken to a friend of mine, a Captain of a man

of war, about the boy, and he has promised to provide for him in about a month or six weeks. In the mean while, he need not lose his hours, but may employ them in improving himself in navigation. You shall know when it will be proper to send him up to town.

“Your bill was paid the morning it became due, but I have not been yet able to send for your bounty money. When I do send for it Mr. J.* shall receive the subscriptions.† Your Elegy‡ charms me. It is no less elegant than literal. Every stanza of it is

‘ With Venus’ cestus bound,’

and if the souls of the departed are conscious of what is done here below, that of Tibullus must be enchanted with your performance. The text in general is greatly preferable to the corrections, except in one or two places; Mr. Binnet’s also, with regard to Julius, is rather more intelligible; but you shall have my opinion of the whole, more at large, as soon as my body is free from pain, and my mind can thoroughly relish poetry.”

“DEAR PERCY,

Saturday, May 13, 1758.

“I received your agreeable letter yesterday, and have the pleasure to inform you that I am now perfectly recovered; for, bating some transient mental uneasiness, I can truly boast of a *mens sana in corpore sano*, my late disorder having, critically as it were, restored my heart to its wonted perception of hilarity.

“I mightily approve of your intention of translating the Heroic Epistles. They are undoubtedly the flower of Roman gallantry. I have often lamented their fate in English. No part of Ovid’s writings has had so little justice done them, and no part deserved so much. Without flattery, I think you qualified for the task, and, without the spirit of prophecy, can promise you a favourable reception from the public. At least, nothing on my part shall be wanting to obtain for you both a proper encouragement from the booksellers and proper applause from the world. For this purpose, I should think it advisable that you sent me up Penelope’s Epistle to

* Dr. Johnson. See p. 259.

† To Dr. Johnson’s edition of Shakespeare.

‡ Translation of the first Elegy of Tibullus.

Ulysses, or any other of them you may like better, with a specimen of the notes, that I may show them to Millar, who certainly gives a better price for poetical merchandise than any other of the trade. Perhaps I may even assist you with an epistle or two, in your own stanza, if my health continues unimpaired, and I can find leisure to court the inspiration of the Muses.

"The advantages I have experienced from a blister applied at the turn of the small pox are briefly these: 1st, it always moderates, and often even extinguishes the secondary fever; and, 2dly, by continuing its drain for some time, it not only generally prevents slow fevers, which are often more fatal than the variolous fever, but also hinders inflammations of the eyes, boils, and other eruptive disorders, which, though seldom deadly, are ever painful and tedious. After all, however, if the lady is of a good habit of body, and the symptoms after seizure are exceedingly mild, the epispassic may be omitted. I am in haste, being obliged to go down to Blackheath.

"Your affectionate friend and humble servant, J. G.

"I have been much to blame not to have thanked Mr. Binnel before now for his many favours, but I shall write him soon."

"DEAR PERCY,

Tuesday, May 30, 1758.

"Although I never doubted of your capacity to do justice to the Heroic Epistles of Ovid, yet the specimen which you was pleased to send me puts your abilities beyond all doubt, and this I the more confidently write you, not upon my own judgment, for that might be seduced by my friendship to you, but from the favourable opinion which some critical acquaintances of mine have passed on your Epistle of Penelope to Ulysses. I must therefore again encourage you to go on with your work, and as you have succeeded so well with the first, which in truth is the least pleasing of the collection, you cannot, I think, fail to make the remainder still more acceptable to the English reader; I say English reader, for, as your work must be a popular book for the gay and young, I should not advise you to publish the original. All those who can read Ovid are already possessed of him, and those who cannot would doubtless grudge to pay for what

they do not understand. You see, I tell you my sentiments with freedom ; this, however, is not to preclude you from following your own, which I shall willingly acquiesce in, if Mr. Binnel determines for you. In the mean time I shall send you the few observations that have occurred to me upon comparing your version with the original, only premising, that, as ease and even carelessness are characteristic of your poet, so you must not use your critical file either too much or too frequently. I can never suspect my friend for rudeness or distortion in his compositions, but I think it possible you may polish so much as in part to diminish the freedom of air and sharpness of the original. In short, all I mean by this is, that I would have you no longer Ovid's interpreter, but he.

"To the first stanza nothing can be objected, unless perhaps it may be thought that *sends* and *descends* are too similar for harmony.

"The two following stanzas at least equal your original ; only I would advise you not to disembowel adulterous and widowed, of the poor vowel *e* ; your ear will assign you the reason. I have followed this method in Tibullus. Our language can spare no vowels, and certainly these ought never to be expelled from their station where either the pronunciation liquifies them, or they do not audibly increase the number of syllables.

"St. 4. Is not *Troy's fiercest charge* both obscure and inharmonious ?

"*Ib.* *Trembling* is an epithet never *medically* applied to cheeks.

"St. 5. Does the first line please you ?

"I do not like the seventh stanza so well as I do the eighth. I therefore could have wished that you had here *dilated* the thought, or that you would render it more explicit. The eighth stanza surpasses your text. As do the seven following.

"St. 16. Is not *wanton* too Ovidian ? Too strong a likeness is never graceful.

"St. 17. I do not much admire the verb *hide*, although the original countenances it.

"St. 18. The same may be objected to this as to the first stanza ; beside, does not meet *thee* on the *sea* hurt the ear ? At all events, the original, *si te modo viderit usquam*, is more expressive.

"St. 21.

Now every thing I dread with ceaseless pain,
Yet nothing sure.

Do these convey the full, the passionate meaning of the text?

Quid timeam ignoro, timeo tamen omnia demens.*

"St. 22. Does not

Quæ tantum lanas non sinit esse rudes

signify something more than *weaving*? I believe, however, you ought not to alter it.

"St. 23, l. ult. Read, 'Transported he *would* fly to ease my care.' The two following stanzas are excellent.

"St. 26. I like not the last line, although *vitals* is as good at least as *viscera*; should not the *nullis prohibentibus* of the original be somewhere inserted in this stanza?†

"You must write a note on the last line of the thirtieth stanza, otherwise an illiterate modern will laugh at it as burlesque. *Bristly* is better than *immunda*. Homer bestows the epithet *Divine* upon the swineherd. In those rude days, it was an office of some dignity at Court; and probably too the old strolling bard had often had the cravings of his stomach well satisfied with a good rasher of bacon, and so was grateful.‡

"Will you not be obliged to vary the rhymes of stanza thirty-one? Are they not too near each other in sound?§

"St. 31. Does not port include the idea of shelter? What do you think of

Be thou *my* friendly port from every storm,
My shrine, &c.

"The two last stanzas are greatly beyond your original. And thus, my friend, you see how very few specks my critical microscope has been able to discover in the jewel you favoured me with. Go, therefore, boldly on and prosper. I shall soon look over Sabinus' Epistles. Johnson || thinks you may get fifty pieces for your work. I shall soon shew it to Millar, and let you know his answer. I have received your bounty-money, but have not yet paid our friend¶ in Gough Square, he having always been out when I called upon him for that purpose. Your wig will be finished this week, and shall be sent with the book

* "Right." T. Percy. † "Right." T. P. ‡ "Right." T. P.

§ "Right." T. P. || Dr. Johnson.

¶ Dr. Johnson then lived in Gough Square. See p. 259.

you desire. I lately saw Captain Gordon, who told me that he could immediately provide for the boy, but as he hopes soon to go to sea, he would rather choose, upon my account, to take him on board with himself. I shall let you know what stores he must bring along with him. Gordon is a fine fellow, and if the boy turns out well he will give him every encouragement. I rejoice with you on the recovery of your favourite,* to whom pray my compliments. I have not yet seen Avon,† nor heard aught of it. The truth is, as I go out of town almost every night, for the benefit of the air, I have had no time to call at Dodsley's. Yours. Adieu."

"DEAR PERCY,

Walbrook, June 27, 1758.

"Neither business nor laziness (a syren at whose altar I too frequently am a votary) prevented me from answering your two last letters. The fact is, Millar has been much indisposed, and returned but yesterday from Bath; and as I advise you by all means to let him have the property of Ovid, so I could not confer with him on that subject. Besides, he being no judge of poetry himself, he will desire a larger specimen of the work than I have by me. This I should not be displeased at, as I am confident your abilities for the task will thence be rendered more conspicuous. Few people whom he consults upon any poetry offered him will take the trouble to compare your version with the original; I would therefore have you send me up a translation of any of the other Epistles into which your poet has thrown striking and independent beauties. It would also be necessary for me to show him the manner in which you mean to comment on your author. Your notes upon Penelope, or any other Epistle you like better, will be sufficient for this purpose. Strahan, who knows very well these matters, and is also fully acquainted with Millar's disposition, informs me that you may expect one hundred guineas for your performance. I have read the poems ascribed to Sabinus; but if that

* Afterwards Mrs. Percy.

† "Avon, a Poem," published by Dodsley, 1758. See *Gent. Mag.* 1758, p. 282. In this poem is an episode containing the history of an imaginary being called *The Lady of the Lake*. See it inserted as a specimen of the poem in *Gent. Mag.* 1758, p. 279.

Roman really wrote them, he certainly deserved nothing less than the character given him by the antients, for to me they appear to be the clumsy effort of a wretched poetaster. You must therefore not think of disgracing your work by translating them. In the mean time, that I might not be wholly unprovided in case you should draw upon me for the contribution I promised, I have actually finished a version (in your stanza) of Leander's famous Epistle to Hero,* and may probably do that unfortunate fair one's answer, if what I have already performed has the good fortune to please you. I think, though I have been less scrupulously attached to Ovid than you, that I have never departed from him where he wrote sense; and though I have sometimes dilated his thoughts, for the benefit of the English reader, the version does not, however, contain many more lines than the original. My opinion, indeed, is, that if a translation is neither weaker nor less perspicuous, the author need be very little anxious about any number of lines he may have more than his poet, as the English language can well account for this disparity. As soon as your Elegy on Tibullus† is printed it shall be sent you, with my remarks, for your correction; and, Mil- lar not proposing to publish our favourite this summer, you will have time enough for the use of the file. I fancy you must have little dependence upon Griffiths. He wants the Chinese to be naturalized, and yet he seems doubtful of the event. Do not go on with him without a positive bargain. I have several times called on Johnson to pay him part of your subscriptions:‡ I say part, because he never thinks of working if he has a couple of guineas in his pocket; but if you, notwithstanding, order me, the whole shall be given him at once. Have you got your wig and book? I have been asking for the Variorum Ovid among my friends, but can borrow none. Captain Gordon is gone down to Deal, but is not yet employed. He is to inform me, as soon as he can get a proper berth for the boy.

* The translations of these two Epistles have been more fortunate than the translations by Bp. Percy, as they are preserved in vol. ii. of Dr. Grainger's Works. 8vo. Edinb. 1836.

† Percy's translation of Ovid's Elegy on Tibullus is in the Life of Tibullus prefixed to Grainger's translation of his Elegies.

‡ To Johnson's edition of Shakespeare. See p. 257.

“DEAR PERCY,

July 20, 1758.

“By this time you most probably have heard that my worthy friend John Douglass* is no more. Having been acquainted with him from my infancy, and much together from the similarity of our pursuits, we had been long connected with the strict ties of friendship, which years might have drawn tighter, but could not have relaxed. There is something uncommonly hard in his fate. When he settled in London, about eight years ago, those few who knew his abilities were interested to oppose him, as conscious if ever he emerged into public notice that he must snatch the palm from them all. They accordingly set about opposition with a more than sacerdotal hatred (pray pardon the expression), and by every mean artifice endeavoured to depress him. But they luckily mistook, if not the manner, at least the measure of their enmity; for, though poor John was invincibly modest, their clamours against him first dragged him into notice, and when known, his abilities were such that he soon became eminent; inso-much that he last winter made 500*l.* by his Anatomical Lectures. Nor would that sum have been the limit of his income; his fame every day increased, while that of his opponents was on the decline; so that if his life had been spared a little longer, he would have been as much above competition as a teacher as he was without a rival in genius, learning, and industry—

But what can Death's abhorred stroke withstand?

Say, what so sacred he will not profane?

On all the monster lays his dusky hand.

I know you will pardon the effusion of a heart which, I assure you, never met with a severer blow than in the death of Douglass; for he not only was the greatest anatomist I ever was acquainted with, but he was one of the best of men. I therefore lament him both on my own account and on that of the public, which by his death is deprived of many works which he meditated for the good of mankind. What papers he left behind him are committed to my care; but I have the mortification to find nothing perfect, only some outlines; but these, though the outlines of a master, must not be published. That I

* A very ingenious young Professor of Anatomy, who read Lectures, &c. in London. He died July 9, 1758.

think would be an injury to the fame of my friend, and a violation of the trust reposed in me.

"This unhappy affair has so unhinged me, that I have not been able to attend either to your business or my own with any kind of spirit. Griffiths has sent me back the Chinese Lady, and I assure you I like her in her new English garb. I have not, however, got your plan from the Row, and therefore have not mentioned it to any of the trade. Mr. Millar is gone down to Scotland for a jaunt, and had not time to enter into any particulars with respect to Ovid; he only in general said that he would talk over the affair at his return, and could not determine without larger specimens.

"Inclosed you have your Elegy on the death of our Poet, which I indeed think is as perfect as it can be made; let me therefore have it returned by the first post, as I go down to the Hot Wells at Bristol on Wednesday next, and I should choose to present my patron* with a copy of the book before I set out.

"I have also sent you my version of Leander's Epistle, which will need much of the hook before it is pruned so as to be fit to be seen by the public, especially in company with your more elegant productions. Johnson thinks that some of the Epistles should be done in the heroic measure, and so do I. As to his Shakespeare, *movet sed non promovet*. I shall feed him occasionally with guineas; and in the mean time I have inclosed for you four more subscriptions,† as you desired a recruit of that commodity. Captain Gordon has promised to write me soon about the boy, and you shall hear his determination the moment I know it.

Yours,

"J. GRAINGER."

"DEAR PERCY,

Walbrook, Aug. 1, 1758.

"As the copy sent you was the first proof sheet, so all the inaccuracies you took notice of in your last to me were corrected before I received yours, and therefore every impropriety would have been avoided had your translation appeared without the original; for, notwithstanding all you have urged to the contrary, I am still an infidel as to the necessity of the text's being printed. However, as you pressed it with such eagerness, had I even been more

* The Translation of Tibullus was dedicated to John Bourrayau, esq.

† See p. 259.

averse to it than I really am, you certainly should have been humoured. It is true, the alteration has put me to some inconveniences, and Millar to some expense, but as to myself, I readily submit, when it is to gratify a person I esteem so much as Mr. Percy; and as to the bookseller, how he will relish this additional cost I neither know nor am mightily concerned. In the printed copy you will find a further change, but as it is according to the Laws of Typography you must submit, viz. your version is to occupy the upper part of every page, and your friend's text is to be degraded to the bottom, in the same manner as Warburton has printed the Epistle of Sappho to Phaon.

"To-morrow I set out for Bristol, but shall be in town again by the 20th, that being Mr. Bourryau's birth day, when he will also be of age. I shall then send down to you and Mr. Binnel some perfect copies, as Millar will then, I hope, be returned from Scotland. I flatter myself that neither you nor your ingenious friend will be displeased with the civil things I have said of you in my preface. They have indeed something more than mere politeness to recommend them, and that is, truth; at least my judgment is strangely biassed indeed if the world does not allow what I have there wrote, that recommendation. I have so long delayed to acknowledge my great obligations to Mr. Binnel, that I do not now know how to acquit myself of that necessary debt; I must therefore beg you to intercede for me, by assuring him that his freedom with my version was so far from displeasing me that I have adopted all his alterations, and I think all his notes too, except one, which my own animadversions rendered altogether unnecessary. What office can be so kind as to assist one who is to be tried by the public, in making a good defence, where I should dread condemnation more than in any court of judicature?

"I have lately received a Letter from Captain Gordon, who is not yet put in commission, and therefore cannot take the boy; however, if his parents are very urgent, and are willing to let their son take his chance, there is no doubt but the captain can get him disposed of aboard some of his Majesty's ships in the Downs. This, at the same time, I would not advise them to think of, as the captain certainly could not be answerable for the treatment the boy might then meet with. Gordon's address is as follows: "To Thomas Gordon, Esq. late Commander of his Majesty's

Ship the William and Anne, at Deal," and you may write to him.

"A variety of distracting business has prevented me from calling on Griffiths, so that I have not, as yet, got your plan. As to Shui-ping-Syn, I have mentioned her to Dr. Hawsworth, who desires to be introduced to her; which I have the more readily complied with, as he is intimate with Payne the bookseller, and I know he will be pleased with this Chinese naturalization. I am in haste, having fifty thousand things to do to day.

"Yours affectionately,

"J. G."

"DEAR PERCY,

Aug. 23, 1758.

"I last night got to town from an excursion, which would have been at least pleasing to me, had I not returned with an ague; yet such is my fate, that I must again set out upon a much longer and less pleasing journey to-morrow afternoon. The affair is this; my brother is not well, and it is of the last consequence to my interest that I should be soon in Scotland, whatever the event may be. I verily did expect to have found a Letter from you on my table yesterday. You used to be a punctual correspondent, and, if I am not mistaken, what I wrote you before I went down to Bristol should have had some notice taken of it. What you now write me must be directed for me at Mr. Paton's, bookseller, in the Parliament Close, Edinburgh.

"I am so hurried at present that I cannot call on Mr. Millar; neither do I know of his return from the North, but I am persuaded he will send you and Mr. Binnel some copies of our book before it is published: at least, if he is scoundrel enough not to do that piece of justice, I will. I have had one copy of it already bound, which I presented to Mr. Bourryau, to whom it is dedicated. I hope you and all my friends will not disapprove of what I have said of that young gentleman, as I have drawn a kind of bill for future good behaviour on him, and which, I think, he will duly honour.

"Can you make Mr. Binnel an apology for my not having wrote him? tell him all the truth, and, as Cicero desired Cocceius, even a little more than the truth, should that be necessary to restore me to his good graces. You did not, I find, send back your proof sheet to Strahan, who

kept the press open for it a week. Write me soon, and believe me sincerely your friend,

“JAS. GRAINGER.”

“Blighborough, Oct. 18, 1758.

“You see, my dear Percy, I am fairly set down with a large sheet of paper before me, which I have devoted to your service. This indeed is no more than you are entitled to, in answer to your two letters which I received four weeks ago in Scotland, and which I should ere this have acknowledged, had I ever been master of my own time so long as to collect myself to write to you. But the truth is, the fatigue of travelling, joined to the hospitality of my Northern friends, so wholly engrossed me, that I had not one half-hour in the four and twenty which I could employ in that manner—for though I have now been seven weeks from London, an epitome of what I have seen will convince you of it. After visiting all the great manufacturing towns in the West of England, as well as the gentlemen’s seats (among which Shenstone’s and Hagley were not forgotten), my fellow-traveller Mr. Luard and I embarked at Whitehaven for Ireland. As the ship we went aboard was bound for Dublin, and the wind blew from a favourable corner, we flattered ourselves with the hopes of being in that metropolis in . . . hours; but we were miserably disappointed, for the wind chopping about, and blowing furiously, we ran no small risk of foundering. It is needless to tell you how disagreeable our situation was: with the fairest weather, such a collier as we were in would have been but barely supportable; what then must it have been in tempestuous weather, without beds, and without proper provisions? At last the tempest subsided into a calm: we now indeed were in no danger of sinking, but then we made no progress in our voyage, and our chief reason for trusting ourselves to the sea was the assurance given us that we should anchor in Dublin Bay early next morning. In this manner did we roll about a good twelve hours in sight of the Isle of Man, a motion to me more uneasy than that of a ship before a strong gale; at the expiration of that time it freshened, and blowing fair for the North of Ireland, we landed at Carlingford on the third day [after] our embarkation. Here taking horses (for no postchaises were to be

had), we made the best of our way to Dublin, which was the chief object of our journey, and which, of course, we entered, much prejudiced in its favour; but the Hibernian metropolis noways answering our ideas of it, we soon set out for Scotland, and after traversing the North of Ireland landed, to our no small satisfaction, at Portpatrick ten days after we left England. Of all the people I ever saw in my life, the common Irish are the most indolent and most dirty. They live in the meanest huts, and feed on the coarsest fare I ever beheld. This shocked me more than I can well describe to you, for I had always given them the preference to the Scots; but in all these particulars they are as far outdone by my countrymen as the English surpass us; in short, the men are all Dermots, and the women all Shilahs; and I am now less surprised that Dean Swift gave such a humbling picture of human nature, in his account of the Yahoos, considering the country he lived in. As to my travels in Scotland, I shall not trouble you with a detail, but shall only inform you, that, after making a short excursion amid my beloved mountains, we got safely to Edinburgh about three weeks ago, where I had the pleasure to find my brother wholly re-established, he having wrote me of his being out of danger before our Pindaric deviation to Hibernia. At Edinburgh I was certainly assured of an affair which has given me much pain, and which, though I am sensible it will also affect you, I must impart to you. Our friend Stewart at Wolverhampton, has been married for some years. His lady is of my acquaintance, and as her merit would entitle her to the happiest endearments of the conjugal state, I cannot, I need not tell you, how much I am shocked, to find that the Doctor has not only left off corresponding with his charming though afflicted wife, but had actually made addresses in public to a lady of fortune, in the place where he is settled; but the affair is indisputably true, I myself read several of his letters to his wife, filled with the fondness of a doating husband; and learnt, from too good authority, the progress he had made in the other lady's affections. I do not know if you have heard of this till now, but I promised Mrs. * * * (for so Mrs. Stewart's mother is called), that I would acquaint you with the affair; and as I am well apprised, not only of the strictness of your principles, but also of your benevolence to persecuted merit, especially in a woman, I flatter

myself that, from the regard you bear both to Stewart and me, you will use your best endeavours to reclaim him to a sense of his duty.* You remember the Doctor first introduced me to you, a favour for which I can in no other-wise so effectually recompense him, as by making you the instrument of his conversion. I would write to the Doctor myself, but fear the warmth of my temper, and the indignation I have conceived at his behaviour, might transport me beyond the bounds of politeness and friendship.

"Th'other sheet you see, my friend! but this affair might constrain even a more indolent person than your humble servant to exert himself; I shall therefore scribble on, till I find myself disposed to lay down my weapon, and leave you at ease. In your last you was so kind as to inform me that matters went favourably on with your Delia's† uncle; I sincerely give you joy of it. But why should your happiness be delayed till spring? In love particularly, opportunity ought not to be neglected, and delays are dangerous; for, though I have no reason to doubt of your constancy, or of that of your fair one, yet I cannot help being of opinion that you should make Annie yours as soon as the old gentleman consents; for so transitory are the best things of this world, that in prudence we ought to leave nothing till to-morrow. You have already got over the scruples of being wedded; why then procrastinate, if every thing answers? I have been the freer in writing you my sentiments on this head, as I am persuaded they are correspondent to your own, as well as those of your mistress. Urge, therefore, the affair to the old gentleman: if he has ever been in love himself, he must not only pardon you your impatience, but will gratify its longings. And now, my friend, as you are about to change your situation, so am I; with this difference, indeed, that you are going to settle for life, and I am about to give up my business for some years, in order to ramble. This resolution is not the consequence of disappointed ambition, or of baffled love; no; it is the result of mature deliberation, and has the sanction of my brother. But to keep you no longer in suspense, you must know that Mr. Bourryau came of age some months ago, and as a strict

* "The gentleman here mentioned was re-united to his wife, and they lived together happily many years. The story of his wishing to marry another, I believe was unfounded. T. P."

† Afterwards Mrs. Percy. See pp. 68, 173, 252.

intimacy had long subsisted between us, I having had in a great measure the superintendence of his studies, he made me an offer of settling on me for life 200*l.* per ann. if I would accompany him on his travels, which, in short, after many pro's and con's in my mind, I have accepted. We accordingly set out next spring, before which I hope to see you in London, where I shall be about the latter end of the year. I fancy you will approve of what I have done; for, though my business was exceeded by that of no young physician in town, four years will make no great retardment in my medical progress, especially as I shall be able to prosecute business with more spirit at my return, and probably with the patronage of noblemen of interest, whose good will I may happily acquire abroad.

"Pray do you not flatter me when you give such a character to my essay on Ovid?*" I am sure you are both unjust to yourself, and will be so to the public, if you do not go on with the version. Let me know what progress you have made therein, as also what amendments in mine; I am sure it wants many touches from you, and I know you will endeavour to make it a less unfit companion for your own.

"I am greatly obliged for the Ode you sent me, as it has in it almost every one quality of a good lyric composition; I can see you have wrote it *con amore*. The encomium on your late noble Patron is not more pathetic, than that on his Successor is artfully delicate. But will you pardon me? though I approve it so much, I have made bold to give it away,—to one, however, whom I could not deny any favour, my friend the Lord Gray,† of whom I shall say no more than that he is a complete judge of its merit, being being no indifferent poet himself. This, I hope, will excuse me with you if I put you to the trouble of transcribing me another copy. In which case I promise to send my minutest observations. I am sorry the Elegy on Tibullus was not so correctly printed as you could have wished; yet Strahan is not to be blamed, as he kept the press open two weeks.

"Allan Ramsay‡ is certainly dead, and neither has nor needs an epitaph. I spent an evening lately with his eldest daughter, who inherits somewhat of the spirited naiveté of her late father.

"I do not know when Tibullus is to be published, but if

* Version of Leander to Hero, &c.

† John, 12th Baron Gray, a Peer of Scotland, died in 1782.

‡ Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet, died Jan. 7, 1758. A stately obelisk was erected to his memory by his friend Sir James Clerk.

you will write [to] Mr. Millar how it may be sent you, you may command as many copies of it as you think proper. I should also be glad to learn in what manner a copy or two may be forwarded to Mr. Binnel, when I shall write a general apology. My ague still hangs about me, like Care in Horace; but as I am come to Ithaca at least for some weeks, I hope soon to shake it off.

"Direct to me at Blighborough, near Gainsborough, Lincolnshire."

"DEAR PERCY,

Walbrook, Jan. 10, 1759.

"Having been longer detained in Lincolnshire than I expected, I did not receive your letter till lately, and since my arrival in town have been so wholly engrossed in little affairs of my own, that I had it not in my power sooner to sit down and thank you for the packet you sent inclosed. Last night I compared it* accurately with the original, and was amazed to find it so exact, and at the same time so flowing and easy. What little inaccuracies I observed, or imagined I observed, I have sent you, and you may make what use of them you think proper. On Saturday last Millar waited on me, to tell me that our book was not condemned by the best judges; but Smollett has been at it in the Critical Review. He has a personal pique to me, which upon this occasion has betrayed him into many false criticisms, delivered in very illiberal expressions. My friends strongly solicit me to expose him, to which I have no other objection than the entering the lists with so unmannerly an adversary. Perhaps, however, I may give him a drubbing, which, if I stoop to, he shall remember it, and yet my severity even then will be somewhat abated, as he has allowed your *vid's* Elegy to be a good translation. The Notes the Doctor in particular falls foul of, calling them a parcel of learned trash. This has somewhat provoked me, for he has not excepted those which our friend† sent me from this general condemnation, which may give you a specimen of Smollett's abilities. I will readily grant him, that some of those now printed might be spared, and that some of the remainder might be shortened; but to pass a general anathema on them all was insufferable. I believe all Mr. Binnel's notes are marked; I cannot find one that is not. I wrote [to] that gentleman, and hope to hear from him at his leisure. Mr. Shenstone had a copy sent him; but, not having heard

* Version of Ovid's Epistle.

† Mr. Binnel.

from him, I do not know whether he received it. I am much his humble servant for the kind things he has wrote of Mr. Luard and me, and you may assure him that his conversation afforded me more pleasure than even the Leasowes, though that I esteem an earthly paradise. I presume his Miscellany is to consist wholly of his own things. I shall long to see it. You must pardon me if I have not yet called upon Osborn; but the truth is, as I said before, that I have not yet had a spare half-hour since I got here. I have considered your Lady's* case; but you have no reason to apprehend bad consequences from it. Please make my compliments, and tell her, if you think proper, that I hope yet to see her surrounded by young Ovids and buxom Sulpicias? We do not go abroad till April. Pray could you not spare one ten days to your friends in London before we set sail. Your barber lives in Lothbury, near St. Lawrence's church, and is called Saint André.

"Doddy's Play† I have not seen, but I read it last summer, and then it really made me weep. The fable, to be sure, is not unexceptionable, but it must and has raised pity. All the women love it."

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

Walbrook, Feb. 17, 1759.

"I have spoken both to Millar and Dodsley about Ovid, but neither of them seems inclined to make a purchase of the work. I doubt not, however, but that either of them would readily print the Epistles, and become joint partners with you in profit and loss. Perhaps, too, this would be your most profitable scheme, as I am confident your book, whenever it appears, will cut out both Dryden, and Barrett,‡ who is neither a poet nor lover. Dodsley thinks well of the Novel,§ and I hope I shall bring him

* "Afterwards Mrs. Percy. She had a complaint in her breast."

† Cleone, a tragedy, by Robert Dodsley; acted at Covent Garden in 1758.

"Cleone was well acted by all the characters, but Miss Bellamy left nothing to be desired. I went the first night and supported it as well as I might; for Doddy, you know, is my patron, and I would not desert him. The play was very well received. Doddy, after the danger was over, went every night to the stage aside, and cried at the distress of poor Cleone." Dr. Johnson to B. Langton, 9th Jan. 1759.

‡ Rev. Stephen Barrett, the friend of Dr. Johnson and Cave. He was master of Ashford School and rector of Hothfield in Kent, and died Nov. 26, 1801, aged 82. He was a learned writer of Latin verses, but was not considered fortunate in his translation of "Ovid's Epistles into English verse." See Literary Anecdotes, vol. IX. 672; and Gent. Mag. vol. LXXI.

§ Hau Kiou Choan, a Chinese History.

to bargain with you for it: next week I shall show him the specimen. Let me know what you expect for your labour.

"I propose leaving with you, my dear friend, a corrected copy of all my poems, to be disposed of as you shall think proper, in case I die abroad. I am confident you will never allow any thing of mine to see the light which might hurt my reputation with posterity. Tay and Earn are the two rivers, and Pitkethly is the fountain. Your other queries I must reserve."

"DEAR PERCY,

Walbrook, March 31, 1759.

"I am half dead with fatigue and low spirits. My books were all sent off this morning for Mr. Johnson's, so that at present I write to you in a chamber with no company but myself, and that, I assure you, is far from being agreeable. The nearer the hour of my departure approaches the more I find myself depressed. It gives pain to a social mind even to leave the hovel to which it has long been accustomed; what then must I feel upon leaving that earthly paradise London, where I have passed so many pleasing days and nights. Besides, my dear friend, I cannot expect to hear from you and my other literary correspondents above twice a-year, and then your letters will be subject to sea-accidents, &c. Inclosed you have Ovid's Epistles of Hero and Leander. Pray let them undergo your own correction and that of your friends, particularly Messrs. Shenstone and Binnel. As Ovid has done justice to these illustriously unfortunate lovers, I would wish to treat them with particular marks of distinction. It is not in my power to write out for you the poems you desire; but you shall have them from St. Kitt's. All happiness attend you and the beauteous Miss G. with whom I yet hope to pass some agreeable afternoons. I am hopeful change of life will render the use of my prescription less important for my fair patient, for whose health and felicity I am truly solicitous. Pray, Percy, make my compliments agreeable to her; and when you can think of me without being disloyal to her charms, remember me. All your packets to me must be sent to Mr. Luard's, in Copthall Court, Throgmorton Street; but as I do not leave London before Thursday, you may once more direct to me as usual.

"Yours, wherever I am,

"J. G."

"DEAR PERCY,

Walbrook, Ap. 9, 1759.

"In one short half hour I set out for Portsmouth, and if the wind continues fair we shall, in a few days, be plying in the Great Atlantic Ocean. This, therefore, comes to bid you, my dear friend, and Miss G. adieu, and I sincerely pray that every happiness the married state is capable of may attend your purposed union. I am no very violent friend to matrimony, yet, I think, without any pretences to divination, I may foretell your felicity. Pray remember, I am to stand godfather to a young Percy; though I think a combination of the two names, as it is not very probable I shall take any one now for better for worse, would still be better. Grainger-Percy, though it does not sound well, yet requires a masculine pronunciation, and suits the descendant of a northern race very well. Inclosed you have your two Epistles. Do not think of giving Ovid up. If you abandon him, I shall suspect that marriage has made you sick of love matters. You shall have the poems I promised you, *cum zephyris et hirundine prima*. Pray send me those poems of yours which you said you would send me; they must now come by the packet, or you may direct them for me at Mr. Luard's, in Copthall Court. Pray for my good voyage: the prayers of the righteous, the Scripture says, avail much.

"Yours, &c.

J. G.

"When you write next to Mr. Shenstone or Mr. Binnel, assure them of the real satisfaction their esteem gives me. I hope we shall all meet together yet, when, perhaps, by way of variety, I may be able to entertain you with the American warhoop—rare harmony!"

(Copy.)

DR. JAMES GRAINGER to MR. BURT.

"I readily allow you that I am not worthy of your sister; but, Sir, I do not make this concession for the same reasons that may induce you to think me unworthy of her. Far be it from me to put myself upon a footing with the wealthy and the great! God knows, I am neither; but, since you have insinuated at a disparity, I

will for once so far master my modesty as to draw a comparison between you, Sir, the head of my wife's family, and her husband. You are the son of a Nevis planter, I am the son of a gentleman of Cumberland; your father was rescued from ruin by marrying into a rich and illustrious family; my father was ruined by his own extravagance, and that of his wives. You, Sir, was intended for the practice of physic, but before you well knew to mount a glyster-bag, you ran away from your master, and went to the West Indies. After being three years at the University, I was bound to an eminent surgeon-apothecary. I served my time out, and was then honoured with a commission in the army, where the King styled me Gentleman. I made the tour of Europe, and became a Licentiate of the College of Physicians, London, and have now the honour of being a Fellow of that of Edinburgh. On whose side does the preference lie? who has the best title to the name of gentleman of education, rank, or character? By the death of your father you became possessed of a plantation which your mother brought into your family, and which being left to you, left the rest of your family not greatly above want. I, when I sold out of the army, had but a few hundreds; but then I had experience of my business, I was known to understand it, there was no fear but I should always be able to live by it. My medical science was subject to no invasion, no beasts, no hurricanes, no villanous attornies, or more villanous agents. Who has the preference here? But, as manners as well as education constitute the gentleman, however loath, I must also here make a comparison. I defy candour to fix one crime upon me,—it may fix many peccadilloes. These I repent not of, they were glorious deviations from the received rules of selfish discretion. I espoused the cause of my friend with too much warmth. Have you done so? I have written, nay what is worse, have published rhymes. Can you do the same? I know you. Your treatment from me depends upon yourself. I had my information from no mercenary scribbler. What you know of me you must have heard from Smollett, the corrupted reservoir of intelligence. In what, then, am I your inferior? on whose side should objections rise to my marrying your sister? But, though I have made this parallel, I still own myself undeserving of your sister. She is all perfection;

but, as far as tenderness can make amends for this disparity, I know myself entitled to her. Her fortune could be no temptation. A Doctor of Physic who had 200*l.* a-year, independent of practice, could never be tempted by the paltry consideration of 1000*l.* currency, and three or four negroes. Of course I did not, indeed I could not marry her for bread. Some little regard therefore should be shown to one who acted so disinterestedly. But I forgot you live in London, and at times frequent the Court; of consequence, you must think meanly of the disinterested. Your interest is no doubt much for your wishing her happiness in a married state. Had it been more cordial, perhaps it would have been not more sincere. But, Sir, who told you that the match was of Daniel's* making? I courted her with the privacy of her mother, and married her with that lady's approbation, with the approbation of your brother Charles, and all your relations here. If, therefore, the match is less prosperous than you could wish, the poor soul is not solely to be blamed. But, for heaven's sake! whence is it that you all of a sudden have become so deeply concerned? When did you ever behave to her with fraternal generosity before? Did you not always make a distinction between Miss Burt and her. In what respect was Miss Burt superior? When I ask the question, I think highly of Miss Burt; perhaps not so highly as you do. I am informed you generously made Daniel some presents when in England. They were few, they were trifling. Draw upon me for them, and I will with more pleasure honour your drafts than ever you received a bill of sales greatly in your favour. But you was not consulted! you, the eldest brother, who have been president of St. Kitt's, who have an estate in England, who was agent upon a West India expedition! But notwithstanding all these sounding titles, neither your sister nor I saw any reason for delaying our nuptials till we had your sanction. And, Sir, as we married without your participation, we hope always to live in a genteel way, even though you have withdrawn your countenance. While I enjoy my health, I shall be never reduced so low as to solicit a favour from you. May God, of his infinite mercy, grant that none of mine may ever be brought to that dreadful necessity! And may the same God grant, that I may never have it in my power to show

* Mrs. Grainger.

you or yours, how little revenge is an ingredient in my nature! If in my letter I insinuated that my brother might have objections, may I not be excused for that insinuation? One who had been a parent to me, and who can leave me 5 or 6000*l.* had a right to be consulted before I disposed of myself in marriage. On whose side now may objections be started? Were I to die to-morrow, your sister would not be the poorest widow in your family. Perhaps by her marriage she bettered her small fortune as much as some of her sisters. Comparisons are odious, but I must put you in mind of Mrs. Coles. It would indeed be madness in me, as you politely call it, to think of quitting physic. I never dreamt of it; they therefore are to be deemed mad into whose head that conceit first entered. Your sister at present lives like a gentlewoman. She has every thing her heart desires,—have Duchesses more? Have some with whom you are intimately connected as much? While I live, her circumstances may grow better, can hardly grow bad. Should I die, I shall leave her and her family to an all merciful Providence,—not to William Burt. You insinuate as if my giving up an annuity of 200*l.* for life would be greatly compensated by your family. For your family I have the greatest esteem, but you must pardon me if I add that the large share of business I have had since I came to St. Kitt's was owing to my success, and not to their recommendation. Several of your relations have employed me, and would they not have employed any other man whom they thought would have done them more justice? Mr. Daniel Mathew has indeed ordered his attorney to let me have the care of his estates. I am obliged to that gentleman for it, but he also is obliged to me for accepting it. But what have you done? What estate have I had by your recommendation? If I had consulted you upon the place where I should settle, it plainly appears by your letter that I ought not. Had you been greatly interested for your sister's welfare, you would have answered that part of mine in less than . . . months. Indeed I did not wait for your answer. I found I was a better judge of the matter than you at least in Europe could be. I have no reason to repent of my determination; a few years will make me, if not as rich as the heir of Goat Hill, at least able to enjoy myself without the drudgery of business, and without being the sycophant of greatness. It entirely depends upon yourself on what footing we are hence-

forward to live. If you behave civilly to me, I shall treat you with politeness; if you choose to declare war, *nec Bella detracto*. At all events, know you are not to give yourself any insolent airs of superiority with me, for, by God! I would sail from the New World to do myself justice. However meanly you have presumed to think of me, the King has given me a right to wear a sword, and God has given me courage to use it."

(The above is a copy of a rough draught of a letter in the handwriting of Dr. James Grainger, without date. It is written on two slips of paper, previously mutilated, with numerous abbreviations and contractions, which have been carefully supplied. RO. ANDERSON, Nov. 29, 1804.)

"To the Rev. Mr. Percy, Easton Mauduit."

Dr. GRAINGER to the Rev. T. PERCY.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND, Basseterre, Jan. 16, 1761.

"I am just now informed that a vessel sails from this port to-morrow, and, though I am pretty much hurried with business, I could not omit that opportunity of thanking you for your very kind letter, and the present that accompanied it. I have read the Odes [to Obscurity and Oblivion, by Bob Lloyd,* &c.] with uncommon satisfaction, and hope they will produce a proper change in the future compositions of Mason and Gray. I ever thought those gentlemen, especially in their lyric performances, too obscure; indeed, I have read some of their stanzas which were so poetical as scarcely to be sense. Pindar, in my opinion, is a bad model. He was not always intelligible to his countrymen, and perhaps his two great imitators are a strong proof of the Pindarum quisquis, &c. of Horace.

"Depend upon it the 'Fragments' [published by Macpherson] are not translated from the Erse; there is not one local or appropriated image in the whole. I once passed (for I cannot say I lived) twelve months in the wildest part of the Highlands. The author, however, is a man of genius. Muretus's deception † was scarcely more ingenious.

"Mrs. Grainger desires her affectionate compliments to

* Robert Lloyd was born in 1733, and died Dec. 15, 1764. The two Odes here spoken of, says Mr. Lloyd, were written in concert with a friend, the author of "A Jealous Wife [Colman]." They are printed in Lloyd's Works.

† This deception of Muretus was in some Latin verses which he sent to Scaliger as *ancient*, and which Scaliger believed to be so.

Mrs. Percy, as does Miss Grainger to Miss Percy. I shall write you a long letter by the fleet, and till then am truly your

“JAS. GRAINGER.”

“My compliments to Mr. Shenstone, Binnel, &c. &c.”

“Basseterre, June 5, 1761.

“Sterne’s ravings [Tristram Shandy] I have read, and have as often sworn as smiled at them. I never relished Rabelais, it was ever too highly relished for me. I cannot therefore admire his shatter-brained successor.

“Hurd’s Dialogues I have seen, but I never suspected they were his.

“Lord Lyttelton’s are worthy of him; he seems, however, to be a better writer than companion. He never said anything more true than that no money ought to be spared to purchase felicity.

“I have given you already my opinion of the Erse Fragments; they want the characteristic manners of barbarous antiquity; they, however, are exquisite modern pieces, and the schoolmaster has genius.

“The sooner your brother* comes the better; he will not long be out of employment. Mrs. Grainger joins me in love to you and yours, and am, my dear friend, most affectionately yours,

“JAS. GRAINGER.”

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

Basseterre, June 5, 1762.

“It is now past ten at night, and though I am heartily tired with the business of the day, which, by-the-by, has been one of the hottest I ever felt since I came to the West Indies, yet, as the fleet certainly sails to-morrow forenoon, I am determined to encroach an hour or two upon my rest to fill up this sheet. In the first place I am to thank you for your present to Mrs. Grainger and my little girl. Both received them in the manner so much obligingness deserved; and as Louise can send Miss Percy no literary productions from her native island, she has only been able to thank your daughter with a pot of sweetmeats, which she hopes will please her palate as much as the pictures and fine print have done hers. You will please to observe that the sweetmeats, with a pot of pickled peppers, and a bottle of Cayon butter, which my wife desires Mrs. Percy to accept of, have been sent to Mr. Luard, to whom you must write your directions how they are to be forwarded to you.

* Mr. Anthony Percy; he died Nov. 7, 1795, æt. 64.

“ I was greatly disappointed at your brother's not coming out this year. I had secured a place for him with the most eminent merchant in this island, which, though it was far from being equal to his deservings, or my own inclinations to serve him, yet, as it would have put him in the way of advancing himself, I am sorry his friends thought it not advisable to accept of; they, no doubt, are the best judges what would be of most advantage to him; yet I must observe to you that there is at present, and, unless a scoundrelly peace is made, there will be still greater opportunities for a young man who knows business, and can be industrious, to advance his fortune. If at any time afterwards your brother should find it to his advantage to come to this country, he may always depend upon my friendship, and till he can better provide for himself my house and table shall be at his service.

“ I have the pleasure to acquaint you (for you who are married and have children can never think the anecdotes of the nursery impertinent) that my little girl has happily got over all the disorders incident to infants. The small pox were lately very frequent and fatal here, and, as I was obliged to be constantly with the infected, I found myself under a necessity of inoculating Louise, although she was then teething. Thank God, my compelled rashness produced no bad consequence, for though she had an incredible number of pustules yet she happily recovered, and her looks (no small consolation to a parent) have received no unfavourable impression. Poor child, both she and I have lately met with a dreadful loss. Her grandmother is dead. As she was one of the best women I ever had the happiness of knowing, and was uncommonly fond of my child, you will easily believe my concern. She has left Louise a thousand pounds sterling when she comes of age, and myself a handsome legacy; but what are pecuniary advantages to the loss of so sincere and affectionate a friend?

“ I hope you, my dear friend, have met with no losses of this kind, and that your children (for you write me you have two) have had the small pox. If they have not, pray let them be inoculated.

“ I am sorry to tell you that I can be of no service to you in either of your schemes as to the illustrating Don Quixote, or getting you Indian poetry.* The Knight of

* This passage gives glimpses of Mr. Percy's studies and literary projects at this period.

La Mancha has often been read here before, but as to those originals whom he so inimitably ridicules, some of them may have passed the Line with the first Spanish adventurers, but you might with the same probability of success look for Greek inscriptions as any of them among the inhabitants of this island. Reading, I assure you, is the least part of a Creole's consideration. It is even happy if they can read at all; spell few of them can; and when they take up a book, modern romance, magazines, or newspapers are the extent of their lucubrations. How far the North Americans are greater proficient in literature than the West Indians I cannot determine: sure I am they are men of less probity, from the specimens I have had of that country, and I can safely add not better scholars. Hence you see the total inability I am under of not being able to gratify myself, in rendering those works, which I conceive must add to your literary reputation, more perfect in their kind. You therefore can only have my good wishes for their completion and success.

"Neither I nor Mrs. Grainger have been able to read the Chinese Romance* thoroughly through; for ten months past my house has been an hospital, and last month my worthy mother-in-law died here. We therefore reserve it for more easy leisure; at the same time I must acquaint you that Mr. Bourryau, who has critically perused it, thinks very differently of it from the *learned* Critics of the Annals of Literature.

"You may remember I some time ago mentioned my being engaged in a work of some length and difficulty. Lately I completed it, at least for the present, though no less than a Georgic, and in four books too. It is called the 'Cane Piece,'† and was composed mostly in my rides to the different parts of the island to visit my patients. I now send you the whole; only as I have seen no hurricane, and have not yet had time to arrange my remarks on a fire by night in a cane field, those parts in the second book are incomplete. When I can finish them to any sort of purpose, you shall have them. What I have to desire of you, my friend, is to peruse the MS. with the utmost attention, and, if you then sincerely think that its publication will establish my poetical fame, I must beg of you to polish it with the utmost exactness. I would also request the same favour of Mr. Shenstone and

Hau Kiou Choan; or, a Pleasing History translated from the Chinese Language. 4 vols. 1761. By Dr. Percy.

† Afterwards printed under the name of "The Sugar Cane," four books.

Mr. Binnel; and this I flatter myself they will readily comply with, unless more important avocations employ their attention. The second book you will see is addressed to our friend at the Leasowes; and I must tell you it is my favourite one of the whole. Binnel knows already, and you will please to let Mr. Shenstone know, that I can bear to have my verses butchered, as Thomson used to call it, so that they need not stand upon ceremony with me. In short, I desire my work should be as perfect as possible; they therefore cannot be too critical in its perusal. Their remarks and sentiments please to send me by the packet which sails every month from Falmouth, for as the subject is foreign to any thing British, it is possible they may think alterations necessary where it would take away from the truth of the poem. The whole is contained in three letters, directed as usual. My design, in case they meet with your and your friends' approbation, is to have them printed by Baskerville in 4to. on the finest paper, with *tailles douces*, and, as I can have almost every gentleman in this island for a subscriber, I propose to publish it in that way. However, this is a distant affair, and I never will make it public unless I am assured my character cannot suffer thereby. I intend to address the whole to Mr. Pitt; this is uncourtly, but I desire no favours, indeed I stand in need of none. My business is enough for me. You cannot be more surprised at the rapidity of the conquest of Martinique than we are here. Art and nature had done their utmost to render it impregnable, and the day our people first landed at Cas des Navires there were 18,000 opponents to them in arms. But what cannot British spirit when conducted by prudent and gallant officers? One thing I must, however, inform you of: the soldiers and inferior officers actually took it; nor was it known to their generals, nor indeed believed, when they were told of their having reduced Morne Garnier. A drunken soldier occasioned the surrender of the fort.

"Yours sincerely, JAS. GRAINGER.

"Rev. Mr. Percy, Easton Mauduit."

"MY DEAR PERCY,

Basseterre, July 25, 1762.

"Although I have great reason to believe I shall not have time to fill up the half of this sheet, as the fleet sails to-morrow, and my house is as noisy as an inn, yet I have sat down to it, with a resolution of blotting as much of it as I can.

"By the June fleet, which must have got to England by this time, I sent you a *book** instead of a *letter*, which I hope you have received. Every packet was addressed, as usual, to Lord Sussex, and therefore I flatter myself they came safe to hand.

"I now send you some additions; and must conjure you, by our friendship, to give the whole a serious and critical perusal. There can be no mediocrity in a Georgic. You must therefore tell me at once if you think mine of *that stamp*: it shall then be suppressed; for I mean to establish (not lose) the character of a poet.

"I know your regard for me inclines you to think well of every thing I write; I must, therefore, entreat you to communicate the whole to Mr. Shenstone, as he knows me less, and must be more dispassionate.

"I have made many verbal corrections of the whole; but these I shall not send till I receive your opinion of the piece, which I desire may be by the first opportunity; and you know the packet sails five or six times a-year from Falmouth for the West Indies.

"The Preface, Arguments to each Book, and Dedication, are also finished; but these it were needless to transmit to you, unless the work attracts your approbation.

"Pitt is my patron; you see by that I am no courtier. Thank God, I want no favour from that quarter, and would rather gain an honest livelihood by the sweat of my brow than enjoy any post his Majesty could give me, with the loss of freedom of speech and my integrity. Indeed I am astonished how men of independent estates can submit to the drudgery of court attendance. They may be ambitious, but are not philosophers; they may be fond of titles and distinction, but are quite out of the road to contentment and felicity. No doubt all courtiers are not vain or ambitious. Some may carry with them the virtues of the shade into the sunshine of the throne, yet they had better not continue too long in that climate; else they will as certainly assimilate all the courtly enormities, as the south wind, when it blows here for any time, burns up our cane lands. But peace to all such!

"Let me proceed to a more pleasing subject. You have been at great pains in collecting your notes to the Chinese History. They throw much light upon it; and, to deal

* "The Sugar Cane," in MS.

frankly with you, I think they constitute the most valuable part of your book.

"I told you I could be of no service to you in promoting your intentional publications; we have no old books of knight-errantry in this island, and nobody can tell me any thing of the Charibbean poetry; indeed, from what I have seen of these savages, I have no curiosity to know ought of their compositions.

"I have, however, desired a nephew of mine (a gentleman of learning and genius), who goes to-morrow to North America for his pleasure, to make all imaginable inquiry after the poetry of the North Americans; and he has promised to do it. If he has any success, you may depend upon my transmitting the effects of it to you.

"I congratulate you on the increase of your family; but let me entreat you to have your children inoculated. You have no right to call them yours till they have had the measles and small pox. I inoculated (*with my own hands*) three times my Louise, before she took the infection. You will be pleased to hear that my little girl answers all my expectations. She has immense spirits, and is naturally very healthy. She grows vastly entertaining, and is a great favourite with everybody here. She has a pretty little Mulatto slave, about five years of age, whom she is very fond of; and what makes me love my child is her humanity; for she will immediately burst into tears if John (for so the Mulatto is called) is whipped, or falls a crying. This, however, is a bad country for inspiring children with tenderness. Wherever slavery obtains, tyranny, insolence, impetuosity (not to mention any other vices) must ever bear sway. But how repugnant these to the genius of our government; how repugnant, indeed, to the general welfare! I am therefore at no small pains to counteract the moral tendencies of the island; and, if I do not deceive myself, my child promises to be pretty free from the Creole vices.

"I am lucky; this happens to be a ball night at, I assure you, a very great room,—no less than the *Temple of Apollo* is the place of rendezvous; so that I have got a little more time than I at first expected, and shall scrawl on now to the bottom of the page.

"We have good news from the Havannah. Our forces have opened their batteries against that strong place. They have met with no disasters hitherto, and we have

reason to believe that at this minute they have possessed themselves of that most valuable fortress. Is this a time to make an ignominious peace? But we never yet could cope with the French at negotiation. If we neglect this opportunity, adieu, adieu, to those glorious Islands!

"I am, dear Percy, with my love to you and yours,

"Most truly your friend,

"JAS. GRAINGER.

"*Rev. Mr. Percy, Easton Mauduit.*"

"MY DEAR PERCY,

Basseterre, April 18, 1763.

"It is now better than fourteen months since I had the pleasure of a line from you: this cessation of writing would at all times have given me pain, as you have ever been a punctual correspondent; but at present I own my uneasiness receives some increase from my having sent you the four books of my Georgic early last summer, in four letters directed as usual; and about six months ago I inclosed for you the description of a cane piece on fire in the night, with several corrections of the part formerly transmitted you. My four books you must have received, because they were entrusted to the care of a brother-in-law of my wife's, who then went to England with his family; and the addition went by a Captain who got safe to Europe, and who put my letter in the Post Office.

"In all those letters I pressed you to write me by the earliest opportunity (and in particular by the packet) your undisguised sentiments of my poem; I have therefore been in expectation of hearing from you every quarter, and every quarter I have been disappointed.

"One packet was taken by the French about seven months ago; perhaps my letters from you were on board of her. This gives me some comfort, as you may still have had no accident happen to you; for I flatter myself, nothing but sickness or death could make you forget me.

"I have now completed the Cane Piece, such as I could wish to have it appear; but I shall not transcribe either my corrections or additions for England without first hearing from you.

"About five months ago I had like to have died; and in my will I left particular directions that all my poetical writings should be transmitted to you, and that you should be absolute master of their destiny. I know you would have allowed nothing of mine to have been pub-

lished that would have transmitted me to after-times in an unworthy manner; and I had rather not be talked about hereafter, than talked of as an indifferent poet. I sincerely congratulate you on the increase of your family, as on the increase of your domestic happiness, and I hope your children will possess all those qualities of head and heart which you would wish them possessed of. My wife has given me as yet no further addition to my family; but she is now with child, and I hope will have better luck with this than she had with two boys (twins) last year.

"I am much obliged to you for the kind offer you make me of becoming a father to my daughter, when sent to England. I am well aware of the extreme importance of the office; and I should have no scruple of committing my Louise to your sole direction, but certainly it is time enough to send her for England at six years of age; till that period of life, children may remain with even the most indulgent parents in the West Indies; after that, they should be shipped off for Europe without loss of time.

"What is become of your brother? I could have got him employment twenty times over at the Grenadas, where many of my friends have purchased large plantations. I too should have become an adventurer there had I had any ready cash, but I had converted all my money into negroes. However, I may yet be able to borrow a thousand or two sterling, and then I shall certainly make a push either in that island or in some of the neutral.

"At this time money properly laid out will pay the person who hazards it better than eight per cent.; judicious purchasers can therefore well afford to pay seven per cent. for money.

"Mr. Bourryau has bought a vast estate in Grenada, and by that means I can get no money on loan from him. I, however, still hope to be able soon to acquaint you of my being at last master of as much land in this country as one of the descendants of Bright, of fat memory, could walk over in five minutes at noon in July or August.

"Are the people with you all gone mad? I never read such shocking stuff in my life as the political papers for some time past published; they are even a disgrace to Grub Street, and nothing can exceed the folly of losing time in their perusal but the wickedness of writing them.

"The folks here are not over well pleased with the

terms of the peace. They say it might have been made more to the advantage of the Sugar Islands; and, no doubt, had Porto Rico been ceded to us, in a few years that island would have been more beneficial to the mother country, than all our other West India colonies put together. I speak this from good authority. But the time is over, and we shall hardly ever have such an opportunity again.

"Please to make my compliments acceptable to Mrs. Percy. Mrs. Grainger also desires the same favour of you; and do not forget me to Mr. Shenstone (to whom my second and favourite Georgic is addressed) and to Mr. Binnel. I hope yet to embrace you all; and am, in the meanwhile, dear Percy, yours, JAS. GRAINGER.

"Rev. Mr. Percy, Easton Mauduit."

"MY DEAR FRIEND PERCY, London, 30 Nov. 1763.

"I came to town on Saturday night much fatigued from Scotland, where I had been on family business for some weeks. What I came about I have done to my satisfaction. How can I see you? My time is short, and yet I must see you. I have luckily got your two last letters at Mr. Luard's, and am obliged to you for the books. I have brought a corrected copy of 'The Sugar Cane,' which received the approbation of Lord Kames. Your account of poor Shenstone* and Binnel† drew tears from my eyes. I shall never forget them. God preserve you in good health! What would become of me were you too snatched away? I rejoice in the increase of your family. May they be every thing you and Mrs. Percy desire! If they resemble their father and mother they will be esteemed here and happy hereafter, and I can think of no greater blessing. Direct to me at Mr. Luard's, and believe me, my dearest Percy,

"Your most affectionate friend,

"JAS. GRAINGER.

"My best respects to good Mrs. Percy, and kiss the dear children.

"Rev. Mr. Percy, Easton Mauduit."

* Mr. Shenstone died Feb. 11, 1763, aged 42.

† Of Mr. Binnel, see p. 248.

"DEAR PERCY,

Sunninge, Jan. 22, 1764.

"The Foulis's have not yet made any copper plates from the Chevy Chase drawings, so you need not wait for that embellishment to the ballad. Had Mr. Dodsley sent me Petrarch and Lord Surrey, I could have compared them since I came to Mr. Spooner's. For want of that employment I have travelled through Japan with Kempfer, and made the tour of the Chinese Wall with Athanasius Kircher. What a liar that good father is! But neither Hisson nor Pekin yield me half the amusement that Arthur's Court used to do at your fireside. I am come to no absolute determination with regard to 'The Sugar Cane.' I will not, however, risque its publication at my own expense. Suppose you mentioned it to Mr. Tonson. I am told he is more of a gentleman in his dealings than any of the trade. Sam Johnson has got the second book, but whether he has yet perused it I know not; perhaps it may lie in his desk untouched till I call for it.

"Mr. White is to send you his English Verb,* handsomely bound. I have staid longer here than I intended when I left London, but the roads hereabouts have been impassable for postchaises; I expect, however, to get to town by the end of the week. Pray remember me to worthy Mrs. Percy, whose civilities I never shall forget, and kiss all the children for me. I hope they are all in good health; for, without that, what pleasure can they afford their parents? God bless them! I long to see you all, and to escape from noisy grandeur to sauntering tranquillity; and yet the country hereabouts is dry for walking, and we talk of scarce any thing else but dear St. Christopher. I have been made happy with letters from thence since I saw you. My good little woman was then at Antigua with one of her sisters, and you may be certain Louise was there also. I shall not set out for the West Indies before the Spring. Mr. Vershold, who sailed before I came down to Easton, was drove ashore at Plymouth in the last storm. How lucky it was I did not embark with him, and yet it almost broke my heart to think he

* Mr. James White was a schoolmaster in Cecil Street in the Strand. He afterwards removed to Dublin, where he pursued the useful career of instructing youth for many years with considerable reputation. He published "The English Verb, a Grammatical Essay in the Didactic Form." 8vo. 1761. In 1759 he translated "The Clouds, a Comedy, by Aristophanes." He died about 1811. See Lit. Anecdotes, II, 380, 724.

should go to St. Kitt's without me, as I promised my poor Daniel* to return with him. Direct for me as usual at Mr. Luard's, and believe me, my dear Percy, your most affectionate friend,

JAS. GRAINGER."

"DEAR PERCY,

March 24, 1764.

"By having been for some days past at Mr. Luard's in the country, I did not get your letter till this day, which must apologize for my not answering it sooner.

"I was robbed about three o'clock of the day we parted, about three miles on this side St. Alban's. Luckily he did not ask for my watch, and went off by telling me he was sorry to be obliged to take our money. So civil are our highwaymen. In France or Spain our death would have preceded the robbery.

"I have had but one proof of the 'Sugar Cane' since I came to London. The notes do not disfigure the page, and therefore I have consented to let them remain where they desire them to be in my 300. I have taken my passage for the middle of next month; my matters may be sent therefore as soon as possible. Remember me in a particular manner to Mr. Lye† and his mistress. Send Dodsley an order for your Ballads, &c. When I taxed little Goldsmith‡ for not writing as he promised me, his answer was, that he never wrote a letter in his life, and faith, I believe him, unless to a bookseller for money.

"I shall call on Mr. Apperley as you desire. He is a good sort of a young man. I am, with my best respects to the good woman and little folks, dear Percy, your affectionate friend,

"JAS. GRAINGER.

"Direct to me at Mr. White's, who sends his compliments. He has not yet had the Fragments [of Runic Poetry]."

"DEAR PERCY,

April 6, 1764.

"Strahan goes slowly on with the 'Sugar Cane.' I have had a proof of the last sheet of the first book. It makes only six sheets, for he has unmercifully crowded twenty-five lines into each page. The notes, after all, are put at

* Mrs. Grainger.

† Dr. Goldsmith.

‡ See hereafter, p. 290.

the bottom, but they do not disfigure the page. Sam Johnson says he will review it in the *Critical*. He talks handsomely of you. I mentioned to him your Dissertation on the English Drama, and he expressed a desire to see it. I have not yet had time to peep into Mallet's lately imported books, but I shall, for Mr. White understands not the French. My best respects to Mrs. Percy, and kiss the children. I am, dear Percy, your affectionate friend,

"JAS. GRAINGER."

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,"

London, April 30, 1764.

"What could put it into your head that I was angry with you? God knows you never gave me any cause, and I flatter myself the longer you and I live, and the better we know one another, the stricter will our friendship be.

"I have been so hurried of late with preparing for my departure to the New World that I have not been able to command one half hour of tranquillity to sit down and write you; and now that I am writing you, my head is so confused that I scarce know what end of me is uppermost.

"This forenoon I set out for Southampton, where I embark. The ship's name is the *Generous Planter*, commanded by Capt. Calf. She is river-built and sails well. The Captain is a good-natured man, and has long used our trade. There are some agreeable passengers.

"God bless you and yours with every happiness your heart can desire, and believe me, with my best respects to worthy Mrs. Percy and the little ones, dear Percy, your ever affectionate friend,

"JAS. GRAINGER."

[On Shenstone's Poems.]

"Southampton, May 14, 1764.

"All the blank verse performances are languid, and too long. Blank verse must have sublimity to supply the want of the charms of rhyme, and loftiness was certainly not our friend's characteristic. He was the poet of elegance and the country. Some few of the prose pieces have merit; but the best of them are flippant, antithetical, and French. Often inaccurate in the expression, I in vain

look for the author of the 'School-mistress' in the thoughts and sentiments. Had Shenstone been alive, he would not have published them in their present dishabille. Even the Elegies, which are confessedly the most poetical of his works, are they not sometimes obscure? I certainly do not always understand them. The 'Sugar Cane' is printed, but when it will be published I know not. Desire Dodsley to send you down a copy.

"My love to good Mrs. Percy, and kiss the little folks.

"Yours, most affectionately,

"JAS. GRAINGER.

"*The Rev. Mr. Percy.*"

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

Basseterre, March 25, 1765.

"Some weeks ago I wrote you a moderately long letter; since that was sent I have had the pleasure of one from you, inclosing me your elegant Dedication to Lady Northumberland. I am not very fond of your writing the History of the House of Percy; it appears to me not only a limited but a disagreeable subject. Can you vindicate (palliatives will not do in a history, whatever they may in a panegyric,) the conduct of the old Earl of Northumberland in James the First's time, who was so long imprisoned on account of the Gunpowder Treason? How can you cast a veil on the conduct of his son, with regard to his gratitude to King Charles? In short, my friend, *incedis cineri doloso*, and if your patrons cannot bear to hear the severity of historical truth, you should handsomely decline writing the history of their ancestors.

"Is my lady or her lord a lover of botany? If so, acquaint me, and I will send them a nobler collection of exotic seeds than ever yet went to Europe.

"My friend, I can disguise nothing from you, not even my ambitious views. After having carefully surveyed all the new islands, I have come to the resolution of leaving green St. Christopher for ever and for aye, and of becoming a planter in St. Vincent. I have the happiness of being upon the best terms with General Melville, and if he had a place of importance in his gift, suited to my talents, he would give it me; but I know he has no such preferment; and yet I could be glad upon many accounts that I were possessed of any gainful place. Without being the slave of business, as I have hitherto been, I should then be enabled

to follow the impulse of my genius, and range, for botanical purposes,

‘The vales, the hills, the forest, and the mountain.’

“In one word, could you not insinuate to my lord,* that a botanist and inspector of his Majesty’s reserved woodlands in the new islands would be a place of great utility to the King (as it certainly would), if entrusted to one who understood the nature of vegetables, and who would devote much of his time to pursuits of that kind? You know my enthusiasm. You know that if the vegetable world was committed to my care, I would use my best endeavours to turn it to the benefit of my King and my country.

“Were I not persuaded that you will at last get a mitre,† I should propose to you to become an adventurer in our new acquisition, and to come out here with my good friend Mrs. Percy. For assure yourself, my friend, since the settlement of Jamaica there never was a time when a little money and much industry had so fair a prospect of great success as at present. Could I have the happiness of conversing with you one half hour, I should certainly convince you. George Taylor thinks as I do, and goes to St. Vincent along with me. I could wish you had a little plantation in my neighbourhood; what pleasure would it give me in taking care of it for you! Pray think of this. One thousand pounds laid out in the manner I would dispose it, should bring you in, from the first year, full eight per cent.; and if the interest was allowed to accumulate, that is, if the produce of the land was to be expended on its improvement, I could almost insure you a good estate of three or even four hundred a year in a very few years. Pray think of this, Percy, again. I am so persuaded of its certainty, that I shall sell almost all my poor brother left me in Scotland, and shall lay it out in St. Vincent.

“I beg you to kiss the children for me, and tell them Louise longs to play with them in England. My wife desires to be remembered to Mrs. Percy. She thanks her most kindly for her care of me when we were shut out, *not from the garden of Eden*, at Easton Mauduit. She hopes yet to see her, and to be as fond of her as she knows me to be of you. Write me soon, and send me out what the Reviews, &c. have said of my poem. The

* Hugh Earl of Northumberland; created Duke of Northumberland in 1766, and died 1786.

† Dr. Grainger proved a true prophet.

planters say it is impudent in a Scot to pretend to teach planting. I had it advertised here for a charitable purpose, and, to the honour of the taste of this island, I have got, how many subscribers do you think? why, only a bare dozen! At Antigua, indeed, I was honoured with a numerous and important subscription, as there is not a person of real eminence whose name I have not. I have sent for my friend Mr. Johnstone, in Bread Street Hill, two dozen to be distributed among my friends. It was mere forgetfulness in me, when I left London; pray apologize for me again to my friends, especially to Mr. Lye. The good old man will, I am afraid, think I have forgot him; no such thing, I assure you; but I have been so very busy ever since my return, that I have really not had time to perform my promises. I had intended to have sent him the rum by this vessel; but I have been disappointed, for I will send none but the very best. You shall also have some sweetmeats for yourself; they are now preparing. I have got some cocoa-nuts curiously cut by the negroes. Do you think such things would be acceptable to Lady Northumberland? Half a dozen copies will be marked for you, which please send for to Mr. Johnstone's, and dispose of them as you think proper. Send me out the 'Ballads,' and let me know what the world says of them. I hope you will sing yourself at least into a stall, if not into a throne.

"Yours, for ever,

J. G."

"*Rev. Mr. Percy, Easton Mauduit.*"

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,

[Received in Sept. 1765.]

"I received some weeks ago your invaluable collection of 'Antient Poetry,' and can only say, in commendation thereof, that it afforded me as sincere a pleasure in the perusal as any performance I ever read of your writing. I much approve of the new order in which you have arranged the whole, and I apprehend the reader of taste will find not less entertainment than the mere lover of antiquity. May the Percy family think of your abilities as I do, and then I am sure you will soon enjoy *otium cum dignitate*.

"I am truly obliged to you for the affectionate concern you express with regard to my circumstances. I assure, you, my friend, I found them much altered for the worse at my return to this island. There had been great want of conduct in the management of my little affairs, and no

less want of economy. In short, had not my poor brother died at the critical time he did, I should have been in much the same circumstances as Adam when expelled Paradise, with all the world before me. Matters are not now quite so bad, but yet I cannot prevail on myself to think of returning to Europe with my family till I have seen the event of settling the neutral Islands. I have got a good number of fine young negroes, and, as I am well acquainted with West India agriculture, I cannot help thinking it will be worth my while to sacrifice a few more years in this climate, to the leaving behind me a little fortune of four or five hundred a-year to my family. Nor is this so chimerical a scheme, even in a poet, as you may at first apprehend; for, though I readily allow that infant settlements are attended with many great and unavoidable calamities, yet, considering my profession, and the easiness of the terms of paying the Government, I must say that I think myself as qualified to clear a plantation as most of the adventurers. At the same time I am to acquaint you that as yet I have made no purchase. I did indeed attempt to get up to the last sales at St. Vincent, but what with calms, cross winds, and a bad sailing vessel, I was constrained to return, after having been seventeen days out at sea; but next time I hope to have better luck, when, if I do not make an advantageous purchase, I shall then most seriously think of coming back to Great Britain with my family, being fully persuaded that I can live not only cheaper but more to my liking in that country than here.

“I am perfectly satisfied with the reception the ‘Sugar Cane’ has met with, and am greatly obliged to you and Mr. Johnson for the generous care you took of it in my absence. It has, I find, even made its way to Paris, where, in a Literary Gazette lately set up by the French Ministry, it is praised greatly beyond what I could have expected from the critics of that country. The work I mean is intitled ‘Gazette Litteraire de l’Europe,’ &c. but you probably have seen it.

“Mr. White’s affairs have given me real concern; but before this time he must be convinced it is not my fault that he still remains unprovided for. I inclosed, some months ago, General Thomas’s letter to me on the subject of his nomination, in a letter to him, directed to the care of Mr. Auld, at the Sword Blade Coffee-house, Birchin Lane. But, though I have not yet succeeded, I still hope, at least

nothing in my power shall be left unattempted. In the mean time I am sorry he has thrown himself out of bread; would to God I could support him, for I do not know a worthier creature.

"The tongues were excellent; I have sent you a pot of ginger, and Mr. Johnson another. They are given in trust to Captain Kiddal of the Rowly, who lives in Prince's Street, Reddriff, to whom you will write about them. I have not wrote to Mr. Johnson, but you will please to let him know of the ginger, and where to send for it. I have also sent my worthy friend Mr. Lye some fine old rum; Captain Kiddal has the charge of that too, so I hope it will come to him unadulterated. I often think of him and his mistress; this is not surprising, as the distance from Easton to Castle Ashby is so small.

"I give you joy on the increase of your family. I too expect the same happiness in a few days. Louise sends her love to her young friends in Northamptonshire; I believe, if every thing answers, I shall send her to England next year. Mrs. G. sends her best respects to good Mrs. Percy, and longs much to have the happiness of a meeting. God grant it may be soon, for I cannot bear the thought of leaving my bones in this country of Vandals.

"Yours for ever, JAS. GRAINGER.

"*Rev. Thomas Percy, Easton Mauduit.*"

"MY DEAR PERCY,

Feb. 29, 1766.

"I have wrote one or two letters since I had the pleasure of hearing from you, but I presume your journey to Alnwick, with your other necessary avocations, have prevented you from writing as punctually as you used to do.

"I sincerely congratulate you on the great success of your 'Ancient Poetry.' The book deserves all the applause which has been given it. But, I hope, it will not only enlarge your fame but also your fortune. George Taylour swears you certainly will soon sit in a stall, and I myself firmly believe that, without its raining mitres, one will fall upon your head. The lawn can add no real dignity to you, but may receive it from you.

"I have sent you two carved cocoa-nuts; we drink water out of them in this country. If you judge them worthy of your noble patroness I beg you will present them to the Countess* in my name. I find that Lord Hertford and some other noblemen have purchased estates in Grenada.

* The Countess of Northumberland.

I wish Lord Northumberland would also become a planter there; and I will undertake, with 30,000*l.*, to put his Lordship in possession of an estate, which, in a few years, by my management, shall nett him between four and five thousand a year. Would not this be a noble provision for a younger son? Could his Lordship be prevailed upon to think seriously of this affair, I will quit my profession here, and devote the whole of my time to his service, and he shall have any security he may judge necessary for my faithfully discharging my duty.

"I have laid aside all thoughts of purchasing on the Neutral Islands, because, I am persuaded, the first adventurers there will all be ruined. Don't you recollect to have read some queries relative to those islands in the English newspapers? They are of my writing, and contributed not a little to open people's eyes with regard to the disadvantageous mode of their settlement.

"I am, at present, wholly undetermined, whether I shall continue in the West Indies or return to England. What my brother left me is not sufficient to maintain my family without business; and, I do not know how far I should be able to get into any, should I again make London the place of my abode. It is certain I can not only live here, but also save some small matter yearly by my profession. But then I am lost, murdered, for want of company, and with all my sweat I never can expect to make an independent fortune by physic. Pray write me your sentiments on this head."

"DEAR PERCY,

Dec. 4, 1766, Basseterre, St. Kitt's.

"I have not had the pleasure of receiving one single line from you these eight months, although I have wrote you two pretty long letters (at least for one of my avowed laziness in writing) during that period. Indeed they both went by out-port ships, one by Bristol and the other by Liverpool; and therefore they may never have come to your hand. This, however, I know will, as it goes by my old friend Capt. Calfe, by whom I now send you a fat West India barrow, fed chiefly on sugar cane, two pots of sweetmeats, a bottle of Cayenne pepper, and a carved cocoa-nut. If he does not send to you at Northumberland House, you will be sure to hear of him at Lloyd's.

"I congratulate you again on the success of your 'Ancient Ballads;' though great, it is not more than they

deserve, and I sincerely rejoice with you on the occasion. How came it about that no notice was taken of the Sugar Cane in the last year's Register? Dr. Cullen writes me from Edinburgh, that it has been greatly applauded at Paris by the authors of the *Gazette Littéraire de l'Europe*. Have you seen their work? They are patronised by the ministry, and therefore may be impartial.

"I am truly pleased to find that our old friend Mr. Lye* has been at last encouraged to give his great work to the public; and I beg that you will take care to have my name inserted among his subscribers. Whatever you advance on that score shall be thankfully repaid.

"Friend Samuel † has indeed been abused; but has he succeeded much better than some of his predecessors? I have lost my own subscription for Shakespeare, but Mr. Johnson will readily let me have the book upon your applying to him for me.

"I have not seen Miss Williams's Miscellany. Books of that kind seldom visit these islands. Magazines, newspapers, and the Court Register are the sum total of our reading here. I hope she had a numerous subscription. If I am not mistaken I subscribed a great many years ago.

"I have at last got into a house of my own, and I now write you in a library thirty-six feet long and twenty wide. It is at the end of a very pretty little garden, and commands a complete prospect of the bay and beautiful vale of Basseterre, which is, at this moment, more verdant than any English meadow in the month of May. From this you will easily conclude that I mean to remain some years longer in the torrid zone.

"I have some thoughts of sending to England my eldest daughter next year. Might I presume to recommend her to your and Mrs. Percy's care? I beg you will be explicit with me on the subject, for I well know the importance of the favour I ask of you. She is a charming child, and I hope will be a comfort to me in my old age.‡

"For God's sake what is become of poor James White?

* The Rev. Edward Lye, vicar of Yardley Hastings, near Castle Ashby, and a neighbour of Mr. Percy, at Easton Mauduit. His great work was his Saxon Dictionary, of which he lived to see only 30 sheets printed, as he died Aug. 16, 1767, in his 73d year; but that valuable work was completed and published by his friend the Rev. Owen Manning in 1772. See *Literary Anecdotes*, IX. 751—753.

† Dr. Samuel Johnson.

‡ Dr. Grainger survived the writing of this letter only twelve days.

I, in vain, endeavoured to get a living for him here. What does he do? How does he live? One Mr. Woodley comes out here our General in the spring of the year. Perhaps your great friends may know him. Would to God he were settled in this island!

"If Lord or Lady Northumberland are curious in West India productions, I should think myself highly honoured in executing their commands. My wife joins in love to Mrs. Percy and the children; and I am, as usual, dear Percy,

"Your friend,

"JAS. GRAINGER.

"*Rev. Thomas Percy, Northumberland House, London.*"

Mrs. GRAINGER to Dr. PERCY.

"DEAR SIR,

Exeter, Jan. 27, 1771.

"***** I fear you never will forgive me were I not to let you know the likeness of dear Dr. Grainger is in a picture at Sir George Chambers's, painter, in Edinburgh; a circumstance I never heard till very lately. I am sure it cuts me to my very heart and soul that it is not in my power to send for it; nor do I dare to ask for it for my children.
* * *.

Your affectionate friend,

"DANIEL MATHEW GRAINGER."

Mr. ALLEN to Dr. PERCY.

"REVEREND SIR,

London, January 15, 1774.

"Your first receipt for Mrs. Percy's pension was readily admitted, and the money accordingly paid. The account you sent me in a former letter relative to Dr. Grainger I got inserted in the Whitehall Evening Post of Thursday last, and for which you have the thanks of many in rescuing from the fangs of detraction the character of so worthy a man, and his surviving family. As I threatened them with a prosecution for defamation, they readily inserted it without any fee. I have reserved two papers for your use, as you desired me. I have this day taken up one of your drafts for £10, the other I expect will be brought in on Monday. I beg mine and Mrs. A's compliments to Mrs. Percy.

"I am, Reverend Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

E. ALLEN."*

* Mr. Edward Allen was a printer in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, and the friend of Dr. Johnson, Bp. Percy, &c. He died Dec. 28, 1780. See *Lit. Anecdotes*, II. 552, VIII. 417.

Mrs. GRAINGER to Dr. PERCY.

Near Bethun, in Flanders, July 19th, 1779.

“It is impossible, my dear Sir, to express the many obligations I have to you for your many kind acts of friendship to me. Your last letter to me I received, and return you my most grateful thanks for it. Your affection and love for my dear Grainger makes the strongest impression on me, and also the kind and tender account you are so good as to give me of my dear little girl; that she may possess the goodness of her dear father is my daily prayer to Heaven. I beg, good Sir, you will be so kind as to make my most affectionate love to Mrs. Percy, and assure her it is a pleasure to me to hear of her health and your dear children. I showed your kind letter to Mr. Tuite, and I have the satisfaction to tell you it had the desired effect. God forgive Mrs. Canvan; it was very cruel of her. I beg, my dear Sir, once more to ask a favour of you, which is in behalf of my good friend Mr. Tuite. He is a most worthy man, with a large family of children, and but a small fortune to provide for them. He now has four sons, young men, to provide for, and they are very desirous to serve his Majesty; one of them is very fond of going to sea, the other two in the army. As his family is very large and fortune small, it is out of his power to provide for them as he could wish, or as they merit. You are not unacquainted with the very great expense necessary to fit out a young man to make a proper appearance in the world. By your kind recommendation, of them to his grace the Duke, and your other good friends Lord Percy and Lord Algernon, I flatter myself you will be able to provide for them without putting the father to any great expense. The young men in question are just come from college, and the eldest is 22 and the other two 21 and 19; very good young men, robust, and very fond of the service. In such a disagreeable war as we are engaged in at present, I hope my application will be attended with success, as I flatter myself your friendship for me will prompt you to use your interest with the family for the sons of my friend, who I shall be happy, through your means, to be of service to. I beg you to excuse the liberty I take in requesting this favour; but the friendship that you have ever professed for me will, I have no reason to doubt, prove a sufficient excuse

for the liberty. It is now more than two years that I have lived with Mr. Tuite's family, and have experienced from them the utmost friendship and attention. They keep but little company, and that of the very best, and, this I will say, they never go out without me. He has two very fine daughters, young women; the youngest is most beautiful. She is as respectful to me as if I was her mother. I hope, good Sir, to have the pleasure of hearing from you soon, and at the same time some news for my young friends; the one for the sea will be glad to get out as soon as he can. I wish it was in my power to write you something to amuse you; the only thing I have seen that I think you will like to hear is the account of a feast I was at a few weeks ago. The Prince de Ghisteltes, a grandee of Spain, of the first class, and a person of distinction in this country, of the house of Melun, and uncle to the Princess of Stalburg, wife to the Prince Charles, (commonly called the Pretender) has given an elegant fête at his chateau. It is a custom in many parts of France for the seigneurs of a village to reward their young parishioners, in order to inspire in them good and virtuous sentiments; for this purpose a feast was instituted by St. Medard, formerly Bishop of Noyon, who was the patron and founder of the Rose of Sulaney, a village near Noyon, in the province of, I am not sure where; you may find his name in the Bede Roll of saints in the Romish calendar. The seigneur or lord of the manor sends for the old men of the village, and begs them to fix on a young woman born of honest parents, remarkable for her prudence and good behaviour, as a proper candidate for the rose. When the choice is made, her cottage is ornamented with festoons of flowers and other rural ornaments, and on the appointed day she is crowned with a wreath of roses, and the seigneur presents her with a silver medal, which she wears pendant to a blue ribbon till the day of marriage. On one side is engraven 'The Reward of Virtue,' on the reverse the name of the seigneur, and on the day of marriage he makes her a present towards housekeeping. The whole ceremony is formed into an opera, and translated from the French by a gentleman of my acquaintance, which I hope you will soon see represented on the English theatre, under the title of the Rose of Winstay. As a compliment to Sir Watkin Wynne, the author means to dedicate this performance to Lady Wynne. I will now pro-

ceed to give a description of the feast of Beuvry, a village adjoining to Bethune, where the Prince de Ghistelles at present resides. At twelve the prince sent his coach and four to attend us to his chateau, which is about a league distant, where we found a crowd of elegant company in honour of the feast, who had not long been returned from mass, where the *rosiere* assisted, and received the sacrament from the hands of the Bishop of Arras, in his mitre and sacred vestments. At ten the *rosiere* walked in procession to the parish church, attended by twelve young maidens, all in white, with the same number of old men. The dinner was exceedingly elegant; above fifty people sat at the same table. The *salle à manger* was decorated with trees, festoons of flowers tied with knots of ribbons, with a picture in the centre representing the ceremony of the Fête of the Rose. After dinner the company walked in procession to the church, before which the *rosiere* was conducted into the private chapel in the chateau, where she was adorned with a *cordón bleu*, to which hung appendant an elegant silver medal. On one side was the bust of St. Medard, patron of the *rosiere*; the reverse, 'Instituted by Joseph Philip Alexander, Prince de Ghistelles, Melun, Richbourg, Grandee of Spain of the first class, June 6, 1779;' and to her left breast was pinned a smaller medal; on one side '*La Recompence de la Vertu*;' the reverse, 'Instituted by Jos. Phil. Alexr. Prince de Ghistelles, &c. &c. June 6, 1779.' The young maidens had each a *cordón bleu*. The prince led the *rosiere* with his right hand, and in his left he carried the wreath of roses. At the church door the bishop received her in his mitre, with his crosier in his hands, attended by the priests in their mantles, copes, &c. with several different orders. After vespers the procession (joined by the Conference of St. Eloy, bearing the bust of that saint in silver) proceeded to a temporary chapel built and ornamented for the occasion, amidst an immense concourse of people, above 7,000, who were curious to see the ceremony, never before exhibited in Flanders. Upon her arrival at the chapel she kneeled and received the benediction from the bishop. The prince then crowned her amidst the acclamations of the crowd, the priests, choir, &c. chanting a hymn written for the occasion. The prince, on placing the wreath upon her head, made a speech to the *rosiere*, in which he informed her that the honour she that day received was the reward

of her virtue and prudence, and that as long as she conducted herself with propriety he should continue to be her friend, and that when she found an honest worthy man of her own rank he should give her a portion. The company proceeded in the same manner to the chateau, after which the prince conducted her to her cottage, and the ceremony finished.

"The *rosiere* is quite a common peasant, about 27 years old, not ugly, and, considering her rusticity, conducted herself during the whole of the ceremony with great propriety, modesty, and decency; she was left an orphan at twelve years old, with several brothers and sisters, the youngest not twelve months old. She has brought them up entirely by her own industry. They earn a decent livelihood by spinning, and her brothers are common labourers. Marie Clere Segond was then, according to the opinion of every one, justly rewarded for her prudence and virtue. The small medal she is obliged to wear until she is married; the large one with the cordon is hung up in the chapel of the chateau, to serve for succeeding *rosieres*. I fear, good Sir, I have tired you, and must beg you will forgive all blunders and my bad account of the *rosiere*; so will conclude with my best love and compliments to my dear Mrs. Percy and your young family, and be pleased to accept the same from, good Sir, your ever faithful friend and servant,

"DANIEL MATHEW GRAINGER.

"P.S. Pray direct for me Poste Restante à Bethune, for Mr. Tuite has left Lille, and has taken a chateau in the country."

* * There are several other letters of Mrs. Grainger to Bp. Percy, which shew the intimacy subsisting between them, but of too private a nature to merit publication.

JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.

A MEMOIR of this celebrated man will be found in vol. II. of *Literary Anecdotes*, pp. 400—404 ; and numerous particulars of him in various parts of that work ; see *General Indexes*, vol. VII. pp. 38, 518. See also “ *Literary Illustrations*,” vol. II. p. 664, where his ode to Mr. Dilly, the bookseller, is printed.

In Mr. Prior’s “ *Life of Goldsmith*,” (I. 446—457,) is a long review of the character of Mr. Boswell, so ably and justly written that we cannot refrain from extracting a few passages :

“ It may be true that Boswell was not a high-minded man, but this did not necessarily unfit him for the office he undertook [as biographer of Johnson]. Possessed of considerable talent, industry, and observation, he yet conveys no impression of enjoying an enlarged or vigorous understanding. * * * * *

“ His peculiarities are often contradictory ; we are in doubt whether sense or folly, simplicity or cunning, a degree of pride sometimes amusing, or a spirit of adulation almost servile, predominate in the picture he has left of himself. If we find in him occasional selfishness, there is likewise a devotion toward the great man whom he worshipped approaching to generosity ; a determination, never thought derogatory, to submit to humiliating rebuffs and caustic reprehensions with a patience more than philosophical. Mingled with this there was much of real kindness in trying to cheer the solitary hours of his friend, who sought society from the relief thence afforded to a mind often affected by morbid melancholy, and who had no domestic companion to bestow it ; he further felt,



James Boswell.

Born 1740. — Died 1795

probably, that this kind feeling formed his chief claim to attention from the philosopher; and that, having intruded upon him at first with no slight degree of intrepidity, as being young, unknown, and without claim to such an honour, and continued it by perseverance, submission could alone enable him to retain hold upon his affection. He was proud, and not unreasonably so, of being known as an attached friend of the first literary man of the age; but jealous to excess of others who enjoyed an honour which he seemed to think ought to be exclusively his own. * * * * *

“From these proofs of attachment and kindness to one who has so many claims on our regard as Johnson, if we cannot altogether respect Boswell, it is difficult to dislike him. He was good-humoured, free from malignity, and, excepting when some jealousy or prejudice interfered, and for which he may have thought he had sufficient reason, seldom unjust to those of whom he had occasion to speak. His social propensities were well known; and a contemporary, Mr. Courtenay, thus laments his absence:

‘No Boswell joys o’er wine.’

Want of candour is rarely among his defects. On the contrary, he opens his mind so freely that we discover much of what is passing there even possibly when such disclosure was not meant; for, had he been conscious of the light in which we are often obliged to view him, it is difficult to believe he would not have shown more caution, although at the expense of the interest attached to his book.”

MR. BOSWELL to Bp. PERCY.

" MY DEAR LORD,

Edinburgh, 8 March 1784.

" The heavy loss which your Lordship suffered by the death of your son, soon after my being entertained by your Lordship with very kind hospitality at Carlisle, made it so difficult for me to write to you that I hope you will be good enough to forgive my long delay of expressing my sincere thanks, and I beg your Lordship may at the same time be assured that none of your friends sympathised more with you in your distress. The consolations with which your Lordship's mind is stored have, I trust, had their benignant effect, so that we may again hope for the benefit of your literary labours.

" The state of the nation has for some time been such that in my opinion every good subject is called upon to defend the constitution by supporting the crown. I enclose a pamphlet which I have published on the subject, and which I am truly happy to find has had considerable influence. I rejoice that the Irish appear to be so loyal. If your Lordship thinks that my pamphlet will promote the laudable spirit, and any of the Dublin publishers choose to run the risk of reprinting it, I shall be glad to hear of its success.

" Be so obliging, my dear Lord, as to let me hear from you, and tell me particularly how your lady and daughters like the new situation in which you are placed. If you write soon please to direct to me at Auchinlech, near Ayr, by Portpatrick. I intend to be in London about the end of this month, chiefly to attend upon Dr. Johnson with respectful affection. He has for some time been very ill with dropsical and asthmatical complaints, which at his age are very alarming. I wish to publish, as a regale to him, a neat little volume, 'The Praises of Dr. Samuel Johnson, by cotemporary Writers.' It will be about the size of Selden's Table Talk, of which your Lordship made me a present, with an inscription on the blank leaf in front, which does me honour. It is placed in the library at Auchinlech. Will your Lordship take the trouble to send me a note of the writers you recollect have praised our much respected friend. My address when in London is at General Paoli's, Portman Square.

" An edition of my pamphlet has been published in London, and the first line of the advertisement was,

‘Reprinted for the People of England.’ This should be adopted in Dublin, mutato nomine.

“I ever am, my dear Lord, your Lordship’s faithful humble servant,
JAMES BOSWELL.”

“MY DEAR LORD,

Carlisle, 8 July 1784.

“Having met with Mr. Buckby, a clergyman of your Lordship’s diocese, as a fellow traveller, I take the opportunity of his going to Ireland to write a few lines, begging to know if your Lordship received in Spring last a letter from me, with a political pamphlet?

“I have left Dr. Johnson wonderfully recovered, but by no means well. I hope he will go to Italy before winter. I have at length resolved, with his approbation, to try my fortune at the English bar, a scheme of which your Lordship talked to me in an animating strain, when I was hospitably entertained by you at this place.

“May I hope to hear from your Lordship at Edinburgh? I beg to have my best compliments presented to Mrs. Percy and the young ladies; and I ever am, my dear Lord, your Lordship’s faithful humble servant,

“JAMES BOSWELL.”

“MY DEAR LORD,

Auchinleck, 20 March, 1785.

“Instead of apologising for not thanking your Lordship sooner, for your last kind letter, which was valued by me as it ought to be, I shall follow the maxim *ad eventum festina*, and proceed directly to a subject which affects us mutually—the death of our illustrious friend Dr. Johnson. I certainly need not enlarge on the shock it gave my mind. I do not expect to recover from it. I mean I do not expect that I can ever in this world have so mighty a loss supplied. I gaze after him with an eager eye; and I hope again to be with him.

“It is a great consolation to me now, that I was so assiduous in collecting the wisdom and wit of that wonderful man. It is long since I resolved to write his life—I may say his life and conversation. He was well informed of my intention, and communicated to me a thousand particulars from his earliest years upwards to that dignified intellectual state in which we have beheld him with awe and admiration.

“I am first to publish the ‘Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides,’ in company with him, which will exhibit a specimen of that wonderful conversation in which wisdom

and wit were equally conspicuous. My talent for recording conversation is handsomely acknowledged by your Lordship upon the blank leaf of 'Selden's Table Talk,' with which you was so good as present me. The 'Life' will be a large work enriched with letters and other original pieces of Dr. Johnson's composition; and, as I wish to have the most ample collection I can make, it will be some time before it is ready for publication.

"I am indebted to your Lordship for a copy of 'Pope's Note' concerning him, and for a list of some of his works which was indeed written down in his presence uncontradicted; but he corrected it for me when I pressed him. If your Lordship will favour me with any thing else of or concerning him I shall be much obliged to you. You must certainly recollect a number of anecdotes. Be pleased to write them down, as you so well can do, and send them to me.

"I am now, as your Lordship once observed to me, your *neighbour*. For, while here, at the romantic seat of my ancestors, I am at no great distance from Ireland. I hope we shall yet visit as neighbours. At present, however, I am on the wing for London, where letters addressed to me at General Paoli's, Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, will find me. I beg to have my best compliments presented to Mrs. Percy and the young ladies, and I have the honour to remain, your Lordship's faithful humble servant,

"JAMES BOSWELL."

"MY DEAR LORD,

London, July 12th, 1786.

"My friend Malone undertook to convey to your Lordship a copy of my 'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides,' which I hope you have received.

"Your Lordship's last letter to me, which had been unaccountably mislaid in some corner of my house at Edinburgh, has at last been found. I am very sorry that it is now too late to obey your Lordship's commands to procure you a copy of our Scottish regulations, of which I understand from the Bishop of Killaloe you have formed, for your Royal Society, the best in the world. But I beg leave to renew my solicitation, and to remind your Lordship of your obliging promise to let me have any materials in your possession that can illustrate the Life of Dr. Johnson, which I am now preparing for the press. I beg that your Lordship may be kind enough to favour me with

them as soon as you can, as I now have occasion for all that I can get. Be pleased to direct for me at Mr. Dilly's, bookseller, London. Though the magnitude and lustre of his character make Dr. Johnson an object of the public attention longer than almost any person whom we have known, yet there is some danger that if the publication of his life be delayed too long, curiosity may be fainter. I am, therefore, anxious to bring forth my quarto. Pray, then, send me your kind communications without delay.

"I am much pleased with the edition of the 'Tatler,' with notes; but I should have been better pleased had the notes been all *by one hand*; your Lordship will understand me.* I long to have the Spectator, my early favourite, illustrated in the same manner.

"What a dreary thing (I cannot help feeling it) is it to have one's friends removed to a distant country! When I recollect the many pleasing hours which I have passed with Dr. Percy in London, and the few at Alnwick, and the few at Edinburgh, and a good many at Carlisle, how much do I wish that he were well established in England! I am resolved, however, some time or other, to see Ireland all over; and with what glee shall we talk over old stories at Dromore!

"I am now at the English bar, of which I long wished to make a fair trial. How long I shall continue will depend upon circumstances.

"I beg to have my best compliments presented to Mrs. Percy and the young ladies; and I have the honour to be, my dear Lord, your faithful humble servant,

"JAMES BOSWELL."

Bp. PERCY to Mr. BOSWELL.

"DEAR SIR,

Dublin, March 5th, 1787.

"My delay in answering your obliging letters I beg you will ascribe to the true cause, the not being able to satisfy myself that any particulars I could recover concerning our friend Dr. Johnson were worth your notice, much less would answer expectations I had formed myself, or excited in you, when we talked of the subject at a distance. Yet I have often reproached myself for not submitting them to your perusal such as they were, and at length have determined to send them to you, with the

* "The Bishop of Dromore had no hand in this edition. T. D."

addition of a Greek epitaph of Dr. Johnson's on our poor friend Dr. Oliver Goldsmith, which I procured two days ago from Mr. Archdall of this country, who had been a pupil of Dr. Sumner's at Harrow, and was recommended by him to Dr. Johnson, who gave him this epitaph, and I send to you his (Mr. Archdall's) own transcript, hoping it will prove a peace-offering, and restore to me the pleasure of your correspondence.

"In conversations of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Williams, I have heard them mention the following incidents of his childhood:—That he was sent to learn to read, or to improve his reading, to a school-dame at Lichfield, who, upon account of the defect in his eyesight, usually followed him home, lest he should be run over in the streets, and he was so near-sighted that he was obliged to stoop down on his hands and knees to take a view of the kennel before he ventured to step over it; but if he discovered the old woman following him, he would turn back in anger and kick her shins. This old dame lived to hear that he was a great author; and once, when he came to Lichfield, brought him a present of a pound of gingerbread, declaring he was the best scholar she had ever had.

"After he had gone through Dr. Hunter's grammar school at Lichfield, his father removed him to that of Stourbridge, where he got him to be received as an assistant to the master, and where he was to have his own instruction gratis for teaching the lesser boys. I have heard him remark, that at one of these he learnt much in the school but nothing from the master; at the other, much from the master, but nothing in the school. Not far from Stourbridge is the Free Grammar School of Tresull, in Staffordshire, of which I believe Pope endeavoured to procure him to be elected master by the interest of Lord Gower, as is mentioned in a billet of Pope's to Richardson the painter, of which you have a copy.

"Dr. Johnson's father, before he got him received at Stourbridge, applied to have him admitted as a scholar and assistant to the Rev. Samuel Lea, M.A., Head Master of Newport School, in Shropshire (a very diligent, good teacher, at that time in high reputation, and under whom Mr. Hollis is said in the *Memoirs of his Life* to have been also educated, as was afterwards your humble servant). This application to Mr. Lea was not successful; but Johnson had afterwards the supreme gratification to hear

that this old gentleman (who lived to a very advanced age) mentioned it as one of the most memorable events of his life, that he was very near having 'that great man for his scholar.'

"S. Johnson was at length admitted of Pembroke College in Oxford; where the pleasure he took in vexing the Tutors and Fellows has been often mentioned. But I have heard him say, what ought to be recorded to the honour of the present venerable Master of that college, the Rev. William Adams, D.D., who was then very young, and one of the Junior Fellows, that the mild but judicious expostulations of this worthy man, whose virtue awed him, and whose learning he revered, made him really ashamed of himself, 'Though, I fear,' said he, 'I was too proud to own it.'

"I have heard from some of his contemporaries, that he was usually seen lounging at the college gate, with a circle of young students round him, whom he was entertaining with his wit, and keeping from their studies, if not spiring them up to rebellion against the college discipline, which in his maturer years he so highly extolled.

"He was accustomed to ascertain the era of his removal to London by recollecting that it happened within a day or two of the catastrophe of Eustace Budgell,* who having loaded his pocket with stones, called a boat, and in the midst of the Thames leaped over, and was drowned. He remembered to have once walked through the New Exchange in the Strand, among the milliners' shops mentioned in the Spectator, before that building was pulled down and converted into private houses.

"When in 1756 or 1757 I became acquainted with him, he told me he had lived twenty years in London, but not very happily.

"The above particulars are what I chiefly remember to have heard him mention of his early life; and you see how little they are worth recording.

"I have neglected to commit to writing the many *bon mots* I have heard fall from Dr. Johnson, and have a treacherous memory; but I recollect one which I heard from him and which I trust I did not hear in vain, with which I will conclude this long letter. Being in his com-

* Eustace Budgell, in 1736, took a boat at Somerset-stairs, and ordered the watermen to shoot London Bridge; and, while the boat was going under the bridge, threw himself into the river, and perished immediately.

pany once, when a person told him of a friend of his who had very fine gardens, but had been obliged to apply to his neighbour, with whom he was not upon very cordial terms, for a small piece of adjoining ground, which he thought necessary to complete them—‘See,’ said the sage, ‘how inordinate desires enslave a man! One can hardly imagine a more innocent indulgence than to have a fine walk in a garden: yet, observe, even the desire of this slight gratification, if carried to excess, how it humiliates and enthral the proudest mind: here is a man submits to beg a favour from one he does not love, because he has made a garden-walk essential to his happiness!’

“I am extremely sorry that I can furnish you with no more of his *bon mots*; a treacherous memory, and the having neglected to commit them to writing (to my great regret), have now occasioned the loss of all treasures of this sort, of which you have hoarded so rich a store. Accept the above as a tribute of my respect and regard; and believe me to be, with my best wishes, dear Sir, your very faithful humble servant, THO. DROMORE.

“P.S. I have heard with great pleasure the important part you lately acted in the North. You are now connected with a nobleman (Lord Lonsdale) who serves his friends with a zeal and spirit which I hope will be attended with the happiest consequences to your establishment in England: I already anticipate his bringing you into the House of Commons as an event no less certain than splendour to your fortunes.

“N.B. I have never yet received the copy of your book,* but am no less obliged to you.

“Excuse this blotted scribbling; it is too long to transcribe.”

Mr. BOSWELL to Bp. PERCY.

“MY DEAR LORD, London, Great Queen Street, Lincoln’s Inn Fields, 9th February, 1788.

“Procrastination we all know increases in a proportionate ratio the difficulty of doing that which might have once been done very easily. I am really uneasy to think how long it is since I was favoured with your Lordship’s communications concerning Dr. Johnson, which though few are valuable, and will contribute to increase my store.

* “Tour to the Hebrides.”

I am ashamed that I have yet seven years to write of his life. I do it chronologically, giving year by year his publications, if there were any; his letters, his conversations, and every thing else that I can collect. It appears to me that mine is the best plan of biography that can be conceived; for my readers will as near as may be accompany Johnson in his progress, and as it were see each scene as it happened. I am of opinion that my delay will be for the advantage of the work, though perhaps not for the advantage of the author, both because his fame may suffer from too great expectation, and the sale may be worse from the subject being comparatively old. But I mean to do my duty as well as I can. Mrs. (Thrale) Piozzi's Collection of his letters will be out soon, and will be a rich addition to the Johnsonian memorabilia. I saw a sheet at the printing-house yesterday, and observed Letter cccxxx, so that we may expect much entertainment. It is wonderful what avidity there still is for every thing relative to Johnson. I dined at Mr. Malone's on Wednesday with Mr. W. G. Hamilton, Mr. Flood, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Courtenay, &c.; and Mr. Hamilton observed very well, what a proof it was of Johnson's merit, that we had been talking of him almost all the afternoon. But your Lordship needs no refreshment upon that subject.

"I have two or three letters from him to Francis Barber while that faithful negro was at school at Easton Mauduit. Can your Lordship give me any particulars of Johnson's conduct in that benevolent business?

"Your Lordship would I am sure be pleased to see that I was lately elected Recorder of Carlisle. Lord Lonsdale's recommending me to that office was an honourable proof of his Lordship's regard for me, and I may hope that this may lead to future promotion. I have indeed no claim upon his Lordship; but I shall endeavour to deserve his countenance.

"Malone flatters himself that his Shakespeare* will be published in June. I should rather think that we shall not have it till winter. Come when it may, it will be a very admirable book.

"Our club goes on as it has done for some time past. Shall we not have the pleasure of seeing your Lordship among us this year? However much I may rejoice at

* Mr. Boswell's son, James, published the last edition of this work after Mr. Malone's death.

your Lordship's elevation, I cannot but feel a very sincere regret at your absence. I recollect with fondness the happy mornings I have passed in that capital study in Northumberland house, and elsewhere. Does not your Lordship sometimes wish to be in old England again?

"I offer my best compliments to Mrs. Percy and to the young ladies. How do they like Ireland? I ever am, my dear Lord, with great regard, your Lordship's very faithful humble servant,

"JAMES BOSWELL."

Bp. PERCY to Mr. BOSWELL.

["A copy much altered. T. D."]

"DEAR SIR,

Dromore House, Feb. 28, 1788.

"I had lately seen in the papers your being elected Recorder of Carlisle, and was preparing to congratulate you on that appointment, when I received you truly acceptable favour of the 9th instant. Be assured I do, and ever shall rejoice, at every event which gives you pleasure or affords a tribute to your merit, as I think this may fairly be considered; though I cannot but regret exceedingly, that your connection with Carlisle should not have taken place till mine had wholly ceased there, and that you should not become a denizen of England till I had ceased to be an Englishman.

"I felicitate you most sincerely on your growing interest with so warm and generous a patron as Lord Lonsdale, whose zealous attachment to his friends has always been a distinguished feature in his character, and who I doubt not will be glad to introduce into Parliament a member of your abilities and active exertion. I must myself acknowledge with gratitude, that during my residence in that country I always received very flattering instances of his Lordship's polite attention; and I have great pleasure in seeing you so agreeably connected with his Lordship, who shows a discernment rarely seen in men of great fortunes, in looking out and attracting to himself men of distinguished talents, as he has lately manifested in his patronage of you and Dr. Douglas: his recommendation of the latter to the bishopric of Carlisle also does him great honour.

"With regard to our departed friend Johnson, he spent part of the summer of 1764 at my vicarage house at Easton Mauduit, in Northamptonshire: but Francis

Barber then attended him as his servant, and went back with him to London. He never was at school *there*, but had formerly, I believe, been placed by his master at one of the cheap schools in Yorkshire, and afterwards, if I mistake not, at a school in or near Bishop's Stortford, where poor Frank, I fear, never got beyond his accidence; but I am unacquainted with the particulars.

"I found lately a memorandum about the club at the Turk's Head, in Gerard Street, which is at your service. Its first origin you have in Sir John Hawkins's book, and some account of it in Mrs. Piozzi's: but neither of them have noticed what I have heard Johnson mention as the principal or avowed reason for the small number of members to which, for many years, it was limited; viz. at first to eight, and afterwards to twelve. It was intended the club should consist of such men, as that if only two of them chanced to meet, they should be able to entertain each other sufficiently without wishing for more company with whom to pass an evening.*

"When the club was first instituted I was not resident in London; and, it being at first limited to eight members, no vacancy offered till about 1768, when in consequence of Sir John (then Mr.) Hawkins's having withdrawn from the club, it was agreed by the remaining members to extend their number to twelve; and then Mr. Chambers, (now Sir Robert,) Mr. Colman, and myself, were elected. I was received therein on Monday evening, 15th Feb. 1768; for at that time, and for several years, the club always met to sup and spend the evening every Monday during the winter and spring months; and, with the above addition, the club then consisted of the following members:

- "1. Dr. Sam. Johnson.
- "2. Mr. (afterwards Sir Joshua) Reynolds.
- "3. Mr. Burke.
- "4. Dr. Nugent (Mr. Burke's wife's father).
- "5. Mr. Dyer.†
- "6. Dr. Goldsmith.
- "7. Mr. Chamier (a gentleman of fortune, some time under-secretary of war).

* It is rather a curious fact, that the late Lord Liverpool once dined at this club *solus*. J. M.

† "Mr. Dyer was a great friend of the Burkes; and if you wish to have it, I will try to recover the *Eloge* which Edmund Burke printed in the newspapers on Dyer's death. T. D." On Mr. Dyer, see Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*, pp. 222, 252.

" 8. Mr. Langton.

" 9. Mr. Beauchamp (who had forsaken the club, but afterwards returned to it).

" 10. Mr. (now Sir Robert) Chambers, then Vinerian Professor of Law at Oxford.

" 11. Mr. Colman.

" 12. Myself (Rev. Mr. Percy).

" The deaths, first of Mr. Dyer, and afterwards of Mr. Chamier, breaking in upon this set, opened (though not till some years after) the door to the admission of an enlarged number of members. But Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Langton can tell you more, as they were more constant in their attendance than Mr. Burke,—these three being all that now remain of the original members.

" Mrs. Percy joins in compliments with, dear Sir, your very faithful servant,

THO. DROMORE.

" P.S. I should be glad of a list of the present members of the club, at your leisure.

" N.B. In the old club-room at the Turk's Head, was a book of entries of the members of the club, showing the variations of it for many years."

Mr. BOSWELL to Bp. PERCY.

"MY DEAR LORD,

Queen Anne Street, West.
12 March, 1790.

" I am indeed ashamed of my long silence. But, although I felt very gratefully the kindness of your Lordship's last obliging letter, containing some good information for my Life of Dr. Johnson, many things have since my receiving it made me rather an irregular correspondent. As the great cause of all my dissipation of mind, I have to mention the loss of a most valuable wife, who died in June last of a consumption, which, being an hereditary complaint, had afflicted her for many, many years. I have three daughters, the eldest of whom is only sixteen, and two sons, the eldest of whom is only fourteen. I have, therefore, a great charge, for which I am very unfit; but I must do my best. I was every day wishing to write to your Lordship, for that consolation which your office enables you to give. I thank God for having afforded me more than I at first supposed possible.

" It gives me great pleasure to hear that your Lordship and family intend a visit to us next summer. I shall by that time be well advanced in my *magnum opus*, of which

a hundred pages are now printed. I hope we shall have many of those happy days which *olim meminisse juvabit*.

"I engaged to Sir Joshua Reynolds to send your Lordship Mr. Burke's speech on the French affairs. It accordingly comes under cover as your Lordship mentioned. I have added to it Lord Stanhope's answer, which I will venture to call somewhat blackguard.

"Sir Joshua has been shamefully used by a junto of the Academicians. I live a great deal with him, and he is much better than you would suppose.

"Pray, how does your edition of Goldsmith go on? I am in the way of getting at many additional works of his, which I shall communicate to your Lordship.

"I offer my best compliments to Mrs. Percy and the young ladies; and ever am your Lordship's faithful humble servant,
JAMES BOSWELL."

"MY DEAR LORD,

London, 9 April, 1790.

"Stockdale has promised a list of the members who voted on both sides on the great question of the Corporation and Test Acts. But he is so very long about it that I will wait no longer, but send you the debate as published by him. I most heartily rejoice to find that the Church is so respectably established in the opinion of the laity.

"As to suppressing your Lordship's name when relating the very few anecdotes of Johnson with which you have favoured me, I will do anything to oblige your Lordship but that very thing. I owe to the authenticity of my work, to its respectability, and to the credit of my illustrious friends, to introduce as many names of eminent persons as I can. It is comparatively a very small portion which is sanctioned by that of your Lordship, and there is nothing even bordering on impropriety. Believe me, my Lord, you are not the only bishop in the number of great men with which my pages are graced. I am quite resolute as to this matter.

"Pray, who is it that has the charge of Goldsmith's works here? I should like to talk with him. I know not where the plan of his *Encyclopædia* is, or if it be preserved.*

"Our amiable friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, has received from the Empress of Russia the present of a very fine gold snuff-box, beautifully enamelled, with her head on the lid, set round with five-and-thirty capital diamonds. Within

* It is not in Mr. Prior's edition of "The Miscellaneous Works of Goldsmith."

it is a slip of paper, on which are written in her own hand these words, I think I recollect them exactly, 'Pour le Chevalier Reynolds, en témoignage du contentement que j'ai ressenti de ses excellens discours sur la Peinture.'*

"I offer my best compliments to Mrs. Percy, and the young ladies; and have the honour to be, my dear Lord, your Lordship's faithful, humble servant,

"JAMES BOSWELL."

* * * IN Boswell's Life of Johnson are three interesting letters relative to Bishop Percy. 1. A letter from Mr. Boswell to Dr. Johnson, upon an unlucky contest in conversation between Johnson and Percy. 2. A letter from Dr. Johnson to Boswell, dated April 3, 1778, warmly praising Dr. Percy, and with which, when afterwards given to him, he was so delighted as to say, "I would rather have this than degrees from all the universities in Europe." 3. A letter from Mr. Boswell to Dr. Percy, inclosing the preceding letter.

TWO LETTERS

FROM JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. to JAMES ABERCROMBIE, Esq. of Philadelphia.

"SIR,

London, June 11, 1792.

"The packet with which your spontaneous kindness has been pleased to honour me, after being a little while delayed by the ship's having put into Ireland, came safely to my hands. The two letters† from Dr. Johnson to American gentlemen are a valuable acquisition. I received them in time to be inserted in the second edition of my Life of that great man, which is now in the press. It is to be in three volumes octavo, and will contain a good many additions. A copy from the author shall be sent to you, hoping that you will allow it a place in your library. Meantime, Sir, my grateful acknowledgments to you shall be wafted across the Atlantic.

"In the letter to Bishop White, I observe Dr. Johnson says, 'I take the liberty which you give me, of troubling you with a letter, of which you will please to fill up the direction.' There must, therefore, have been a third letter of my illustrious friend's sent to your continent. If the respectable gentleman, under whose care it was trans-

* These passages are printed in Prior's Life of Goldsmith, i. 454.

† These two letters are dated March 4, 1773, and are printed in Boswell's Life of Johnson.

mitted, can procure a copy of it for me, I shall be much obliged to him, and to you, of whom I beg pardon for giving you more trouble after what you have done for me.

"You are, I find, Sir, a true Johnsonian; and you may believe that I have great pleasure in being of any service to one of that description. I have not yet been able to discover any more of his sermons, besides those left for publication by Dr. Taylor. I am informed by the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, that he gave an excellent one to a clergyman, who preached and published it in his own name, on some public occasion. But the Bishop has not as yet told me the name, and seems unwilling to do it. Yet I flatter myself I shall get at it.

"Your list of Johnson's works, and of what has been written concerning him, has what is most valuable. There have, however, been various other publications concerning him, several of which I have mentioned in my book. If you think it worth your while to collect all that can be had, I will do all that I can to assist you, though some of them attack me with a good deal of ill-nature, the effect of which, however, I assure you, is by no means painful.

"I now send you a poetical review of Dr. Johnson's literary and moral character, by my friend Mr. Courtenay; in which, though I except to several passages, you will find some very good writing.

"It will be kind if you will be so good as to let me know if any thing be published in the *New World* relative to Johnson. My worthy bookseller Mr. Dilly will take care of whatever packets you may have to send to me. I am, Sir, your much obliged humble servant,

"JAMES BOSWELL."

"DEAR SIR,

London, July 28, 1793.

"I have this very day received your packet, concerning your letter of 17th May; and, as a vessel sails for Philadelphia to-morrow, I shall not delay to express my sincere thanks for your accumulated favours.

"I am very sorry that you have experienced any uneasiness at not hearing from me, in answer to your obliging letter of 10th October, 1792, which came safe to my hands, together with Mr. Hopkins's *Miscellaneous Works*, and the *Magazine* giving an account of that gentleman. The truth is, I delayed writing to you again, till I could send you the second edition of my *Life of Dr. Johnson*, which

I supposed would be ready long before this time; but it has been retarded by various causes, one of which you will not regret; I mean, my having had some valuable additions lately communicated to me. The work is at length finished, and you will be pleased to receive your copy of it from the author. It will be accompanied with Mr. Young's criticism on Gray's celebrated Elegy, in imitation of Dr. Johnson's manner, which, I persuade myself, will entertain you a good deal.*

"I think a kind of national modesty in a young race, if I may so express myself, has led you to rate your countryman lower than he deserves. I do not mean to estimate him as a first-rate genius; but surely he had good abilities, and a wide and various range of application. I have not time to consider the writings which you have kindly sent me with your last letter, so as to give any opinion upon them by this opportunity. But I shall certainly presume to tell you in a future letter what I think of them. I shall be glad to have the curious dissertation on the elements of written language, though you mention that it contains some severe strictures on Dr. Johnson. I am not afraid. I know what he can bear.

"Mr. Agutter's sermon on his death has not yet been published. Should it appear, you may depend on my taking care to transmit you a copy of it.

"I cannot warmly enough acknowledge the zeal with which you have exerted yourself in order to gratify me. I am very sorry that Dr. Johnson's letter to your friend Mr. Odell is lost. But that is one of the many evils occasioned by that unjust civil war, which I reprobated at the time when a bad ministry carried it on, and now look back upon with a mixture of wonder and regret. Let us not, however, get upon that subject. I beg you may present my compliments to Mr. Odell, with thanks for his very polite mention of me. I also beg to be respectfully remembered to —, who I am pleased to find recollects having met me at the hospitable table of my old friend Sir Alexander Dick, who was truly a Corycius Senex. The Johnsoniana, which ——— has obligingly allowed you to send me, have the characteristical stamp;

* He published a criticism on Gray's Elegy, meaning to quiz Dr. Johnson. He was a professor of Greek at Glasgow. Johnson mentions this work of Young's in "Letters," by Piozzi, vol. ii. p. 289. It was too long to be very happy; but it passed, however, through two editions; the last in 1810.

and I like much his expression, that "The single weight of Johnson's massy understanding, in the scale of Christianity, is an overbalance to all the infidelity of the age in which he lived."

"You will find in my second edition a correction of *chum* to *cham*, suggested to me by Lord Palmerston. I am glad to have it confirmed by the letter from Dr. Armstrong; and, should my book come to another edition, that confirmation shall be added; as shall your discovery of the pun upon *corps* in Menagiana, in which you are, I think, clearly right. You will find an ingenious conjecture concerning it in my second edition, by an unknown correspondent.

"I have not yet obtained from the Bishop of Salisbury the name of the clergyman to whom Johnson gave a sermon, which was preached on the fifth of November; for that, I find, was the public occasion. I will endeavour, if possible, to find it out.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds's Tour to the Netherlands is much better written by himself than I could do it; for it is, I understand, almost entirely an account of the pictures. It is to be subjoined to an edition of his Discourses to the Royal Academy, which is now in the press, under the care of that accurate critic, my friend Mr. Malone.

"By your name, sir, you must be of Scottish extraction. May I presume to ask how long your family has been settled in America? I have a great wish to see that country; and I once flattered myself that I should be sent thither in a station of some importance.

"I am, with a very grateful sense of my obligations to you, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"JAMES BOSWELL."

TWO LETTERS

FROM JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. to ANDREW MITCHELL, Esq.*

"Berlin, 28 August, 1764.

"You may believe me, Sir, I was a good deal surprised to hear upon my return to Berlin that *Onze Gezant* was gone. There was indeed a surmise at Brunswick that you intended to return to England this season; I was asked if it was true, and very innocently affirmed, that there was

* His Britannic Majesty's Minister at Berlin.

nothing in it. I find, however, that when a man leaves a minister at a foreign court, but for a fortnight, he is not sure of finding him upon his return.

“Your departure is a good deal unlucky for me, not only as it deprives me of conversation which gave me uncommon pleasure, and insensibly accustomed me to rational thinking and honourable sentiment, but because I now particularly stand in need of your prudent and kind counsel with respect to my Travels. I have had another letter from my father, in which he continues of opinion that travelling is of very little use, and may do a great deal of harm. I shall not repeat what I have formerly said of my father’s particular character; I say particular, for rarely will you find a man of so excellent a frame of body, and so noble a mind, as to have passed through life with uniform propriety of conduct.

“For my own part, I own that I am not such a favourite of Nature. Think not that I intend to plead machinery, and escape from the censure due to the faults which I have committed. I only would have you consider, that judgment is a natural gift as well as imagination, and force of mind in a great measure independent of our endeavours. Think of me as I am, and pronounce accordingly. I esteem and love my father, and I am determined to do what is in my power to make him easy and happy. But you will allow that I may endeavour to make him happy, and at the same time not be too hard upon myself. I must use you so much with the freedom of a friend as to tell you, that with the vivacity which you allowed me I have a melancholy disposition. I have made excursions into the fields of amusement, perhaps of folly. I have found that amusement and folly are beneath me, and that without some laudable pursuit my life must be insipid and wearisome. I therefore took the resolution of leaving London, and settled myself for the winter at Utrecht, where I recovered my inclination for study and rational thinking. I then laid my account with travelling a couple of years, but found my father’s views to be entirely different. You saw the letter which I wrote to him from this; and I flatter myself that you approved of it. I cannot expect his answer for some weeks. In the mean time he tells me that he would not oppose my passing another winter at Utrecht; so that he does not grudge the time which I ask. As for the money, I should

think for one year a little extraordinary expense is not thrown away, when it is also to be considered that what I spend now I shall not have some years hence. My father seems much against my going to Italy, but gives me leave to go from this, and pass some months in Paris. I own that the words of the Apostle Paul, "I must see Rome," are strongly *borne in* upon my mind. It would give me infinite pleasure. It would give taste for a lifetime, and I should go home to Auchinlech with serene contentment. I am the more confident in my request, that I am no libertine, and have a moral certainty of suffering no harm in Italy. I can also assure you that I shall be as moderate as possible in my expenses. I do not intend to travel as *Mi Lord Anglais*, but merely as a scholar and a man of elegant curiosity; and I am told that in that character I may live in Italy very reasonably. I obviate your objection of my being obliged to live like others, by assuring you that I have none of that second-rate ambition which actuates most young men of fortune upon their travels. After passing four months on classic ground I would come through France, and go home, as I said to my father, *uti conviva satur*. Now, Sir, tell me fairly if I am unreasonable. Upon my honour I cannot think that I am. I give you my word that my father's inclinations shall be as inviolable laws to his son. But don't you think that I may first remonstrate, before I consider an act has passed? Don't you think that rather than go home contrary to what I must desire, and cannot help thinking proper, don't you think it worth while to humour me so far as to allow me my year and a reasonable sum; after which I return clear and contented, without any pretence for my gloomy disposition to murmur at. I would beg you, Sir, that you would write to my father your opinion as to this matter, and put it in the light which you may think it deserves. In the mean time, I can see little advantage to be had at Berlin. I shall, however, remain here a fortnight, after which I intend passing, by Maanheim and one or two more of the German Courts, to Geneva. I am then at the point from whence I may either steer to Italy or to France. I shall see Voltaire; I shall also see Switzerland and Rousseau. These two men are to me greater objects than most statues or pictures.

"I take this opportunity to assure the loved and re-

spected friend of my father that I am sincerely happy at having obtained his acquaintance. I would hope that I shall not be found unworthy of his regard; and I wish very honestly for an opportunity of showing my real esteem for such a character as I could draw to any body else but to himself.

"I am, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

"JAMES BOSWELL.

"P.S. I would be obliged to you for an answer as soon as you are at leisure to write."*

"DEAR SIR,

Geneva, 26 Dec. 1764.

"I thank you for your letter from Spa, although it gave me no great encouragement in my scheme of going to Italy. You tell me, gravely, to follow the plan which my father prescribes, whatever it may be, as in doing so I shall certainly act most wisely. I forgive you this; for I say just the same to young people when I advise. To enter into a detail of the little circumstances which compose the felicity of another, is what a man of any genius can hardly submit to. We, therefore, give a good wholesome general counsel, and he who consults us thinks a little, and then endeavours to take his own way as well as he can. I have, however, the happiness to inform you that my father has consented that I shall go to Italy. Upon my soul, I am grateful to the most worthy of men. It will be hard if we are not well together; for I love him with the strongest affection. I hope to give him entire satisfaction. If I find that I cannot succeed in my own plans in such a way as to convince my father that I am in the right, I shall do my utmost to fulfil the plan beyond which he cannot think to look. You may suppose what my ideas are, for they are your old acquaintances. One thing I am sure of, and, by the undisguised honour of a man of probity, I swear shall chiefly influence me,—a regard to the happiness of him to whom I owe so much. Believe me, I have a soul. The intention of this letter is to beg your interest in an affair which I have much at heart. My most intimate friend, the friend of my youth, and the comfort of my being, is a Mr. Temple† of Trinity Hall,

* British Museum, Additional MSS. No. 6858.

† The Rev. Wm. Johnson Temple was afterwards vicar of St. Gluvias, Cornwall, and died in August, 1786. See an account of him in *Literary Anecdotes*, iii. 190. See also *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, by Croker, 8vo. i.

Cambridge. He is an Englishman, and I am an old Scot: but brothers were never more united than we are. His father was formerly Mayor of Berwick. He had an employment in the Customs, but by misfortunes became bankrupt a year or two ago. My friend has a small estate from his mother. He has generously contributed more than the half of it towards the relief of his father, and has got the creditors to be satisfied; but his father has nothing to live upon. He understands business very well. An employment of moderate income in the Customs, or in one of the public offices, would make him happy. His youngest son was lieutenant in the regiment of the late General Craufurd, who was a friend of the family, and promised to take care of the young man. The regiment has been broken some time. The lieutenant is on half pay, and must have a part of the little fortune which his brother still possesses. Surely it would be no very hard matter to get him put upon full pay.

"Sir, I beg and entreat of you to give me your interest. You are the only man in Britain, except my sovereign, whom I would ask a favour of. I know you to be a man of the most perfect honour; and I know not another who has been tried in public life. I have written to Lady Northumberland; but I confess I have little confidence in her; and, believe me, I have not been mean enough to flatter her. Pray tell me how much you can do. If you can aid me, you will most truly oblige a worthy fellow, for such I am. Were I as rich as I shall probably be, the father and brother of my friend should not be as they are. Adieu, respected sir.

"BOSWELL.*

"P.S. I am very anxious as to this affair. Pray write to me, Aux soins de Messrs. Cazenove, Clairiere, et Fils, à Geneve.

"*To Andrew Mitchell, Esq., Great Britain.*"

LETTERS relative to Dr. JOHNSON.

Miss SEWARD to JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.

"Lichfield, March 25, 1785.

"I regret that it is not in my power to collect more anecdotes of Dr. Johnson's infancy. My mother passed

Mitford's *Life of Gray*, edit. Ald. vol. i. p. lxviii.; *Annual Register*, 1796, p. 64; *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 435; and much relating to him in *Gray and Nicholls' Correspondence*, 1843, edit. Pickering.

* British Museum, Additional MSS. No. 6858.

her days of girlhood with an uncle at Warwick, consequently was absent from home in the school-boy days of the great man; neither did I ever hear her mention any of the promissory sparkles which doubtless burst forth, though no records of them are within my knowledge. I cannot meet with any contemporary of those his very youthful days. They are all, I fear, like my poor mother, gone to their eternal home, and thus are our fountains of juvenile intelligence dried up. Mrs. Lucy Porter, who, were she in health, could communicate more than she would take the trouble of doing, is following apace her illustrious father-in-law. She is now too ill to be accessible to any of her friends, except Mr. Pearson; and were it otherwise, I do not believe that a kneeling world would obtain from her the letters you wish for.

"On inquiring after Dr. Johnson, she has often read one of his recent epistles. As she read, I secretly wondered to perceive that they contained no traces of genius. They might have been any person's composition. When this is the case, it is injudicious to publish such inconclusive testimonies. Several letters of his have appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that could interest no one by their intrinsic vigour. They will be eagerly read because they are Johnson's; but I have often thought that we never rise from any composition by the pen of the illustrious, with exactly the same degree of respect for the talents of the author with which we sat down to peruse it; our mass of admiration is either increased or diminished. If it is but by a single grain, that grain is something.

"His letter to the Chancellor* is a very stiff, indifferent performance, tinctured with a sort of covert resentment to the King, that looks ungrateful for past obligations. I wonder how he could bear the thoughts of such a request being made to his Majesty, since he had a capital of three thousand pounds, out of which he might have drawn to support the expense of continental travelling.

"You request the conversation† that passed between Johnson and myself in company, on the subject of Mrs.

* Lord Thurlow. See the letter in *Boswell's Life*, Croker's edit. vol. V. p. 263.

† "This conversation, though requested by Mr. Boswell, the author believes is not inserted in that gentleman's *Life of Johnson*; at least, not in the first edition. Mrs. Aston's sister, Mrs. Gastrell, being alive when it was published, was, doubtless, the reason why this anecdote was suppressed."—A. S.

Elizabeth Aston* of Stowe Hill, then living, with whom he always passed so much time when he was in Lichfield, and for whom he professed so great a friendship.

“‘I have often heard my mother say, Doctor, that Mrs. Elizabeth Aston was, in her youth, a very beautiful woman; and that, with all the censoriousness and spiteful spleen of a very bad temper, she had great powers of pleasing; that she was lively, insinuating, and intelligent. I knew her not till the vivacity of her youth had long been extinguished, and I confess I looked in vain for the traces of former ability. I wish to have your opinion, Sir, of what she was, you who knew her so well in her best days.’

“‘My dear, when thy mother told thee Aston was handsome, thy mother told thee truth: she was very handsome. When thy mother told thee that Aston loved to abuse her neighbours, she told thee truth; but when thy mother told thee that Aston had any marked ability in that same business, that wit gave it zest, or imagination colour, thy mother did not tell thee truth. No, no, Madam, Aston’s understanding was not of any strength, either native or acquired.’

“‘But, sir, I have heard you say, that her sister’s husband, Mr. Walmsley, was a man of bright parts and extensive knowledge; that he was also a man of strong passions, and, though benevolent in a thousand instances, yet irascible in as many. It is well known that Mr. Walmsley was considerably governed by this lady; as witness Mr. Hinton’s constant visits, and presence at his table, in despite of its master’s avowed aversion. Could it be, that, without some marked intellectual powers, she could obtain absolute dominion over such a man?’

“‘Madam, I have said, and truly, that Walmsley had bright and extensive powers of mind; that they had been cultivated by familiarity with the best authors, and by connections with the learned and polite. It is a fact, that Aston obtained nearly absolute dominion over his will; it is no less a fact that his disposition was irritable and violent. But Walmsley was a man; and there is no man

* Miss Elizabeth Aston died 1785, aged 77. See Croker’s Boswell’s Johnson, I. 52. See also vol. II. p. 45, note. Several letters of Dr. Johnson to Mrs. E. Aston were first printed in Mr. Croker’s edition, “written with a uniform spirit of tenderness and respect, and affording an additional proof of the inaccuracy of Miss Seward,” in her report of the above conversation.—CROKER.—See also anecdotes of Mrs. E. Aston by the Rev. Mr. Parker, in Croker’s Boswell, V. 409.

who can resist the repeated attacks of a furious woman. Walmsley had no alternative but to submit or turn her out of doors.'

"I have procured, from Mr. Levett, of this city, the inclosed copy of an original* letter of Dr. Johnson's. Though its style may not bear the stamp of its author's genius, yet it is illumed with a soft ray of filial piety, which cannot fail to cast its portion of additional lustre, however small, on the amiable side of the Johnsonian medal.

"The genuine lovers of the poetic science look with anxious eyes to Mr. Boswell, desiring that every merit of the stupendous mortal may be shewn in its fairest light; but, expecting also that impartial justice, so worthy of a generous mind, which the popular cry cannot influence to flatter the object of discrimination, nor yet the yearnings of remembered amity induce to invest that object with unreal perfection, injurious, from the severity of his censures, to the rights of others.

"There can be no doubt of the authenticity of that little anecdote of Johnson's infancy; the verses he made at three years old, on having killed, by treading upon it, his eleventh duck. Mrs. Lucy Porter is a woman of the strictest veracity; and a more conscientious creature could not live than old Mrs. Johnson, who, I have heard Mrs. Porter say, has often mentioned the circumstance to her. It is curious to remark, in these little verses, the poetic seed which afterwards bore plenteous fruits, of so rich a lustre and flavour. Every thing Johnson wrote was poetry; for the poetic essence consists not in rhyme and measure, which are only its trappings, but in that strength and glow of the fancy to which all the works of art and nature stand in prompt administration; that rich harmony of period,

'More tunable than needs the metric powers
To add more sweetness.'

"We observe, also, in those infant verses, the seeds of that superstition which grew with his growth, and operated so strongly through his future life.

"I have often heard my mother say she perfectly remembered his wife. He has recorded of her that beauty which existed only in his imagination. She had a very red face

* Four Letters from Dr. Johnson to Mr. Levett are printed in Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell, III. 145, 264, 456.

and very indifferent features, and her manners in advanced life, for her children were all grown up when Johnson first saw her, had an unbecoming excess of girlish levity and disgusting affectation. The rustic prettiness and artless manners of her daughter, the present Mrs. Lucy Porter, had won Johnson's youthful heart, when she was upon a visit at my * grandfather's in Johnson's school-days. Disgusted by his unsightly form, she had a personal aversion to him, nor could the beautiful † verses he addressed to her teach her to endure him. The nymph, at length, returned to her parents at Birmingham, and was soon forgotten. Business taking Johnson to Birmingham, on the death of his own father, and calling upon his coy mistress there, he found her father dying. He passed all his leisure hours at Mr. Porter's, attending his sick bed, and in a few months after his death asked Mrs. Johnson's consent to marry the old widow. After expressing her surprise at a request so extraordinary—"No, Sam, my willing consent you will never have to so preposterous a union. You are not twenty-five, and she is turned fifty. If she had any prudence, this request had never been made to me. Where are your means of subsistence? Porter has died poor, in consequence of his wife's expensive habits. You have great talents, but as yet have turned them into no profitable channel."—"Mother, I have not deceived Mrs. Porter: I have told her the worst of me; that I am of mean extraction; that I have no money; and that I have had an uncle hanged. She replied, that she valued no one more or less for his descent; that she had no more money than myself; and that, though she had not had a relation hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging."‡

"And thus became accomplished this very curious

* "Rev. John Hunter, master of the Lichfield Free-School, by whom Johnson was educated."

† "See the Verses on receiving a Myrtle from a Lady, inserted in Mr. Boswell's *Life of Johnson*."—The verses are in Mr. Croker's edition, I. 62; but Mr. Boswell says, "Dr. Johnson wrote them for his friend Mr. Edmund Hector," which is confirmed by a letter from Mr. Hector to Mr. Boswell (see Croker's edit. I. 65, notes). Mr. Croker adds, in a note, "Of the supposed attachment of Dr. Johnson to the daughter of his wife there is no evidence whatever, but the assertion of Miss Seward, whose anecdotes have turned out to be in almost every instance worse than nothing; and in this instance, the dates would disprove Miss Seward's statement, which it is but too evident that she made with a view of disparaging and ridiculing Dr. Johnson."

‡ On this conversation see hereafter, in a letter of Miss Seward, p. 352; and in Mr. Boswell's reply, p. 359.

amour. Adieu, Sir ; go on and prosper in your arduous task of presenting to the world the portrait of Johnson's mind and manners. If faithful, brilliant will be its lights, but deep its shades."*

MISS SEWARD to JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.

" Lichfield, March 25, 1785.

" ' No, sir,' there are not any lees—the spirit of your Tour with Johnson runs clear to the last syllable. Those who are not interested in its anecdotes can have little intellectual curiosity and no imagination. Those who are not entertained with the perpetual triumph of sarcastic wit over fair ingenious argument, must be sturdier moralists than even Johnson himself affected to have been ; and those who do not love the biographer as they read, whatever imperfection they may find in the massive being whom he so strongly characterises, can have no hearts.

" I confess, however, that it was not without some surprise that I perceived so much exultation avowed concerning the noble blood which flows in your veins ; since it is more honourable for a man of distinguished ingenuity to have been obscurely than splendidly descended, because then his distinctions are more exclusively his own. Often, as well you are aware, have nobles, princes, perhaps kings, stood awed in the presence of the son of a Lichfield bookseller. Can the recorder of his life and actions think birth of consequence ? Mr. Boswell is too humble in fancying he can derive honour from noble ancestry. It is for the line of Bruce to be proud of the historian of Corsica ; it is for the house of Auchinleck, to boast of him who, with the most fervent personal attachment to an illustrious literary character, has yet been sufficiently faithful to the just claims of the public upon biographic fidelity to represent him, not as his weak or prejudiced idolaters might wish to behold him ; not in the light in which they desire to contemplate Johnson, who pronounce his writings to be an obscure jargon of pompous pedantry, and his imputed virtues a superstitious farrago of pharasaic ostentation ; but as he was,—the most wonderful composition of great and absurd, of misanthropy and benevolence, of luminous intellect and prejudiced darkness, that was ever produced in the human breast.

* Letters of Miss Seward, vol. I. p. 38.

"The only part of this work whose omission I could much have wished, is the passage which records the despot's injustice to Mrs. Montagu's* ingenious and able *Treatise on Shakespeare*. Its omission, as all my correspondents observe, would have been much more consonant than its appearance to the philanthropy of the biographer.

"I have, it is true, seen a great deal of nonsense about your *Tour* in the public prints, and that both in its praise and abuse. It is hard to say who are most absurd, they who vilify its entertaining effusions as vapid and uninteresting, or they who fancy they see a perfect character in the stupendous mortal whom its pages exhibit in lights so striking and so various; bowing down before the relics of popish superstition; repaying the hospitable kindness of the Scotch professors with unfeeling exultation over the barrenness of their country, and the imputed folly of their religion; and roaming, like a Greenland bear, over Caledonia and her lonely isles.

"I have written to the elegant Bard† of Sussex, to Mr. Whalley, who is on the Continent, to my late and ever-honoured friend, Dr. John Jebb, and my other literary correspondents upon the merits of your *Tour*, and in a spirit of warm encomium upon the gay benevolence, characteristic traits, scenic graces, and biographic fidelity which adorn its pages; observing also how valuable a counterpart it forms to Dr. Johnson's *Tour to the Hebrides*. In one we perceive, through a medium of solemn and sublime eloquence, in what light Scotland, her nobles, her professors, and her chieftains appeared to the august wanderer; in the other how the growling philosopher appeared to them. If the use of biography is to ascertain and discriminate character, its domestic minuteness is its most essential excellence.

"The nearly universal approbation with which those whose opinions are of consequence have mentioned your work to me precludes all ideas of defence against the frothy spleen descending so continually upon ingenious composition from the pen of anonymous criticism. It descends in plenteous effusion,

'But leaves no spot or blame behind.'‡

* This lady, celebrated for her literary talents and charity, died at an advanced age, Aug. 25, 1800. See an account of her in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, LXX. 904.

† Mr. Hayley.

‡ Letters of Miss Seward, vol. I, p. 129.

[FROM MISS SEWARD.]

“MR. URBAN,

January 10, 1786.

“I have great confidence in your general penetration, just taste, candour, and integrity; but you must consider that you are in a public character, and ought not to suffer private friendship, with all its amiable fervours, to render you partial, even in a single instance.

“The perfection with which your publication constantly labours to invest the late stupendous, but frail, Dr. Johnson, is injustice to the characters which his prejudice calumniated, and to the talents which his rough sophistry, as Mr. Boswell once emphatically calls his manner of reasoning, so continually depreciated.

“Surely infidelity is not so very prevalent amongst men of distinguished abilities, as to make it reasonable that we should bestow upon mere orthodoxy of opinion, not enforced with gentleness, but maintained with reviling, the dignity of unswerving and saint-like virtue; nor to exempt from just blame, in a Protestant community, that superstitious reverence of Popish localities, and unaccountable violence against our dissenting brethren, which are recorded by Mr. Boswell. If Presbytery has its errors, they are neither so flagrant, nor so far removed from the established form of worship in England, as are those of the Roman Catholic faith, and monkish ceremonies; to which Dr. Johnson gives so marked and so truly reprehensible a preference.

“Personally to have known the wonderful being, is to obtain the testimony of recollection for the fidelity of Mr. Boswell's anecdotes; since it cannot fail to parallel them; and they enable those who never conversed with him to see him as he was; to perceive the genius and absurdity, wisdom and folly, penetration and prejudice, devotion and superstition, compassion and malevolence, friendship and envy, truth and sophistry, which were blended ‘in the large composition of that man.’

“Over the malignance he records, Mr. Boswell strives to spread a veil; but that veil is not impenetrable. Facts are stubborn things; and, since they are fairly recited, partially seeks to gild them in vain.

“Sensibility must be disgusted at the ungrateful contempt of a brave and hardy nation (tenacious of higher distinctions than wealth and luxury can bestow), with

which Dr. Johnson insulted her professors, at whose tables he was entertained with liberal hospitality, and from whom he received every flattering distinction. Neither can she peruse without indignation other instances of his arrogance; yet must she feel her attention often delighted, and always alive, over this animated work, and pursue, with no languid eye, the growling philosopher, and his more amiable friend, in their rambles over Caledonia and her lonely isles.

“Reviewing Mr. Boswell’s Tour in your Magazine for November, you say, that most of Dr. Johnson’s opinions of men and books, recorded in that work, will stand the test of severest criticism.

“Examine the following opinions, I beseech you, with impartiality. Mr. Boswell writes, ‘I mentioned Shenstone’s having said, that Pope possessed the art of condensing sense more than any body.’ Dr. Johnson replied, ‘It is not true; there is more sense in a line of Cowley’s than in a page, or a sentence, or ten lines (I am not certain of the phrase,) of Pope’s.’ *

“Sound criticism will hardly vouch for the verity of that assertion; but the praise of another was ever a caustic on the mind of Dr. Johnson, beneath the smart of which truth and justice were too generally disregarded.

“Cowley had great poetic imagination, some genuine, and a great deal more false wit; but his poems contain little perspicuous rationality; while the clear good sense, with which the verses of Pope abound, render them intelligible to the common reader, in whose perception those of Cowley form a chaos of extraneous and incomprehensible thought, and of unressembling resemblances.

“Is not the indignation honest which impartial people feel when they peruse, in this Tour, the injustice of the despot to his old colleague and townsman, David Garrick, who was to him a liberal friend, and with whom he had lived on terms of professed amity? Mr. Boswell records his having asserted, that David Garrick had not made Shakspeare better known, that it was not in his power to illustrate Shakspeare.

“Now it is well known that when Mr. Garrick appeared on the London theatre, Shakspeare had long been

* In the Idler, No. 77, Johnson praises Cowley for his *ease*. “Cowley seems to have possessed the power of writing *easily* beyond any other of our poets.”

sunk from general admiration and attention, into the closets of the learned.

“ At that period few of his plays were better known than is the *Sampson Agonistes* at present. Other dramatic schools had prevailed over that of the great Poet of Nature. No plays, be their merit ever so great, are familiar and dear to the many if they are not represented. Johnson’s own *Irene*, so much excelling most of the modern popular tragedies in the genuine beauty of composition, is known but to the few ; while almost every passage in the former is present to the minds of the multitude.

“ Mr. Garrick did revive the popularity of Shakspeare. He brought his plays on the stage. Innumerable of their most sublime and beautiful passages did he impress on the minds of his crowded audience by the harmony of intonation, by energetic or persuasive accents, by the force of emphasis, and by the grace of action.

“ Thus was Garrick Shakspeare’s best commentator, not excepting even the ungenerous great man, who falsely asserted, that it was not in Garrick’s power to illustrate Shakspeare ! and that he had not made him better known !

“ Had any other person contradicted a fact so established, as that Shakspeare’s popularity was revived by David Garrick, Johnson would have said, ‘ Sir, [the dog lied, and he knew that he lied.]’

“ Ought Mr. Boswell to have recorded Dr. Johnson’s unjust contempt of Mrs. Montagu’s able and beautiful *Treatise on Shakspeare* in the life-time of that lady, whose sensibility must painfully shrink from the axe of that barbarian ? Let us hope, however, that her laurels will spring the fresher after this merciless cutting. An assault upon a reputation so established must startle the public, and induce it to re-examine a work whose excellence it has acknowledged.

“ Every re-perusal of Mrs. Montagu’s *Treatise on Shakspeare* must be to the honour of its author, and to the advantage of their tastes and judgments who familiarise themselves with her writings.

“ Your critique on Mr. Boswell’s *Tour in the Magazine* for November observes, that virtue was the best recommendation to Dr. Johnson’s friendship, patronage, and praise.

“ His attachment to the profligate Richard Savage ; the gloss he has thrown over that man’s sensuality and ingratitude ; his affection for Dr. Goldsmith ; the respect

and warm applause with which he always mentioned him in his writings, both as an author and a man, though Dr. Johnson was known to think very indifferently of Goldsmith's moral character, particularly of his veracity—these are by no means proofs that virtue was the indispensable requisite to obtain this great writer's favour and applause:

“ If, for the word virtue, toryism had been substituted, the observation had stood on firmer ground.

“ That Dr. Johnson's own veracity was too often the victim of his malevolent passions, the violation of his promise to Mr. Boswell at Auchinleck is another proof, added to those numerous ones which result from his critical writings, and from his conversation.

“ Let the world be permitted to see Dr. Johnson as he was, who so frequently tried to make others appear what they are not;—Sir Richard Blackmore a good poet! Mr. Gray a bad one! King William a rascal! Richard Savage respectable! with a long, &c. of similar misrepresentations!

“ Of Mr. Boswell's Tour the following admirable compendium was lately given by the most illustrious literary character now living, in a letter to one of his friends:—

“ ‘ It is a most amusing history of a learned monster, written by his showman, who perpetually discovers a diverting apprehension that his beast will play the savage too furiously, and lacerate the company instead of entertaining them.’ ”

“ On the candour of the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine I have too great reliance to doubt his insertion of this letter, and remain his admirer and humble servant,
“ BENVOLIO.” *

“ MR. URBAN,

March 9, 1786.

“ It having been asserted in a late scurrilous publication, that some passages relative to a noble lord, which appeared in the first edition of my “ Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides,” were omitted in the second edition of that work, in consequence of a letter from his lordship,—I think myself called upon to declare, that that assertion is false.

“ In a note, p. 527, of my second edition, I mentioned that, ‘ having found, on a revision of this work, that, notwithstanding my best care, a few observations had escaped me, which arose from the instant impression, the

publication of which might perhaps be considered as passing the bounds of a strict decorum, I immediately ordered that they should be omitted in the present edition.*

“I did not then think it necessary to be more explicit. But, as I now find that I have been misunderstood by some, and grossly misrepresented by others, I think it proper to add, that soon after the publication of the first edition of my work, from the motive above mentioned alone, without any application from any person whatever, I ordered twenty-six lines, relative to the noble lord, to be omitted in the second edition (for the loss of which, I trust, twenty-two additional pages are a sufficient compensation): and this was the sole alteration that was made in my book relative to that nobleman; nor was any application made to me by the nobleman alluded to, at any time, to make any alteration in my Journal.

“To any serious criticism, or ludicrous banter,† to which my Journal may be liable, I shall never object, but receive both the one and the other with perfect good humour; but I cannot suffer a malignant and injurious falsehood to pass uncontradicted. Yours, &c.,

“JAMES BOSWELL.”

* In the 3d edition (Sept. 1785) Mr. Boswell adds to this the following note:—

“A contemptible scribbler, of whom I have learned no more than that, after having disgraced and deserted the clerical character, he picks up a scanty livelihood by scurrilous lampoons under a feigned name, has impudently and falsely asserted that the passages omitted were *defamatory*, and that the omission was not voluntary but compulsory. The last insinuation I took the trouble publicly to disprove; yet, like one of Pope’s dunces, he persevered in ‘the lie o’erthrown.’ As to the charge of defamation, there is an obvious and certain mode of refuting it. Any person who thinks it worth while to compare one edition with another, will find that the passages omitted were not in the least degree of that nature, but exactly such as I have represented them in the former part of this note,—the hasty effusion of momentary feelings, which the delicacy of politeness should have suppressed.”

I cannot discover any passage of twenty-six lines, relative to any noble lord, in the first edition, that was omitted in the subsequent editions.—N.

† Mr. Boswell alludes to attacks that had appeared in several publications, and particularly in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1785, under the initials of Q. p. 877, and D. H. p. 959 (both written by Richard Gough, Esq.). These letters produced a long and able vindication of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell, signed “*Anti-Stiletto*,” in the *Magazine* for January, 1786, pp. 17—23; also two articles signed “*Gratian*,” and “*Benvolio*” [Miss Seward], in the *Magazine* for Feb. 1786, pp. 123—126; a Vindication of Dr. Johnson’s Prayers, signed, “*W. B. Laicus*,” in p. 126; Remarks on the Tour to the Hebrides, signed “*Philanthropos*,” in April Mag. p. 295. Mr. Gough renewed the attack (in answer to “*Gratian*” and “*Benvolio*,”) in the *May Magazine*, under the signature of “*Pro me, si merear, in me*,” pp. 386—388.

[From Miss SEWARD.]

"MR. URBAN,

April 12, 1786.

"Permit me to preface the observation, which I desire to make to you upon the historians of Dr. Johnson's life and conversation, with a trite remark, which, however, experience is too perpetually pressing upon the hearts of the ingenuous to suffer repetition to weaken its force. I mean, the impossibility of satisfying the captious multitude.

"After the death of one of the greatest geniuses, and certainly the most extraordinary being that ever existed, how greedily did that multitude listen for anecdotes of his life, and characteristic traits of his manners! Whence could they be obtained, but from those who lived with him in habits of intimacy? In Mr. Boswell's infinitely entertaining work we are presented with the most striking portraits of his illustrious friend. They have been abused for their fidelity in a merciless quantity of dull prose, and in some very witty verses, particularly in a parody of William and Margaret, entitled 'Johnson's Ghost,'* which appeared in the General Evening Post a little time ago.

"But the fidelity of Mr. Boswell's pen is as laudable as that of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pencil. If the world really desires to see what manner of man the great Doctor Johnson was, the stains of malice and irascibility should, by the hand of friendship, no more be concealed in the pictures of his mind, than the unwieldiness of his limbs, and the deformities of his countenance, should be omitted in those of his person.

"After all, Mr. Boswell pronounces him good as great. And also Mrs. Piozzi, after narrating a series of the most weakly-captious conduct, and unprovoked malice, with every glaring opposition to the meekness and forbearing spirit of the religion he professed, tells us, that 'he was great beyond human comprehension, and good beyond the imitation of perishable beings.'

"Sir Joshua Reynolds, as well as Mr. Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi, was the personal friend of Dr. Johnson. Why is his zeal less active than theirs? Why do we not see a dissertation from his pen upon the perfect, the unmatched graces of Dr. Johnson's form and face, referring

* See it in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1786, p. 427.

to his own portraits of the stupendous being as proofs of such imputed beauty?

"We must confess that it had been greatly for the interest of Dr. Johnson's fame, as a benevolent man, if he had, in one respect, shared the fate of Homer, and,

"Like a distant god, been darkly shewn,
Felt in his *works*, but in himself unknown,"

HAYLEY on Epic Poetry.

provided he had died before the publication of the "*Lives of the Poets*." Till they appeared, there was no deep stain of malignity upon his glorious writings; but injustice and malice are too apparent in that work, for the strictest friendship to feel any rational scruple in performing the duty of a biographer, that of giving a faithful delineation of the manners, rather than present that general outline of character, which, being well known, can but little instruct, and not at all elucidate.

"Let those, who are angry with Mr. Boswell for painting the mind of the Colossus as justly as Sir Joshua Reynolds has painted his form, peruse the whole of the '*Rambler*,' No. 60, in the 2d volume, from which the following passage is a quotation:

"There are many who think it an act of piety to hide the faults and failings of their friends, even when they can no longer suffer by their detection. We therefore see whole ranks of characters adorned with uniform panegyric, and not to be known from one another but by extrinsic and casual circumstances." "Let me remember," says Hale, "when I find myself inclined to pity a criminal, that there is likewise a pity due to the country." If there is a regard due to the memory of the dead, there is yet more respect to be paid to knowledge, to virtue, and to truth."

"Dr. Johnson, in the same essay, affirms, that 'it is the business of a biographer to pass lightly over those performances and actions which produce vulgar greatness; to lead the thoughts into domestic privacies, and display the minute details of daily life, where exterior appearances are laid aside.'

"Thus is Mr. Boswell acquitted of all treachery to the fame and memory of his friend, by that friend's cool and deliberate opinion on the nature of such disclosures, as tend to reveal the genuine disposition of those men whose talents have excited public curiosity.

“ Mrs. Piozzi’s ‘ Memoirs of Doctor Johnson ’ are less entertaining than Mr. Boswell’s, because they exhibit him in far less interesting scenes. We recognize, however, the same human hornet, on sullen and sounding wing, in her drawing room, as we saw fastening upon the Scotch professors, and stinging them, in return for the honey with which they had fed him.

“ We are told in these Memoirs, that we are not to judge of Dr. Johnson by his words and manners ; but to look at his actions, words, and manners, which must daily increase the sum of human discontent, cannot be guiltless. Unnecessary depredations upon the self-esteem of others are always hostile to the interests of morality, as well as to those of content.

“ Can we help shuddering at Dr. J.’s inhumanity, recorded by Mrs. Piozzi, when a certain female, with whom he was acquainted, sinned against the majesty of his malevolence, by declaring herself happy ; and when he addressed to her brother, and it seems to have been in her presence, the following cruel comment upon that declaration ? ‘ If your sister is happy, her life gives the lie to every research of humanity, for she is happy without health, without beauty, without money, and without understanding.’

“ Was it a Christian who refused to credit the possibility of happiness without health, beauty, wealth, or distinguished talents ? If a pious resignation to the will of God, meek obedience to his laws, and the awakened hopes of a blessed futurity, cannot extract the bitterness of these deprivations, may we not say with the Apostle, at least respecting this life, that ‘ Christ has died in vain ? ’

“ But we are told to look at his actions. In them we see a great deal of alms-giving, but no charity, in the Scripture sense of the word ; devotion ineffectual, because it did not enable him to subdue, or seem to inspire even the resolution of combating, the great vice of his nature, malevolence. We see a partial adherence to that veracity, which, if pecuniary considerations could not tempt him to violate, he eagerly sacrificed to his hatred and prejudices. What is injustice but the worst kind of falsehood ?

“ We have been somewhere told, that Dr. Johnson would not, even in his busiest hours, allow himself to be denied when he was actually at home, but suffered interruption from every impertinent, rather than countenance

a falsehood so general and so perfectly harmless :—yet he affirmed that any man, any woman, any child, might have written Ossian's works ; and he refused to allow that the university of Cambridge had any literary equality with that of Oxford from the eminence of her sons, though Sir Isaac Newton, Milton, Gray, Mason, and Hayley, with a long &c. of distinguished characters, had been nurtured in her bosom ; and though he tacitly acknowledges to Mrs. Piozzi, that the warm praises he has bestowed on Addison's essays, both in his writings and conversation, had not been sincere.

“ When we consider these things, added to the assertions concerning Pope, Garrick, and Mrs. Montague, in Mr. Boswell's Tour, is it possible to venerate his prudery respecting truth, which strained at gnats, and swallowed camels ?

“ Though morality has no concern with the extraordinary declaration of Doctor Johnson's, that Anacreon's Dove, of which Mrs. Piozzi gives us his translation, was not only the first thing which pleased him in the language in which Homer wrote, but that no Greek poetry has pleased him so well since ;* yet it is impossible to pass it by without expressing new astonishment at the strange inconsistency of his taste and judgment. Indeed, how can we credit, from the nervous mind of Johnson, the reality of such a preference ? A little ode, as full of quaint prettiness and elegant conceits as the modern verses of the French and Italians, and which contains nothing more than prettiness, preferred by the author of the Rambler to the sublime pages of the Iliad !

“ Tho' at their sight the subject passions start,
And open all the passes of the heart.”

HAYLEY on Epic Poetry.

“ Of the weakness of this great man's mind on certain occasions, as well as of its inconsistency, Mrs. Piozzi informs us, when we learn, that after he had solemnly adjured her to let him know what she thought of his situation, he grew very angry that she did not flatter him with the false idea of long-continued life. She told him, “ that though she saw no present danger, his age and ill health must accelerate the arrival of an hour which none can

* Johnson owned that he had not opened a Greek book for *ten years* : see a curious anecdote on this subject in Piozzi's *Anecdotes of Johnson*, p. 55.

escape:”—and he told her in return, “that the hand of the hangman was softer than the voice of such friendship.”*

“We learn also from this lady, that few held parental authority in lower estimation than did Dr. Johnson. Mighty consistent that with his veneration of kings, whose right over their subjects is so much less sacred!

“Surely Dr. Johnson had infected his fair biographer with a deep tinge of his own inconsistency; or she had not suffered a declaration, which seems made as from herself, that no one was so careful to observe the ceremonies of life, immediately to precede the instance she gives of his returning the polite civilities of Mr. Cholmondeley † (a man of family and fortune, against whom there is no insinuation of his having conceived any previous dislike) with the most insolent rudeness. Does she not exalt above the standard of human virtue a being, who, she acknowledges, rendered every body about him perpetually alarmed and uncomfortable?—who delighted to destroy the self-esteem of almost all who approached him by the wounding force of witty and bitter sarcasm?—who hated people that were silent before him, yet generally made those, who ventured to break that silence, repent their temerity, by rude retorts, which an amiable mind, if it could repay with equal severity, would, for the sake of the surrounding company, rather suffer than imitate?—who knew not how to pity the yearnings of affection which had lost its object; or allow for the infirmities of slow oppressive disease; maintaining that ill-health generally made a man a scoundrel?—who encouraged the pride and parade of dress and equipage, though it is evident that the indulgence of such pompous vanities must preclude the donations of generosity and charity, or plunge people in the misery, probably the guilt, of exceeding the proper bounds of their fortune?—who saw, without pain or scruple, the comforts of Mrs. Thrale’s life, and the preservation of her health, the sacrifices of his late hours and irritable temper?—who, she acknowledges, was far from being an active friend, though he was admirable in giving counsel (but be it be remembered, that to hear himself talk was the chief if not the sole joy of his existence), and would not stir a

* See Mrs. Piozzi’s *Anecdotes*, p. 215, and Croker’s edition of Boswell’s *Johnson*, V. 426.

† See Boswell’s remarks on this conversation in Croker’s edition, V. 258. Mr. Cholmondeley died in Feb. 1831, aged 79.

finger for the assistance of those to whom he was ready enough to give advice, having principles of laziness, and being indolent by rule?—in whose sight hunger and death were the only real evils, no other species of misery being able to excite his activity, or obtain his compassion?—and who, finally, as all the world knows, though she is silent upon the subject, repaid a twenty years' series of painful endeavours to promote his comforts, preserve his health, and sooth his irascibility, by an absolute renunciation of his protectress, and by the most ungrateful abuse of her because she had married indiscreetly?

"If it is possible that a man might have been pre-eminently excellent, who scarce ever conversed without violating the rule of doing to others as he would they should do unto him, and who deliberately scorned to take that precept as the rule of his actions, there may be sanity in the declaration that Dr. Johnson was 'good beyond the imitation of perishable beings.'

"Yours, &c.

"BENVOLIO."*

"MR. URBAN,

April 17, 1786.

"No man has less inclination to controversy than I have, particularly with a lady. But as in my 'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides,' I have claimed, and am conscious of being entitled to, credit, for the strictest fidelity, my respect for the public obliges me to take notice of an insinuation which tends to impeach it.

"Mrs. Piozzi (late Mrs. Thrale), to her 'Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson,' has added the following Postscript:

"'Naples, February 10, 1786.

"'Since the foregoing went to the press, having seen a passage from Mr. Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides," in which it is said, that I could not get through Mrs. Montagu's "Essay on Shakspeare," I do not delay a moment to declare, that, on the contrary, I have always commended it myself and heard it commended by every one else; and few things would give me more concern than to be thought incapable of tasting, or unwilling to testify my opinion of its excellence.'

"I might, perhaps, with propriety have waited till I should have had an opportunity of answering this Post-

* Anna Seward.

script in a future publication; but, being sensible that impressions once made are not easily effaced, I think it better thus early to ascertain a fact which seems to be denied.

“The fact reported in my Journal, to which Mrs. Piozzi alludes, is stated in these words, p. 299: ‘I spoke of Mrs. Montagu’s very high praises of Garrick. *Johnson*. ‘Sir, it is fit she should say so much, and I should say nothing. Reynolds is fond of her book, and I wonder at it; for neither I, nor Beauclerk, nor Mrs. Thrale, could get through it.’”

“It is remarkable that this Postscript is so expressed, as not to point out the person who said that Mrs. Thrale could not get through Mrs. Montagu’s book; and therefore I think it necessary to remind Mrs. Piozzi, that the assertion concerning her was Dr. Johnson’s, and not mine. The second observation that I shall make on this Postscript is, that it does not deny the fact asserted, though I must acknowledge, from the praise it bestows on Mrs. Montagu’s book, it may have been designed to convey that meaning.

“What Mrs. Thrale’s opinion is or was, or what she may or may not have said to Dr. Johnson concerning Mrs. Montagu’s book, it is not necessary for me to inquire. It is only incumbent on me to ascertain what Dr. Johnson said to me. I shall therefore confine myself to a very short statement of the fact.

“The unfavourable opinion of Mrs. Montagu’s book, which Dr. Johnson is here reported to have given, is known to have been that which he uniformly expressed, as many of his friends well remember. So much for the authenticity of the paragraph, as far as it relates to his own sentiments. The words containing the assertion, to which Mrs. Piozzi objects, are printed from my manuscript Journal, and were taken down at the time. The Journal was read by Dr. Johnson, who pointed out some inaccuracies, which I corrected, but did not mention any inaccuracy in the paragraph in question: and, what is still more material, and very flattering to me, a considerable part of my Journal, containing this paragraph, was read several years ago by Mrs. Thrale herself, who had it for some time in her possession, and returned it to me, without intimating that Dr. Johnson had mistaken her sentiments.

"When my Journal was passing through the press, it occurred to me, that a peculiar delicacy was necessary to be observed in reporting the opinion of one literary lady concerning the performance of another; and I had such scruples on that head, that in the proof sheet I struck out the name of Mrs. Thrale from the paragraph in question, and two or three hundred copies of my book were actually printed and published without it; of these Sir Joshua Reynolds's copy happened to be one. But while the sheet was working off, a friend, for whose opinion I have great respect, suggested that I had no right to deprive Mrs. Thrale of the high honour which Dr. Johnson had done her, by stating her opinion along with that of Mr. Beauchamp, as coinciding with, and, as it were, sanctioning his own. The observation appeared to me so weighty and conclusive, that I hastened to the printing-house, and, as a piece of justice, restored Mrs. Thrale to that place from which a too scrupulous delicacy had excluded her.

"On this simple state of facts I shall make no observation whatever.

"Yours, &c.

"JAMES BOSWELL."

"MR. URBAN,

July 7, 1787.

"In the olden time it was customary to insert in the Gentleman's Magazine, now and then, some of the periodical essays, when they had merit. I send you, for that purpose, *Olla Podrida*,* No. 13; and hope, if you can, you will give it a place this month. Many very unfair attacks have been made on Dr. Johnson's character; and in this very sensible answer to them, it will not be difficult to discover the pleasant pen of the Dean of Canterbury.† As you gave a place, some time ago, to a malevolent attack on Dr. Johnson that came from a lady, with the misapplied signature of Benvolio, you owe the insertion of this paper to the manes of our friend.

"Yours, &c.

A. D."

* "This ingenious weekly production is now publishing at Oxford; and though its internal merit almost supersedes the necessity of recommendation, it may not be impertinent to point out to our readers that the learned and ingenious author (the Rev. T. Munro) is countenanced in his undertaking by the assistance of some of the brightest ornaments of the university of which he is himself a valuable and respectable member."—*EDIT. GENT. MAG.*
Of Mr. Munro, see *Literary Anecdotes*, IX. 40, 77, 152.

† Dr. Horne, afterwards Bishop of Norwich.

[Then follows No. XIII. of *Olla Podrida*, for which see 8vo. edition, 1788; copied also into Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson, vol. V. Appendix.]

“MR. URBAN,

Aug. 9, 1787.

“In reply to the letter in the last Gentleman's Magazine, which precedes the extract from the *Olla Podrida*, No. 13, and which accuses of malevolence and misapplied signature the letters signed Benvolio, in your publication for February and April, 1786, [see pp. 326, 333], their author desires leave to observe that, whatever had been the faults of Dr. Johnson, they had slept in peace for the pen that wrote those strictures, if injustice to the talents and merit of as great and less faulty beings than himself had not been of the number—of men, whose glory was unclouded till Johnson strove to darken it. The judge who condemns a criminal, upon the clearest proof of his guilt, may with equal truth be called a murderer, as those can be deemed malevolent, who, in the cause of the injured pronounce Dr. Johnson to have been malignant, since the proofs which support the decision are so numerous, and are before the world.

“I shall now proceed to make some observations upon the spirited and ingenious number of the *Olla Podrida*, which follows the letter in question. If, indeed, Dr. Johnson's Diary of his thoughts, words, and actions, published at his own request, was strictly ingenuous, it will readily be acknowledged that few amongst the best of us have a conscience so clear from offence towards God and towards man; but impartiality must doubt the perfect sincerity of this Diary, since it laments, with much parade of contrition, a slight foible, his indolence, as if he wished the world to believe he had not deeper errors; while it makes no acknowledgement, implies no consciousness of his real faults, jealous pride, that vaunteth itself; irascibility easily provoked; and envy, prone to speak evil of others.

“The second observation in the *Olla Podrida* is perfectly just; thus, that Dr. Johnson's admirable arguments in favour of religion and morality are not weakened by the proofs of his practical errors; but it was somewhat superfluous to observe that ‘his arguments in favour of self-denial lose no force because he fasted, nor those in

favour of devotion because he said his prayers ;' since it never was, nor could be, disputed that his fasting and his prayers add strength to his pious reasonings, from the proof they afford that he believed in the religion he inculcated. It is to be lamented, but in justice to others it ought to be known, that his faith did not produce benevolence, without which no man can be amiable ; did not produce charity, without which we learn, from higher authority even than that of the learned author of this extract, that though a man may be a believer, may be an alms-giver, he cannot be a Christian.

" Human nature is frail ; common frailties must inevitably preclude perfection to the least faulty professor of Christianity ; but a reviling and tyrannous spirit does more : it destroys the very essence of that religion in the disposition which harbours it.

" The simile of the Pine-apple to the character of Dr. Johnson is ingenious, and would be just if the uncouthness of his form and his inattention to the rules of good-breeding had been all that was offensive about him ; but it is his internal bitterness, not his external roughness, of which the generous mind is indignant.

" The remark upon the transferrability of nominal superstition, from the Protestant up to the Atheist, is striking and eloquent, and is also true ; but does it not imply that there is no such thing as superstition ?—and the observation is, at any rate, not applicable to Dr. Johnson. His credulity was of a nature that the orthodox of our clergy must allow to be superstition, viz. his prayers for the dead : the taking off his hat in token of reverence when he approached the places on which Popish churches had formerly stood ; his defence, recorded by Mr. Boswell, of his belief in witchcraft, as existing in these later times, though now he seemed to think it past away ; and his disposition to credit that Scottish pretence to the preternatural perception of future events, termed Second Sight.

" If Johnson walked humbly with his God, he did not walk obediently, since his life was one continued disobedience to the humility commanded by him in the Scriptures ; and to his great precept, ' Do unto others, as ye would they should do unto you.' Ill could Johnson have borne the insults he inflicted.

" A few words to the charge of malevolence brought against the writer, who expresses generous indignation at

that vice in one of the greatest men of this age. With the real character of Dr. Johnson's first patron and bounteous friend, Mr. Walmesley, that writer is perfectly acquainted. It is a noble one. He was generous and charitable. His praise, as well as his bounty, was liberally and impartially bestowed upon genius—his praise always, his bounty where it was wanted. In his abhorrence of Jacobitism he was indignantly fervent, yet he loved Johnson enough to endure in him the principles he despised. Dr. Johnson has stigmatized with malevolence the reputation of Mr. Walmesley, to whom his obligations were great. The author of the letters signed Benvolio had neither obligation nor enmity to Dr. Johnson; and has therefore a better right to retort the charge upon himself than he had to bring it against Mr. Walmesley.

"He, who has denied to Prior ease, to Hammond nature, and to Gray sublimity, may, without malevolence, be pronounced unjust. He, who bowed before the monastic vestiges; who inquired with solemn earnestness about the evidences of second sight; who prayed for the dead; and who defended a credulity that was the cause of shedding much guiltless blood; may, without malevolence, be pronounced superstitious. Of him who has calumniated the moral and religious character of the excellent, as well as illustrious, Milton; who has bestowed the name of scoundrel upon the royal protector of the Protestant religion; and who has tried to brand the whole poetic fraternity, by saying of Watts that he was one of the few poets who could look forward with rational hope to the mercy of their God; of him, it cannot be malevolent to say he was malignant.

"Respecting a misapplication of signature, be it remembered that souls are of no sex, and their effusions therefore may, at pleasure, assume a masculine or feminine appellation.

"The lover of benevolence naturally expresses abhorrence of recorded and proved malignity, in whatever depth of ability it is intrenched, by whatever blaze of imagination it is surrounded. To bear testimony against its corrosives, with a view to counteract their unjust influence and baleful example, cannot render misapplied the signature of

"BENVOLIO."*

* Anna Seward.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.

July, 1791.

On the first publication of this work the newspapers eagerly seized on portions of it. Mr. Boswell, to protect his copyright, drew up the following Apology, to be inserted in the papers, which is printed from his autograph, in my possession. N.

"From our desire to furnish interesting entertainment to our readers, we inserted Dr. Johnson's Conversation with his Majesty, and his celebrated Letter to Lord Chesterfield, which we extracted from Mr. Boswell's Life of Johnson. We had not the smallest apprehension that we were invading literary property, which we hold sacred. But it seems those two valuable articles were entered in Stationers' Hall as *separate publications*, which was advertised in some of the newspapers; but the advertisements escaped us. We are very sorry for the mistake; but Mr. Boswell is too candid to take any advantage, and upon our assuring him of the fact, has declared he will not prosecute."

"The above was written in Dilly's shop, and was the cause of my writing 'Lesson in Biography; or, How to write the Life of one's Friend.'*

"This Imitation I printed in the Morning Herald in July 1791. When Boswell discovered I had written it, he often took an opportunity in my company to praise it, and had once an intention to have reprinted it in his octavo edition, but was dissuaded. To all appearance he took it, as it was meant, in good part, and was certainly ever after very friendly to me. A. CHALMERS."†

"Boswell appears to have taken the advice given by Mr. (commonly called Dr.) Byrom, in 'A Hint to a Young Person' (Poems, vol. i. p. 90).

"In conversation, when you meet
With persons cheerful and discreet,
That speak or quote, in Prose or Rhyme,
Things, or facetious or sublime,
Observe what passes, and anon,
When you come home think thereupon;
Write what occurs, forget it not;
A good thing said 's a good thing got."

A. CHALMERS."‡

* Reprinted in Croker's edition of Boswell's Life, V. 477.

† From Mr. Chalmers's copy of Boswell's Johnson. ‡ Ibid.

“Mr. URBAN,

October 13, 1793.

“I have very recently seen a pamphlet, intituled, ‘The principal Corrections and Additions to the First Edition of Mr. Boswell’s Life of Dr. Johnson.’ It surprised me to see my name very impolitely introduced on the first page. When Mr. Boswell was collecting materials for his work, he desired me to give him all the assistance in my power. I made every effort I could to oblige him; and, though the anecdotes he had from me were not numerous, yet I covered several sheets of paper on the subject for his use.

“From infancy I had been accustomed to hear my mother repeat Dr. Johnson’s ‘Verses on receiving a Sprig of Myrtle from a Lady.’* She uniformly said they were written by him when a school-boy, and addressed to Lucy Porter, the first object of his early love, and whose mother he afterwards married. Considered as a very juvenile composition, they are curiously elegant, but can add nothing to Johnson’s fame if believed to have been written in maturer life.

“All Mrs. Lucy Porter’s acquaintance in Lichfield, where she lived during a period of forty years, knew her to be a plain honest character, free from vanity, falsehood, and affectation. Of Dr. Johnson’s esteem for her, his letters bear frequent testimony. I have repeatedly heard her say, that the first verses she ever knew that he wrote, after those on the Duck,† were lines addressed to herself, ‘when he was a lad,’ on her having given him some myrtle. She used then to repeat the verses in question. The fact, therefore, that they were originally written for her, appears to me, on this concurrent testimony, indubitable.

“It is very likely, however, that Mr. Hector might receive myrtle from a lady in Dr. Johnson’s company, and apply to him for verses on the occasion, and that his poetic friend, knowing these juvenile stanzas were not in print, and very applicable, might give them to Mr. Hector, without thinking it necessary to declare their previous existence. Truth was neither directly, nor materially, violated by the suppression of that circumstance.

“Repeating them to Mrs. Piozzi, it would be naturally more agreeable to his feelings to mention them as having been given to Mr. Hector, rather than as a testimony of amorous affection to a girl, whose mother he afterwards

* See pp. 347, 348, 351, 361.

† See pp. 346, 352.

married. This was a very slight untruth, indeed, compared with the unquestionably conscious falsehood of his assertion, that 'Buchanan was the only man of genius which his country, Scotland! had ever produced.' See *Corrections and Additions*, p. 29. It astonishes me, that the recorded frequency of similar false assertions from the lip of Dr. Johnson should not convince all who read him, that his veracity was of that species which, straining at gnats, swallows camels.

"Had I been, which I am not, capable of averring a conscious falsehood, there could, in this instance, be no inducing motive of vanity or interest. It must be perfectly indifferent to me whether Johnson's verses on a Myrtle-sprig were addressed to Lucy Porter, or written for Mr. Hector. I spoke simply and sincerely what had been told me by my mother, and by Mrs. Lucy Porter. When Mr. Boswell informed the public, in his late supplementary pamphlet, of Mr. Hector's declaration, he ought, in justice as well as in common politeness, since he mentioned my testimony, to have stated the reasons I gave him for that different evidence. Mr. Urban will oblige me by giving this letter a place in his next Magazine.

"I remain his friend and servant,

"A. SEWARD."

"Mr. URBAN,

Great Portland Street, Nov. 16, 1793.

"Miss Anna Seward, in a letter in your last Magazine, p. 875, seems to apprehend that I have not treated her well in the first page of what she denominates a pamphlet, intitled, 'The principal Corrections and Additions to the First Edition of Mr. Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson.' As I should be sorry to be thought deficient in politeness, much more in justice, to any person, but particularly to a fair lady, I think it necessary to answer a charge too hastily brought against me.

"This lady, as she herself has stated, did indeed cover several sheets of paper with the few anecdotes concerning Dr. Johnson, which she did me the honour to communicate to me. They were, however, not only poetically luxuriant, but, I could easily perceive, were tinctured with a strong prejudice against the person to whom they related. It therefore became me to examine them with much caution. One of them, the idle and utterly improbable story of his making verses on a Duck, when he was

but three years old, which good Mrs. Lucy Porter had, among others, credulously related, he himself had enabled me unquestionably to refute; notwithstanding which, Miss Seward adheres to her original tale, and, in the letter now under consideration, still refers to them as his composition. Another story which she sent me was a very extraordinary fact, said to have been mentioned in a conversation between his mother and him, on the subject of his marrying Mrs. Porter, which appeared to me so strange as to require confirmation. Miss Seward having quoted, as her authority for it, a respectable lady of Litchfield, I wrote to that lady, without mentioning the name of the person from whom the report was derived, inquiring only as to the authenticity of it. The lady informed me that she had never heard of the fact alluded to.—As my book was to be a real history, and not a novel, it was necessary to suppress all erroneous particulars, however entertaining. I was therefore obliged to reduce, into a very narrow compass indeed, what Miss Seward's fluent pen had expanded over many sheets. The account, however, which she gave, in contradiction to that of Mrs. Piozzi, of the circumstance attending Johnson's writing his beautiful 'Verses to a Lady on receiving from her a Sprig of Myrtle,' seemed so plausible, that I with confidence inserted it in the first edition of my book; nor had I any doubt of it till Mr. Hector spontaneously assured me, by letter, that the fact was as Mrs. Piozzi has represented it.* Having received this decisive evidence, it became my duty to correct, in my second edition, the erroneous account which I had been induced to give in my first; and, of course, to introduce that correction into the supplemental pages to my quarto edition, which I thought it incumbent upon me to publish separately, and in the same form, for the accommodation of those who were possessed of that edition.

"Miss Seward says that, 'I ought in justice, as well as

* "The verses which occasioned this discussion having been printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xlix. p. 205, (where for *fears* read *hopes*), as Mr. Hammond's, and having not unfrequently been ascribed to Mr. Derrick, Dr. Johnson was asked, by the writer of this note, whilst Hammond's poems were in the press, if he knew the real author. His reply, which has already appeared in vol. lxi. p. 396, being short, is here repeated:—

"I wrote them, Sir, more than forty years ago, when I was at Birmingham, at the request of a friend; who, having frequently teased me for the verses, I went one day up stairs, as if to fetch them, and wrote them in the short space of time it required to have actually done so." "J. NICHOLS."

common politeness, since I mentioned her testimony, to have stated the reasons she gave for that different evidence.' Now, sir, this I have done. In the first edition those reasons are fully stated. It was not necessary that the Corrections and Additions, which are not, as she imagines, a distinct pamphlet, but supplemental to that edition, and to be taken along with it, should contain a repetition of the grounds of her testimony. It was enough that the refutation of them was there exhibited. But, in the second edition itself, after re-stating those grounds in her own words, I let my fair antagonist down as softly as might be, thus:—

“ ‘Such was this lady’s statement, which I make no doubt she supposed to be correct; but it shews how dangerous it is to trust too implicitly to traditional testimony and ingenious inference; for Mr. Hector has lately assured me, that Mrs. Piozzi’s account is, in this instance, accurate.’ ”

“The merit of the verses in question will not be lessened by Miss Seward’s attempt to depreciate them, as if good enough only for a school-boy. They have been long and universally admired. They speak for themselves, and require no defence. But I cannot help observing that it is an awkward tale, that they were written by Dr. Johnson, in his own person, to Lucy Porter, whose mother he afterwards married. Conjecture must at once yield where fact appears, and that we have from Mr. Hector. He also, in referring to the time when they were written and given to him, says, ‘Lucy Porter was then only a girl.’ Miss Seward would fain have us suppose, that Dr. Johnson had first written them to Lucy Porter; and afterwards, on being applied to by Mr. Hector for verses on receiving myrtle from a lady, might give them to Mr. Hector, without thinking it necessary to declare their previous existence. But, if Mrs. Lucy Porter was accurate in her recollection of their being presented to her by Dr. Johnson, Miss Seward’s chronology reversed is much more natural and probable. Dr. Johnson might have written them for Mr. Hector when Lucy Porter was only a girl; and, when she was grown up, might have, with a pleasant economy, made them serve a second time for a compliment to her. That they were written for Mr. Hector, however, is all that is necessary to be proved; and it has been proved.

“Miss Seward surely had no occasion to say one word to guard against her being suspected of ‘averring a conscious falsehood.’ No such suspicion was ever insinuated. Undoubtedly it was indifferent to her whether Dr. Johnson’s verses were addressed to Lucy Porter, or written for Mr. Hector; therefore, when she made her statement of the case, she had no motive of vanity or interest. Now it may, perhaps, not be indifferent, because she seems exceedingly zealous that her statement should be thought right. But there is no question either as to conscious falsehood or conscious truth. It is merely a matter of argument upon evidence; and, I think, a very plain one.

“I hope then, Mr. Urban, the fair lady will be convinced that I have neither been impolite nor unjust to her. But, from the veneration and affection which I entertain for the character of my illustrious friend, I cannot be satisfied without expressing my indignation at the malevolence with which she has presumed to attack that great and good man. In the present letter she seriously accuses him of ‘conscious falsehood,’ in an ‘assertion’ that ‘Buchanan was the only man of genius which his country had ever produced.’ From the frequency of what she calls ‘similar false assertions,’ she concludes that ‘his veracity was of that species which, straining at gnats, swallows camels.’ Miss Seward does not perceive that such sallies as those which are recorded to shew Dr. Johnson’s wonderful dexterity in retort, are not assertions in the sense which concerns truth or falsehood; they are evidently *ardentia verba* (glowing words—I ask her pardon for quoting a Latin phrase) uttered in witty contest. They are not even expressive of his opinion; but, if they could be supposed to convey his real opinion, still they would have no concern with his veracity. When he did give his honest judgment on the merits of certain poets, where he differed from a shoal of small criticks, and, in a few instances, was thought by men of a superior rank in taste to be in the wrong, he might be charged with error; but it is from a defect in the reasoning faculty when, in such instances, he is charged with falsehood or envy. Dr. Johnson’s strict, nice, and scrupulous regard to truth was one of the most remarkable circumstances in his character, and was often mentioned as such by his friends, particularly Sir Joshua Reynolds. Falsehood, therefore, was at the utmost distance from him;

and his transcendent abilities and acquirements, his extensive and increasing fame, set him far above envy. Miss Seward does not know that her injurious reflection refutes itself; but her eagerly making it, however weak and ineffectual it may be, fully discovers her intention.

"So far from having any hostile disposition towards this lady, I have, in my Life of Dr. Johnson, spoken of her in as handsome terms as I could; I have quoted a compliment paid by him to one of her poetical pieces; and I have withheld his opinion of herself, thinking that she might not like it. I am afraid it has reached her by some other means; and thus we may account for various attacks by her on her venerable townsman since his decease, even in your Magazine, where I have been sorry to see them, some avowed and with her own name, and others, as I believe, in various forms, and under several signatures.* What are we to think of the scraps of letters between her and Mr. Hayley,† impotently attempting to undermine the noble pedestal on which the public opinion has placed Dr. Johnson? But it is unnecessary to take up any part of your valuable miscellany in exposing the little arts which have been employed by a cabal of minor poets and poetesses, who are sadly mortified that Dr. Johnson, by his powerful sentence, assigned their proper station to writers of this description.

"JAMES BOSWELL."

"MR. URBAN,

Lichfield, Dec. 14, 1793.

"The letter from Mr. Boswell, in your last number, p. 1009, is too invidious not to require some comments; which you will do me the justice to insert.

"In those Johnsonian narratives, which he requested and obtained for me, I neither invented nor embellished anything; or felt or expressed resentment that he suppressed some of them, though conscious that they all

* "Mr. Boswell having here particularly referred to letters under the signature of *Benvolto*, vol. lvi. pp. 125, 302, and vol. lvii. p. 684; it becomes our duty to declare, that his conjecture is totally groundless; and we hope that, on this occasion, *Benvolto* will condescend to unmask."—EDIT. The Editor was totally wrong, as Miss Seward acknowledges them in her next letter. See p. 355.

† "Whatever Mr. B. may think of these scraps (and his mode of expression conveys a certain degree of insinuation), it would be injustice to the writer of them if we did not request the correspondent who communicated them (whom we really do not know) to disclose himself."—EDIT. See p. 355.

convey as strong internal evidence of their verity, from characteristic turn of expression, as any that can be found in his interesting memoirs of that wonderful man. If Mr. Boswell has preserved* my letters to him on that subject, I desire he will send them to you, and that you will allow them a place in this Repository: so shall the public judge whether they deserve the contempt with which he mentions them in your last number. Very different indeed were his acknowledgements to me at the time they were received.

"Before I had seen Mr. Boswell's Supplementary Notes, several of my friends expressed indignation at what they termed the ungrateful rudeness with which I am introduced on the first page. It appeared necessary to state my reasons for believing that the Myrtle-verses were originally addressed to Lucy Porter. That statement breathes no reflection upon Mr. Boswell, farther than merely pronouncing the sentence in question impolite. If unjustly, being before the public, it justifies itself against my charge. Instead of kindly alleging that he meant me no disrespect, he publishes that infinitely more unfriendly letter in your last Magazine.

"I still, and always shall, retain my conviction concerning the origin of those 'Lines on receiving Myrtle from a Lady.' I have too great respect for Mrs. Lucy Porter's, and for my mother's, long and unvarying testimony, to resign it.

"Since, as Mr. Boswell allows, Dr. Johnson found wit, and the desire of victory in argument, irresistible temptations to assert such falsehoods as that 'Buchanan was the only man of genius Scotland has produced;' as that 'Garrick did not make Shakspeare better known;' there is little reason to think he would scruple the immaterial misrepresentation which assigned to those pretty stanzas an origin more agreeable to his feelings. Had he never uttered a more injurious untruth, it had been well for many great and good characters, whose fame his injustice has darkened.

"With what reason I am accused of depreciating those gallant Stanzas on the Myrtle Sprig, my letter in the October Magazine,† p. 875, evinces. Considered as the composition of youth, even the youth of Johnson, it deems them curiously elegant—but, since he has written

* Mr. Boswell afterwards says he had burnt them. See p. 357.

† See p. 345.

poetry very superior to them, it is demonstrable that, as the produce of maturer life, they add nothing to his fame.

"I yet believe the neither idle nor improbable tale of the infant Johnson having lisped four doggerel rhymes on the Death of a Duck, because Mrs. Lucy Porter said Dr. Johnson's mother told her the circumstance; because it is more likely he should have forgotten what he said at three years old, than that either of those good women should invent a falsehood.

"The conversation which young Johnson is reported to have held with his mother, when he asked her consent to marry the widow Porter, and which formed one of the anecdotes I sent to Mr. Boswell, and which he suppressed, I have heard frequently and generally mentioned and credited here. I forget whether or not I quoted to him any particular authority for that memoir; yet, to the best of my remembrance, I heard it first from the late Mrs. Cobb,* of this place. If I were asked who told me that Johnson said of Chesterfield,† 'He is a wit among lords, and a lord among wits,' I should find it difficult to specify an individual from the numbers whom I have heard repeat the sarcasm. Neither can I now with certainty in this instance; but I never doubted the reality of either story, because there is the Johnsonian spirit in both.

"Dr. Johnson's frequently-expressed contempt for Mrs. Thrale on account of that want of veracity which he imputes to her, at least as Mr. Boswell has recorded, either convicts him of narrating what Johnson never said, or Johnson himself of that insincerity of which there are too many instances, amidst all the recorded proofs of his unprovoked personal rudeness, to those with whom he conversed; for, this repeated contempt was coeval with his published letters, which express such high and perfect esteem for that lady, which declare that 'to hear her was to hear Wisdom, that to see her was to see Virtue.'

"It has been my lot to contend equally with Dr. Johnson's enemies and with his worshippers. Against the prejudice or envy of those who call his admirable style florid, turgid, stiff, and pedantic, I have ever maintained that he is the finest prose-writer in our language; and, against the indiscriminate blazon of those who pronounce him equally good as great, I have protested from ingenuous indignation at his injustice to others. After the instances of that injustice so lavishly recorded by his biographers, it

* See hereafter, p. 359.

† See hereafter, p. 358.

is ridiculous to hear Mr. Boswell assert that his glorious talents, and they were glorious, set him above the mean jealousy which suffers 'no brother to approach the throne.'

"I smile at Mr. Boswell's word 'presume,' as if it was more presumptuous to speak of Dr. Johnson as he was, than of the illustrious Lord Bacon, whom Pope pronounces

'The wisest, greatest, meanest, of mankind.'

If meanness was found amidst the splendour of Bacon's talents, so were arrogance, inconsistency, and detraction, amidst the magnitude of Johnson's.

"Mr. Boswell would have us believe, that false assertions are not to be considered as untruths, when they are gilded by wit: but a good heart scorns unjust depreciation from the lip, or the pen, of a Johnson, as from those of the most ordinary capacity; nay, more; because it is more injurious to its object.

"I have a better right to protest against the malignity of my intellectual superior, Johnson, upon recorded facts, than he had to degrade, upon vague conjecture, the morality and piety of his superior, Milton. With malevolence also he charges that luminary, that boast of our nation, saying, in his *Life of Milton*, p. 143, 'Such was his malignance, that hell grew darker at his frown.'

"Those with whom I have conversed were too polite, or too good-natured, to inform me of one of those many things which, I doubt not, he has said to my disadvantage. It cannot be pleasant to any person to know that they must go down to posterity with the arrows of his detraction sticking about them. It is, however, the lot of many of my superiors, both in merit and talents, through Mr. Boswell's rage of communication; which the politeness and benevolence I once, and long, believed inherent in his mind, ought, in several instances, to have restrained. When they operated in my favour I was obliged to him; but what he ungenerously says on that subject, in his late letter to you, entirely cancels that obligation, and proclaims him the foe of her whom he has so often called friend.

"In the presence of Dr. Johnson I have too often presumed to vindicate the claims of others, whom he was unjustly degrading, to worth and genius, to escape his hatred; but I disdained to purchase a chance of exemption, as I saw others do, by mean silence, or sycophant

acquiescence. He once said rude things to me on the sole provocation of praising the lyric poetry of Gray and Mason; but I maintained its claim to pre-eminence, unawed by his despotism.

"The quarrel of people of genius and taste with Dr. Johnson's critical decisions is not, as Mr. Boswell says it is, because they assign their proper station to the minor poets, but because they depreciate excellence and exalt mediocrity; because, while they bestow praise upon the moderate poems of Savage, Watts, and Yalden, and even upon the vapid fustian of Blackmore, they shed contempt upon the exquisite compositions of Prior, Collins, Gray, and Akenside; because they pronounce the *Paradise Lost* 'one of those books which the reader admires, and lays down, and forgets to take up again.' See *Milton's Life*, p. 249.

"I am sure I have read, either in Dr. Johnson's works, or in the records of his biographers, the assertion that 'Watts was one of the few poets who could look forward with rational hope to the mercy of their God.' A more presumptuous, a baser, stigma, never fell from human lip or pen.*

"It is to be lamented that distinguished poetic talents, which Johnson's *Rasselas* styles the highest effort of human intellect, should ever exist, and they have very rarely existed, in vicious minds; but those minds would have been more vicious without them, since the time spent in their culture would, it is more than probable, have been passed in sensual pursuits; and who does not know that depravity grows darker by every added vice? Mark how Johnson's own pen confutes his slander in a passage, the eloquent beauty of which, if ever equalled, has never been excelled. It is in his '*Journey to the Western Isles*,' and in the description of Icolmkill, to which he gives the more harmonious Latin name Iona? 'Whatever withdraws us from the power of the senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, exalts us in the scale of rational beings.'

"That the culture of the poetic science, as of every other, does withdraw us from the power of the senses, does make the past, the distant, and the future, predominate over the present, is certain. It is therefore impossible that its professors can, in general, deserve this daring, this un-

* See p. 359.

christian-like stigma. They are his blind idolaters who perceive not in its bitterness the disappointed ambition, and, consequently, envious spleen, of Johnson, who first appeared before the world in the character of a poet, and who, in that line of writing, though some of his poetic compositions are very fine, has been excelled by several of his contemporaries.

"Of envy and selfish prejudice, insinuated against me by Mr. Boswell in your last, I shall be acquitted by all who know my disposition and the habits of my life. All that was great and genuinely good in Dr. Johnson have had no warmer encomiast. I have uniformly said, that while the flowers of poetic imagination luxuriantly adorn his style, it is never enfeebled by their plenitude; that no periods are so harmonious, none so nervous; that there is no satiety in the delight they inspire on moral and religious themes; that his pecuniary generosity did him infinite honour; and that his faith in Christianity disgraced the scepticism of weaker minds.

"The respectable Editor of this work* is mistaken; the three letters signed Benvolio, in the numbers for February and April, 1786, pp. 129, 302, and for August, 1787, p. 684, are mine.† I avowed them at the time they appeared to almost all my friends, and, I think, to Mr. Boswell. The only occasion to which I declined acknowledging them was in a literary circle in London, May, 1786, where I heard the first two, for the last was not then written, pronounced the most equitable balance of Dr. Johnson's good and ill qualities which had appeared. They were too highly spoken of to permit my owning them, as the company were chiefly strangers to me. I wish the candid reader of Mr. Boswell's uncandid letter would recur to those strictures signed Benvolio, and consider them well.

"I disclaim all knowledge of any other anonymous publications concerning Dr. Johnson, some stanzas in verseto Mr. Mason, on the injustice to Mr. Gray, excepted. Who it was that took the unwarrantable liberty of sending to your Repository those extracts from Mr. Hayley's letters and mine, without the consent of their authors, I have to this hour no guess; ‡ but a most imperfect copy it was, that by interpolation and omission annihilated the sense of many passages. They were never intended for the public,

* The Gentleman's Magazine, see p. 350. † See p. 360. ‡ See p. 350.

but made, and transmitted to some distant friends for their amusement.

"The sentence quoted by my anonymous correspondent N.Y.* from Johnson's kindred spirit, Warburton, is impious, pronouncing the decisions of any man sacred and unerring as the balance of the sanctuary. A balance of the sanctuary is ready, in which to weigh the character of Johnson. It is in the 13th chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians. If in that balance he be not found essentially wanting, I am content to have the injustice here alleged against him retorted upon myself.

"Hear what his townsman, Bishop Newton, says on this subject, in his posthumous work :—

"Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets afford much amusement; but candour was hurt and offended at the malevolence that preponderates in every part. Never was any biographer more sparing of his praises, or more abundant in his censures. He delights more in exposing blemishes than in recommending beauties; slightly passes over excellences, enlarges upon imperfections, and, not content with his own severe reflections, revives old scandal, and produces large quotations from the long-forgotten works of former critics. The panegyrist of Savage in his youth may, in his old age, become the satirist of the most favoured authors; his encomium as unjust and undeserved as his censures.' †

"Into a paper-war with a man, who, after professing himself my friend, becomes causelessly my foe, I will no farther enter. New instances of Mr. Boswell's heroic attempts to injure a defenceless female, who has ever warmly vindicated him, must ultimately redound more to his dishonour than hers, and will, I trust, produce no future intrusion upon Mr. Urban's publication from the pen of his friend and correspondent,

"ANNA SEWARD."

"MR. URBAN,

Great Portland-street, Jan. 20, 1794.

"Having been too hastily charged, in your Magazine, by Miss Anna Seward, with want of politeness, and even common justice, towards her, I was naturally anxious to vindicate myself, which I accordingly did in November last, by shewing, in the most satisfactory manner, that I

* Gent. Mag. for Nov. 1793, p. 1009. See hereafter, p. 359.

† See hereafter, p. 360.

had been careful to express myself with due delicacy, when obliged to correct an error into which she had been led, as to the true history of Dr. Johnson's writing the verses on a Sprig of Myrtle. I refer to my statement, and trust it, with confidence, to the candour of all who are capable of reasoning and judging of evidence. I, at the same time, could not but discover some indignation at the malevolence with which that fair lady had presumed to attack the great and good Dr. Johnson, whose character was altogether unconnected with the inconsiderable matter in question. Whether he wrote those beautiful verses for himself, or for a friend, his merit as a poet must be the same. The investigation of their history was important only for the sake of truth, and in fairness to another lady,* whom Miss Seward had induced me to contradict, on grounds sufficiently probable, as I admitted in my additional note.

"I should have thought that there was no occasion for any more writing upon the subject; but I am sorry to find that our poetess has made a second attack, at great length, and in such temper as must be very uneasy to a gentle bosom. She, indeed, has candour enough not to resume the charge from which I vindicated myself, and which was the cause of my animadverting upon her at all. But she throws forth some censure upon me, and a great deal upon Dr. Johnson, of which, Sir, I leave you and your readers to discern the motives.

"Miss Seward may be assured that she is as much mistaken as to me, as she certainly is as to Dr. Johnson. I am not her foe, though I committed to the flames those sheets of 'Johnsonian Narratives,' with which I was favoured by her, among the almost innumerable communications which I obtained concerning the illustrious subject of my great biographical work. I however first extracted from those sheets all that I could possibly consider to be authentic. Nay, so desirous was I to give Miss Seward every advantage, that after refuting the impossible legend of Johnson's verses on a Duck, when he was but three years old, to which, for a woman's reason, she still pertinaciously adheres, I preserved the ingenious reflections which she, considering it to be true, had made on that idle tale. I am not her foe, though I cannot allow that the censure of Bacon, by Pope, that prince of poets, who could

'Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man,'

* Mrs. Piozzi; see p. 347.

is any reason why it is not presumptuous in Miss Nancy Seward to judge and condemn Dr. Johnson, 'the brightest ornament of the eighteenth century;' as Mr. Malone has truly and elegantly described him. I am not her foe; though, instead of joining in the republican cry, as she does, that Johnson has been unjust to Milton, I declare my admiration of his very liberal and just praise of that great poet, who was the most odious character, both in public and private, of any man of genius that ever lived; in public, the defender of the murderers of his sovereign, the blessed martyr; in private, the sulky tyrant over his own wretched, uneducated, and helpless daughters.

"Why should I be my fair antagonist's foe? She never did me any harm, nor do I apprehend that she ever can. She protests against entering farther into a paper war with me. If there be such war, it is all on one side; for it is not in my thoughts. That kind of conflict is not what I wish to have with ladies; and I really must complain that my old friend (if she will forgive the expression) should represent me so unlike myself.

"It is very hard, that Miss Seward's misconceiving a witty retort for a false assertion should subject her to so woeful a deception as to imagine Dr. Johnson in any degree deficient in a sacred regard for truth. It is not in my power to make the distinction plainer than I have made it in my former letter.

"The lady quotes* as genuine a sarcasm of Dr. Johnson on Lord Chesterfield, in these words: 'He is a wit among lords, and a lord among wits,' which, it seems, she has heard repeated by numbers. Here is a proof of the justice of the late Mr. Fitzherbert's observation, that it is not every one who can carry a bon mot. This representation of Johnson's pointed saying is flat and unmeaning indeed. What he did say is recorded, p. 238, vol. i. of my book, which Miss Seward handsomely, and I believe sincerely, styles 'interesting memoirs:'

"'This man I thought had been a lord among wits; but I find he is only a wit among lords.'

"It would therefore be better if Miss Seward would not boast of all her communications concerning Johnson, as 'conveying strong internal evidence of their verity from characteristic turn of expression;' nor would it be any disadvantage to her if she should sometimes distrust the accuracy of her memory (I seriously protest I mean no more) for, since she has mentioned the late Mrs. Cobb

* See p. 352.

as the person from whom, 'to the best of her remembrance,' she heard the strange conversation between Johnson and his mother, concerning his marriage with Mrs. Porter, which she communicated to me and I suppressed, I will tell her that Mrs. Cobb* was the person whom she gave me as her authority; and Mrs. Cobb's letter now lies before me, in which she says,

"I cannot recollect any conversation which passed between Dr. Johnson and his mother, concerning his marriage with Mrs. Porter. If I ever heard any, it has totally escaped my memory. Many things are repeated in Lichfield, as being told or said by Mrs. Cobb, and not a syllable of truth in any one."

"I again say, that I did not mention to Mrs. Cobb from whom I had the story; nor did she ever know that it was Miss Seward. It is, however, remarkable, that in the same letter is the following passage: 'If you praise our good Johnson, Miss Seward will not love you;' a prediction, which, alas! I now begin to fear is but too true, if I may venture to judge from the strain and tenor of her last epistle.

"The detection of so considerable a mistake should make Miss Seward not so sure of having read either in Dr. Johnson's Works, or in the records of his biographers, an assertion concerning Dr. Watts, which she calls 'a base stigma, and slander, and unchristian-like;† and pours forth, in her customary manner, a profusion of words to abuse. It is not in his Life of that excellent man; and, if Miss Seward has read it any where, she has read what was not true. That poets, and poetesses also, have too often been not of the most exemplary lives, is universally known; but Dr. Johnson never uttered such a sentence as Miss Seward imputes to him. She, indeed, seems doomed to perpetual error; for she mentions a sentence quoted by her anonymous correspondent, [p. 356,] from Warburton, which she, with all imaginable ease, calls impious; when, in truth, that admirable sentence is not quoted from Warburton, and was not written by Warburton, but by a most distinguished author now alive.‡ Let me ask, also, if it be fair in Miss Seward to quote the passage which I have quoted (v. III. p. 547,) from bishop

* See p. 352.

† See p. 354.

‡ The passage was from Dr. Parr's "Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian," and was from the pen of the Warburtonian—Bishop Hurd.

Newton, unfavourable to Dr. Johnson,* and leave out the apology which I have made for that prelate, namely, 'the disgust and peevishness of old age;' as also the general and permanent opinion which bishop Newton entertained of Dr. Johnson, of whom he says, in the same passage, that 'he respected him not only for his genius and learning, but valued him much more for the more amiable part of his character, his humanity and charity, his morality and religion.'

"Miss Seward dreams that I have 'insinuated envy and selfish prejudice against her' in my defensive letter; for this, after reading it over again and again, I cannot perceive the smallest foundation. She may make herself quite easy upon that head, for I do not even suspect that my fair antagonist, 'herself all the Nine,'† envies any human being.

"Neither am I at all conscious of 'heroical attempts to injure a defenceless female,' (meaning herself) with which she charges me. 'How canst thou, lovely Nancy, thus cruelly—?' Is it an injury to mention in civil terms that she has been mis-informed as to a fact? Is it an injury to reprehend with generous warmth her malevolent attacks on 'my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?' Would that she were *offenceless*! *defenceless* she is not; as she now avers that she can, at pleasure, put on the masculine attire, and lay about her as a second Drawcansir, armed *cap à pied* in the masked character of *Benvolio*.‡ She modestly wishes that her strictures, under that signature, should be 'recurred to, and considered well.' She may rest satisfied that they have been well and truly tried, and that the verdict of ineffective ill-nature will never be set aside. I wonder at her seeming to glory in such effusions.

"And now to put an end to all future disputation on the mighty points of the Duck and the Myrtle, which have been the causes of this war,

—'this tumult in a Vestal's veins.'

"The verses on a Duck, said to be composed by Johnson when he was only three years old, were not made by him, because, from internal evidence, it is impossible they should without a miracle; and because, from external evidence, it appears that his mother, and Mrs. Lucy Porter,

* See before, p. 356.

† "See a short Dialogue in verse between her and Mr. Hayley;" written by Professor Porson, beginning 'Pride of Sussex, England's Glory.'

‡ See p. 355.

did not 'invent a falsehood,' when they credulously told he had made them, so that their veracity is not questioned. His mother heard so from his father, and Mrs. Lucy Porter from his mother. The refutation does not rest on Johnson's recollection of his childhood, but on his telling me, in Mrs. Lucy Porter's presence, that his father had owned to him that he had made them, and wished to pass them for his son's.

"The verses on a Sprig of Myrtle, though, perhaps, afterwards presented to Mrs. Lucy Porter, were originally written for a friend; because Dr. Johnson himself mentioned the fact, both to Mrs. Thrale and to Mr. Nichols,* printer of the Gentleman's Magazine, both of whom have attested it; and because Mr. Hector, of Birmingham, Dr. Johnson's schoolfellow and intimate friend through life, has attested that he was the person at whose request they were written. That worthy gentleman first spontaneously wrote to me on the subject; and, seeing me unavoidably drawn into this awkward and unpleasant squabble with Miss Anna Seward, has again spontaneously favoured me with a letter, which I shall here insert.

" 'TO JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.

" 'Dear Sir,

" 'I am sorry to see you engaged in altercation with a lady, who seems unwilling to be convinced of her errors. Surely it would be more ingenuous to acknowledge than to persevere.

" 'Lately, in looking over some papers I meant to burn, I found the original manuscript, with the date on it (1731), which I have enclosed.

" 'The true history (which I could swear to) is as follows. Mr. Morgan Graves, the elder brother of a worthy clergyman near Bath, with whom I was acquainted, waited upon a lady in this neighbourhood, who, at parting, presented him the branch. He showed it me, and wished much to return the compliment in verse. I applied to Johnson, who was with me, and in about half an hour dictated the verses which I sent to my friend.

" 'I most solemnly declare at that time Johnson was an entire stranger to the Porter family; and it was almost two years after that I introduced him to the acquaintance of Porter, whom I bought my clothes of.

" 'If you intend to convince this obstinate woman,

* See p. 347.

and to exhibit to the public the truth of your narrative, you are at liberty to make what use you please of this statement.

“ ‘ I hope you will pardon me for taking up so much of your time. Wishing you *multos et felices annos*, I shall subscribe myself, your obliged and humble servant,

“ ‘ *Birmingham, Jan. 9, 1794.* E. HECTOR.’

“ May I not now flatter myself, Mr. Urban, that I shall not have the trouble of any farther altercation with Miss Seward? Let the Duck be changed into a Swan, and the Myrtle into an Olive. Instead of railing let us have the song. Instead of war let us have peace. I beg that I may not be reckoned in the number of those ‘ with whom it has been Miss Seward’s lot to contend.’ My fair antagonist’s fertile fancy has men and things enough to employ itself upon, without vainly aspiring to be the judge of Johnson. She will permit me, in perfect good humour, to call to her recollection a verse in very ancient poesy: ‘ I do not exercise myself in great matters, which are too high for me.’

“ Yours, &c. JAMES BOSWELL.”

“ MR. URBAN,

Lichfield Close, March 19, 1794.

“ In answer to Miss Seward’s letter in your Magazine for December last, Mr. Boswell the ensuing month inserts one from Mr. Hector, which contains an absolute, though doubtless an involuntary, mis-statement.

“ Doctor Johnson, who died in 1784, was born Sept. 7, 1709. Mr. Hector states that his first copy of the Myrtle verses, which he believes the original one, is dated 1731, and probably, through forgetfulness, declares that Dr. Johnson had no acquaintance with any of the Porter family till two years afterwards, when introduced by Mr. Hector. This must have been in 1733, and in Dr. Johnson’s twenty-third year.

“ Lucy Porter, sister to Mr. Porter of Birmingham, was the second wife of my grandfather Hunter, Dr. Johnson’s schoolmaster. They were married in the year 1726 at Chelsea. This fact, both as to time and place, is attested by my mother, the daughter of that marriage, now resident here, aged sixty-five.

“ To the house and table of his intelligent and worthy master, young Johnson had ever familiar access, and was,

consequently, well known to Mrs. Hunter, a daughter of the Porters, during those seven years which preceded the time from which Mr. Hector dates Dr. Johnson's first knowledge of the Porter family. During those preceding seven years Mrs. Hunter's niece, Lucy Porter, visited her aunt at Lichfield, and became the object of Dr. Johnson's school-boy love; and, according to her own, and the late Mrs. Seward's statement (who was Mr. Hunter's daughter by his first wife), received from Dr. Johnson the elegant verses on the Myrtle, which he afterwards gave to Mr. Hector, without thinking it material to avow their pre-existence. This lady was four years younger than Dr. Johnson, who afterwards married her mother, the widow of Mr. Porter, of Birmingham, Mrs. Hunter's brother.

"Yours, &c.

H. WHITE.*

"MR. URBAN,

Lichfield Close, Oct. 21, 1794.

"Miss Seward requests me to assure your readers that, however friendly to her the paragraph might be in p. 815 of your last Magazine,[†] it is a mistaken suggestion.

"From no individual instance of false representation, from no wound of personal feelings, arose her conviction of Dr. Johnson's propensity to defame; but from a countless number of imputations concerning the characters of others, groundless as that which Mr. Boswell has *generously* recorded concerning her father, at whose house he had been frequently entertained with the most friendly hospitality.

"Every person who knew Mr. Seward, and has seen his distorted portrait by Dr. Johnson, is conscious of its injustice, and remembers that no one had less of the selfish solitudes of a valetudinarian; that his constitution and frame were robust; that no man was ever more entirely free from grossness or indelicacy in his manners, which were those of a scholar and a gentleman; that, however

* The Rev. H. White, sacrist of Lichfield Cathedral, died April 8, 1836, aged 75. He was countenanced by Dr. Johnson, when a young man; and was the intimate friend of Miss Seward. See *Gent. Mag.* July, 1836, p. 105. He collected and possessed a very curious library, part of which, we believe, is in the possession of his son, and part was disposed of by auction.

[†] This alludes to a letter in *Gent. Mag.* for Sept. 1794, p. 815, signed Æ. V. in which Miss Seward's conduct is attributed to the feelings of a dutiful and affectionate daughter, Dr. Johnson having exposed the failings and infirmities of the lady's father.

lively, frank, and full of anecdote, he never declaimed ; that his benevolence, which was unbounded, inspired the wish to please and amuse, without the least appearance of talking for fame.

“ When she saw these false traits of Mr. Seward given in the dark shades of Johnsonian malignance, she said, ‘ My poor father shares the almost general fate of those who were so unlucky as to have any personal acquaintance with Dr. Johnson.’

“ The letters signed Benvolio, in the Gentleman’s Magazine for February, p. 125, and April, 1786, and for August 1787, p. 302, she has acknowledged,* and they were written several years prior to the appearance of this stigma on her father. They evince that her convictions were not the offspring of filial indignation, though she must have been lost to natural affection if it had not arisen over that accumulated proof of the justice of her opinions concerning Dr. Johnson.

“ Yours, &c.

“ H. WHITE.”

* * Numerous other correspondents to the Gentleman’s Magazine joined this controversy, who signed N. Y., M——s, *Δισχυνο σκαυρον*, Mastigophoros, G. S., Eboracensis, Protoplastides, Cottoniensis, Æ. V., I. W. Rich. Geo. Robinson, and G. See the volumes for 1793, p. 1008, and 1794, pp. 7, 120, 198, 510, 619, 625, 815, 876, 1001.

TWO LETTERS

From Mr. BOSWELL to DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

“ DEAR SIR,

Edinburgh, 18th Sept. 1771.

“ It gives me concern to find you complaining of sickness, and talking of putting into port. I must be allowed to pay you the compliment that my father did to a valetudinary friend, ‘ Long may you complain !’ You have had more than once the agreeable experience of recovering health ; and I hope these last summer months have restored you again to your usual state. You are at least happy enough to enjoy at all times the best of Horace’s two requisites ; for if the *corpus sanum* fails, you are never without the *mens sana*. You are blessed with a

* See p. 355.

perpetual flow of good spirits and vivacity, which makes the soul live as it were in a southern climate.

*Hic ver perpetuum, et alienis mensibus æstas.**

“I will not allow you to think of your exit, when so much of the play remains, and perhaps some of the best parts of it. I please myself with the prospect of attending you at several more jubilees at Stratford-upon-Avon. It is true, we must all look forward to the last scene; and you, who have so often felt and made others feel its solemnity, must fall, just like others. This puts me in mind of three Essays which I wrote on the profession of a player† last year, and which were published in the London Magazine, in which I have some concern. Pray, have you read them? Since I am upon the serious subject of death, I cannot help expressing to one who feels as you do, that I am affected with much melancholy on the death of Mr. Gray. His Elegy on a Country Churchyard has long been a part of myself; and many passages in his other poems glance across my soul with a most enlivening force. I never saw Mr. Gray; but my old and most intimate friend, the Rev. Mr. Temple,‡ rector of Mainhead, in Devonshire, knew him well. He knew his foibles, but admired his genius and esteemed his virtues. I know not if you was acquainted with Mr. Gray. He was so abstracted and singular a man, that I can suppose you and him never having met.

“Permit me, now, my dear sir, again to recommend to your patronage Mr. Mickle’s tragedy, which I rejoice to hear has now passed through the hands of both the Wartons. By encouraging Mickle, you will cherish a most worthy man, and, I think, a true poetical genius. Let me add, that your goodness to him will be an additional obligation to your humble servant, who will venture to say that you have never had a warmer, a more constant, or a bolder admirer and friend, at all times and in all places, than himself, though you have had multitudes of greater distinction and abilities. All these things considered, I would hope that Mr. Mickle, who has waited long in the antichamber, will soon be introduced, and not be shoved back by others who are more bustling and forward.

* The line in Virgil is somewhat different:

“Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas.”

2 Georg. v. 149. EDIT. GARRICK COR.

† See hereafter, p. 368.

‡ See p. 320.

"I have just been enjoying the very great happiness of a visit from my illustrious friend Pascal Paoli. He was two nights at Auchinleck; and you may figure the joy of my worthy father and me at seeing the Corsican hero in our romantic groves. Count Burgynski, the Polish ambassador, accompanied him. You know the Count very well, so I need not praise him to you. Why have you not called on General Paoli since I had the pleasure of presenting you to him in your morning dress, *comme un Roi déguisé*, and he paid you so handsome a compliment, which I dare say you have added to your cabinet of jewels? He will be very glad to see you. I had lately a kind letter from our friend Mr. Samuel Johnson. He still flatters me with seeing him among the rocks of Scotland. I intend being in London next March, and promise myself much happiness with you and my other friends there, now that I am just as you all would wish me to be, as far as I can be while living in Scotland. To be sure, Parliament, or the English bar, are situations devoutly to be wished. We must look about us. Pray, is there anything in the little note of old plays belonging to a Scotch gentleman which I left with you? He would most readily give you any that he has. When you have half an hour, I beg you would bestow it upon me, and be assured that I ever am,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

"JAMES BOSWELL.

"I find I must transgress the ordinary bounds of a letter, and tell you that Mr. Donaldson, who published the last edition of Shakespeare, is a prodigiously happy man, in your having inscribed him among the freemen of Drury-lane theatre. He is in the humour of Horace, *Quod si me Lyricis vatibus inseres*, &c. I think I may take a little crop of praise for my dedication of the edition, since it has had such an effect.*

TO D. GARRICK, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

Edinburgh, April 11, 1774.

"When Mr. Johnson and I arrived at Inverary, after our expedition to the Hebrides, and there for the first time *after many days* renewed our enjoyment of the luxuries of civilised life, one of the most elegant that I

* Garrick Correspondence, I. 436.

could wish to find was lying for me,—a letter from Mr. Garrick. It was a pine-apple of the finest flavour, which had a high zest indeed amongst the heath-covered mountains of Scotia. That I have not thanked you for it long ere now is one of those strange facts for which it is so difficult to account that I shall not attempt it. The ‘Idler’ has strongly expressed many of the wonderful effects of the *vis inertiae* of the human mind. But it is hardly credible that a man should have the warmest regard for his friend, a constant desire to shew it, and a keen ambition for a frequent epistolary intercourse with him, and yet should let months roll on without having resolution, or activity, or power, or whatever it be, to write a few lines. A man in such a situation is somewhat like Tantalus reversed. He recedes, he knows not how, from what he loves, which is full as provoking as when what he loves recedes from him. That my complaint is not a peculiar fancy, but deep in human nature, I appeal to the authority of St. Paul, who, though he had not been exalted to the dignity of an apostle, would have stood high in fame as a philosopher and orator, ‘What I would, that do I not.’

“You need be under no concern as to your debt to me for the book which I purchased for you. It was long ago discharged; for, believe me, I intended the book as a present; or, if you rather choose that it should be held as an exchange with the Epitaphs which you sent me, I have no objection.

“Dr. Goldsmith’s death would affect all the Club much. I have not been so much affected with any event that has happened of a long time. I wish you would give me, who am at a distance, and who cannot get to London this spring, some particulars with regard to his last appearance.

“Dr. Young has a fine thought to this purpose, that every friend who goes before us to the other side of the river of death makes the passage to us the easier. Were our Club all removed to a future world but one or two, *they*, one should think, would incline to follow. By all means let me be upon your list of subscribers to Mr. Morell’s ‘Prometheus.’*

“You have enlivened the town, I see, with a musical piece. The prologue is admirably fancied, *arripere populum tributim*; though, to be sure, Foote’s remark applies

* This was Dr. Thomas Morell, the Lexicographer, one of the earliest writers in the Gentleman’s Magazine. Of Dr. Morell, see Lit. Anecdotes, Index, vol. vii. pp. 275, 632.

to it, that your prologues have a culinary turn, and that therefore the motto to your collection of them should be, *Animus jamdudum patinis*. A player upon words might answer him, *any pattens*, rather than your *Piety* in *pattens*. I wonder the wags have not been quoting upon you—

“Whose erudition is a *Christmas Tale*.”

But Mr. Johnson is ready to bruise any one who calls in question your classical knowledge, and your happy application of it. I hope Mr. Johnson has given you an entertaining account of his Northern Tour. He is certainly to favour the world with some of his remarks. Pray do not fail to quicken him by word, as I do by letter. Posterity will be the more obliged to his friends, the more they can prevail with him to write. With best compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and hoping that you will not punish me by being long silent, I remain faithfully yours,

“JAMES BOSWELL.”*

REMARKS ON THE PROFESSION OF A PLAYER,†

BY JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

ESSAY I.

Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.—HOR.

THAT the profession of a player was anciently held sometimes as contemptible, and sometimes as odious, is known to all who are acquainted with the history of mankind; but the causes of this are also known. Stage-playing being originally nothing better than coarse and rustic buffoonery. When Thespis or such as Thespis exhibited their performances in a cart, it could not fail to be contemptible; and when the idea of contempt is once annexed to a profession, it is not easily removed. Hence it was that the business of stage-playing was appropriated to slaves, or to the meanest of the people. That the profession was odious there is no wonder, since the ancient comedy was a barefaced attack upon living characters, who were brought upon the stage and exposed to public

* Garrick Correspondence, I. 622.

† First printed in the London Magazine for 1770. See before in this volume, p. 365.

scorn. In more modern times, wherever the Christian religion was established, players were looked upon with a most unfavourable eye, because their shows tended to keep alive the fictions of heathenish idolatry; and, however much later times may have improved in liberality of sentiments, it must be acknowledged that their prejudices against the profession of a player have continued much longer than could have been expected. The effects have remained after the causes have ceased; and, because players had once been obnoxious for having fomented paganism, they were obnoxious still, when paganism was no longer an object of attention. The human mind continued its aversion to them, as a man who had been tossed at sea feels himself agitated long after he is upon land; or as the foolish person mentioned by Mr. Locke, who, being accustomed to strike the hour in imitation of a neighbouring clock, continued to strike after the clock was removed.

But the present age beholds the profession of a player in a proper light, and treats it accordingly. We now see that it ought to be ranked amongst the learned professions; for the truth is, that, in order to be a good player, there is required a greater share of genius, knowledge, and accomplishments than for any one profession whatever; for this reason, that the profession of a player comprehends the whole system of human life: *quicquid agunt homines*. When I talk thus, I talk of an universal player; and surely in order to be that, in any degree of perfection, all that I have now mentioned is necessary. For any one of what are commonly called the three learned professions, viz. law, physic, and divinity, there is, no doubt, required much knowledge and much address, or many accomplishments. But the player must have a share of the requisites of each of these classes of men, because he must alternately represent an individual characteristic of each. Mr. Dryden's fine satirical lines on the Duke of Buckingham—

“ And in the space of one revolving moon
Is poet, statesman, fidler, and buffoon,”

may, with a little variation, be seriously applied to the universal player; for he must, in the space of a moon, be lawyer, divine, and physician, with all the other characters or discriminations of the human species, which have been formed in society. In Mr. Samuel Johnson's noble pro-

logue at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, it is said of Shakespeare :

“ Each change of many-coloured life he drew.”

The same may be said of a player, who animates the paintings of Shakespeare. We who live at present have an opportunity of observing a wonderful example of what I have now set forth. Mr. Garrick exhibits in his own person such a variety of characters, with such propriety and excellence, as not only to catch the immediate applause of the multitude, but to be the delight and admiration of the judicious, enlightened, and philosophical spectators: as was said of Terence—

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim.

When I maintain that learning is necessary to a player who is to represent a man of learning, I do not mean that he is to be understood to have as much learning as may be annexed to the character which he represents. Thus, in order to appear well upon the stage, as a lawyer, a physician, or a divine, it certainly is not necessary to have a deep knowledge either of law, physic, or divinity; yet it is necessary to have so much knowledge as to enter into the general scope of the character, and have a just perception of the different expressions, not to mention that without some knowledge of the science belonging to each character it is impossible fully to see the blunders and absurdities arising from ignorance, petulance, and conceit, which often constitute the ridicule of the part, and appear unmeaning and insipid if not set off by the player with due intelligence and poignancy.

It may, therefore, be fairly maintained, that the more knowledge a player has, the more will he excel in his profession; and so true is this, that superior judges of theatrical excellence can discern improvements even in the performance of Mr. Garrick, upon seeing him again in characters where they had once imagined it impossible for him to be greater; for Mr. Garrick is by study and observation continually adding to his stock of science, and enriching his mind with new ideas, towards which his late travels through a good part of Europe have no doubt very much contributed; and the fertility of his own lively fancy is always producing fresh thoughts.

But not only are learning and science necessary for an universal player; he must also have all the genteel accomplishments,—he must be an *elegans formarum spectator*—

he must have elevation and tenderness of sentiment, dignity and ease of deportment—he must even have a knowledge of the weaknesses, the follies, the awkwardness, and rusticity of human life. Let us recollect Mr. Garrick in *Hamlet* and *Abel Drugger*, *Lear* and *Sharp*, *Henry the Fourth* and *Ranger*, and the truth of what has now been observed will appear at one view. I grant that to be an universal player, a man must be born with extraordinary talents, and must employ unwearied pains; and even that these should have their effect, a long course of practice is necessary, and every year will bring a greater degree of excellence. But the requisites for an universal player must be found in a greater or less degree in every player who would hope to excel in his profession; so that the more knowledge that he acquires in the department, or, to use the stage phrase, the *walk* for which nature has intended him, the more will he be distinguished, and without a competent share of knowledge, it will be in vain for him to tread the stage.

We may indeed be told that we have had many players whose names it would be invidious to mention; who, though brought from the dregs of the populace, and grossly ignorant, have set the audience in a roar, and exhibited low comic characters with much truth, as well as in a diverting manner. As to this it must be observed, that knowledge is not to be circumscribed to what we learn in books and schools; a great variety of it is picked up in the practice of life; and, however ignorant low comedians may have been in a relative sense, it may be affirmed that none of them who have excelled have been destitute of discernment and observation in the sphere in which they have moved, so that they cannot be said to have been ignorant of their *own subjects*, if that term may be here used. I would however beg leave to differ from the philosophers of old, who when treating of the duties of men in their several stations, and comparing them to players, say, that “there is no matter what part is assigned to a performer, whether that of a king or a peasant.” The question is—Has he done his part well? For though there is no doubt that he who performs the part of a peasant well is better than he who performs the part of a king ill, yet a player is intitled to a greater degree of praise in proportion as he represents a lesser or greater character, and also in proportion to the variety of characters which he represents.

ESSAY SECOND.

Ut ridendum arident, ita flentibus adsunt
 Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est
 Primum ipsi tibi.

HOR.

It is surely not only an object of taste to study theatrical representations, but it may be a matter of very curious philosophical inquiry. What is the nature of that peculiar faculty which makes one a good player? It is something more than imitative art. A painter can represent upon his canvass the various appearances which the world affords, with such exactness of shape and justness of colour as to be almost mistaken for the objects themselves. He can even represent the affections and passions of the mind, by representing their external effects, which from habit instantaneously convey to us their ideas. The poet can in the same manner give us descriptions of every thing, and by a choice and arrangement of words the signs of ideas can instantaneously represent to our imaginations whatever is the subject of his verse. But the player "*lives* o'er each scene," and in a certain sense "is what we behold," and this constitutes the mysterious difficulty of being a good player; for by what power is it that a man is able at a certain hour to change himself into a different kind of being from what he really is? How is it that a man, perfectly easy and happy, can make himself wretched and sorrowful without the intervention of any cause whatever, but a voluntary operation of his own mind? And, supposing him by intense meditation on melancholy subjects to have at length effectuated so difficult an operation, how does he regulate his sorrow so as to correspond exactly with the part assigned him in the play? How does he adapt his feelings to the vicissitudes of hope and fear which are intermingled in the drama? I am persuaded that the better a part is written, the less difficulty will there be in playing it well. I say playing it well; because to a bad player, to one who only mimics the character he represents, well or ill written parts will be alike easy. But I am persuaded that Mr. Garrick will tell us, that it is easy to him to play a part in which the passions display themselves naturally. In such a part, when he is once entered into the character, it's different effusions are like effusions of his own mind; whereas he will tell us that it is difficult for him to play a part in

which the passions are pushed forth in a forced and unnatural manner. In such a part every sally is a shock to him, and he plays it with the same aversion that a master of music of a good ear and refined taste does a harsh and discordant composition.

When I talk of the mysterious power of a good player, which has just now been mentioned, I take it for granted that my proposition is not denied, that a good player is indeed in a certain sense the character that he represents, during the time of his performance; and that this is truly the case, I have been assured by that great ornament of the stage whom I have had occasion to mention several times in the course of these reflections.

I am aware that my proposition, that a player is really and truly the character in which he appears, may be misrepresented; and I remember to have heard the most illustrious author of this age,* whose conversation is thought by many even to excel his writings, exert his eloquence against this proposition, and with the luxuriance of humour for which he is distinguished render it exceedingly ridiculous: "If, Sir," said he, "Garrick believes himself to be every character that he represents, he is a madman, and ought to be confined. Nay, Sir, he is a villain, and ought to be hanged. If, for instance, he believes himself to be Macbeth, he has committed murder, he is a vile assassin, who, in violation of the laws of hospitality, as well as of other principles, has imbrued his hands in the blood of his king while he was sleeping under his roof. If, Sir, he has really been that person in his own mind, he has in his own mind been as guilty as Macbeth." But, without staying to investigate the difference between a man in the full exercise of his reason and a man mad or beside himself, which a player in the sense now mentioned would certainly be, I beg leave to remind my readers, that I qualified my proposition by saying that a player is the character he represents *only in a certain degree*; and therefore there is a distinction between his

* "Johnson had thought more upon the subject of acting than might be generally supposed. Talking one day to Mr. Kemble, he said, 'Are you, sir, one of those enthusiasts who believe yourself transported into the very character you represent?' Upon Mr. Kemble's answering that he had never felt so strong a persuasion himself; 'To be sure not,' said Johnson; 'the thing is impossible; and if Garrick really believed himself to be that monster Richard the Third, he deserved to be hanged every time he performed it.'" Boswell's Life of Johnson, under the year 1783. Croker's edit. 8vo, V. 132.

being what I have said, and his being the character he represents in the full sense of the expression.

How to define my meaning with precision I am really at a loss. I have already said that the power of which I treat is mysterious, consequently it is difficult to put it in words. I heartily wish that Mr. Garrick would give us an essay on that subject; as he is so fully master of it, and writes with precision and vivacity; such a performance by him would be a curious and entertaining present to the public. We would read an essay by Mr. Garrick on the art of acting as we do Xenophon and Cæsar, or the King of Prussia on the art of war. Colley Cibber justly regrets that the talents of the greatest actor die with him, and that it is impossible to give succeeding ages, who have never seen him, an adequate idea of his wonderful powers. In that respect the poet and painter have the advantage over him; for the painter can say *Pingo æternitate*, "I paint for eternity!" the poet, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*, "I have finished a monument more lasting than brass!" These were the expressions of an ancient painter and of an ancient poet; and they were expressions by no means absurd or extravagant; for the works of a painter and poet are transmitted down from age to age with successive admiration. It is not so with the player, his talents, by which multitudes have been affected, leave no trace behind them; but, like the talents of the orator and musical performer, appear no more when he who possessed them is gone. Would Mr. Garrick give us the Essay which I have here figured, it would add much celebrity to his profession.

If I may be allowed to conjecture what is the nature of that mysterious power by which a player really is the character he represents, my notion is that he must have a kind of double feeling. He must assume in a strong degree the character which he represents, while he at the same time retains the consciousness of his own character. The feelings and passions of the character which he represents must take full possession as it were of the antichamber of his mind, while his own character remains in the innermost recess. This is experienced in some measure by the barrister who enters warmly into the cause of his client, while at the same time, when he examines himself coolly, he knows that he is much in the wrong, and does not even wish to prevail. But during the time of

his pleading, the genuine colour of his mind is laid over with a temporary glaring varnish, which flies off instantaneously when he has finished his harangue. The double feeling which I have mentioned is experienced by many men in the common intercourse of life. Were nothing but the real character to appear, society would not be half so safe and agreeable as we find it. Did we discover to our companions what we really think of them, frequent quarrels would ensue; and did we not express more regard for them than we really feel, the pleasure of social intercourse would be very contracted. It being necessary then in the intercourse of life to have such appearances, and dissimulation being to most people irksome and fatiguing, we insensibly, for our own ease, adopt feelings suitable to every occasion, and so, like players, are to a certain degree a different character from our own. It is needless to mention many instances of this; every man's experience must have furnished him with a variety of instances which will readily occur to him. He will recollect instances in every funeral that he has attended—every birthday entertainment at which he has been a guest—every country-seat the beauties of which have been shewn him by its master—every party of pleasure in which he has shared. In short, he can hardly recollect a scene of social life where he has not been conscious, more or less, of having been obliged to work himself into a state of feeling which he would not naturally have had.

This double feeling is of various kinds and various degrees; some minds receiving a colour from the objects around them, like the effects of the sunbeams playing through a prism, and others, like theameleon, having no colours of their own, take just the colours of what chances to be nearest them. And it must be observed, that the greater degree a man is accustomed to assume of artificial feeling, the more probability is there that he has no character of his own on which we can depend, unless indeed he be born of an uncommon degree of firmness; hence it is that the French, who are celebrated as the politest people in Europe, and, in conformity with the ideas which I have just now mentioned, may be considered as perpetual comedians, have the least original character, and have been censured as fickle and false; whereas the English, who have a plain bluntness of behaviour, are truly a nation of originals, and are univer-

sally allowed to be remarkably honest. But, laying aside natural prejudice and judging candidly, we must confess that the politeness of the French makes them much happier; because, from the continued habit of working themselves into an agreeable frame, into complacency and self-satisfaction, they actually enjoy those blessings; and the falseness for which they are censured is not tainted with malignity, for it is only volatility and changeableness.

I have said that to assume a borrowed, fictitious, or external character is apt to make a man have no character of his own, except he has an uncommon degree of firmness. This exception has been observed to hold true in several celebrated men in different departments of human life. Epaminondas, one of the first generals that ever lived, was at the same time a man of the most engaging manners. The Archbishop of Cambray could unite to the strongest character of piety all the elegance of a French courtier. Each of those great men could assume an external character without hurting his own. It is needless to give many instances; they will readily occur to those who have read the lives of illustrious men, though even of these there will be but a part, for there have been illustrious men, and perhaps our own age can show such, who had no character of their own, but have actually been transmuted into various characters according to times and circumstances; illustrious men, of whom we may say in a figurative and extravagant style, what Mr. David Hume very sincerely says of man in general, that "they are nothing but a bundle of perceptions;" a saying not more attended with utility, a favourite principle of that gentleman, than sure of a ready assent by every man of sound sense.

Thus have I endeavoured to illustrate this curious subject as well as I can; but I own sincerely, with much doubt and diffidence; and the more I have thought of the subject the greater is my wish that Mr. Garrick would give us such an Essay as I have mentioned in a former part of this paper. The STRATFORD JUBILEE convinced both the world and himself how much his powers of writing are able to perform when he is forced to exert them. I would therefore hope, that while retired in his elegant bower at Hampton, that love of fame which hath ever warmed his breast with so ardent and unremitting a glow, may prompt him to leave to succeeding ages an

account of that art the effects of which have been so wonderful in this. Cardinal Alberoni's "Political Testament" is not more valuable in its kind than would be Mr. Garrick's "Theatrical Testament."

ESSAY III.

Servetur ad inum
Qualis ab incepto processerit.—HOR.

The stage being an object of much attention amongst us, we have had several literary productions relative to the art of acting. Addison and Steele, and their friends, gave a sanction and a gracefulness to the theatre, by the attention which they paid it from time to time with classical elegance in the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*. Colley Cibber's *Apology for his own Life*, one of the pleasantest books that ever was written, contains many ingenious observations; but Colley, who had a considerable dash of the spirit of Montague, was too volatile to enter deeply into any subject, and his remarks, however just and agreeable, are not profound. The *Lives of the British Actors and Actresses*, by his son Theophilus, are not without their share of merit, though much inferior to the style of the father. Dr. Hill's "Actor, or a Treatise on the Art of Playing," is none of the worst productions of that multifarious author; and, if I am not mistaken, players may learn many useful lessons from it, while his other readers, who compose the audience at our theatres, may be assisted to judge with more candour and discernment. I have read some years ago a performance, entitled, "An Essay on Theatrical Expression in Tragedy;" and, according to my recollection, it is the most ingenious and philosophical performance that we have upon the subject of acting.

Nor have we had only prose performances on this subject, for there has been more poetry written upon it of late years than one would imagine. The first thing in that way that I remember is "The Art of Acting," a poem by a young gentleman, published by Francis Stamper, a low comedian of great merit, who played many years at the Edinburgh Theatre, and died in that city. Next came "The Actor, an epistle to Bonnell Thornton, by Robert Lloyd;" a poem of acknowledged merit. Mr. Lloyd holds

the same system with regard to the players that I have attempted to illustrate.

"Or fool, or monarch, happy or distressed,
No actor pleases that is not possess'd."

A little after appeared Churchill's "Rosciad, a poem," temporary in its subject, but so forcible in its expression and harmonious in its numbers as to bring its author at once into very great popular reputation, before ever he attached himself to the popular party, then so violent in opposition to the court; and I doubt not but many passages of that poem will be read with satisfaction in after-times. The great success of the Rosciad roused other men of genius to exert their poetical talents in the same extraordinary style. Hence arose "Thespis," by Mr. Kelly, which, though it had not the Herculean vigour of Churchill, had more correctness, and many beauties. I must also mention, the Covent Garden Rosciad, the Rational Rosciad, and Momus's, the Rosciad of Mr. Foote's theatre; for the more numerous the literary performances upon the subject, the more must it appear an object of general attention.

As another proof upon this head, and indeed a strong proof, it may be observed, that all our periodical publications, our magazines, and newspapers, are occasionally seasoned with entertaining remarks on our different theatrical performers, and even with verses in their praise. Mr. Whitehead, the present poet laureat, hath written some very pretty verses in honour of Mr. Garrick, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard; they are printed in Dodsley's Collection. By these strains of panegyric on theatrical majesty the courtly Bard prepared himself for nobler numbers,

"A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,"

to celebrate the real royalty of Great Britain.

There is a monthly publication, called the "Dramatic Censor," which contains some very good observations on the performance of many of the favourite characters on our stage. I wish it success; and hope that the favour of the public will not be wanting to encourage improvements upon it. A judicious and impartial theatrical censor must be of considerable service to our players. We all remember the excellent humorous account which the Spectator gives of the Trunkmaker, who sat in the gallery in his time, and distributed with a large oaken

stick his applause and censure to the performers on the stage, with constant and unchallenged propriety. I wish we had such a *literary trunkmaker*, who would from time to time publish his remarks; they would not only be of service to our present players, but would preserve many curious and useful hints for future performers. There are many minute circumstances in the exhibition of a character upon the stage, which do not appear from reading the poet, but must be supplied by the player, from his observations of human life. These minute circumstances may be preserved in a theatrical review; as a gallery of pictures in the dresses of the times gives us a lively idea of the appearance of our ancestors.

“Life’s moving pictures, well wrought plays,”

as the author of “*The Spleen*,” a poem, ingeniously styles them, would be still more lively, if every little article of manners in every character were preserved; and if not preserved by writing, many characteristical *minutiæ* must fade away with the age which gave them birth, and be totally forgotten in aftertimes, so that posterity shall wonder why their forefathers were so highly entertained with characters, which they indeed think diverting, but cannot perceive in them such excellent subjects of risibility.

As I purpose to treat only of the profession of a player, I am not to enter upon the wide field of the drama itself, concerning which so much has been written in various ways. Some have treated it merely as an object of criticism, others as the subject of moral and political disquisition; and of the latter class of writers, some extolling it as a school of virtue and refinement of manners, others declaiming against it, as a seminary of debauchery and idleness. It may easily be perceived what my opinion is upon the subject, by my having paid so great attention to the performers.

Jeremy Collier of the last age, and Jean Jacques Rousseau of this, two writers of as different a complexion as can well be imagined, have, in their attacks upon the stage, both agreed in decrying the profession of a player, and in representing it as incompatible with moral rectitude. D’Alembert has shown himself the judicious and elegant apologist of the players; and I would recommend to every one who is prejudiced against them to read what he has written.

For my own part, I cannot see any reason why the profession of a player should corrupt the morals more than any other. If it is the dissimulation necessary to assume a feigned character that is thought so hurtful, I flatter myself that I have shewn that the art of a player is not dissimulation, but a mysterious power of being to a certain degree the character which he represents. If it is the assuming bad characters that is to corrupt his own, surely that may be counterpoised by his assuming good characters; and it will not be denied that our plays afford an equal number of characters eminently virtuous, as of characters eminently vicious. Besides, if my theory is admitted, the player himself—his own character—still remains entire, and, in the warmest scene of the drama, can in some measure pass a conscious judgment on the character which he is representing.

In considering the profession of a player, people seem to forget that it is a profession as laborious, and perhaps more so, than either law, physic, or divinity. People see players appear upon the stage with all the advantages of dress and ornaments, amidst the united brilliancy of painting, gilding, and every other theatrical decoration, enlivened with the lustre of artificial lights, arranged in the most beautiful manner; they hear them talk with ease and fluency in every style; and such is the agreeable delusion, that they are ready to look upon them as a set of beings who exist only in grandeur, or in gaiety, in enjoying a reciprocation of entertainment and applause. But it ought to be remembered, that studying a part is a very hard study; that fixing in the memory the mere words of a character requires much application, and that a great deal more is required to form a just conception of the spirit of the character, to determine what expressions of voice and gesture will best become the various speeches and situations, and even to devise and settle the lesser graces and requisites necessary for the complete exhibition. Very great must be the labour in preparing for the first appearance in any character; and that labour must be renewed previous to each repeated appearance in a greater or lesser degree, in proportion to the intervals between the appearances, and in proportion to the anxiety which a player has to improve.

When we take into our consideration, then, the great application which a player must have at home, as also the

assiduity with which he must attend, and as it were sketch over his part at rehearsals, we shall find that he has very little vacant time to employ in vicious pursuits ; and we must consider that the actresses are as much obliged to give application and attendance to the duties of their profession as the actors are ; so that in reality there are very few ladies out of the walls of a convent whose time is so regularly portioned out, and whose minds are so occupied with innocent subjects as theirs.

If an appeal be made to facts, which no doubt is the best method of determining any point, I can with pleasure fix my eyes on many instances of worthy and virtuous characters of both sexes, who have followed the profession of a player with success. That there have been many people of bad characters upon the stage, has been owing to the groundless prejudice which has prevailed against the profession of a player ; so that people of genius, who had lost their characters, betook themselves to it. From them the characters of all players were indiscriminately condemned, and it required uncommon resolution for a person of real good character to exert distinguished talents in that sphere. But, as the prejudice against the profession of a player is fading away, we may expect that it will every day grow more and more respectable, and consequently that the characters of those who practise it will be more and more chaste. Then may we hope to see our players treated with a just decency and politeness, and secured against affronts from sport or malevolence, the fear of which too often debases them to an abject submission to the ill-bred and riotous part of their audience.

Players, one should think, must be very entertaining companions. Such are generally, and with justice, reckoned so, who have, as the phrase is, seen a great deal of the world,—that is to say, of human life. Players may be reckoned to have that advantage in a great degree, as it is their business to exhibit the various scenes of human life *veluti in speculo*. In order to this, they are furnished with views of the world drawn by the ablest masters. They have the dramatic poets, as skilful guides, to point out to them what is worthy of observation, to select for them amidst the infinite diversity of objects, and to inspire them with taste and spirit to relish what is selected. Then their memories are necessarily stored with tales of every sort, with innumerable characters, with moral and philosophical

reflections, with sallies of wit and humour, poetical imagery and sprightly repartee. Accordingly, the conversation of many of them—from the days of Betterton and Dick Eastcourt, down to the present time—has been acknowledged by the best judges to be very agreeable. Some players, indeed, like some among other men of genius, will be found dull companions enough till put in agitation; like some race horses, who are restive and good for nothing till warmed by velocity of motion. And some players are absolute pedants, and, not having judgment enough to manage their store of fine things, instead of intermixing dramatic anecdotes and sayings at proper intervals, give us a perpetual rodomontade, an absurd string of speeches from plays, to supply the purposes of ordinary dialogue.

If the Abbé Du Bos's system be true, that the happiness of man consists in having his mind agitated, players must be of all mankind the most happy, as in the exercise of their profession they are agitated in all the variety of which human nature is capable; and if the length of life, as those who are studious of metaphysical refinement maintain, is to be estimated by the time in which we have been sensible of activity of mind, the lives of players are much longer than those of any other class of mortals.

There is something very curious and interesting in considering that players, who have entertained us so much, must at last die, like other men. Mr. Pope has been struck with such a reflection, and applied it to the poets, in these beautiful lines:—

“ Poets themselves must fall like those they sung :
Deaf the prais'd ear and mute the tuneful tongue ;
E'en he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays.”

The reflection is still more striking when applied to the players; for how curious is it to think that they who have so often counterfeited death, and again appeared in all the lively activity and cheerfulness of life, must at last arrive at that awful scene when life is to be no more; when they are really to die; when those features which have been so often employed to express the varieties of human emotion and passion must be convulsed with the agonies of dissolution; when those organs of speech which have touched so many hearts must for ever be dumb; when those who have animated such a multiplicity of characters must sink into cold insensibility. I question

if in that awful scene any player ever was able to exert his peculiar talents. I fancy every one of them must then say in the affecting words of my Lord Lyttelton's prologue,

"Alas! I feel I am no actor here."

The first lines of the farewell Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Pritchard on her taking leave of the theatre, after performing the character of Lady Macbeth, have a most pathetic solemnity—

"The curtain drops, my mimic life is past,
That scene of sleep and terror was my last."

But how much more pathetic and solemn may we figure the farewell words of a player upon a death-bed to be? No player can tell by which of the various modes of death he is to quit this mortal stage; and therefore cannot have any set speech composed for the occasion. Poor Theophilus Cibber was drowned by a dreadful shipwreck in his passage to Ireland. It is remarkable that in his "*Lives of the Poets*," he boasts his having excelled in the part of Melisander in Thomson's *Agamemnon*. He quotes a speech in which we find, after telling

"Some midnight ruffians rush'd into my chamber, &c.,"

the following lines :

"Sudden they seiz'd, and, muffled up in darkness,
Straight bore me to the sea, whose instant prey
I did conclude myself, when first around
The ship unmoor'd I heard the chiding sound."

Little did he think that the alarming situation here described would one day be realized to him, and that he was indeed to become the prey of the sea.

In the awful scene of death, players must submit to the common lot of humanity. They must suffer like the rest of their fellow-creatures, and like them flutter with mingled hopes and fears. In that awful scene they must be impressed with a conviction that they are to appear before a tribunal where they will be judged "according to the deeds done in the body," according as they have acted as men; and must depend for consolation upon that Divine Being "whose mercy is over all his other works."

REV. GEORGE ASHBY, B.D.

OF this learned and able antiquary a memoir will be found in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. I. p. 577, and a character of him by the Rev. W. Cole, p. 578, and numerous notices occur in many parts of that work (see General Index, vol. VII. pp. 13, 505). Also in the *Literary Illustrations*.^{*} He was educated at Westminster and Eton, and was the correspondent of Mr. Harmer, Dr. Farmer, Rev. James Granger, Mr. Gough, Mr. Daines Barrington, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Nichols, Bishop Percy, and most of the literary antiquaries of his day. Like the friend last mentioned, he became blind in his old age; but that misfortune did not, in either of them, extinguish or scarcely abate their zeal for literature. He was also intimate with Gray the poet. His epitaph in Barrow Church, Suffolk, accurately and concisely describes his history:—

"Near this place is interred the body of the Rev. George Ashby, B.D. and F.S.A., Rector of this parish, son of Edward Ashby (by Elizabeth-Judith, daughter of Robert Lock, of Dinton, in Wiltshire), of an ancient Leicestershire family; who was born 5 Dec. 1724, and died 12 June, 1808. He was for many years President of St. John's College, Cambridge, by which Society he was presented to this living in 1774; and in 1780 obtained, by the friendship of Dr. Ross, Bishop of Exeter, the rectory of Stansfield, in Suffolk. For some years previous to his death he had the misfortune to become blind; but, as a critical scholar and an antiquary, he left many testimonials of superior abilities.

"Mrs. Hannah Ashby, sister of the Rev. George Ashby, died 1 May, 1808, aged 79.

"Thomas Lyas, of Barrow, the constant companion and amanuensis of the Rev. G. Ashby, for the space of 28 years, and at last his testamentary heir, with all respect and gratitude inscribes this marble to his memory."

^{*} See vol. III. 421, V. 330, VI. 298, 542, 822.

To the Rev. T. PERCY.

"DEAR SIR,

"Mr. Browne and Mr. Baker tell me that the College will not object to the having the Howard Book printed. I examined the volume; it consists of 607 folio pages, about 32 lines, more or less, in each page. The press cannot be set from the original; therefore the whole should be transcribed by some careful and intelligent person—no common writer could make it out. "G. ASHBY."

Extract of a letter from REV. MR. ASHBY to REV. T. PERCY, 28 Oct. 1769, on the Northumberland Household Book.

"*On his Lordship's Diet.*

"That he certainly eat things, such as sea-gulls and sea-pyes, which the poorest men in the fens would not think of touching now, *v. infra*. So the D. of Norfolk, in the curious account of his house-keeping, preserved in Pembroke-hall, eats porpoises, &c. See also Pennant, iii. p. 53. The bittern, indeed, after being long neglected, is rose into a delicacy. Sir John Hawkins saith the bytern must be flead.

"2. That some birds, as knots and dotterells, were probably much more plentiful than now, or they need have given no directions about buying them. See Pennant's Br. Zool. 504, 367, 491, 492.

"3. Their want of taste and spirit in hesitating about giving a peny for a teal, who did not scruple to give two pence for a mallard. p. 104.

"4. That the book rather contains the contracts entered into by my Lord and his servants for the expences of the year to come than the actual housekeeping; in which, I believe, the Norfolk account has the advantage.

"*V. supra*. Sea-gulls. Sir J. Hawkins saith, 'Being in the Straits of Magellan, the young gulls was one of the delicatest foods that I have eaten in all my life;' in the same place finds fault with the ducks as inferior to our own; but Sir J. Narborough in the same place had so good a stomach as to find foxes and kites very good."*

* Mr. Ashby was fond of natural history. I possess his interleaved Linnaeus, with MS. notes,—J. M.

Rev. G. ASHBY to Bp. PERCY.

"DEAR SIR,

Cambridge, St. John's, 13 Dec. 1773.

"Mr. Holmes was so kind as to shew me your copy of 'Peebles to the Play,' and I scribbled some things on a distinct piece of paper. Yesterday I read 'Christ's Kirk on the Green;' and was surprised to find not only the same words, but such a sameness of turn in the design,—viz. a fighting for no reason that one could see,—that one should think both had the same author. However, Peebles must be wrote first, being quoted in the beginning of the other. I think there are few words which are not in the 'Polemo-Middinio,' or Glossary to Gawin Douglas.

"I make no doubt you have these books, or else I could lend them to you. I desire my compliments to Mrs. Percy, and am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

"GEORGE ASHBY.

"DEAR SIR,

St. John's College, Dec. 21, 1773.

"I repent that I did not take the liberty of carrying off the old song, but I must desire you will clear up, sooner or later, my doubts about its author and antiquity; for, as it appears to me full brother to 'Christ's Kirk on a Day,' and probably to 'Falkland on the Green,' both from language and composition, I should choose to give them all to one author; not readily conceiving that the Scotch language should have continued so exactly the same from 1440 to 1540. Mr. Walpole, though he gives to James the First one book of Scotch sonnets, without naming any or seeming to know that more than one remains, yet says nothing of our song. The New Edinburgh Magazine is equally silent. The changes in the English language were very considerable in that time. The Glossary to Douglas is a very long one, greatly owing to the fluctuating orthography or rather spelling. Please to observe that n and u, and c and t are alike in old MSS.

"Bishop Nicolson's 'Scottish Historian,' p. 55, fol. from T. Major's 'History of Scotland,' l. 6, c. 14, specifies two famous composes of James the First, which began with 'Yas Sen,' &c., and 'At Beltayn.'

"Will 'Yas Sen' turn out 'Falkland on the Green?' I shall think you lucky if you can complete the triga. I see Nicolson's account is copied from Major. Mac-

kenzie, tom. 1, p. 305, has several pages on James the First; but, though he professes to write of authors, he does not particularise any one of his works, except his panegyric on his mistress-queen. At p. 305 he mentions Thomas Varoye, who wrote *De Prælio Otterbernensi*.

“By the by, I wonder G. Douglas never uses Beltan, particularly in his description of May. Buchanan, 10, 57, ‘*Carmina Latina, ut illud erat sæculum, rudia ex tempore fundebat. Anglico quidem sermone poemata ab eo conscripta nonnulla adhuc extant; in quibus ingenii præstantia elucet, expolitior doctrina fortasse requiratur.*’ This does not answer well to our song.

“Among the Yelverton MSS. Vol. LXXII. fo. 23, is ‘*Extrac. ex Hist. Jac. V. Regis Scotorum.*’ I find nothing more of our Second James in Cat. Cod. MSS., Angliæ, &c. Is there anything in Harleian Collections, or in Demster’s Account of Scotch Writers? Not in last, I think. The curiosity of the two songs being so like in language and composition (if it appears so to you), deserves a note. Was the latter wrote expressly in imitation of his progenitor, whose work or works he mentions professedly at setting out? Pray, consider an observation of Dr. Samuel Johnson, that immediately precedes Sir Thomas More’s tale in Introduction to Dictionary. I own I do not understand it. I can easily see why the colloquial part of a language that has obtained among the people in general should change less or slower than the fancies, conceits, or affectation of a court, or a few learned men, each of which burns with an envy of innovating, if not of inventing, a language. I make no doubt of there being less difference between the cookmaid’s talk at Northumberland House now and in King Charles’s time, or the cook’s at Easton, than between your style and Mr. Evelyn’s. Is this the doctor’s meaning? The word ‘disused’ puzzles me. If you publish ‘Christ’s Kirk,’ &c., please to remember that the Glossary to G. Douglas does not allow that Gibson was always right; vide Fumler. In an Essay on the Antiquity of the Irish Language, being a collation of it with the Punic, Dublin, 1772, p. 19, the chief deity of the Carthaginians was Baal, Beal, or Bel, the Sun, to whom they offered human sacrifices; so, too, of the heathen Irish: afterwards both substituted that of beasts.

“The month of May is to this day named ‘*mi Beal teinne,*’ i. e. the month of Beal’s fire; and the first day of

May is called 'la Beal tienne,' *i. e.* the day of Beal's fire. These fires were lighted on the summits of hills, in honour of the Sun: many hills in Ireland still retain the name of 'cnoc-greine,' *i. e.* the hill of the sun; and on all these are to be seen the ruins of *Druidish* altars. On that day the *Druids* drove all the cattle through the fires to preserve them from disorders the ensuing year; this pagan custom is still observed in Munster and Connaught, where the meanest cottager, worth a cow and a wisp of straw, practises the same on the first day of May, and with the same superstitious ideas. The old Irish name of the year is 'Bealaine,' now corrupted into 'Bliadhain,' *i. e.* the circle of *Belus*, or of the Sun; yet, p. 15, he says *mi* is a compound negative. But, taking no notice of this, which may be right, the account of Beltain seems in point, whether Punic, Druidical, &c.

"The book is one of the strangest I ever saw. Many faults in incidental matters plainly appear; the reasoning, too, is bad. I shall not pretend to say anything of the main question, except that all languages have many words alike, as if they were universal radicals; and some have attempted lately to collect them, which I think would be useful, because, unless two languages had an agreement in other words besides these, the proof might be rejected. How do many languages agree in the numerals, &c. that nobody supposes to have any real agreement throughout? Boethius (whose Scotch you will like to see) and Bishop Leslie both speak more intelligibly and favourably of James the First's poetical talents. Boethius also describes the battle of Piperdene, between Percy and Douglas, in which a *knight* of the name of Percy was taken or killed, I forget which.

"What could induce the Glasgow printers, within these five or ten years, to print the *Polemomiddinia* in an handsome 4to. by itself, and without a single note?

"I am, dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

"GEORGE ASHBY.

"Rev. Dr. Percy, Easton."

"DEAR SIR,

St. John's College, March 30, 1774.

"By favour of Mr. Beadon,* who goes to-morrow to the Bishop of London's, in St. James's Square, from whence he returns in a fortnight, I send this packet,

* Afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells.

intended principally for your own amusement. I should be glad, when you have made what use you please of it, to return it, as it contains some memoranda for my own use. If you have not burnt my effusions on the 'Household Book,' I would desire them, for the same reason, as they were taken entirely for my own use. I should have dispatched the 'Reliques' much more expeditiously, and in a better manner too, if Mr. Bryant's book had not come across me; however, I will go through the remainder, and add some things in point from Hearne's Works, which I lately ran over.

"Knowing the sweetness of your disposition, I cannot but be greatly grieved at the visitation of your family,* and beg you will express my sense on that melancholy occasion to Mrs. Percy.

"My father,† who is 84, has lain in the most helpless condition possible for five months, to the great affliction of his family, particularly those about him. His weakness is extreme, yet his appetite and sleeping both good, so that he may continue a good while longer.

"I believe I have mentioned a *fancy of mine*, about a new disposition of your three volumes, more in order of time or subject; now each volume is like a perfect work. As you admit modern ones, query, is your title-page just? I also mentioned the having one complete glossary, besides that to each volume. Perhaps these changes would give too much trouble, but I cannot help proposing every thing that would at all contribute to the perfection of a work that is so nearly complete.

"I am, dear Sir, your faithful

"GEORGE ASHBY."

"DEAR SIR,

S. J. C. C. April 19, 1774.

"I AM greatly obliged to you for your gracious acceptance of my effusions. They were hastily committed to paper amidst the serious avocation of a careful reading of Mr. Bryant. I am sensible how little they enter into your plan: but I put them down merely for the diversion of both of us, and you will do well to consider them only as such. I shall be perfectly satisfied, if you have a moment's entertainment from them in private, as an offering from me to you of respect and friendship.

* Dr. Percy had lately lost a daughter, named Hester.

† Edmund Ashby, citizen and merchant-taylor, born June 1, 1690; married 15 May 1720, at St. Mary Abchurch, to Eliz. Judith Lock. He died Jan. 9, 1775, and was buried at Wellingborough.

“ I should have thought K. William Sorrel had only been mentioned over drunken cups ; but I find by the last Edinburgh Magazine for March that Dr. Pitcairne could stain his muse with it.

“ Though Milan doth not stand on the Po, yet perhaps all the rain that runs through its streets really runs into that river ; and that is full enough for a songster. I do not recollect any story of that town. I furnished you with one from Trent and another from Frankfort (I think) ; there, if I remember right, the Saintling of both was a Simonin, or little Simon. At Lincoln it was Hugh, as in the song. The bard may have confounded names. I believe I observed before that there is no appearance of its being a religious act of the whole people : no crucifixion, &c. but a secret murder and burial by one girl, whose motive no where appears. I have since recovered the very curious book I quoted to the Wife of Bath. It doth not turn out quite so much to the point as I thought. It is a folio, by Jac. de Theramo, imperfectly produced by Maittaire in *Annal. Topogr.* three or four times. From the mistakes he makes, it is plain he never saw it. It contains an action, carried on according to the strict forms of the civil law, which is all along carefully quoted, brought by the devils against Christ, for battery and assault in forcibly entering their premises, breaking their gates, &c. after his crucifixion. It is conducted by Belial, their proctor, in the name of the community. Moses appears for Christ, and Solomon is the judge. Moses begins by excepting to Belial’s acting, because an excommunicate. Belial in return excepts to most of Moses’s witnesses, as persons of notorious ill fame, and therefore their testimony inadmissible, such as Jacob, Lot, and many more, who are mentioned in much the same terms as by your *Virago*. The witnesses are not produced : but the exception is meant to the passages of Scripture Moses was expected to produce, and which would be the words and acts of such people. A reconciliation, after many demurs and detours, and an appeal to another judge, is effected by the Virgin. These two circumstances, allowing for the popery of the last article, are the only resembling features : but the whole is really curious. One leading principle is very remarkable. Belial acts uniformly with great adroitness, suppleness, and steadiness in supporting his cause, but always addresses Moses with the utmost deference and respect, and without uttering a single hard word ; I mean an injurious

one, whilst Moses is very haughty and abusive. This is a strange perversion of well-known characters: for your youngest child would tell you that Moses was the *meekest* of all men. The work is intended seriously for the best purposes, viz. piety and edification; and in the conclusion the author desires it may be called (from its event) ‘*Consolatorium Peccatorum.*’ It was wrote between 1300 and 1400.

“I was in hopes of being in town this week to pay my respects to Mr. Pennant; but am unluckily prevented. As to the college book, I fear as the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must determine whether he will come to the mountain; at least I should be glad to see him here.

“Be so good as to make my compliments to Mrs. Percy. I rejoice at the improvement of her health.

“Mr. Arnald,* whom you have seen at Petworth, desires his compliments.

“I am, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

“GEORGE ASHBY.”

“DEAR SIR,

S. J. C. C. May 22, 1774.

“As I have not had the pleasure of hearing from you lately, I presume that you received the packet I sent about a month ago by a friend. Nor should I have troubled you now, by my friend Dr. Ewin, but for the sake of mentioning a famous instance of oly prancing† in Mr. Lambe’s ‘*Flodden Field*,’‡ p. 24, where King James, on a *foot* pilgrimage, on account of his Queen being

* The Rev. W. Arnald, chaplain to Bp. Hurd, and sub-preceptor to the Prince of Wales and Duke of York. He died in 1802. See *Literary Anecdotes*, ii. 704.

† This refers to a note in a former letter of Mr. Ashby to Mr. Percy, in which is the following note, among others, on “*Peebles to the Play.*”

“‘*Oly prance:*’—If this word has reached from Scotland to Northamptonshire, and continues yet in use, I should think it must have some very general origin. What think you of ‘*holy prancings or cavalcades?*’ i. e. religious processions on horseback, or pilgrimages, which, when journeys were seldom taken, and the sexes did not mix so much as now, were as joyous as modern parties of pleasure. (See Chaucer and Erasmus.) Modern confirmations, when the young men and maids come from distant villages, are of this sort.”

Mr. Percy adds as a remark on this note, “*Very sensible and ingenious.*”

‡ “An exact and circumstantial History of the Battle of Flodden, in verse, written about the time of Q. Elizabeth, in which were related many particular facts not to be found in the English History. Published from a curious MS. in possession of John Askew, of Palinsburn, in Northumberland, Esq. with Notes by Robert Lambe, vicar of Norham-upon-Tweed.” 8vo. 1774. See a long and favourable Review of it in *Monthly Review*, LV. 393, and *Annual Register*, ann. 1777, p. 149.

dangerously ill in childbed, falls in love with, &c. (See too p. 130, l. 3.)

"I desire my best respects to Mrs. Percy, who, I hope, is perfectly recovered, and am, dear Sir, your obliged and obedient,

"GEORGE ASHBY.

"Rev. Dr. Percy, Northumberland House."

"DEAR SIR,

S. J. C. C. June 8, 1774.

"Many thanks for your obliging favour, which I must acknowledge more in haste than it deserves.

"You distress me about Alan Percy, by adding, 'then you will have left me nothing to desire.' How comes the Somersetshire dialect into one of the poems at the end of 'Flodden Field.' I have not the book, but I think it is there; but quære, popish plays in Edward VI.'s time, and protestant ones, 'Fuller's Church History,' xvi., vii., 390, 391, 392. If the passage about Lord Bute is p. 161, it is very blameable; he puts him in good company without alloy, in 367. If I understand right, he proposes working up what he has omitted of 8vo. edition in another 4to.

"I am, dear Sir, your obliged and obedient

"GEORGE ASHBY.

"Rev. Dr. Percy, Northumberland House."

"DEAR SIR,

July 5, 1774.

"My friend the public orator* gives me an opportunity of troubling you gratis. I mentioned the Somersetshire dialect occurring in the ballad, in the notes to 'Flodden Field,' 'Sometime in France a woman dwelt,' and all I meant by it was, that from this instance, and the dialogue in the Reliques, where the advocate for the old religion is made to speak Somersetshire, I suspected they were notorious for their ignorance and superstition; and upon looking into the ballad again, (which is so excellent that I hope to see it in your collection,) it struck me that the first line certainly should be 'Sometime *near* Froome a woman dwelt;' for a French-woman must be very ignorant indeed to blunder about the word Paris, not so a Zummeretshire one; besides, was she French, she ought, according to our absurd practice, to speak bad or broken French. Nor did she live in Froome, because she went into the town to buy the cloths. In the Buchanshire Tragedy, 'May every pledge become my lot,' may either be

* Mr. Beadon; see p. 328.

plague, or pledge become my plague; they had just pledged with kisses.

"I am, dear Sir, your obliged and obedient

"GEORGE ASHBY.

"P.S. In the Somersetshire song, I could almost prefer

'The devil *catch* him and thee.'

"Alan Percy has promised me to expunge the odious word, p. 161, l. 2; but I find he has more meaning in it than we are aware of; he must have received some slights from his lordship. But this *entre nous*, as yours to me, for which I thank you.

"Rev. Dr. Percy, Easton Mauduit."

"DEAR SIR,

Barrow, near Newmarket, April 16, 1776.

"As it was so long since I had the pleasure of hearing from you, it gave me great satisfaction, upon going over to Cambridge about ten days ago, to find not only that you was alive and well, but had actually brought forth. I am greatly obliged to you for your kind mention of me, and present. As you are the most experienced dealer I know in metrical romances and ditto beprosod, can you tell me any tidings of a *metrical* life of St. Werburg by Bradshaw, printed by Pinson, 1521? for I thought I had done the business by starting it in the Bodleian Library, but that proves to be the beprosod one, though printed by the same printer and in the same year.

"Had the long Scotch song at the end of Mr. Lambe's 'Flodden Field' been ancient, I should have said, with all the hauteur of an old critic, instead of 'May every pledge become my lot,' read, *meo periculo*, either, 'May every pledge become my plague,' or 'May every plague become my lot;' and do still think the fair syren ought so to have sung. 'Gando of Flodden Field' means some honest trick to save oneself, from the Italian Guadagno.

"I have several more on that little book, and will not forget to write down what may occur further on the 'Reliques.' When you publish again, please to call me Rector of Barrow. When may we hope to have the oly prancing song? I have much more to say on that word from 'Chaucer's Wife of Bath,' who was a true oly prancer; from 'Dr. Henry's History of England,' &c. If you would send me the sheets as printed off, it would

give me pleasure in my eremitage. I should be happy to see you here.

"I am, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful
"GEORGE ASHBY."

* * * This Correspondence between Bishop Percy and Mr. Ashby is very scanty ; and probably formed only a very small portion of their literary intercourse. Having possession of a larger number of letters of Mr. Ashby, addressed to other eminent antiquaries, we make a selection from some of them, as little has been preserved of the very voluminous writings of this laborious antiquary.

MR. ASHBY to *

"SIR,

12 June, 1760.

"I received your very obliging letter by Mr. Price, with 14s. 6d. I shall be glad if the purchase, or any thing I can do for you, proves serviceable to your undertaking. Towards the end of the folio is a pedigree belonging to Dalby, but it is printed in Burton under that article; the other on the same page I did not find in the Leicestershire Antiquary. In Caius College we have the original Visitation Book, anno 1619 (I think), of Leicestershire; it is a folio of pedigrees at length, and the arms are most beautifully coloured. Burton, I presume, made use of it, for there are five or six lines of his handwriting under his family's pedigree. I should be well enough pleased to see what is printed of Northamptonshire; but, as it may occasion some trouble, I will be content to wait till the completion of the first volume.

"I hope to be at Cambridge in ten days' time, and shall be always ready to receive your commands.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"GEORGE ASHBY."

* This Letter may probably have been directed to Dr. Farmer or the Rev. Peter Whalley.

May 22, 1772.

A letter from Mr. Ashby to Matthew Duane, Esq. containing a Dissertation on a singular Coin of Nerva, was read at the Society of Antiquaries, May 22, 1772, and is printed in the *Archæologia*, III. 165. It is remarkable that this elaborate article is the only one by Mr. Ashby in the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries.

MR. ASHBY TO RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

S. J. C. C. 14 Feb. 1773.

"A passage in p. xxi of Preface* to *Archæologia*, relating to Henry Ferrars, seems to be less accurate than one could wish; if upon this representation it should appear so to you, perhaps you will take the opportunity of the second volume, which I find is coming out immediately, to correct or clear it up. There are two Goadbys in Leicestershire, one towards the north-east corner, distant almost as far as possible from Warwickshire, perhaps near forty miles, and not above four or five from Belvoir Castle. It was the pleasant seat and estate of the late worthy and ingenious gentleman, Peter Wyche, Esq. and bought of his son, whilst under age, about eight or ten years, by the Duke of Rutland, in the Marquis of Granby's name. See Act of Parliament. To an antiquary I cannot help adding, that the Rev. Francis Peck bought the rectory, when vacant, for £400, of Samuel Lowe, Esq. the then owner and patron; after whose death it came to Peter Wyche, Esq. by purchase. The whole estate is £600 per annum, and the living used to be called £120. Peck enjoyed it fourteen years. The other Goadby, though probably the place meant, is at least twenty miles from the nearest part of Warwickshire, is a small obscure village, and lies between Hallaton and Billesdon, about three miles south of the latter; in which place (Billesdon), according to the tradition of the country, the Duke of Buckingham, who was born at Brokesby, between Leicester and Melton, went to school; and after he came to be a great man, offered to the parson (perhaps his old schoolmaster) to do somewhat for the town, who only de-

* By R. Gough, Esq.

sired his grace would set up another alehouse, that they might have better beer. I never heard of any free or endowed school there; they reckon they had once a market; it is eleven or twelve miles from Leicester, is a moderate-sized village, but poor and dirty, though the turnpike road from Leicester to Wansford and Peterborough has gone through it for these fifteen years; perhaps the inclosure, which took place about five years ago, may contribute to make their streets cleaner in time; their field is a very large one indeed, and of great value.

"I can assure you that much remains to be done to most of Horsely's Inscriptions, though that is the very best book of the kind ever or any where published. I have a good deal about it in my papers.

"I am, dear Sir, your obedient humble servant,

"G. ASHBY.

"P.S. The house you call a fine one at Shepreth, Cambridgeshire, is not deserving of that title, though the ends of the beams and outer doorcase are carved; it is inhabited by a common farmer. I have Squire Layer's epitaph.

"R. Gough, Esq. Winchester Street, London."

Three Letters from MR. ASHBY to the EDITOR OF THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

"MR. URBAN,

Nov. 1774.

"A punster would say the proposed reading* (Oct. Mag. 456) of unannulled might be disannulled, notwithstanding the custom of kings, and bishops too, being buried with rings; for the sense of the whole passage clearly relates to solemn religious rites; which might have prevented his soul's being in the unhappy condition in which it was by his own account. Nay, Hamlet tells us expressly that his father was royally buried in a ponderous tomb of marble; and, indeed, a defect in that point would have been as impolitic as unusual.

"If we read 'unappointed,' that may mean without the proper provision or appointments made for his long journey, by the prayers and absolution of a priest. Whether any spelling of unaneled will signify extreme unction (which would thus stand in its proper place, and be per-

* Hamlet, Act I. sc. 5.

fectly significant) I will not say, though *ελαϊον* seems to countenance it; and unanointed might be a marginal gloss to explain it. This I am certain of, that I have read (though I cannot now recover it) an account, in prose, of one of our Kings' death, expressed much like this.”*

“MR. URBAN,

March, 1776.

“About twelve months ago I communicated to the public, by your means, my thoughts on that passage in Hamlet,

‘Unhousel’d, unanointed, unaneled;’

in which ‘unanointed’ seemed to me a gloss or explanation of ‘unaneled,’ and therefore could hardly be allowed to stand, and accordingly I proposed substituting ‘unappointed,’ not fitted at all points by prayers, confession, and absolution. I ventured to suppose that ‘unaneled’ was right, as it came near the original word *ελαϊον*; but did not then know, that it was the reading of all the old editions. See Supplement to Mr. Steevens’s edition. Nor should I have troubled you again on the same subject, had I not said there, that I remembered to have read much the same words employed in recording the exit of some of our sovereigns: I should have said, noblemen.

“The passage that I had in my mind occurs in a magnificent folio, containing an account of the several families that have possessed Drayton, &c. in Northamptonshire, now the estate of Lord George Germaine, by Robert Halstead.† The book is extremely scarce; I shall transcribe a curious passage from it.

“P. 218. ‘Deposition of Robert Merbury, Esq. about the Earl of Wiltshire’s death:—

“‘Which will the said Mordaunt (a serjeant-at-law) then red to the seid Erle, when he was *anoyled*, and in extreme peynes of deth, soe that the seid Erle neither herde nor understode what the said Mordaunt red.’

“I suppose the will was redde whilst he was in anoyl-

* This letter is in answer to one signed Q, and dated from Caerhaes, Cornwall, in Gent. Mag. 1774, p. 456; and it produced a reply from the same correspondent in the Magazine for Feb. 1775, p. 80.

† This name was fictitious, the work being really compiled by Henry Earl of Peterborough, and his chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Rans, Rector of Turvey, in Bedfordshire. The impression was limited to twenty-four copies.—Gough.

ing and in extreme, &c. so that he could not attend. This happened 24th March, 1498.

"P. 221. 'Deposition of Thomas Cade, clarke, Parson of Buckworth:—

" 'The seid Erle prayed and required this deponent that he would housell him; and he answer'd, My lord, I have made every thing in full redyness to go to mass, if ye be so pleased, and, when mass is done, to housell you. Nay, said the same Erle, I pray let me not tarry so long. He then confesses him, absolves him, says mass in the chamber, and gives him the sacrament. Afterwards went and attended on high mass performed by the Earl's chaplain in the chapel. Was called in an hurry to my Lord by a servant, found my Lord all alone, lighted a fise of wax that was hallowed, and said these words following, 'In manus tuas, Domine,' &c. and in the same moment the seid Erle departed to God out of this present lyfe; and thus this deponent left the deed body of the seid Erle, whose soul God absolve.'

"P. 222. 'Deposition of James Walbef:—

" 'The seid Erle was howselled by the hands of the said Sir Thomas Cade.'

"It is remarkable that the priest says nothing of extreme unction; and though he says he found and left my Lord all alone, yet a servant swears he staid with him to his death. This servant might be the person that called the priest; and might come in with him, and stay unnoticed.

"In Leland's Collect. &c. iv. 309, last edition, 'the said corps (of H. VII.) assolled, saying this collect, Absolvimus,' &c.

"We have therefore here at least two words that may stand instead of 'unanointed,' viz. unabsolved, unas-soiled; the first, I think, rather too prosaic, and the other in sound too like what 'unaneled' means: I should therefore still prefer 'unappointed,' if a good authority for the use of it could be produced; * I mean, in the sense of properly fitted out for a journey to the other world. In Lambard's Topographical Dictionary we have, p. 227, 'ryd princely appointed.' And as to 'unaneled,' for 'unanoiled,' it is remarkable that 'absolve' is written 'assoll,'

* "In the folio edition in the Editor's possession the line is printed thus:

'Unhouzzled, disappointed, unanneld.'"—EDIT. GENT. MAG.

‘assoil,’ and ‘asseiled.’ Leland’s *Itin.* 1745, iv. 164, &c. and Lambard’s *Top. Dict.* p. 384.”

“MR. URBAN,

March, 1776.

“Perhaps your curious correspondent* (J. C.) may receive some pleasure from the following account of the most capital diamonds now known; and will excuse some palpable inaccuracies in the relation, owing probably to different weights being used in different countries.

“The Duke of Tuscany’s diamond, according to Tavernier, weighs $140\frac{1}{2}$ carats (the biggest in Europe before Governor Pitt’s); is of a yellowish water; said to have been bought for 75,000 scudi, equal to £8,750, of a religious, who bought it at a stall in Piazza Navona, as a bit of chrystal, for a single paolo, value sevenpence. Keysler’s *Travels*, ii. 183.

“The Mogul’s famous diamond is not so broad as Mr. Pitt’s, though it exceeds the largest [then] in Europe for depth. Keysler, iv. 298.

“The diamond brought into England by Governor Pitt in 1706, weighed, when cut, $136\frac{1}{2}$ carats; was two years in cutting, which cost £4,500; the pieces sawed off were valued at £5,000; was sold to the crown of France, in 1717, for £125,000, and was paid for at several times. Dr. Mead’s model of it measured, in the expanse $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch, and in depth $\frac{1\frac{3}{8}}{16}$ of an inch. I have seen another account which makes this stone to weigh only 127 carats, and that it was sold for £120,000.†

“It is well known that diamonds are cut to perfection in Europe only. Mr. Hanway, in [his *Travels*, mentions seeing a prodigious fine suit of horse furniture of Kouli Khan’s, covered with diamonds, but so disadvantageously that he could not help telling the person who showed them, that, if he was allowed to take them to Europe, he would return them in a far superior condition; and seems to express some surprise at his offer not being accepted. The European method of cutting diamonds was, I think, the invention of a Fleming; and now, I believe, the English artists are in the highest repute. Diamonds now are rarely sawn, as the powder of them, which comes off

* In *Gent. Mag.* 1776, p. 64, who communicates some particulars of the Pitt diamond.

† A full account of the manner in which Governor Pitt became possessed of the diamond, with the figure of it, is in the *Gent. Mag.* for Aug. 1825, p. 105-107. It is now among the jewels of the King of the French.

in grinding, is of great value for cutting others, and the sawing is exceeding tedious ; which is done by drawing backwards and forwards a very fine copper wire ; in a minute almost the wire snaps in two, and then a fresh one is taken, and so on. I don't know whether diamond powder, emery, &c. is used in this process : * however, after constant working for a month, perhaps a hair-like line may be perceived on the diamond.

"It is remarkable, that the Czarina could buy, and pay for at once, one or more of the finest diamonds upon sale, that no other Crown was disposed or able to do, and that too towards the close of a long and expensive war. She gave about £70,000 for one, which was much below its value.

"In 1741 a diamond was brought from the Brazils to the King of Portugal, weighing 17 ounces, in shape of a turkey egg, but much bigger, and was found on the surface of the ground. The same account says it weighed 1680 carats, or $12\frac{1}{2}$ ounces, in 1746, I suppose, after it had been cut.

"As the history of all these diamonds is pretty well known, except the Duke of Tuscany's, may it not be proposed as a proper subject of a literary inquiry, What is become of all the diamonds of the ancients ? Are they all lost in the ravages of war, &c. or do they subsist in the ancient crowns of the present sovereigns of Europe ? or, indeed, is it certain that those alluded to were true diamonds ? To say a word of the inferior stones : the largest emerald in a dish † is at Genoa, though Condamine believes it to be only coloured glass ; and the largest garnet and turquoise are at Venice. See the figures of them in Motraye's Travels, Engl. edit. fol. vol. ii. p. 149. The turquoise vessel is 8 inches in diameter ; vol. i. p. 65."

MR. ASHBY to RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

St. John's College, 26 March, 1776.

"I got to Cambridge yesterday, where I had not been for four months. I instantly repaired to the library, and made the transcript you have waited for so long. I saw Mr. Tyson this morning ; he is very well, and gave me the satisfaction of hearing some vertu news from your letters. I find by letters from London, and some friends

* Diamond powder only is used.

† This dish is now known to be only some vitreous substance coloured. See account of it in some of the late Tours in Italy.

here, that I am suspected of having made an attack upon Mr. Bryant; but it is perfectly false, as I never published a word on the subject. I have, however, within this last month drawn out my thoughts on paper, and am very well satisfied that the medals are either false *ab origine*, or true ones falsified by a modern forger; probably one or two of the latter sort gave occasion to the former coinage; and Mr. Tyson just now tells me, that Dr. Hunter has several of them; and he is satisfied of their good-for-nothingness. You would oblige me if you could, without trouble, satisfy me of the truth of the above particular, which I have no reason to doubt. My paper is nearly 40 or 50 pages in 4to. MS. If the two Societies* get into Somerset House, I could wish that each of them might have a few rooms separate for a council-room, &c., and that the grand room and library might be common to both. See Grosley on Italy, on the Institute of Bologna. I am, dear Sir, your faithful

GEORGE ASHBY."

TO RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Barrow, 10 April, 1776.

"Though your kind favour, which I received three or four days ago, is the last of several unanswered ones from others, yet it shall not stay for an answer. As I wrote my last amidst the bottles and glasses after dinner, that you might not wait longer for your anecdote, I own I know nothing of what I said; but as to the Apamean,† I think I have appropinquated it. Some one lighting on a coin, such as Falconer describes in Seguin, with the first letter of ΝΕΩΚ on it, or even one or two more, and being willing to think that the Deluge was intended, reformed it into ΝΩΕ; and, as soon as this acquired a celebrity, a die or a mould at least was formed to make others. The very coin that Falconer argues from is still in the Medicean Cabinet; and even Gori, who is well disposed to fight for the integrity of every coin there, says of it 'confictus' et

* The Royal Society and the Society of Antiquaries.

† Mr. Bryant's dissertation on the Apamean Medal, the reverse of which is supposed by him to represent some circumstance of the Noachic deluge, excited great interest amongst the antiquaries at this period. Some Observations on Mr. Bryant's opinions, by the Hon. Daines Barrington, are printed in *Archæologia*, iv. 315; followed by other Observations by Dean Milles, in p. 331. Remarks on Mr. Bryant's Vindication of the Apamean Medal, by the Abbé Barthelemy and Dr. Charles Combe, F.R. and A.S. are printed in *Arch.* iv. 347.

‘*confiatus* est;’ he adds, indeed, ‘*procul dubio ex antiquo aliquo,*’ which some connoisseur, in viewing the collection, stole and substituted what is now there. But his only reason for supposing so is, that he cannot suppose Falconer could be mistaken; but mistakes are very easy to willing witnesses, and may we not wonder that as the true one fell into good hands (I mean knowing ones), why it should never have been heard of since? He has just the same hypothesis about another singular coin; but how could any body come with a cast ready done of a medal that was always in the Museum, &c. My account is very long, as I was not aware when I began that both Gori and Venuti had so roundly given up this, and another, with the *Τριγράμματον* on it, but with some other differences; this is now in the Vatican Collection. There is a third, similar to that Falconer describes, with *ΝΕΩΚ* plainly on it, instead of his unmeaning *ΝΗΤΩΝ*; even this, which seems to fall into the usual order, is probably false too, as the rest. But all these are inaccessible cabinets, and before strange doctrines are built on them, should be examined to know whether they are of any authority. Mr. Tyson was so kind as to introduce me to a very sensible fellow-commoner of C.C.C.C., Mr. Pitcairn, who had told him that Dr. Hunter had (I thought he said) several of these coins, but could lay no stress on them. I took both these two gentlemen to the two books, and showed them the figures of the two coins, and the account of them, which in Gori is long; and they readily declared they had no doubts left. But, as I said before, my account is long; perhaps as long again as that of Nerva;* and I should doubt, though the subject is talked of at Cambridge, whether three persons there would read it, if I took the trouble to print it. I know two that I thought most likely to do so refused or declined reading the MS. I am greatly obliged to you for your offer to introduce me to Dr. Hunter, which I shall be glad to accept of, when I am so happy as to be able to come to town; but as to seeing his cabinet, I am aware that his professional engagements will not allow of that any more than when in Mr. Duane’s† possession; than whom there

* Mr. Ashby’s “Dissertation on a Coin of Nerva.” See before, p. 395.

† This eminent lawyer and skilful numismatist died Feb. 6, 1785, aged 78, as appears by his epitaph in St. Nicholas’ church, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The day of his death and age seem to be incorrectly printed, in the same page as his epitaph, in Lit. Anecdotes, III. 498.

never was a more civil gentleman, as I have reason to declare from what I experienced in two or three calls I ventured to make. Though occupied with business, he always received me with the utmost politeness and readiness to oblige; and I always flattered myself with hopes, that if he ever should find himself disposed to retire from business, he might retire for good into his cabinet, and do somewhat great for this branch of literature, like M. Pellerin, which is what very few can; but those hopes are now vanished as to him, nor can it be expected at present from the now owner of the enlarged collection; unless he could find a person entirely to his mind, whom he could entrust with the custody and publication of the coins. What I could *wish* to see done, is to follow Pellerin exactly, and multiply his instances. Thus, suppose Pellerin has on one plate twelve small coins of six cities, on a plate of the same size add in a corresponding disposition as many as the Doctor's cabinet affords, that may be equally deserving of publication. If this was done for several cabinets, we should soon approach towards a perfect thesaurus, of a very different kind from those of Gesner, &c. which mislead as often as they inform; and then I doubt not but many would be induced to cultivate this study, who are now deterred, from the difficulty of access to coins, which are only in the hands of the great, as the Duke of Devonshire, &c. or the engaged, as Mr. Duane. I do not recollect what you mean as to the gold ring.* As to Richard's, Lort will tell you the story: all that is mine is only this:—Over the boar was 'fraunche,' free, or liberal, a handsome turn for a prince to give to such a hoggish device, and alludes to the plentiful food given to the boar, when put up for fattening for brawn; and the sty he is kept in, which is so small that he cannot turn, is called a 'frank,' to be sure from the former circumstance. Shakespeare, therefore, who is wonderfully exact in small circumstances, seems plainly to allude to this motto in making Stanley say of Richard,

'My son, George Stanley, has he frank'd in hold;'

where the confinement, and not the plentiful food, is meant, somewhat abusively.

* Possibly allusive either to Dr. Pegge's Illustration of a Gold Ring, supposed to have been the property of Alhstan, bishop of Sherburne (see *Archæologia*, IV. 47); or to a gold ring, with an intaglio set in it, representing the Nemæan lion, found at Caerleon. (*Archæologia*, V. 71.)

"I could rather wish the *Biographia Britannica* had fallen into the hands of our own people.* I have read the whole, and have corrections from one end to the other; but why should I cut them out from my book to send them to strangers, who may never use them or return them. They are short notes in about ten folio pages; some of them so short as to require my explaining them. Would it be unreasonable, for this trouble, to expect a copy, or half a one? "G. ASHBY."

"P.S. A French artist might be employed to calk the Bayeux tapestry. There are two papers from me in last *Gent. Mag.* I have not seen it. Diamonds,† and Shakespear.‡"

TO RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Barrow, 21 May, 1776.

"I hope you will consider my sending the inclosed only as a proof of my extreme readiness to oblige our worthy President§ and yourself. When I read Mr. Bryant, at his first appearance, I marked down that this coin would not bear all the superstructure he laid on it, and thought no more of the matter till the latter end of January last, when Mr. Daines Barrington mentioned in a letter that I was suspected, &c. Upon this a fancy took me to examine Falconieri's account more strictly, and I soon found how little he was to be depended on. I had neither Mr. Bryant's book, the *Magazine*, Mr. Bryant's answer, Gori, Venuti, &c. with me when I wrote, nor did I see them till about a month ago, when I was at Cambridge for two or three days. Accordingly I proposed never to mention Mr. Bryant; for, if I could confute Falconieri the rest followed, and some of the pert things said of Mr. Bryant in the left-hand pages are the only additions I have made to my first draught. Some of them ought to be taken notice of; such as Mr. Bryant saying that all the three coins were in good condition, whereas Falconieri's account is very contrary. Not knowing that the testimonies of Gori and Venuti were so express in reprobating the coins themselves, I thought it necessary to say all I could to prove them false from their appearance as they stood in books. This *now* may seem un-

* Dr. Kippis was then preparing the first volume of the new edition, which was published in 1778.

† See p. 399.

‡ See p. 397.

§ Dean Milles.

necessary, because it may be sufficient to say there is no such coin; or at least to say, that two of the coins Falconieri insisted on are perfectly indefensible; and that in the other, *literæ ævo prorsus deletæ*, according to his own account: but Mr. Bryant grows more and more hardy; he says—"Suppose there was no name," &c. Most people would be apt to reply, that then if any deluge was meant, it must be that of Deucalion or Prometheus. You will perceive that my papers are far enough from being fit for the public eye; but, as I *fancy* they contain most of the judgment of foreign antiquaries about the coins, except Boze's in Acad. Inscript., which I missed by bringing off a wrong volume, it may save Mr. Dean* some trouble to use the vouchers I send in the account he may choose to draw up, for which purpose they are much at his service; but when he and you have satisfied your own curiosity, or any friend's, you will please to return my papers by the Bury Fly. By the two folio sheets of rough matter, you will see I have much more to add when it comes to be drawn out; I also intend to tack to it an examination and confutation of Swinton's reading of a medal of Crispina in Phil. Trans. lvi. p. 27, No. 4, which has probably suffered from a falsifier.

"I am, dear Sir, your obliged and obedient

"GEORGE ASHBY."

TO RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Barrow, 23 Oct. 1776.

"I was extremely glad to receive your kind favour. I hope this and my account of the Milliary† will come safe to hand. I have not looked at it for some years, owing to vexation at not being able to get any answer to some queries I sent to Leicester, in relation to the course of the Foss close to their town, nor the queries themselves; yet the person I applied to was civil and intelligent in these matters, the fact exceedingly easy to be ascertained, and my application supported by several proper persons. This convinces me, if I had doubted before, that it is not so easy as Squire Muilman‡ thinks, to get information in

* Dean Milles.

† An Essay on the Roman Milliary at Leicester, written in 1772, was contributed to Mr. Nichols, and printed in 1793, in vol. i. p. civ.—clviii. of his "History of Leicestershire." It is one of the most elaborate antiquarian essays of Mr. Ashby that have been preserved.

‡ Peter Muilman, esq. M.P. and F.S.A., who took the name of French

matters of pure speculation, and probably much harder to get sight of papers where property may be materially affected. I remember seeing the account of Ratby, and thought well of it at the time, but I know nothing of it myself, any more than of the pavement at Wanlip. There are at least two such at Leicester—the well-known one described by Hearne, &c., and one discovered a few years ago between the old wall and the river, in a low meadow, and soon closed up again to prevent the grass being damaged by visitors. I believe Mr. Ludlam saw it, from whom I had the account. I have had great pleasure this summer in reading Blomefield,* without knowing to whom we were indebted for the completion of the work. It gives great information in a thousand little matters peculiar to our East Anglian dominions, concerning churches, lights, guilds, abbey lands, &c., on all which W. Burton† is totally silent. These were easily got from wills at Norwich. Nothing is to be had from Sir T. Cave, as I knew ten or fifteen years ago, when I saw in his possession the two extremely fair *wrote* copies of W. Burton,‡ which Lord Chetwynd had lent him. He had kept them ten years, and assured me he had transcribed all the additions at least; there were also a few drawings of tombs (I think), which his daughter, since dead, had copied. But the Baronet for some years last past doth nothing but weep and wail in common visits; so, was one to ask for a line from him, it would throw him into a fit of tantarums only, without the least prospect of succeeding. I made proper application to have the two MSS., and should have got them, but for the extreme old age of Lord Chetwynd, whom they told me they made a point never to disturb with business, and that this would be particularly disagreeable, as he had formerly lent a MS. and lost it,

Chiswell. He was descended by his mother from Richard Chiswell, the eminent bookseller. Under his direction was published a summary History of Essex, 6 vols. 8vo, 1770. Mr. French Chiswell unfortunately shot himself, Feb. 3, 1797. See anecdotes of him and his family, Gent. Mag. 1797, p. 250, and 1784, p. 178. And in Literary Anecdotes, III. 611.

* Blomefield's History of Norfolk was completed by the Rev. C. Parkin.

† In his "Description of Leicestershire." This work was afterwards swallowed up and superseded by Nichols's elaborate History of Leicestershire; in which the whole of Sir T. Cave's collections were incorporated, by the kindness of his son, the Rev. Sir Charles Cave, Bart.

‡ These transcripts of Burton, by Mr. Chetwynd, as well as Burton's own illustrated copy, by the kindness of Earl Talbot, were all submitted to Mr. Nichols. See Hist. Leicestershire, vol. iii. Pref. p. v.

which he often lamented bitterly, and was he to be asked to lend this he would expect the same fate again, and repeat his old lamentations: he died some years since, and I don't know who has his library; if his son's daughter has it, who is married, and I wanted it, I think I could get it by means of Dr. Wollaston, of Bury, &c. The writer* of Bridges's Northamptonshire has got rid of his school, so one would hope that he might be disposed to complete it; half the second volume was printed off some years ago. Mr. Hutchins's Dorsetshire is well spoken of in *Journal des Sçavans*; though I fancy the article is copied from some of our reviews, as Dr. Gower is called upon to acquit himself as well in his Cheshire.

"I forgot to say that I have many things set down to add to the *Milliary*, besides settling the Foss, in which Gale and Stukeley have blundered strangely. The Foss certainly left Leicester to the left, *i. e.* went more northerly, continuing its course in a strait line from Thurmaston, through the present turnpike at Belgrave, by the Abbey de Pratis, where Wolsey died, to the right of which it went, &c., and was joined to Leicester by two diverticula, which I believe, from several instances, was the received practice of the Romans, and a very wise one; as by that means the principal road was kept free from the incumbrance of towns, about which it must always be bad, from much use, unless in the high perfection of the best of our present turnpikes; and yet if you wanted to visit the town your route would hardly be lengthened half a mile.

"In a very polite letter from the President,† in which he declared his surprise and satisfaction at the perfect agreement between us in arguments and authorities, &c. concerning the Apamean coin, he takes notice of my civility in sending it *unasked*. Was that really the case? My dissertation on the inscription you recommended to me long ago, and which I believe I told you was an Oculist's stamp for his medicines, is as nearly completed as the inclosed, but cannot be understood without translating two very learned dissertations on the same subject. Who has fallen on you in a late *Gentleman's Magazine*?‡

* The Rev. Peter Whalley. He resigned the mastership of Christ's Hospital in 1776; but was afterwards master of the grammar school of St. Olave, Southwark. See *Lit. Anecdotes*, ii. 109.

† Dean Milles.

‡ This alludes to some remarks by Academicus (Dr. John Loveday) in *Gent. Mag.* 1776, p. 402, on two papers, by Mr. Gough, in vol. iii. of *Archæologia*.

"Mr. Tyson has favoured me with a sight of Mr. Astle's* excellent printed dissertation. Mr. Tyson will give a drawing of a bas-relief found lately at Feckenham Church in the Gentleman's Magazine :† it is an abbot in two attitudes, holding a bloody leg of an horse. The story is unknown. They are in a blacksmith's shop. I should think (for it is a common case) that the doctor had lamed the priest's horse, and the saint was curing it. Mr. Tyson stands fair for one of two good livings—Lambourne,‡ not far from you, or their Master's,§ who has been cut for a fistula, in which, from his looks, I should think there might be danger. I am ever, dear Sir, your obliged humble servant,
"G. ASHBY."

TO RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Barrow, Dec. 17, 1776.

"Agreeably to your signification of 18th September, that you should be glad to see an account of the Leicester Milliary, I gave it to a friend who dined with me 24th October to forward to you by the Cambridge coach, and to be left at the Post-house, Waltham.

"I dare say you are very happy at the thoughts of having Mr. Tyson well established so near you ; we have heard nothing from him very lately. Has the President favoured the Society with his thoughts on the Apamean coin?|| It seems to be well battled in the Gentleman's Magazine ; a long dissertation last month, and two or three laid aside. All the proper passages are now stated ; but I think none of the writers have adopted my notion, that there never was such a coin in reality. Whether the MS. be *penès* you or not, let me hear from you soon ; I do not mean to hurry the return of the paper. Sir J. Cullum has nicely transcribed and made great additions to Sir Richard Gippes's (I write without book) Suffolk Gentry ; it fills a snug quarto on one side. He has also, of his own painful collection, two such volumes of Suffolk Epitaphs ; so that these melted down

* Of Mr. Astle, and his various Antiquarian Essays, see Lit. An. iii. 203.

† See the print in Gent. Mag. for 1777, p. 416. It represents the legend of St. Eloi.

‡ Mr. Tyson was presented to Lamborne in 1778, and died in 1780. See Lit. An. Index, vol. vii. pp. 431, 697.

§ The Rev. J. Barnardiston, D.D., who died June 1778. His living of Fulmedeston was given to the Rev. James Cremer, who died a few weeks afterwards. See Lit. An. viii. pp. 632, 633.

|| Of Dean Milles' Observations on the Apamean Medal, see p. 401.

with those in Weever, and with ecclesiastical transcripts from the bishop's office and the Suffolk Traveller, would make a tolerable county history.

"I am, dear Sir, your obliged humble servant,

G. ASHBY.

"P.S. I suppose all the learning I had accumulated on the subject of the Oculist's stamp is now become public in Chr. Saxi *Epistola de veteris medici ocularii gemma sphragide, prope Trajectum ad Mosam nuper erutâ. Utrecht, 1774, 8vo: pp. 70.* Our stone is lost before I could discover the owner; he had, however, whilst he guarded the incognito, sent me an exact impression in wax of the three sides. I have only seen the above in *Journal des Sçavans*, tom. 330. Octob. 1775, p. 423.

TO RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Barrow, 2 Jan. 1777.

"I thank you most sincerely for both your favours, and your good opinion of the Roman Milliare. I assure you I do not know a word it contains, as I was so provoked at not having a few easy questions answered relative to the locale (though Dr. Farmer and many more endeavoured to procure them for me) that I threw the whole aside, and shall probably never resume it. I remember that night Mr. Edward King bestowed a philippic on Squire Muilman I could not help thinking of this affair, and assenting to our President* that it was not quite so easy a matter to get information as the Squire† seemed to think. I desire my respectful compliments to the President, and am much obliged to him for his kind encouragement, but cannot help continuing in my former mind, of the paper's being too long for the *Archæologia*. I wrote it without the least reference to Mr. Bryant, whose book I had not seen from the day it came out. My business was to shew that Falconieri only raised a storm in a hand-bason, as there was really no such medal (at least of certain antiquity) as he made such a pother about. If I am right, it was easy to see that I should kill two birds with one stone; but being at Cambridge for a day or two, just before you sent for the Essay, I had the curiosity to read Mr. Bryant, and was really surprised at several of his hardy assertions, such as the perfect plainness of the three letters on three specimens of the coin, &c. so that

* Dean Milles.

† Mr. Muilman. See p. 405.

I could not help putting them down in the blank pages against the passages they referred to. I own I wish I could have got through with my account of the Foss, as I should have cleared up some mistakes of Gale, Stukeley, &c., as I have no doubt, from ocular proof, that Ratæ never stood on the Foss, but at a mile or two distant, and was connected to it by two diverticula; on the north-east one of which our stone stood, *perhaps* at the point of incidence.

"I forgot to say that I shall be proud to see the Dean's thoughts; and you may send it (if the Dean will be so kind as to venture), in Crowder's packet, to Green, bookseller, at Bury.

"Sir John Cullum is returned from Lille these ten days. Mr. Vernon, his sister's husband, was dead a day or two before he could get there. We hope to have him at home in four or five days with his lady and sister, &c. I have never heard a word of Mr. Lort since his return to England. If he is in London, be so good as to tell him that a letter with a little literary news would be a cordial to an old friend these hard times. I presume you can easily turn to England's Gazetteer, 1775, 8vo. 2d ed. Under the article *Spittle in the Street*, you will see the circumstance you are so kind as to suggest to me, or one very like it, a little more detailed. See Magna Brit. and Lincolnshire, p. 1452. I travelled from Peterborough to Lincoln, and do not recollect this name, or these stones, which I think would not have escaped me, but they did. Spittle is between Lincoln and Humber. I travelled in a one-horse chaise, and particularly took notice to my sister, near Sir Cecil Wray's new castellated house, that the road must be ancient, from its grand convexity, &c. and asking a countryman if it had any name, he readily answered that it was Roman, or somewhat like it. My friend, whom I mention in my Essay with respect, contracted such a love for our lore on that occasion that he promised to have the Foss, at least through Leicestershire and Lincolnshire, surveyed, which, by lighting on a proper hand, can sometimes be done cheap; but it is so long since that I have no hopes of anything; but I am clear that the spot where these stones stand ought to be measured, to see if any two or more agree in distance with one another, or if any two stand at the distance asunder of a Roman mile; else I should guess they were set up at

random as to their intervals, and only designed to be guide-posts over that open country. I shall be glad to see the President's speech. He does annual honour to the chair by them. But how did they manage to have fires for the sailors? Would not these act as ventilators? I am a great admirer of his former speeches; but if I had the honour of his acquaintance more than I have, I believe I could point out an improvement or two in each of them. I am glad Mr. Strange has at last discovered that the *Archæologia* is the proper repository for such goods; and wish Mr. Planta,* though as secretary perhaps he could not do otherwise than he did, had thought of us. And, then, they have only Swinton left; and much good may he do them! For why else are the Societies distinct?

"I am, dear Sir, your affectionate

"GEORGE ASHBY."

TO RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Barrow, 11 Dec. 1777.

"Sir John Cullum informed me on Tuesday last, that you intended reconnoitring Thetford, in company with Mr. Grove, who saw me at a breakfast at Mr. Lort's, and to whom I should have been glad to have been of any service when he visited Bury. But I hope you won't come so near without allowing me the pleasure of waiting on you both at Barrow; or, if that cannot be, of giving me an opportunity of seeing you at Thetford. I have moved in my application to the Duke of Norfolk, and think you should lie by till the event is known. I never heard before that there was any design of publishing Thetford.† I beg I may have the honour of being graced by your list of subscribers. I suppose the coins struck at that town are pretty numerous. I believe there is one in St. John's College library, but I will look in my papers and be certain.

In last Gentleman's Magazine (p. 532) Mr. Nichols asks the name of the ambassador that produced the medal of Lion and Lambs. I ask for the medal itself, not but that I know abundance of satirical medals were coined (in Holland) which are not easily met with now. Witness the

* Mr. Planta was Secretary to the Royal Society, and Principal Librarian to the British Museum. He died Dec. 3, 1827. See *Gent. Mag.* 1827, ii. 564. Mr. Ashby alludes to his memoir on the Romanish language, printed in the *Philos. Transactions*, vol. lxxvi. p. 129.

† Martin's "History of Thetford" was published by Mr. Gough, 4to. 1779.

famous one of the ambassadors of France and Holland quarrelling for precedence in kissing Oliver's rump, and the Frenchman saying "Retire toi, cette honneur appartient a mon maître." I have subscribed to the Whitby* you recommended."

"I am, dear Sir, your most obliged and obedient servant,
"GEO. ASHBY."

TO MR. JOHN NICHOLS.

"SIR,

"Barrow, 13 May, 1781.

"You will probably think that I must have been bit by a mad printer's devil, after complaining of the plague of correcting the press to talk of another work, though a small one. However, I beg you will be so kind as to give me your opinion whether it is likely to pay charges to re-print the "Essay on Gentoo Laws," from the Gentleman's Magazine.† One or two essays are wanting to complete the design. I have no reason to believe that they were ever taken notice of, at least not publicly by any of your correspondents, though two persons, and one a bishop, an indisputable judge, without suspecting whose they were, spoke favourably of them. My good friend Dr. Lort (constantly liable to be mistaken,) has from the beginning been urgent with me to say my say; and now renews his attack, because, he says, people's minds are turned to Indian affairs.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"G. ASHBY."

TO MR. WILLIAM HERBERT.

"SIR,

Barrow, near Bury St. Edmund's, April, 1787.

"I am very desirous of being benefited by your great skill in typographical antiquities, and shall hope to be favoured with a response from the Oracle. By my mother's death, about a month ago, I am become the owner of the book mentioned in *Typographical Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 1076.‡ I presume that you had that account through my friend Dr. Lort;§ but it is vastly *infra dignitatem* even of the outsides, a description of which I shall

* The History of Whitby, by Lionel Charlton, York, 1779, 4to.

† Mr. Ashby's long Essay on the new Code of Gentoo Laws appeared in several numbers of the Gentleman's Magazine. See vol. xlvii. pp. 479, 523, 635; xlviii. 113.

‡ "Lady Eliz. Tirwit's Morning and Evening Praiers, with divers Psalmes, Himnes, and Meditations. Printed for Christopher Barker." 16mo.

§ "No. By R. Gough. W. H."

not trouble you with at present; only wishing you to believe, as it will be brought in argument by and by, that it is more elegant and superb than any you probably ever saw. This cover comprises, besides Lady Elizabeth Tirwitt's Prayers, those of your vol. i. p. 449.* 'The same without date or printer's name. W. H. 8^{vo}.' And if this was all there would be no occasion to give you further trouble, but only to thank you for the information you have thus been pleased to communicate. Some of the difficulties that want to be cleared up in the present case are:—Along with the book has always been carefully kept a bit of paper, with the annexed inscription,

This Book of Private Prayer
was presented by y^e Lady Eliz.
Tirwitt to Queen Eliz. during
her Confinement in y^e Tower &
y^e Queen generally wore it
hanging by a Gold Chaîne
to her Girdle & att her
death left it by Will to one
of her women of her Bedchamber.

which is all the external evidence that can now be had. My mother received the book soon after her marriage, in 1720, from her husband's father, George Ashby, of Quenby, Leicestershire, M.P. &c. as a choice heir-loom. George Ashby was born in 1656, his father in 1629, and his grandfather was married in 1625. These four, or at most a fifth, are all the hands through which the book could have passed from 1603 to 1787, the last possessor having had it for sixty-seven years. My mother always added, that the Chain was given to another by the queen at the same time. This, to be sure, she was told when she had it given her by my grandfather, then seventy-two years old. Here we have mentioned a will of Queen Elizabeth (which would at once determine the matter), but I thought, from Mr. Nichols's Royal Wills, that Henry VII.† was

* "Prayers or Medytacions, wherein the minde is stirred paciently to suffre all afflictions here, to set at nought the vayne prosperitee of this worlde, and alwaie to long for the everlastynge felicittee. Collected out of holy woorkes by the most vertuous and gracious Princesse Katherine, Quene of Englande, Fraunce, and Ireland. Anno D'ni. 1545."

† "Henry VIII. and Edw. VI. made wills. W. H."

the last who made one. We will say then that she gave it away by a written memorandum, or by word of mouth, on her death-bed. But what shall we say to the Queen being in the Tower? Was Lady Elizabeth Tirwitt old enough to make prayers then? * But Elizabeth, as queen, was never in the Tower. When princess she was put under different confinements; and once, on account of Wyatt's insurrection, in the Tower, in the spring of 1554, for five or six weeks, when she was about twenty-one years old, and four years before she came to the crown; and, as the nation was then much divided in politics and religion, great fears were entertained by Elizabeth's well-wishers for her safety and religion's; and it would not have been strange had some friend drawn up some prayers, and conveyed them to her either in manuscript or print. She herself wrote some (Typ. Antiq. 963, 948, 955, 1088, note e); and six manuscript prayers in a small bible (now the Queen's, from the Duchess of Portland); but the prayers themselves give not the least encouragement to such a supposition. There is not a single idea about imprisonment, or other heavy affliction; besides, which is decisive, Queen Elizabeth is prayed for twice, L II. and M IIII. by name; and, though there is no date in the title-page, yet M v. 3, in a colophon, 1574 appears with printer's and publisher's names, twenty years later than the princess's imprisonment; nor can the date be a mistake, because Barker published no book, and Middleton printed only six years earlier. See your excellent *Typographical Antiquities*, ii. 1076, 1056; though you do not mention, p. 1055, Middleton printing this, or any other book for Barker.

"Whose arms are those on the back of title-page, viz. a lion rampant, double queued, in a bordure charged with eight escallops? † They are nothing like any of the three or four in Edmondson's *Ordinal of Arms* for Tirwit: ‡ they are not Barker's, *Typographical Antiquities*, 1076, and hardly the printer Middleton's, for whom none are mentioned; and perhaps they never presumed to put theirs in books printed for others.

"There is no dedicatee. Is it his patron Walsingham's? § *Typ. Antiq.* ii. 1075, m. 1081, 1078,—no where clearly told.

* "Yes. See *Female Worthies*, vol. ii. p. 178. W. H."

† "See Gwillim, p. 249. W. H."—They are not, however, either of the coats there mentioned, but apparently that of Oxenbridge.

‡ "See Morgan, b. i. p. 63. W. H."

§ The arms of Walsingham were, Paly of six arg. and sable, a fesse gu.

"Barker was surely very fond of his device at setting out. In this book of prayers he has inserted it four times, *i.e.* as often almost as there was a blank page at the end of a folded sheet;—a man with a great hatchet barking a bit of oak on a very large stump or circular block; other pieces of bark lying about in the fore-ground.

"Doth H. Denham, or rather T. Bentley, in "The Monument of Matrones (Typographical Antiquities, ii. 954,) give any account of Lady Elizabeth Tirwitt?*" She is called Terret, ii. 1032, and her prayers mentioned as in 32°. Was there ever an edition so late as this seems to be, and in 32°? When such little books are gathered up in eights,† how can it be determined what their size is? See the two following articles in the note, No. 43, p. 1031, 853, and 855, note w., 953, note g. Lady Elizabeth Tirwitt seems to be a most distinguished person by the company you‡ bring her in with, 954, note i. Is any thing said of her by Ubaldino,§ p. 1178, or Amory, &c.? However, I see no marks at all of merit or invention in these prayers, which seem for the most part copied from the liturgy, with one or two peculiar absurdities. L II. 3, is another morning prayer by W. B. [Who?]|| This book therefore of Lady Tirwitt, as now in print, could never have been with the Princess Elizabeth in the Tower; and the only remaining chance of verifying our manuscript note is, whether the Queen's Prayers might not. I presume, and hope, that you have the undated edition;¶ and if that was for certain earlier than 1554, p. 449,** it might be struck off hastily for the nonce, and hence no name of printer or date.†† But why suppress the Queen's name? All three Katharines had been long dead. Whoever considers the richness of the binding, and its perfect preservation, will never think that either Queen Elizabeth, or any body else intending to give it to her, would bind up such a little book, that wanted so many leaves as this does, in the most glaring manner, viz. by shearing the edges of the cut-away leaves as they stick out before the title-page, and a plain gap from F III. catch-

* "Yes. W. H." † "As whole, half, or quarter sheets."

‡ "*i.e.* Bentley." § "No."

|| "I know not; query Wm. Lord Burghley. W. H."

¶ "I have, p. 449. W. H."

** "It is, as in the prayer for the King (Henry VIII.) it is altered to Edward VI. W. H."

†† "It is not. The titles to third edit. in p. 449, are alike. W. H."

word 'spare,' to latter half of calendar for twenty years, beginning at 1583, and exhibiting only nine years; or spoil the book after it was bound, of which there are no signs. And, indeed, though they might at any time cut out a leaf, yet they could not transfer the guard, or carton, to before title-page. The only suspicion which I can think of is, (and you will verify or destroy it in a moment,) that in this part of the litany, &c. cut away, there were prayers for the pope or popery, or Queen Mary, which the indignant spirit of Elizabeth could not bear even in confinement, and so fairly cut every offensive part away. Or was the first sheet only sent to her as soon as printed off, because suitable to her situation, and no more after her deliverance? For I can hardly think they would mangle such a little book, to keep it thin, from the consideration that the litany was to be had in Lady Elizabeth Tirwitt's. And why stick in such a calendar? which, from its red signatures and letters, and commencement in 1572, I venture to pronounce never made part of Queen Katharine's Prayers. On any of the former suppositions Elizabeth would not think the worse of this companion of her captivity for being mutilated,—I mean only the few pages of the Queen's Prayers; and, therefore, when Lady Elizabeth Tirwitt's was to be bound up fine, either by her or the Queen, this mangled book was slipped in, and not thought the worse of for what now seems to make it not worth the poorest binding. As to the calendar, I can account for its appearance here only from the then* rarity of almanacs; and, as it has only saints' days in it, it serves for one year as well as another. But to keep it small, they cut away the first half that was past and gone. See *Typographical Antiquities*, 1056. 'An almanack,' &c. or rather that in same page to 'Christian Prayers' [what are they?],† which begins in 1572, as ours doth, and is perhaps the very same. Will this jumble of books, where one should not expect it, in any way help to explain your difficulty? Vol. i. p. 235, you call them Katharine Parr's Prayers.‡ I own I have had my doubts.§ They are all the lamentations of a person in very great trouble and affliction (see title). Was this the case of Katharine Parr? The time to be sure agrees, and so

* "None. W. H." † "An Almanack for xvii. yeres. W. H."

‡ "Otherwise would have been styled the late Queen of England's Prayers. W. H."

§ "Also Mr. Walpole. W. H."

it doth to Henry VIII.'s first Katharine, who died January, 1536. D v. (if it had a signature) f^o. v^o.—'I am left here poor, and as an outlawe in the land of mine enemies.'—'Comfort mine exile.' Nothing to Queen Katharine Parr, but quite descriptive of the other persecuted princess. Shakespere puts exactly the same words in her mouth,—'A stranger born out of your dominions; my friends live not here; they are, as all my comforts are, far hence,—in mine own country.' One says of her in the beginning of her troubles, 'She's stranger now again.' And if you think it not likely that she should compose in English, the same poet has made her say to Wolsey, who addressed her in Latin, that she has been long enough in England to understand the language; so I think she might compose or transcribe such as these, or her chaplains, and others about her, might assist. She lived, as you know, a retired and devout life at Ampthill for about three years, and died January, 1536. Parr lived as Queen from 1543 till 1547, and died in 1548, and never was in any great or particular affliction; yet I own I am staggered by what you say, 235, 772, 544 twice, 559 twice or thrice, 954, note i, 954, 955, 1005, 617, 1031, No. 43. I am too aware of an objection that they are called the Queen's Prayers in 1545, whereas the Dowager Katharine was proclaimed Prince Arthur's widow; and so to be sure she was called at Henry and Anna Boleyn's Court, but not at her own. See how tenacious of her rank to the last moment Shakspeare has represented her, and I suppose she is the most exalted female character of any by him portrayed. This ambiguity of title may even account for the undated edition, which I suppose to be the first,* having no name, and the two of 1545 only the general one of Princess. Would not Parr have been called Queen, as she was? For lamentations of prisoners, see Duke of Somerset, 547, 745, 787.

"Do none of Queen Elizabeth's historians, Hentzner, Melville, Granger, &c. or pictures, exhibit her with this book; which, I have no doubt, was worn openly, not only from the MS. paper's evidence, but also the two rings for the purpose. See a book of Christian Prayers, 1569, 4to. 1578, 1581, and 1590, p. 645, which shews that prayer-making was in fashion about that time. P. 1070, "Christian Righteousnesse, dedicated 'to the vertuous and my very

* "No. Prayer for Edward VI. W. H."

deare frend the Lady Elizabeth Terwhit. J. Fielde wisheth encrease of godlines, &c. Fare you well from my poore house in Grub streat, this 2d of November, 1577, pp. 128, W. H.' also without date.

"Queen Katharine Parr's title to prayers made for or by one in extreme affliction is fully established 889, reprinted so late as 1563. And the whole matter seems to stand thus. An undated copy of [this] Queen's prayers might be in the Tower in 1554, with the Princess Elizabeth; but that neither Lady Elizabeth Tirwhit, 1574, nor a calendar beginning 1572, or as it now stands 1583, could. 940, the King's psalms, and the Queen's prayers, 1566, 772.

"I have got the concluding half-sheet, never bound or cut open, somewhat damaged in the bottom lines of text, but quite perfect and complete in the device, which you have described exactly, p. 236, No. 5. The work consists of short chapters of 12 or 15 lines. The first line of last page: 'the grounde was sad and sure, so y^t there was no fere;' last line; 'come in to the joy of thy God. Amen.'"

"I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

"G. ASHBY."

TO RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

12 March, 1788.

"Your kind favour of the 20th February I received only two days ago along with one of Mr. Nichols of the 8th March. When I saw in the papers the other day the melancholy event that had happened in his family,† I was much concerned to see his silence so completely accounted for. Shall I beg the favour of you to give my compliments to Mr. Nichols, and thanks for his letter; and add, that I am sensibly sorry for his great loss, as I had seen his amiable lady.

"I have not been in London these six or seven years, but when I do go thither you may depend upon it that I will do my possibles that you and Mr. Herbert may see with your own eyes the precious thing. That you will find

* Part of this letter was made use of by Mr. Herbert in the Supplement to his third volume of *Typographical Antiquities*; and this last paragraph led to Mr. Herbert's curious mistake, as noticed in Mr. Ashby's subsequent letter of June 4, 1790, in p. 424.

† The loss of his wife, Feb. 29, 1788.

it answer in richness and elegance to every thing I have advanced I make no doubt, and consequently that it will excite in you pleasure and admiration; but as to the printed contents you can discover nothing more than I detailed to Mr. Herbert, to whom I sent the signatures of every page of what I had of the Queen's Prayers. Those of Lady Tirwitt's, that stand first, are as complete and fresh as if they came from the press only yesterday, so is all that I have, title and all, of the Queen's Prayers, which are totally defective after a few clauses of the Litany, and are followed by a few pages of a totally different work, viz. a calendar, and a few pages of prayers of a much later date. Now I cannot conceive where the difficulty is in any gentleman, who has these three books, comprehending the exact state and condition of my copy just as well as if he saw it. What I want to know is some *positive* testimony for the book's being Queen Elizabeth's, such as would arise from its appearing among her Jocalia in any wardrobe or jewel-office list; and one such we have at Cambridge, but the weather is too cold at present to go to rummage fireless libraries; and my own is so defective that I have not Mr. Granger's book, to which, I mean in the Supplement 4to. I contributed a good deal, in hopes he might mention some print or picture where this book might figure at her side; or that Hentzner, Melville, &c. might describe it as part of her dress. That it was never made for, or bought by any of our family, I make no doubt. My suspicion, for I mean it as no more, that Katharine of Aragon and not Katharine Parr might pen the Queen's Prayers, no ways affects its being Queen Elizabeth's, and with her in the Tower. I have very fairly mentioned the only doubt I could think of against the veracity of the testimony of the note, viz., that neither Queen Elizabeth nor Lady Tirwitt had wrote a word or letter in the book: nor is there any printed dedication. Even this one may parry, at the least the last circumstance, by saying that at the time of printing she might have no thoughts of presenting it to the Queen; and that the binding and presentation might be, as I dare say from the Calendar it was, a subsequent affair.

"As to the manner I have mentioned Mr. Herbert, how could I do otherwise, as I am obliged to his printed book, which he will see by the quotations I have read carefully for all the knowledge I have of the subject. I

cannot express how much I think myself obliged to any gentleman that will exhaust a subject.

"Queen Elizabeth might give my book by a nuncupatory will, or even make her own hands on her death-bed her executors.

"I have read your Sepulchral Monuments with much satisfaction.

"I once mentioned to Dr. Lort, that a folio list of the Prints would bind up better than the 4to.; and that I did not see why Antiq. Soc. in Red Book should call their Council F.R.S. when F.R.S. will not call themselves F.A.S.

"I am, dear Sir, your obliged humble servant,

"G. ASHBY."

Mr. ASHBY to Mr. NICHOLS.

"SIR,

Bury St. Edmund's, 3 April, 1788.

"I am much obliged to you for your packet and breviate of an epistle which I received yesterday. The quarto Laneham is perfectly satisfactory. In it you will observe the great resemblance between the running at the ring there described and the excellent tournament at Tottenham. The men ride on mares, their packs or pads have no stirrups, &c. &c. Please to look at the slight account of this magnificent entertainment in Gilpin's Northern Tour, who takes notice of the curious circumstance of stopping the great clock. I doubt whether Laneham has hit the true reason. When I was a young man at college we use to say in the heel of an evening, 'Beati non numerant horas.' Or take it in French politeness:—A King of France asked what o'clock it was: a courtier, whom we may fairly call the flower of courtesy, replied, 'Whatever your Majesty pleases.' A queen said to a nobleman, 'Your lady is with child; when doth she lie in?' He answered, 'Whenever your Majesty pleases.' Perhaps you and I shall think such answers perfectly absurd and provoking, but they were thought at the time, and recorded accordingly, as superfine things.

"I was in hopes the list of presents might have contained Lady Tirwitt's, or her* name, or my relation's; but it is too early. In the Catalogus MSS. Angliæ, fo.

* The queen's.

† There are five Rolls of New Year's Gifts of the reign of Elizabeth, of the 4th, 9th, 18th, 30th, and 31st years of her reign, in the British Museum. I have looked at the last two, but find nothing about the book, nor is Lady Tirwhit mentioned. F.M.

Bishop More's MSS. last section, p. 368, Nos. 9440, 9441, 254, 255, 'A book containing an exact account of all Queen Elizabeth's jewels, plate, and other stuff remaining in the hands of John Asteley, Esq., master and treasurer of the Queen's jewels in the 16th year of the said Queen,' fol. 'A book of the said Queen's jewels and plate which were delivered to Sir Edward Carey, knight, in the 38th year of the reign of the said Queen.' The 16th year of Queen Elizabeth is 1573, and I do not suppose from the circumstance of the calendar beginning imperfectly in the middle, viz., at 1583, that the book was bound or presented sooner; so I had no hopes of meeting with it in the first book: but in the 38th or 1595, on a delivery of the whole stock from one jewel-master to another, I hoped it might turn up; but upon examining at Cambridge no such books are to be found; and they had disappeared before the present Catalogue was made, which I think was 20 or 30 years ago, by Goodall, the under-librarian, from the printed fol. altering the numbers in the margin according to their present standings. Your list of New-year's Gifts, 1578, is also four or five years too early; but I shall be glad to see by and by the lists quoted at p. 65, from p. 15—17. Though, had they contained the book, or Lady Tirwitt's name, you would probably have mentioned it. As to Lady Tirwitt, I should be glad of any memoirs or information about her; but the book is perfect and speaks fully for itself. There are several lives of learned ladies. Th. Bentley's 'Monument of Matrones' mentions her. What say Ballard, Amory, &c. &c.? The great curiosity of the whole seems to be the undated prayers of Queen Katharine, and which Katharine? Why imperfect; when what is preserved is as fair and clean as if printed yesterday? How many leaves are wanting? Did the rest contain any prayers for pope or popery, or any thing else that Queen Elizabeth might be disposed to tear away in the Tower; and was the half-calendar, and two or three leaves of a book printed about 1572, stuck on at the end by way of affording a finis? By a letter from Dr. Lort, I suspect that before now he has put my rough account into Mr. Gough's hands, and when he has satisfied curiosity, you will turn it over, and favour me with any thing that occurs. Might one not hope to find the original book from whence these several lists are taken

and have got about, in the Jewel or Wardrobe Office? and that is what I wish any friend like Messrs. Astle, Topham, Craven Ord would determine. I can do nothing in this case by my fireside. Surely many of the pretty things the Lists mention must be still existing, and the owners must be able to identify them from thence. Must not the first article, the casting bottle, be still in being? so too the carcanet, the ship of mother of pearl, &c. &c. It is to be lamented that the two Universities sent so much of their plate to be melted down and lost for ever in Charles the First's time. Had they pawned it for its weight and sent him the money, we should still have had many curious specimens of antique magnificence: a few are still to be seen at some of the colleges, as Benet, Pembroke, King's, Emanuel, &c. If the colleges could not have redeemed them, some at least would have escaped the melting-pot by their beauty, and been preserved by private persons.

"I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

"GEORGE ASHBY."

MR. ASHBY TO MR. NICHOLS.

"DEAR SIR,

Bury Saint Edmund's, 12 April, 1788.

"I thank you heartily for the List of New-year's Gifts: there can be little doubt of finding the Gold Book in a similar one, could we light on the right year, which I guess from the imperfect calendar was about 1583, or later: you will probably lament with me that the two Lists are no longer to be found in the Public Library, but the bare mention of them would not be unacceptable to you. We may be pretty certain that there were such for every year.

"I have found out how the covers of my Gold Book can look so thick, and yet be no heavier; they are hollow. I see no name among the court ladies that I can fasten on except Cave, p. 75 and 87; and, as that was in 1577-8, or twenty-five years before the Queen's death, I think the lady would be too old to marry into our family; otherwise, as you well know, a matrimonial alliance between the two houses would by no means be improbable, though I do not find it confirmed by a good pedigree of my own drawing-up.*

* No such marriage appears in either of the pedigrees of Cave or Ashby in Nichols's History of Leicestershire.

"Randle Holmes's Academy of Armory has lately come to my notice. It is a most excellent book for Mr. Herbert Croft's purpose. He clearly makes out some of the few words that were too hard for me in your 'Royal Wills.'

"Surely many of the Lists of New Year's Gifts must be recoverable, either in private hands or at the jewel or wardrobe offices.

"Should you not take some notice of Whitaker, who makes your heroine* a devil incarnate, so early as to be at the bottom of forging the love letters?† That she and her councillors were crocodiles, I can easily believe, but not that she interfered in this particular manœuvre so early. I think I have as sharp a look as another at detecting a forgery. I never saw Rowley but for a day or two, when, as far as I knew, Dr. Glynn, Tyson, and all the world had not a scruple: yet the Gentleman's Magazine‡ will testify that I declared myself freely, and at large, though not so lucky as to be honoured with notice. I have seen Whitaker only in a review, where he is praised most devoutly, but for my life I could not see for what; the whole seemed to be a mere verbiage, or confident assertions. I have read Jebb, Goodall, Anderson, &c. &c. and I am persuaded that Mary wrote the letters, and went out of her husband's chamber in order to his being blown up. I do not believe that any of the three copies we have, French, Scotch, or Latin, fell from her pen; and the only difficulty I have is, that what she did write, or was charged to have written, doth not appear in the Cotton, Yelverton, or any other of the numerous collections of the times. One may wonder too why many of the papers sent up from the English Commissioners at York for Queen Elizabeth's perusal were in Scotch. This I cannot account for, yet so it is. How strange seems the men giving a Virgin-queen smocks!

"I am, dear Sir, your very humble servant,

"GEO. ASHBY."

* Queen Elizabeth.

† "Mary Queen of Scots Vindicated. By the Rev. John Whitaker." 3 vols. 8vo. 1787.

‡ This very able article, containing "Objections to the Authenticity of Rowlie's Poems," may be seen in *Gent. Mag.* 1777, pp. 205—208. This article was well followed by one signed H. D., written by Richard Gough, esq., strongly opposing the authenticity of the poems. Another able article, by "A Detester of Literary Imposition, but a Lover of good Poetry," is in pp. 361—365.

MR. ASHBY TO MR. WM. HERBERT.

“DEAR SIR,

Bury St. Edmund's, 4 June, 1790.

“After making my sincere acknowledgment of the flattering manner you mention me, much more so indeed than I deserve on this occasion, it gives me real concern to observe, that by some inability to express myself intelligibly, I have occasioned you the trouble, page 1802, to account for a difficulty that has no existence: as there is not, nor ever was, the least connexion between the Gold Book, and the concluding sheet of some such work as a ‘*Liber Festivalis*,’ or ‘*Legenda*,’ ending with *LCTO II.* on last page, as on preceding page, was ‘*In translatio S’cti Nicholai*;’ on last page of all is the device, pages 236, 237, No. 5. It is a 4to., and the letter-press of the page is full six inches deep, and the device full four inches deep, and three and a half broad. I never dreamt that it could be confounded with the Gold Book, which is only two one-eighth inches high, and one three-eighth inch broad, margin included in both dimensions, and of which I understood you had a copy; I mean the undated edition of Queen Katharine’s Prayers, that stands last of the three, and has W. H. after it, page 449. The book has been in our family from Queen Elizabeth’s death; and the fragment came into my hands accidentally, I do not know how, perhaps twenty years ago; and I only mentioned it in a P.S. as a curiosity, that whereas the first and last leaves of such very old books are often wanting, a last leaf that has never been cut open, though damaged in the lower margin, would be prized by those who had a copy that was thus imperfect. It is a small 4to., but as it wants the lower margin, I can say nothing as to signatures. I declare I am quite uneasy at the thoughts that anything I should write should give you a moment’s unnecessary trouble, or lead you into a bevue, such as, I believe, there is not in all your large work besides; though you must have trusted to many other people for their account of things, which you could not see yourself. As you had mentioned the book, I never suspected that you would do so again, and only wrote to gain information from you how much was wanting in my copy of the ‘*Queen’s Prayers*;’ and any conjecture that you could make as to the cause of such imperfection in a book so superbly bound; and which from the guards appears

plainly to have been in this imperfect state before ever its clothing was of wrought gold and divers colours. I just saw Mr. Nichols's description in Preface to the Progresses; this he took from an account I drew up at large; but he has made a great mistake, if I remember right, in saying, that the writing, which is on two small loose bits of paper, is in the book. There is not a word of writing in the book, nor a blot, nor a foul finger-mark, which makes the imperfection the more remarkable, as it could not happen by common wearing; nor would such an imperfect copy deserve, at that time of day, when it would not be uncommon, such a superb binding; for since then it has suffered nothing.

"I remember that once sitting in Bishop More's Class of first printed books,* and turning over Dav. Clement's account of 'Rare Books' for some purpose, my eye was caught with a long account of an edition of Boccace (a language I do not understand) whose existence the writer could hardly persuade himself to believe, though said to be among Bishop More's books; I thought with myself that it would be very idle not to see how the matter stood, as the book must be within my reach without getting off from the buffet-stool on which I sat: I did so; and immediately it appeared that the title-page and three or four first leaves were all in manuscript, to complete: so to be sure the writer had either undesignedly or fraudulently left out 'an I,' and thereby puzzled, or perplexed unnecessarily, the learned writer, who knew the edition perfectly well, of that right date.

"Sometime ago I borrowed, and had copied almost to a fac-simile the comedy of 'The Nice Wanton,' MDLX.† I have also, my own, a small 4to. volume, containing 'The Shepherdes Calender,'‡ at London, printed by Hugh Singleton, &c. 1579.

"I am, with true concern for the trouble I have given you, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"GEORGE ASHBY."

Mr. ASHBY to Mr. NICHOLS.

"DEAR SIR,

Bury St. Edmund's, 23d June, 1790.

"As to Histories of Counties I wish those that lived in them were as well disposed to describe as those without.

* In the University Library at Cambridge.

† See W. H. p. 763.

‡ Ibid. p. 742.

Witness Sir W. Burrell and Craven Ord. Of the Leicestershire I had a few sheets, but have not been able to find them of two or three years last past. I had extracted the particulars of W. Burton's life from his book, and Mr. Gough published the substance of it in Brit. Topog. On my papers he has noted—*not to be found*—meaning that what I say is not in the page I quote. But it is, and Mr. Gough was not aware that the paging runs wrong for a good way together. I have an interleaved Magna Britan. for the county, with many references to books, &c. But the treasure is elsewhere, without possession of which I think nothing should be attempted. The late Sir Thomas Cave borrowed, and kept many years, the improved copy of W. Burton, belonging to Lord Chetwynd, and before he returned it had it copied by his elegant daughter Penelope, long since dead. It is many years ago that I saw this copy, and to the best of my remembrance it was a large folio in vellum, but not very thick. I think, too, there was another lesser folio; probably only the MS. additions were transcribed by the young lady. I remember there were drawings of her doing. Some few years ago I waited on Sir Thomas's son, the Rev. Charles Cave, Rector of Finedon, Northamptonshire, to get a better idea of this work; when to my surprise he produced a performance of a very different size, &c., viz. Sir Thomas *own* history in his own hand on foolscap-size paper, in loose sheets doubled up in quarto; by what little I saw it seemed to be the descent of property from Rot. Pat., &c., in the public offices. Sir Thomas Cave was at first a younger brother, and bred a counsellor; the hand is exceeding neat,* and I should suppose the contents of value, as what cannot be got without much expence and trouble. Upon my saying that this was not what I expected to find, he assured me that this was what he had from his father, and that he knew of no other. He seemed to be no way averse to a publication, if it was thought creditable.† He sat in a good library of books, which were probably his father's. I guess so from there being more than common; yet I think the transcript must be with the present baronet at Stanford Hall, and William Burton's original for certain with the heir of Lord Chetwynd. Mr.

* These were Peck's Extracts from the Patent Rolls.

† All these collections of Sir Thomas Cave were communicated by the Rev. Sir Charles Cave to Mr. Nichols, for his History of Leicestershire.

Cave told me that his father had borrowed somewhat of a MS. from a college in Oxford, and that it* was lost in the return. I think in it was *our* pedigree, but that was copied into the work he showed me. I gave him my pedigree, that I had printed about twenty years ago. I have been minute, that you might know where the richest materials are; and which, I think, a civil application would procure. A few years ago I thought of buying the Rev. Mr. Peck's MSS.: but Sir Thomas Cave stepped in before me, and had all for a trifle, twenty pounds or less, and among them, to be sure, the fine book he gave to the British Museum. All these must be of value to the future historian, and for certain are at Finedon or Stanford Hall. Among Bishop More's MSS. at Cambridge, was a register of Gerendon, or some other Abbey† in Leicestershire: but, I think, it was missing when I last looked for it, as is the case of the Wardrobe Master's accounts of Queen Elizabeth's Jewels, in which I hoped to have found my Gold Book commemorated.

"I am, dear Sir, your very humble servant,

"G. ASHBY."

"DEAR SIR,

Bury St. Edmund's, 6 Aug. 1790.

"My MS. collections for Leicestershire are safe, and with the interleaved Magna Britannia and printed pedigree, much at your service. If in the mass of your collections you find any thing of an annual payment of 40*l.* from Squire Wollaston's estate, at Shenton, to the Rector of Market Bosworth, I wish you would let me know; you perceive it is too large a sum for a common modus. In return, I hope soon to be able to furnish you with a letter of Atterbury, which I have the offer of, with some letters of the Foley family. What, or whose is the Elmsthorpe Museum?‡ I am turned showman myself, but only in the fossil way. I shall send you nothing of the Thurmaston inscription,§ because it is so long, and never will be finished, as I have not the books before me to verify my numerous quotations. I take some merit to myself in

* A Visitation.

† Probably Mr. Ashby alludes to a register of Osulveston or Ouston Abbey in Leicestershire, of which a portion was formerly in Bishop More's collection, and is now preserved in the Public Library at Cambridge, marked Dd. iii. 87.

‡ Mr. Fowke's. See History of Leicestershire, vol. IV. p. 605.

§ Mr. Ashby's Essay on the Roman Millitary. He afterwards sent it to Mr. Nichols. See p. 405.

making it out, as Dr. Percy was so particularly positive as to its integrity. If ever I was to finish it for public view, I could wish it to appear in *Archæologia* as the companion to that on coin of Nerva* in Vol. III. You promise a map; I could wish that you would besides regale us with a plan of the Foss Road† through the county, in the manner of Ogilby and Armstrong. There is generally, in every neighbourhood, some poor deserving surveyor that would be glad to work well and cheap; he must have some instructions given him on this new subject, such as looking for the course of the road from one hill to another, and being aware that he must not be discouraged at the road's being taken into modern inclosures, and hedges set down across it, as, if I remember right, is the case in Thurmaston lane, or not far from Belgrave turnpike. One should be glad too of the Watling Street being done in the same way, though that is probably better known, as more travelled, and so less defaced or degraded.

"It is pleasant enough that at pp. 617 and 618 of *Gent. Mag.* you should be printing, from a MS. on vellum bound in plated silver, my printed book, bound in gold, of which you will see three editions in Mr. Herbert's *Ames*, p. 449. Mine, I conclude to be (as far as the short description warrants me) the third, or, at least, an undated edition.

"I am, dear Sir, your humble servant,

"G. ASHBY."

*** Mr. Richard Greene, of Lichfield, communicated to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1790‡ a copy of a *Manual of Devotions*, written on vellum and bound in a singular manner in plated silver. The size of the book is two inches and a half by two inches. At the end is written, in a different manner, an account by what means it became the property of its present possessor, John Levett, Esq. "The Private Manual of Devotions of Catherine Parr, Queen and survivor of Henry VIII., and given to Lady Tuke, daughter to Sir Bryan Tuke (Privy Councillor to the aforesaid King), and my great-great-grandmother. It was then in the possession of Lady Margaret Hastings, my cousin, from whom I received it Oct. 7th, A.D. 1669.—Thos. Lawrence."

* See before, p. 395.

† Two maps of the Foss Road are given in the *History of Leicestershire*, vol. I. p. clii.

‡ See *Gent. Mag.* for 1790, pp. 617, 700, 785.

"Crew Offley, Esq. married the last heiress of the Lawrence family, by whom he had issue John Offley, Esq., who sold the estate of Whichnor, in Staffordshire, with every article that was in the mansion and on the premises at the time the bargain was agreed upon, to John Levett, of Lichfield, Esq., by which means the above Manual became his property, and is now (1790) in his possession.

"R. GREENE."

This manuscript copy of Queen Katharine Parr's Prayers being incomplete, Mr. Herbert communicated the remainder of it to the Gentleman's Magazine for 1790, p. 986, transcribed from the first edition, printed by Thomas Berthelet, king's printer, in the year 1545; by which it would appear that the MS. communicated to the Magazine contained little more than half the devotions; thus rendering the meditations referred to in the Magazine complete. Mr. Herbert remarks, "It is not a little extraordinary that the Manual of Devotions in the possession of Mr. Levett, as well as that other in the possession of Mr. Ashby, should be so superbly bound, notwithstanding the imperfection of their contents."

Mr. GOUGH to the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

"MR. URBAN,

Aug. 6, 1790.

"By the extract hitherto communicated by your correspondent Mr. Greene, p. 616, from his Manual of Prayers, it should seem to be a MS. of the same that was printed by Berthelet twice, 1545, and a third time without date or printer's name. (Herbert's Ames, p. 449, in 48 pages, sixteens, besides a prayer for the king, a prayer for men to say entering into bataile, a devoute dayly prayer, another prayer, and a devoute prayer; making in all above 60 pages.) By the binding, in silver plate, I am led to suspect it was the queen's own copy; unless we should suppose that the devotional book in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Ashby, bound in gold plate, mentioned by Mr. Herbert (*ibid.* p. 1076), may have contained such a manual for her Majesty's use, and this silver one have belonged to some of her family or suite; or this collection of prayers by Katharine Parr may have been bound for Queen Elizabeth, who probably derived consolation from them during her confinement; for, as Mr. Herbert justly observes, p. 1802, 'We know not what has been cut out

from this famous little magazine.' As to what Mr. A. there calls the 'concluding half-sheet,' with the mark of Wynkyn de Worde, it appears that he meant the concluding sheet, not of this collection, but of some other work, different both in matter and size; for all de Worde's marks that Mr. Herbert has seen are for a folio or quarto page. After all that has been said about this Golden book, the truth respecting it can never be ascertained, until Mr. Herbert or some one equally versed in these matters, is permitted to have a sight of it.

"D. H."

Mr. W. HERBERT to the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

"MR. URBAN,

Sept. 10, 1790.

"I persuade myself your candour will allow me a small space in your very useful repository, to rectify a seeming mistake in your correspondent D. H.'s remark on Mr. Greene's MS. of Queen Katharine Parr's Manual of Prayers, bound in silver plate, and the Rev. Mr. Ashby's fragment of a very small printed edition of the same, &c., bound in Gold plate, in p. 703, where he says, 'all de Worde's marks, that Mr. Herbert has seen, are for a folio or quarto page.' Indeed all of them might be, and some of them were, used to his folio editions, as particularly one of his smallest to 'The prouffitable Boke for Mannes Soul,' &c., as *Typographical Antiquities*, pp. 190-194. He had two other very small marks, or devices, as may be seen on the cut facing p. 117. His picturesque one, which is the largest he is known ever to have used, was mostly appendaged to his grammatical treatises in quarto. All the devices of Wynkin de Worde, that have come to my knowledge, are described in pp. 236, 237.

"Yours, &c. W. H."

Mr. ASHBY to Mr. NICHOLS.

"DEAR SIR,

8 Dec. 1790.

"I received no account inclosed, &c. but that did not signify, as it was to be seen in *Gent. Mag.* I am glad to find that at last the difficulty is to be cleared up, or attempted, at least, which I proposed at first, viz. why such an imperfect copy was so superbly bound to be given to a queen, when perfect copies could hardly be scarce. My book was probably a New-year's Gift; one somewhat

like, is, I think, mentioned in the preface to the Progresses. My guess is, that the identical copy of Queen Katharine Parr's Prayers was Queen Elizabeth's book when princess and in the Tower, or under restraint, and that there was somewhat about popery in the part now wanting which she had torn out and burnt, but that the remainder she had preserved and valued as the companion of her troubles; that Lady Tirwhit took advantage of this circumstance, and begged she might have the honour of perpetuating it, by putting it into an handsome binding; so, slipping into the same coat her own prayers, she fully did what Pope describes,

'Which parent authors were so kind to gild.'*

"The blunder between Mr. W. H. and me arose thus: I concluded that the undated edition, No. 3. or last in Typ. Antiq. with W. H. after it, was the same edition as my fragment; I therefore sent all the signatures of what I had, and desired the favour of Mr. W. H. to tell me how much was wanting, and could not help wondering why he made any difficulty of doing so. Now the reason is plain enough; my diminutive edition seems an unique; consequently the signatures would bear no agreement with his octavo copy, and he probably not attending to the account of the size of mine, presuming it must be one and the same as his own, could not make out any meaning in what I said; but as he was a master in Israel, he was not to suppose, or allow at least, that any edition had escaped his researches, and, therefore, he was to frame an hypothesis, &c. by way of saying somewhat in order to evade a difficulty that he could not answer in a few words. Mr. Gough can tell you, I believe, that Mr. Price behaved just in the same manner, though for a different reason, about the Life of S. Werburg in the Bodleian. The story is a special good one, but rather too long for a letter.

"The Manuscript Prayer Book on vellum would certainly be thicker than one printed on thin paper; but is it at all probable that the former would be bound in two volumes when the quantity of the whole was so little, and the covering so costly? and would a queen have separated such a small book by giving it to two persons? And

* This volume of Prayers, bound in gold, afterwards (but when I do not know) came into the possession of the Duke of Sussex, and was sold with his trinkets and jewels at Christie's in 1843, when it was purchased by Mr. Farrer, of Wardour-street, for 147*l*. He now has it on sale, and I believe values it at 200*l*.

what shall we say to my printed half that has two other things stuck to it when originally bound, for one cannot reckon the separation of chain and book (according to our family tradition) to be at all similar to splitting a little manual of prayers into two imperfect fragments, whereas the chain and book divided into two complete things. The copy I sent you is exact as to size, number of leaves, cartons, or guards, &c. but owing to thickness of paper looks more clumsy and thicker than the original, which has the appearance of an oblong flat or shallow snuff box such as were in fashion fifty years ago.

“G. ASHBY.”

Mr. W. HERBERT to the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

“MR. URBAN,

Cheshunt, Jan. 16, 1791.

“Having been favoured with a *fac-simile* copy of the curious little miscellany of devotions, very superbly bound in solid gold, which Queen Elizabeth, it is said, usually wore, hanging by a gold chain at her side; of which, according to promise indicated in p. 988, you herewith receive a more particular and correct account than I was enabled to give when “The Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain and Ireland” were published; and entreat your indulgence to give it a place in your valuable repository.

“This rare collection of devotional pieces begins with ‘Morning and Evening Prayer, with diuers Psalmes, Himmes, and Meditations. ¶ Made by the Lady Elizabeth Tirwit. Seene and allowed. Printed by H. Middleton, for Christopher Barker.’ This title is printed within a border of metal flowers. On the back page is an escutcheon bearing these arms, A lion rampant double queued, in a bordure charged with eight escallops. These prayers, &c. occupy signatures M, in eights; the size of the leaf is two inches and a half high, and one inch and three-eighths broad, margin included in both dimensions. Prefixed thereto is “A briefe Exhortation vnto Prayer,’ in six leaves; the form of Morning Prayer, on seventeen leaves; Evening Prayer, on eight leaves. On the last of them is C. Barker’s device, as represented on the frontispiece to ‘The Typographical Antiquities,’ with this couplet over it:

A Barker if you will :

In name, but not in skill,

"Then follow 'Certaine godly Sentences,' on four leaves, with the same device on the back of the last.—'Certaine other godly Prayers,' on twenty-three leaves; the back of the last blank.—'Hymnes,' on seventeen leaves, with the same device on the back of the last, and a blank leaf after it.—'The Lettanie,' on seventeen leaves, concluding with the 'Prayer of Chrisostome;' before which are inserted, 'A Prayer for the Queen's Maiestie,' and 'A Prayer for Pastors and Ministers of the Church.' On the back of the last of these leaves is this colophon, '¶ Imprinted at London, by Henrie Middelton, for Christopher Barker, 1574.' On another leaf is C. Barker's device again; and, lastly, a blank leaf. These prayers, &c. by Lady Tirwit, were re-printed, with considerable variation, and without the Letany, in Tho. Bentley's 2d Lamp of Virginitie, vol. i. p. 103—138.

"The next article in this curious miscellany has the following title in a border of metal flowers. 'The Queenes Prayers, or Meditations: wherein the Mynde is stirred to suffer all Afflictions here.' On the back is the text, Col. iii. 1, 2. It is needless to describe these prayers particularly, as they differ only in orthography from those you have given from Mr. Levett's curious MS. bound in silver, in your Magazine for last September, and the residue thereof from Berthelet's edition, printed 1545, in that of November following.* I shall only mention that the running title throughout is 'The Queenes Praiers;' even over that part of 'The Letanye,' which remains in this splendid binding. A probable reason for leaving out the residue of the Litany, might be to render the volume more portable; the whole Litany having been inserted at the end of Lady Tirwit's prayers. It would doubtless have been taken entirely away, but that 'The Letanye' begins on the same page (F iiii) on which the Queen's prayers end. These are complete according to the printed editions, but at the end of the meditations is only 'A devoute Prayer† to be sayde daiely.' See Gent. Mag. for Nov. 1790, p. 988. The four first leaves are without a signature, B—E, in eights; F has only four leaves remaining. Had this piece been left entire, we might very likely have found a colophon at the end. I

* See p. 428.

† "Which is a short comment upon the Lord's Prayer. W. H."

have an edition not much larger than the forementioned Queen's Prayers, printed by William How, 1571, which has its title, verbatim, the same, and environed with a border of the same metal flowers, and has the same running title, even to the end of the 'Letany.'* From so great similarity may it not reasonably be conjectured that both editions were printed by him? I cannot suppose Q. Katharine Parr published these meditations and prayers out of any ostentation of authorship. In this particular especially she does not in the least pretend to it; as was observed in *Gent. Mag.* 1790, p. 987, n., they were only 'collected out of holy workes by her,' neither does she profess herself, though possibly she might be, the translator. The times then and now are indeed very different. Ladies of quality, and even crowned heads, thought it then no disgrace to write and publish what they hoped would promote piety and virtue. True! no one now would let such a performance appear in their name, any more, perhaps, than any other of those times. Elegance of style, no doubt, has been greatly improved in near two centuries and a half.

"To the forementioned devotional treatises in this august collection is annexed the latter part of an almanack 'for xx yeare' (this is the running title for this page; as it may be presumed, *An*, or *The Almanack*, was for the preceding one), exhibiting the Easter days, Golden numbers, Dominical letters, and leap years, from 1583 to 1591, inclusive. The former part of the almanack, doubtless, was printed on the back of the first leaf (which is wanting), and commenced with the year 1572. On the back of this remaining part of the almanack begins 'The Kalender,' each month occupying two pages. On the back of the last leaf of the 'Kalender,' and the two following ones, are these articles, viz. 'In the name of the Father, and of the Sonne, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.—The Lordes Prayer.—The Beliefe, or Creede.—The Ten Commaundements of Almighty God,' which ends

* "About this time the Litany appears to have been much in vogue, and frequently annexed to manuals of private devotions. I have a collection of Christian prayers and meditations, several of them signed John Bradford, with a calendar and almanack prefixed, from 1572 to 1588, and a Litany at the end, with Lidley's prayers annexed, printed by H. Middleton, 1574, in 24°, K k, in eights. If this account, the best account I can give, affords any satisfaction to your worthy correspondent G. Ashby, I shall be very glad. W. H."

on the back page of signature B, 8; and as the six latter lines of the tenth commandment diminish gradually to a single syllable, here seems to be the conclusion of this little piece; but then, what shall we say to so small a building having so large a door! I am inclined therefore to suppose it might contain also some graces, short prayers, &c. as frequently set before Primers; perhaps similar to, if not, 'The Christian A, B, C,' as in the list of James Roberts's copies, in *Brit. Typogr. Antiq.* p. 1032.

"Thus have I fulfilled my promise, to give a faithful and particular detail of the contents of the famous Golden miscellany, and I hope to the satisfaction of its proprietor.

"W. HERBERT."

Mr. ASHBY to the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

"Mr. URBAN,

March 10, 1791.

"As you have given an excellent account* of the contents of the Manual of Prayers, perhaps a view of its outsides may be satisfactory.† That account, from the hand of a master, seems complete in all respects, except perhaps that it doth not explain the arms on the back of the first title-page, and supposes that the leaves wanting were cut out in order to make the book more portable. But, as half a dozen thin leaves would make but little difference in its portability, I guess the castration was made for the sake of getting the whole into the unyielding back.

"Yours, &c.

GEORGE ASHBY."

*** A letter from Mr. Ashby to Mr. W. Stevenson, dated May 14, 1791, is printed in *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. ix. 684.

To JOHN NICHOLS, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

June 21, 1796.

"I cannot imagine that any County History was ever wrote with equal advantages to yours. The being able to set up so many sheets at once, and keep them unworked off, and send them about for correction, is what, I believe, never happened before: and must contribute wonderfully to the perfection of yours. At the same time it increases my apprehensions that it may never come out, dum spiri-

* See p. 432.

† Engraved in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1791, Pl. II. p. 321, and also in *Dibdin's Bibliomania*.

tus hos regit artus. I am happy therefore in seeing the work sheet by sheet. The late Lord Carteret was so desirous of seeing all he could of Wetstein's Testament, that he got leave to have it sent sheet by sheet as printed. Your collection too of materials is, I suppose, equal to that of any similar work; I remember I thought Dr. Foote Gower's* wonderful. G. ASHBY."

"DEAR SIR,

Barrow, 7 Nov. 1791.

"I certainly think myself highly obliged on this occasion to Mr. Child and you, and beg you both to accept my thanks. I have read Bridges's History of Northamptonshire; and, as there is hardly a line in it relating to anything later than the year 1720, one knows no more of the present state of things than of Siberia. A volume of continuation† would certainly be agreeable, and might be done by a person to whom searching the offices might be inconvenient. I marked with my pencil every, the slightest, matter (and I think they are all such) that related to Leicestershire; probably you have done the same. Commend me to the modest man in last Gent. Mag. that desires every body to supply him with a complete account of gunpowder; this is hanging out the eleemosynary box with a witness.

"So Mr. Pennant used to do to me. 'Write you all you know on such and such subjects?' No: let me see your MS. or printed copy, and if I have anything worth adding I will do it; but why am I to write down what you have probably seized on, or neglect as not worth notice?

"I am, dear Sir, your very humble servant,

"GEORGE ASHBY."

"DEAR SIR,

Bury St. Edmund's, March 23, 1800.

"It is a long time since I have had the pleasure of hearing from you; but I hope you are in good health, and that every thing goes on well. I am ready at any time to discharge my obligations to you, for your great kindness in cancelling the sheets of Loseby and Quenby. I wish, however, that I had desired you to reserve for me a copy of each; and perhaps you can still oblige me with one.

* For Cheshire; used by Mr. Ormerod, in his excellent history of that county.

† A noble work on Northamptonshire was begun by Mr. George Baker; but want of due encouragement, and the author's ill health, have unfortunately left it incomplete, after being about one-fourth finished.

"I see Mr. Urban advertises a new edition of Mr. Daines Barrington on the Statutes. What I contributed to was the fourth; is this a later? If it is, I dare say that, among several others, he adopted a correction of mine, relating to his laughing at the scheme of laying a Welsh and English Bible in the churches in Wales; in which he has totally mistaken the meaning of the Act of Parliament: nor could anything better have been devised, except an edition of both languages in two columns on the same page. And the joke came with the less propriety from him, as he elsewhere says that Acts of Parliament should be treated with respect, and not laughed at. Can you be a means to oblige me with a copy of his portrait? In the 'Index Indicatorius' of one of the *last months* of last year,* (p. 1027) an explanation is desired of 'discovering lost maidenheads by sneezing.' In 'Hudibras' many of the queries you are troubled with are often very trifling, but this is a fair one; and I dare say (though I have not seen the book these fifty years) that the inquirer will find satisfaction in one of the notes on the Life of Democritus, the laughing philosopher, in Bayle's Dictionary. The circumstance is slightly mentioned in Diogenes Laertius, vol. i. p. 572, 4to. c1o 1o Cv111C; but Bayle would enlarge on it with glee, and I dare say he has. GEORGE ASHBY."

Additions to the ASHBY Article.

P. 401. The substance of Mr. Ashby's observations on the Apamean Medal was communicated by Mr. Gough to the Gentleman's Magazine for 1776, p. 461.

P. 405. The Roman Miliary was found at Humberstone, near Leicester, in July 1771. Bishop Percy first ascertained that most important part of the legend A. RATIS II. having seen and examined it at the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Wm. Gutteridge, of Humberstone, who rescued it from the labourers when they uncovered it, as they were levelling the turnpike-road, and who when he discovered the inscription had it secured with great care; and to him it is owing that it was not then destroyed or defaced.—"That Bishop Percy was the first who discovered A. RATIS is proved by a letter of the Rev. G. Ashby to Dr. Percy himself, which is now before me; wherein, speaking of the inscription, he says, 'You are the only person I know who has viewed it with learned eyes;' and concludes by asking him, 'Are you sure of A. RATIS, which appears perfectly fair [scil. in your MS.], and if so gives a great value indeed to the stone.'"—Bishop PERCY, in Nichols's Hist. of Leicestershire, III. p. 66*.

This important Miliary, which determines the ancient name of Leicester to have been Ratæ, was placed in the centre of an obelisk, with a brass plate recording its history.

"This Roman milestone was found in the road near Leicester, and placed here by the Corporation at large, in the mayoralty of James Bishop, esq. in 1783."

However well meant, this exposure of the inscription must eventually have led to its destruction. The inscription has been therefore lately removed from the obelisk, and is now carefully preserved in the town of Leicester.

REV. MICHAEL LORT, D.D.

Of this excellent scholar memoirs will be found in "Literary Anecdotes," vol. ii. pp. 594—605; and numerous notices of him in the other volumes of that work. See General Indexes, vol. vii. pp. 237, 618. He is also occasionally alluded to in "Literary Illustrations."*

TO DR. PERCY.

"DEAR SIR,

Lambeth House, Jan. 31. 1781.

"I hope you received my letter acknowledging the receipt of yours. I have now to inform you that you are not in the list of Lent Preachers for this year; which I suppose will be an acceptable piece of news to you.

"I went last Thursday, for the first time, to the Anti-quarian and Royal Societies in Somerset House, or Place as some affect to call it. At the first I listened with great attention to a long paper of Governor Pownall's, on the Origin and Progress of Letters,† in which much was said about the Indian Paintings: but I did not carry away many new ideas. I wish you would find us some new ones concerning *old* matters; which would be very acceptable to the public in general, as well as to your faithful servant,

"Compliments to Mrs. Percy.

"M. LORT.

"To the Rev. the Dean of Carlisle, Easton Mauduit."

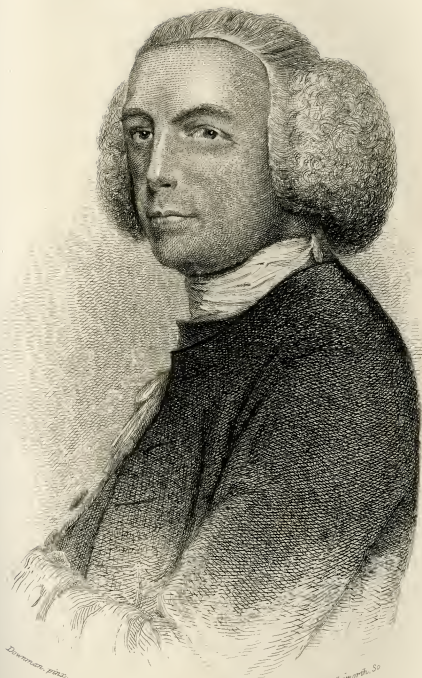
"DEAR SIR,

"Lambeth Palace, April 5, 1781.

"I received the favour of your letter, and am truly concerned both on your own and the public account, that you should have been confined and plagued so long by a dis-

* See vol. iv. 428, 580, 729; v. 710; vi. 152, 155, 412, 420, 605, 654, 664, 665.

† Governor Pownall's paper on Indian Picture-Writing appears not to have been printed. It is alluded to in one by W. Bray, Esq. on the same subject, in *Archæologia*, VI. 159.



M. Lort

DD. FRSE. FSA.

Born 1725. — Died 1790.



order in your eyes. Whenever they will permit you to draw forth and prepare your treasures for the Antiquarian Society I am persuaded they will be gratefully received.

"I shall attend to the Commission you have sent me, but must at the same time inform you that our intelligence, in the way you wish, is not so early nor so general as you may imagine. In a late instance, indeed, of an exchange that was meditated, and had, as I thought, taken place between Dr. Berkeley, of Canterbury, and Dr. Ekins, for the Deanery of Derry, I knew the rise and progress of it; but why it has failed I am not so certain. I see the deanery is given to Lord Carlisle's Second Chaplain; and I suppose Dr. Ekins waits for a vacant bishopric to make a better exchange. Possibly he may have no objection to make such an exchange with an English dean; and if you should hereafter go to Ireland, there are two divines here upon the town, Mr. Herries and Dr. Colin Milne, who, I dare say, would be very glad to attend you thither as your chaplains; for alas! here

Ploravère suis non respondere favorem, &c.

Till I read the inclosed I did not know that you had patronised the latter as well as the former: but I suppose it must be true because he says it himself; for I have no doubt that he drew up the inclosed character, which I thought you would not be sorry to see.*

"Poor Mr. Thrale breathed his last yesterday morning. I was at an assembly, or conversatione as it is called, at his house in Grosvenor Square, on Saturday evening, and I sat by him on the settee a considerable time; and, though I thought then that there was little appearance of his recovery, yet I did not think I should not see him him alive again; more especially as I was engaged to go there again last night, when the Bramin and the two par-sees were to be exhibited.

"I am told that Dr. Milles and Co. are soon about to publish a defence of Rowley's existence and poems: yet I hope he will not appear *in propria personâ* in this Don Quixote adventure. For, though I shall be very glad to get some further eclairsissements on this subject, yet I had

* Dr. Lort inclosed in this letter a portrait and memoir of Dr. Colin Milne, which will be found in the Sunday Magazine, Feb. 25, 1781. Dr. Milne died in 1815. See an account of him in Gent. Mag. lxxxv. ii. 380.

rather they should come from any other hand than the President of the Antiquarian Society.

"I beg my compliments to Mrs. Percy and the young ladies.

"Yours very truly,

M. LORT."

To Bp. PERCY.

"MY DEAR LORD,

Lambeth Palace, Oct. 2, 1782.

"It gives me great pleasure to think that I shall be able to give Mr. Percy such a recommendation to the chaplain of the English Factory at Lisbon as I flatter myself may be of the use you wish it to be to him; for it so happens that Mr. Allen* was my contemporary at College, where I was well acquainted with him, and continued my acquaintance with him after he left it to be the second teacher of the Charter-house School, where he had been educated, and from whence he went to Lisbon, where I understand he still continues; but since he has been there I have never had any occasion to write or apply to him. However, I do flatter myself that my recommendation will have some weight with him; yet, if you wish to have any other, I dare say you may get it from some of the Charter-house people. Mr. Allen was a very good classical scholar, and, when at the Charter-house, published some of Demosthenes' Orations from Lucchesini's edition. I have inclosed what I think of saying to him by way of introduction of myself and your son to his notice, leaving it to your lordship to fill up, and add what you wish to have said further as to any particular services you may be glad to have done for the young gentleman, which I will adopt and copy in my letter to Mr. Allen. I know no other person at Lisbon, nor any other way in which I can be serviceable to Mr. Percy on this occasion.

"I have no other news to communicate to you than what the papers will furnish, which tell us that Barré† has

* The Rev. Wm. Allen was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. 1747, M.A. 1751. In 1755 he published the Twelve political Orations of Demosthenes in favour of Liberty, with the Latin translation of Wolfius, and the notes of Lucchesini. The work is in two volumes, and was dedicated to Dr. Mawson, Bishop of Ely. It was commended in the Monthly Review, vol. XVIII. 125. He was educated at the Charter-house, where he afterwards became Second Master. In 1775 he was Senior Fellow of Trinity College; and in 1784 he was (as appears above) chaplain of the English factory at Lisbon.

† The Rt. Hon. Col. James Barré. He lived 20 years after his blindness, and died July 20, 1802, aged 75. See Gent. Mag. LXXII. 694. He was

lost his eyesight, and this I understand to be a real fact.

"I beg my best respects to Mrs. Percy and all your family, and remain,

"Your Lordship's ever faithful friend and servant,

"M. LORT.

"To the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bp. of Dromore, Carlisle."

To Bp. PERCY.

"MY DEAR LORD,

Lambeth Palace, Oct. 11, 1782.

"You did well not to inclose your letter to the Archbishop, as it gives me an opportunity of sending this and the inclosed by the return of the post. I hope it will answer your purpose.

"I will endeavour to see or get Dr. Heberden spoken to for a recommendation to his broker at Madeira, but I suppose there can be no such hurry for this. I did not think of Mr. Percy's embarking for Lisbon from any port but London or Falmouth. I most heartily wish him a good voyage, and all the benefits of a milder winter than we are likely to experience here, especially if it should prove proportionably colder than the summer has been.

"Your Lordship's ever faithful,

"M. LORT.

"P.S. Lord Shelburne has certainly written to Mr. Wyvill that he will support his reformation and equal representation schemes.

"The Bp. of Dromore, at W. Fleetwood's, Esq. near Liverpool."

To Bp. PERCY.

"MY DEAR LORD,

Lambeth Palace, Oct. 12, 1782.

"By last night's post I sent an answer to your letter received yesterday, that is, to the more material part of it. I intended this day to have called on Dr. Heberden; but before I went, thought it right to inquire whether his brother at Madeira was living, and was informed that he was not, of which I think it right to apprise you as soon as may be, for I have no other reason for writing again so soon.

"It is generally believed that the united fleets have orders to dispute Howe's reaching Gibraltar, and seamen

one of the supposed authors of Junius. See Gent. Mag. 1813, i. 5, ii. 415. Some anecdotes and a character of Col. Barré will also be found in Gent. Mag. 1817, ii. 131.

here wish it may be the case, as they doubt not Howe will give a good account of them.

"Your Lordship's ever faithful, "M. LORT.

"The Bp. of Dromore, at W. Fleetwood's, Esq. near Liverpool."

"MY DEAR LORD, Lambeth Palace, Nov. 11, 1782.

"I received your favour relative to your son's being obliged to alter his course from Lisbon to Leghorn. I heartily wish I could as well have procured or given him a recommendation to any person in this last place or its neighbourhood, but I have endeavoured to do it in vain. I hope you have succeeded better in your applications elsewhere.

"At the opening of the Royal Society's meeting last Thursday, Mr. Herschel, the Bath astronomer, in a very formal letter to the president, announced his having named the new planet in our system, which he has discovered, Georgium Sydus—

Georgium Sydus, Tu nunc assuere vocari.

The Astronomer Royal* gave his fiat in as formal a manner to this nomination, and recommended it to the president† to give directions to the secretary to announce this nomination to all the academies in Europe.

"I am just setting out for Bath to spend a fortnight, and at my return shall take up my residence at No. 6, in Saville Row, where I shall be happy to see any of the name of Percy. I am, with great truth,

"Your Lordship's ever faithful, "M. LORT.

"The Bp. of Dromore, Carlisle."

"MY DEAR LORD, Saville Row, Jan. 15, 1783.

"As soon as I was able I went to Lambeth, and communicated the contents of your letter to the Archbishop, which gave great satisfaction to his Grace, more especially as he told me that your Lordship had mentioned to him some very awkward particulars relative to those persons who had taken pains to recommend this person to his Grace. However, all is well that ends well, and if this new convert goes on without a relapse it will be the best Lambeth degree that ever was given; I shall be glad

* Rev. Neville Maskelyne, D.D. He died Feb. 9, 1811. See memoirs of him in *Gent. Mag.* LXXXI. 197, 672.

† Sir Joseph Banks.

to hear that he has purified and amended the outward as well as the inward man.

"The Bishop of Carlisle* made me a morning visit lately, and appeared to be in very good health and spirits.

"I presume you have hardly heard from your son since his departure. By the last Gazette I find there are new chaplains appointed at Lisbon and Oporto, but what is become of my friend Allen I have not learned.

"I do not find that the Ministry are prepared to announce peace to the Parliament next week. It is supposed that neither the French nor Spaniards will be in earnest on this subject, till they shall have tried whether Jamaica is as impregnable as Gibraltar; which I do not apprehend it to be, and wish they may not succeed better in their attempts on it. There goes a story, how true I know not, that when Franklin was about to sign the preliminary articles for American Independence, he stepped out of the room and returned in a much worse coat than that in which he left it, saying, 'That he hoped the gentlemen would excuse an old man's whim, but that he chose to sign these preliminaries in the same dress in which he was abused by Mr. Wedderburne at the council chamber.'

"Mr. Ritson, a young lawyer of Gray's Inn, is the author of the attack on Warton; he has been digging hard in the Museum mines for some time past, and is quite a Drawcansir, for I am told he has a pamphlet ready to be published against Steevens and Malone's Shakspeare, and also a Collection of Old Ballads, in which I presume a former Editor† is to be handled as roughly.

"Poor Dr. Johnson is said to be in a bad way with water on his breast; he is bled often, and takes laudanum frequently, but whether by his own or better advice I cannot say.

"When the Parliament meets next week I suspect many strange petitions will be presented to it, one I am told from the county of Flint, for a bill to prevent translations of Bishops. There is a most poisonous pamphlet dispersed gratis by the members of what is called the Constitutional Society; it is entitled, 'The Principles of Government, in a Dialogue between a Scholar and a

* Dr. Edmund Law; elected 1769, died Aug. 14, 1787, aged 84. He was father of Edward first Lord Ellenborough, of Dr. J. Law, Bishop of Elphin, and of Dr. G. H. Law, Bishop of Bath and Wells. See *Lit. Anecdotes*, Gen. Index, VII. 223, 612.

† Bishop Percy himself.

Peasant*.' The former makes the latter give an account of his Saturday box club, and then applies it to the British State.

"Get if possible Dean Tucker's last piece addressed to the Earl of Shelburne;† it is better written than most of his former ones, and exposes admirably the subtlety and nonsense of the intended change of representatives.

"Your Lordship's ever faithful, "M. LORT.

"To the Bishop of Dromore, Carlisle."

"MY DEAR LORD, Saville Row, Jan. 28, 1783.

"I hope you will have found that I have received and obeyed your commands by the receipt of three packets, containing Dean Tucker's pamphlet, sent by the post on Saturday, Monday, and this evening. Mr. Paley's Consecration Sermon shall follow, but I can get no intelligence of his Visitation Sermon, which, I believe, was printed in the country some years ago.

"As for newspapers, your Lordship probably sees a greater variety of them than I do, for I scarce ever go to a coffee-house, being contented with the Morning Chronicle at breakfast, and only accidentally seeing any of the other papers, for which my appetite has been some time cloyed; when at Lambeth I had the reading of four or five papers every day, and was often induced to purchase some of them on account of paragraphs that struck my fancy in them, but I have other calls now for my money; I will inclose two or three that possibly you may not have seen, one for Mrs. Percy and her female friends. She will be sorry to hear what reform is going forward at St. James's, under Mr. Gilbert's direction. Lady Charlotte Finch's table to be abolished, a kitchen to be built for her, which she is to furnish herself, and to have 800*l.* a year to find her own table.* Fire and candle to be taken away from most, and it is supposed the Chaplains' table will be wholly suppressed. So much for the reform here, in which I am but a little or not at all concerned; but I tremble for the consequences which the reform of the constitution pushed on by some hot zealots may produce, per-

* By Sir W. Jones. See p. 452.

† "Four Letters to Lord Shelburne. By Josiah Tucker, D.D. Dean of Gloucester, 1783." See *Gent. Mag.* LIII. 60. Dr. Tucker died Nov. 4, 1799, aged 85. See an account of him and his writings in *Gent. Mag.* LXIX. 1000—1003; a character of him in vol. LXX. 819; and his epitaph, in vol. LXXI, 880.

haps the subversion of it. As to the Peace I shall say nothing; you will have it thoroughly discussed in the speeches from both houses next week. I wish that peace abroad may may not afford leisure and opportunity to factious spirits to raise war at home, and I wish also that our neighbours in Ireland may rest satisfied with what they have got. I see there are some strings and stars to be held out to quiet some of the froward children. The papers have got all the establishment* but the motto, which is to be 'Quis separabit?' Used formerly, I think, on some medal on the union of England and Scotland.

"Dr. Johnson is much better. I saw him the other evening at Madam Thrale's in very good spirits.

"I congratulate you on having received so good an account of Mr. Percy; I hope the subsequent ones will be still better.

"I have not yet had the curiosity of seeing Mrs. Siddons, whom all the world is running after. Charles Fox gets into the orchestra every night she acts, and sits with the first fiddle; the Queen has sent her son to the Charter House, and Lord Hardwicke has wrote verses on her; and, still better, given her a handsome present.

"This is a long letter from me, who am not of late in the habit of writing long ones, for I can neither make nor mend a pen, nor use it well when made by others.

"Your Lordship's ever faithful, M. LORT."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Feb. 25, 1783.

"I had your letter yesterday, and was glad to find that all my conveyances came safe to your Lordship; for I doubted much whether some of the more bulky ones might not have escaped from their confinement and gone rambling somewhere else. Last night I began to send to you the debates of the Lords and Commons, just published, which probably you may have seen already in the papers; but, I presume, will be glad to have them in more durable form. Lord Shelburne is no longer Premier, but how he is to be succeeded is not yet known to me. It is much easier to pull down than build up. He is blamed in the first place for soliciting the approbation of Parliament, and in the next for applying to Charles Fox rather than to Lord North for a coalition. The latter has made a public

* i. e. of the Order of St. Patrick.

declaration against all reform of the constitutional representation in Parliament; and it is not supposed that it will be carried in either House of Parliament. But then, what will the Association say? many of whom are of weight and consequence, and seem determined to go all lengths to carry their favourite point. I think this change of ministry may put a stop to some other reforms; and particularly I am informed that the Chaplains' table will not be abolished.

"Mrs. Thrale has discarded her intention of going to Italy, and I am told means to take up her residence at Bath. Dr. Johnson is much better. I wish you could have informed me that your son was so. Whatever may be the event of his journey, you will have the consolation of knowing that you will have done all in your power to restore his health.

"There is a scurrilous pamphlet against your Anti-Rowleians, entitled, 'A Letter found near Strawberry Hill,' the author of which is not guessed at. If you wish to see it, I believe it will go in a single cover. You may keep all the parcels sent you. I am told there is a good parody on the Preliminary Articles handed about relative to the coalition between North and Fox. I suppose it will soon get abroad.

"There is no other topic of conversation but these changes at present, in which being very little interested, I therefore wish they were once settled, that we might have some other.

"I can afford only this half-sheet, in order to make room for more important ones. With my compliments to the ladies, I remain your Lordship's respectful

"M. LORT."

"MY DEAR LORD,

London, March 11, 1783.

"I delivered your request to the Bishop of Chester,* and he promised me to send you the covers you wanted by Saturday's post. I would also then have written, if the news I had heard in the morning of Lord Gower accepting the Premier's place had not been contradicted in the evening. Nor do I find to-day that this place is a bit the nearer to be filled up. Fox says he must have it at last; but the Chancellor† swears that he will sooner take it

* Dr. Porteus.

† Lord Thurlow.

himself. Such are the present reports; but Dr. Hudson can tell you more of these matters than I, if so be that you correspond with him. If Lord Gower is prevailed on to stand forward, Lord Temple continues in Ireland, and the Parliament here will probably be dissolved.

"Inclosed you will see a curious account of the meeting of the Independent Electors of Westminster. How angry some of them are that Mr. Fox has joined Lord North! I am told there is a good parody handed about of Horace and Lydia, applied to this Coalition. If I get a sight of it you shall partake. We want some humour of this sort to enliven dry politics; there is far too much of the latter and too little of the former stirring.

"Did you ever see or hear of Franklin's Reformed Common Prayer? it was printed by him in London, in 1773, in 8vo., and given to a few friends only. With some difficulty I procured one to shew the Archbishop. It is, indeed, an abridgment only of our Common Prayer, in which I believe many parts are omitted, and all the remaining shortened, except the Lord's Prayer. His belief is confined to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and to Life Everlasting. The absolutions are omitted, and so is the consecration prayer in the communion service. It is said that some of the Thirteen States mean to adopt this Liturgy. This is all at present from your Lordship's ever faithful,

"M. LORT."

"MY DEAR LORD,

March 13, 1783.

"The report of to-day is, that the King has surrendered at discretion to the Coalition party, and that Mr. Pitt has acceded to it, and that Lord Temple is to continue in his government; but the latter part of this news I do not find to be so certain as the former; but I heartily wish it may be so, for Mr. Pitt's abilities and integrity will be a strong support to any party.

"The Empress of Russia has removed the President of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Petersburg, and appointed the *Princess Daskew** in his room, whose speech to the assembly on that occasion I have seen, and you

* Sometimes written Dashcoff. Her Memoirs have been published in two volumes 8vo., in which is a long account of her appointment to the Academy.

and all the world will see soon. I write this in haste to save the post. Your Lordship's ever faithful, M. LORT.

"To the Lord Bishop of Dromore, Carlisle."

"MY DEAR LORD,

March 18, 1783.

"I had almost determined to leave it to the Gazette to announce to you a new Ministry, but it is to-day so positively asserted, that the Duke of Portland and his party have had all their wishes gratified, that I cannot help telling you what I hear, though to-morrow, perhaps, may produce some new arrangement. Mr. Pitt, it is said, will travel abroad and gain a little more knowledge and experience, and then, perhaps, take a place in the new administration with better grace than he can at present, considering how closely he was connected with Lord Shelburne; as to Ireland, I hear nothing particular, but I suppose Lord Temple may continue if he please.

"Inclosed in this, and under Sir Henry Fletcher's cover, goes a pamphlet* which will make much noise, and if it ends in that only will end better than I now expect. Mines have been laying for some time past to overturn the constitution in Church and State, and it seems to me as if this pamphlet was the match to set fire to the former.

"The poor Archbishop, to whom it is addressed, was taken very ill on Sunday; he is better to-day, but I do not think him out of danger. Pray God preserve him a little longer to ward off the storm that seems gathering round us!

"Pray let me know the sentiments of people in your neighbourhood on this extraordinary performance.

"Your Lordship's ever faithful,

"M. LORT."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, March 24, 1783.

"Since I wrote to you last, my old master Archbishop Cornwallis† is gone, and I paid a short tribute to his

* "Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury," respecting the revenues of the Bishops and of the inferior clergy. By Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff. See *Gent. Mag.* LIII. 328. The Bishop's plan for rendering the bishoprics more equal in income has lately been carried out by Parliament.

† The Hon. Frederick Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury, died March 19, 1783. See an account and character of him in *Literary Anecdotes*, VIII. p. 14, and *Index*, VII. 95, 452. In the *Literary Illustrations*, III. 500—505, are printed several letters of Archbishop Cornwallis.

memory in the *St. James's Evening Post* of last Saturday.* Bishop Moore, it is confidently said, is to succeed him; and it is also said, that after Bishop Lowth and Bishop Hurd had both refused the offer made them, the former, upon being desired to recommend, named Bishop Moore.†

"The combined forces not having been able to agree amongst themselves about the partition of the spoil, the King, it is said, sent them word last night that he would not treat with them, but retain his present servants, all but Lord Shelburne, whose place Mr. Pitt is prevailed on at last to fill; it is said that they have gained new allies from the enemy. The strange conjunction between North and Fox has revolted many.

"Let me now acknowledge your letter of the 15th. My edition of Canne's Bible is in 12mo. 1698. There is another in 4to of 1700, and I believe a still later one, but I am not sure.

"I cannot find Taylor's‡ Concordance amongst the booksellers that I frequent, and they will not send for it unless I order it, but when I go near Mr. Dilly's, I will look at it.

"I am very sorry you received no better accounts of your son; but the warm weather coming on will, it is to be hoped, relieve him.

"I hoped you received the Bishop of Landaff's pamphlet, which makes much noise. All the friends of the Established Church hang their heads at it, and all its enemies triumph in it.

"I was yesterday at St. James's. The King looked miserable, and I doubt not the Queen was so within, but she put on a smiling countenance.

"I beg to be remembered to Mrs. Percy and the young ladies; and remain,

"Your Lordship's ever faithful,

"M. LORT.

* Literary Illustrations, III. 500—506.

† John Moore, D.D. elected Bishop of Bangor 1774; translated to Canterbury in 1783; and died in 1805. See an account of him in *Lit. Anecdotes*, VIII. 95; VII. 273, 633.

‡ John Taylor, D.D. of Norwich and Warrington, a learned dissenting teacher. He published a Hebrew Concordance, adapted to the English Bible, London, 1754, 2 vols. fol. He was born near Lancaster 1694, and died 1761.

"There is a strange story here of Anti-Sejanus* having shot at a Mr. Allgood in Northumberland, and that he is to be tried on the black act."

"To the Lord Bishop of Dromore, Carlisle."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, April 2, 1783.

"You should have heard from me sooner if I could have sent you any intelligence that could be depended on. If what I am going to communicate does not prove true, I shall certainly refer you for any thing further to the Gazette. Lord North was sent for to Buckingham House at 11 o'clock, and full powers given to him and the Duke of Portland to form any ministry they pleased; accordingly the latter was with the King this morning, and was appointed First Lord of the Treasury; Lord J. Cavendish, Chancellor of the Exchequer; North and Fox, Secretaries of State; Lord Carlisle, Privy Seal; Lord Stormont, President of the Council; Lord Keppel, of the Admiralty; and these seven Cabinet Councillors. The seals to be put into commission, with Lord Loughborough at the head. Lord Temple, it is said, has desired to be recalled.

"Bishop Warren† is to succeed Moore at Bangor, but who is to succeed him at St. David's‡ I have not heard. Kaye,§ Ogle,|| Douglas,¶ and Osborne,** are talked of.

* James Scott, D.D. Rector of Simonburn, was tried at Newcastle for shooting at a man. It appeared the doctor shot at a woodcock distant 87 yards; that the man was untouched; and the whole was a malicious prosecution. See *Gent. Mag.* LIII. 537, 710. He died Dec. 10, 1814, aged 80; and a long memoir of him will be found in *Gent. Mag.* LXXXIV. 601-603. His sermons were published in 1816, edited by the Rev. Samuel Clapham, who prefixed to the volume an interesting memoir of Dr. Scott, abridged in *Gent. Mag.* LXXXVI. 527-531. See also anecdotes of Dr. Scott as a preacher, by Mr. Clapham, in *Gent. Mag.* for 1811, ii. 348; and Gray's *Letters to Nichols*, by Mitford, p. 194.

† John Warren, D.D. elected Bishop of St. David's, 1779; translated to Bangor, 1783; and died in 1800. See memoir and character of him in *Lit. Anecdotes*, VIII. 430; VII. 120, 706.

‡ The see of St. David's was given to Dr. Smallwell; see p. 454.

§ Sir Richard Kaye, Dean of Lincoln. He died Dec. 25, 1809, aged 72. See an account of him in *Lit. Anecdotes*, IX. 804; VII. 607.

|| Dr. Newton Ogle, Dean of Winchester. He died Jan. 6, 1804, aged 78. See an account of him in *Gent. Mag.* LXXXIV. 90.

¶ John Douglas, D.D.; elected Bishop of Carlisle, 1787; translated to Salisbury, 1791; and died May 18, 1807. See an account of him in *Gent. Mag.* LXXVII. 475, 583; and allusions to him in *Lit. Anecdotes*, VII. 114, 555.

** Thomas Osborne, LL.D. prebendary of Salisbury and Lincoln, youngest son of Sir J. Osborne, Bart. of Chicksand Priory, co. Bedford. He died March 12, 1790, aged 88. See an account of him in *Gent. Mag.* LX. 202. His library was sold by Egerton in 1790. See *Lit. Anecdotes*, III. 642.

"The late Archbishop made no will since he came to Lambeth. His options devolve of course to Mrs. Cornwallis; whether he left any verbal directions to her concerning them I have not learnt.

"I do not know whether I have already sent you the inclosed paper, but if I have, you may give it to some person not likely to be corrupted by the reading of it. I am told that the grand jury of the county of Flint mean to present the Dean of St. Asaph* as a publisher of it, so you see it is dangerous to meddle with it.

"Your Lordship's ever faithful, M. LORT."

"To the Lord Bishop of Dromore, Carlisle."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, April 15, 1783.

"We have at length, you find, a new Administration.† How long it will last few will pretend to say. I am sure the country needs a lasting one. I think you say that your paper is the Morning Chronicle, improperly so called, for I seldom see it till the afternoon, but that is of no consequence to its country customers. You will have seen in that the whole progress and issue of the late struggle, as given, no doubt, from the best authority, but on one side only. The Morning Post was retained on the other, and had as curious and able communications sent to it. Inclosed is one of yesterday, in which there seems much truth and reason; you will please to return me this, together with that Morning Chronicle I sent you before I knew you took in that paper, and which contains an apology for the present Ministers not discovering all their intended arrangements to the King, a popular objection which their adversaries turned to good advantage. All matters are not yet fixed; it is not publicly known who is to go Lord Lieutenant to Ireland; it has been proposed, as said, to the Duke of Devonshire, and to Lord Fitzwilliam, but declined by both.‡

"Let me now thank you for your account of the Northumberland Express; it carries such marks of impartiality, and, I think, truth with it, that I shall not scruple to mention it, though without naming my authority.

* See the next page.

† In this Administration Mr. Pitt was for the first time Prime Minister, as First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, which offices he held till 1801. In 1804 he returned to power, and died prime minister Jan. 23, 1806, in his 47th year.

‡ Lord Northington was appointed.

"The Bishop of Landaff's sermon at court has made not quite so much noise as his Letter to the Archbishop. It is said he reproved the fashionable vices and follies with all the plainness of old Latimer, and with as little delicacy as he could be supposed to have done. It is right somebody should do this, and I hope it may produce some good effect.

"I have at last seen the Concordance you inquired after; it is strongly recommended by John Wesley, than whom there can be no better judge. It is indeed Cruden's reduced to a narrower compass, by leaving out all the explanations (which, by-the-by, are chiefly taken verbatim from Calmet's Dictionary), and the less significant words, as by, far, &c. so that I shall not scruple to recommend this Abridgment to all who cannot afford to buy Cruden's.

"I have also bought the last number of the Coats of Arms, fine large folio plates, with the arms in alphabetical order; when the whole comes out, I may probably buy it at a reduced price.

"Did you receive Sir William Jones' Dialogue? * The Dean of St. Asaph† has been presented by the grand jury at Wrexham as the publisher of a libellous and seditious pamphlet, tending to influence the minds of His Majesty's subjects. How this will end I cannot guess; but if they do not follow the blow they had better not have struck it. Sir William Jones himself has left the kingdom, and gone, with his new married lady, to Bengal.

"My attendance at the Archbishop's funeral was only to supply Vyse's‡ place, who officiated as Rector of Lambeth. So, as the funeral was quite private, there could have been no room for Backhouse or Stinton.

"Four editions of Shakespeare, it is said, are in hand.

* "A Dialogue between a Farmer and a Country Gentleman on the principles of Government." When the Rev. Mr. Shipley, the Dean of St. Asaph, (afterwards his brother-in-law) was indicted for publishing an edition of it in Wales, Mr. Jones sent a letter to Lord Kenyon, then Chief Justice of Chester, avowing himself to be the author, and maintaining that every position in it was conformable to the law and constitution of England.

† Rev. Wm. Davies Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, was son of Dr. Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of that diocese. He died May 7, 1826, aged 81. See a long memoir of him in *Gent. Mag.* XCVI. Part ii. 641.

‡ W. Vyse, D.D. 38 years Rector of Lambeth, died Feb. 20, 1816, aged 75. See *Gent. Mag.* LXXVI. i. 275. He was son of Rev. W. Vyse, Canon Residentiary of Lichfield, who died June 29, 1770. See *Gent. Mag.* LXXXI. ii. 255. A playful Ballad by Mr. Vyse, on Charlotte Lynes, a Lichfield belle, appeared in *Gent. Mag.* LXX. Part. ii. p. 597.

Reed is to republish Steevens' and Johnson's. Collins is to give Capell's, and Ritson his own. Lowndes reprints Johnson's text, without the notes.

"Your Lordship's ever faithful, M. LORT."

The following jeu-d'esprit was inclosed in the letter.

"FOR THE ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

"*A Card to the B———p of L———ff.*

"Mrs. Cole presents her most respectful compliments to the good Bishop of L——, and, being one of his hearers on Sunday last at St. James's Chapel, takes the liberty of observing to his lordship, that when he next thinks it proper to inveigh from the pulpit royal against incest, lust, lasciviousness, whores, whoremongers, adulterers, adulteresses, &c. it is hoped that he will endeavour to clothe his sentiments in a more delicate and courtly language. Mrs. Cole, from her regard to decency, forbears to recount the expressions which so much offended herself, and her young modest female companion; and, lest the good Bishop's zeal should hurry him into the same impropriety on some future occasion, instead of poring over St. Gregory Nazianzenus, and the luscious extracts which the late Bishop Lavington made from that and the other Holy Fathers, in order to expose the love-feasts of the poor Methodists, Mrs. Cole most earnestly recommends to the learned Prelate's attentive perusal the works of Archbishop Potter's son* Tom (of chaste memory) and other little tracts of the like cast, from which the good Bishop would learn the art of dressing up his grosser ideas in so neat and clean a manner, that a vestal might attend his pious exercises without a blush, without an emotion, or even a titter.

"King's Place, April 8, 1783."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, April 19, 1783.

"I have but just time to acknowledge the receipt of your letter this post, and to say that the Primate† is at Bath, and will come to London before he goes to Ireland,

* Some of his epigrams and light pieces may be found in the "Asylum for Fugitive Pieces," and such publications.

† Dr. Robinson, Archbishop of Armagh, created Lord Rokeby in 1777. He died in 1794. See Lit. Anecdotes, IX. 594.

but when that will be they could not inform me. I wish I could tell you who the new Lord-Lieutenant is to be; it is said that the Duke of Portland's friends, the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Fitzwilliam, having refused it, an offer will be or is made to Lord Beauchamp; nor do I find that the vacant bishopric is yet fixed. Ogle, Kaye, and Smallwell,* canon of Christ Church, formerly tutor to the Duke of Portland, are mentioned.

"The Bishop of Norwich is dangerously ill, and so is Lord Hardwicke, who I fear will not recover.

"Lord Loughborough did not choose to quit his snug station in the Common Pleas, least he should be left in the lurch like Lord Camden.

"Cook's Voyage will surely appear before next spring.

"M. LORT.

"P.S. Jack Townshend is talked of as Secretary to the new Lord-Lieutenant.

"The Lord Bishop of Dromore, at Carlisle."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, April 29, 1783.

"I most sincerely condole with you and Mrs. Percy on the loss of your son, which, however, you must have been long prepared to expect. I have put your letter into the office, where I was obliged to pay 2s. for it as a double letter. Death has been very busy with my acquaintance lately. Poor Dr. Stinton† is just expired, in possession of a large fortune, and looking forward to a bishopric. It is thought that the two great livings he had in the city and at Wrotham will fall to the Crown, as their patron. The new Archbishop has not yet done homage and had his temporalities restored. The poor Bishop of Norwich‡ I also lament as a very old acquaintance, and a most social good-natured man.

"Lord Northington, it is said, will go Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Mr. Windham, of Norfolk, Secretary.

* Edw. Smallwell, D.D. was elected Bishop of St. David's, June 26, 1783; translated to Oxford, 1788; and died June 24, 1799.

† Dr. George Stinton, F.R.S., F.S.A. Chancellor of Lincoln, died April 30, 1783, aged 53 (See an account of him in *Lit. Illustrations*, III. 498). His brother, Dr. T. Stinton, rector of Exeter College, Oxford, died July 6, 1797, aged 50. (*Gent. Mag.* LXVII. 621).

‡ Dr. Philip Yonge, Bishop of Norwich, died March 23, 1783, aged 72. See an account and character of him in *Gent. Mag.* LIII. 452; and notices of him in *Lit. Anecdotes*, VII. 481, 717.

The Dean of Peterborough* is to be his first chaplain, but not meaning to give up his deanery for an Irish mitre.

"Malone has just sent me a Supplementary Pamphlet of Notes to Shakspeare.

"Your Lordship's ever faithful, M. LORT.

"To the Lord Bishop of Dromore, Carlisle."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, May 10, 1783.

"I congratulate you on the great question of a Reform of Parliament being carried in the negative last Wednesday, by a majority of more than two to one. I think you must have been pleased with Mr. Powis's speech on the occasion, recorded in our Morning Chronicle. He mentions the Dialogue published by the Constitutional Society with proper indignation, but which was defended by Mr. Martin, who said the Society had ordered 3000 more to be printed and dispersed. A very good supplemental dialogue was printed lately in the Public Advertiser; and if I can lay my hands on it I will inclose it.

"I hope you have found that the Primate read your letter the very night it came here. Lord Northington was to have taken Dr. Tarrant, Dean of Peterborough, as his first chaplain, to Ireland: but Tarrant has had Stinton's living of Wrotham given him by the Crown; and a Dr. Dickson† is to be the first chaplain.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury has entered a caveat against Tarrant's presentation; but it is thought on no good foundation.

"Wilson,‡ of St. Paul's, is to succeed Bagot in Bristol, Jackson§ is to be Dean of Christchurch, and a Mr. Shaftoe succeeds him as canon.

"Dr. Scott left his name at my door the other day, but not where he was to be found. I have heard nothing more than you related to me concerning him.

"The poor King and Queen lament much the loss of their little lovely Octavius.|| I know no man in his domi-

* Dr. Tarrant died Dean of Peterborough, Feb. 22, 1791. See an account of him, and his very numerous preferments, in *Gent. Mag.* LXI. 191.

† Afterwards Bishop of Downe and Connor. He died at Mr. Fox's house, in Arlington Street, Sept. 19, 1804. See an account and character of him in *Gent. Mag.* LXXIV. 890.

‡ Dr. Christopher Wilson, Bishop of Bristol, died April 18, 1792, aged 77. See *Gent. Mag.* LXII. 391, 477; LXIX. 588. Also *Lit. Anecdotes*, VII. 471, 714.

§ The celebrated Dr. Cyril Jackson. He died Aug. 31, 1819, aged 76. See account and character of him in *Gent. Mag.* LXXXIX. ii. 273, 314, 457, 573.

|| Prince Octavius died May 3, 1783, aged 4 years.

nions less to be envied than himself. I hope Mrs. Percy has recovered her spirits, as well as your Lordship, since your great loss. I beg my compliments to her and the young ladies, and remain your Lordship's ever faithful,

" M. LORT.

" P.S. The book-collectors are glutted with sales,—Croft's, Sir G. Page's, and Mr. Gulston's, all in fine condition; and I suppose many will not fetch their binding. Gulston's Granger, interleaved with 3000 heads, cost him many hundred pounds.

" At Croft's sale a "Tiran le Blanc" was bought by the Chevalier Pinto for seventeen guineas."

" MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, May 19, 1783.

" I have just now received yours of the 15th; and in answer to your query have to inform you that the Primate* has been gone from hence to Ireland a fortnight past. I have no further intelligence concerning Irish matters to send you. So I hope they are pretty easy there at present.

" When Dr. Stinton's body was opened his lungs were found in such a state that, had he not been carried off so rapidly, he would probably have died of a lingering consumption. Tarrant will probably keep possession of Wrotham, as the lawyers think that the Archbishop has no pretensions to the disposal of it. The chancellorship of Lincoln Lord Thurlow has procured for his old tutor Dr. Smith, Master of Caius. Dr. Scott has taken a house in Curzon Street. When he first called on me he was *incog*. He laughs at all his adversaries can do against him; however, though they should not carry their prosecutions to such lengths as they threaten and wish, yet they will have ample revenge in the expense they must put him to. He had retained poor Howarth,† the famous crown lawyer, who was drowned lately in the Thames.

" I was surprised last Saturday by a message from Lord Hardwicke, to desire I would call on him in the

* Dr. Robinson. See before, p. 453.

† Henry Howarth, esq. M.P. for Abingdon, and an eminent King's Counsel, was unfortunately drowned May 11, 1783, by the upsetting of his own sailing boat near his seat at Mortlake. He was about 36 years of age, and had made by his profession 9,600 guineas during the previous year. See *Gent. Mag.* LIII. 453.

evening; for, indeed, I never expected to have seen him again. I found him very languid on a sofa, but he raised himself into his chair, and talked and chatted as easy as ever he had done. His left arm was in a sling, and hung useless by his side. I think he will recover now, though his life seems to hang by a slender thread.

"I am told that Mrs. Thrale has got into a small house at Bath, where she and her daughters live on a most frugal plan, even without a carriage. What a falling off is here! Such indeed as there appears no visible reason for.

"I know nothing of the state of the Bishop of Carlisle's health; if he dies soon, I understand Dr. Watson means to try to succeed him.

"My edition of Canne's Bible is by Bill, London, 1698.

"Know you anything of a translation of Solomon's Song from the Hebrew, by Mrs. Francis? * I would buy it if I thought it was worth buying.

Mr. Ritson has just published a 3s. 6d. pamphlet against all the former editors of Shakspeare, and their assistant note-writers. You will not therefore be surprised to find it concludes with his Proposal for a new edition in 8 volumes, 12mo, with a complete verbal index.

"Mr. Capel's School of Shakspeare, I suppose, is progressive, as Bartolozzi has just finished a fine head of Capel to prefix to it.

"Our fine weather is changed to cold and rain; and we are forced to light fires again.

"Adieu, my dear Lord, and believe me ever yours,

"M. LORT.

"To the Lord Bishop of Dromore, Carlisle."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, June 3, 1783.

"I am much obliged to you and the ladies for their kind congratulations.† When I last wrote to you I had no notion that I should have been so soon in a situation to receive them, or I certainly should have given some intimation of it to so old and so good a friend as your Lordship; but, though my acquaintance with the lady has been

* Mrs. Anne Francis published *A Poetical Translation of the Song of Solomon*, from the original Hebrew, 1781, 4to.; *The Obsequies of Demetrius Poliorcetes*, a Poem, London, 1785, 4to.; *Charlotte to Werter*, 1788, 4to.; *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1790, 12mo.

† It appears by the *Gent. Mag.* (p. 451) that on the 19th of May, Dr. Lort was married to Susannah, one of the two daughters of Alderman Norfolk, of Cambridge; but the previous letter is dated May 19, so that the marriage was probably a few days later.

of many years' standing, and my attachment not a recent one, yet but for some particular incidents I believe our union would not have taken place this month; but I will say no more of her at present than that of all my female acquaintance she best answered the character which the late Bishop Newton* drew of the woman he wished to make his wife, and which if I have time I will transcribe and inclose in this letter. She joins with me in hoping we shall some time have an opportunity of seeing you and the ladies in Saville Row.

"There have been so many pamphlets published against Bishop Watson's scheme, I think four at least, that I do not well know which your Lordship would have sent; however I am sure that Mr. Cumberland's will deserve your reading, and therefore I shall begin to inclose this under cover to Sir H. Fletcher; I shall now send the beginning of my copy as I cannot get another this evening, which I mention because you will observe it, in Tom Osborne's phrase, *paululum spoliatum in margine*. I have really not had time to read the others, which if they have as much merit as this must I think be some mortification to the learned bishop.

"Lord Hardwicke still continues to mend, and when I see him I will pay him your compliments. In the meantime Mrs. Percy and Miss Percys will be pleased to accept those of Mrs. Lort and your Lordship's faithful and affectionate servant,
"M. LORT."

"MY DEAR LORD,

June 6, 1783.

"I recollect that I blundered sadly in sending part of Cumberland's answer† under a close cover to Sir H. Fletcher at Carlisle, so that probably it may not have reached

* From Bishop Newton's Account of his own Life.—"He plainly foresaw that he must either fall a prey to his servants, or he must look out for some clever, sensible woman to be his wife, who had some knowledge and experience of the world; who was capable of superintending and directing his affairs; who was a prudent manager and economist, and could lay out his money to the best advantage; who, though she brought no fortune, yet might save one, and be a fortune in herself; who could supply his table handsomely and not expensively, and do the honours of it in a becoming manner; who had no more taste and love of pleasure than a reasonable woman should have; who would be happier with staying with her husband at home than in perpetually gadding abroad; who would be careful and tender of his health, and be a companion of all hours."—P. 62.

† "A Letter to Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, on his Lordship's Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. By Richard Cumberland, 1783." See Gent. Mag. LIII. 514.

your Lordship. If so, you will let me know, that I may replace it. I now send you, and I shall hope with better success, the Country Curate's answer. I am told Herbert Croft is going to publish Rowley's poems, clothed in a modern dress, and, having declined to write Chatterton's Life for the *Biographia Britannica*, Kippis has himself undertaken it.

"In a Life of Christian Countess of Devonshire it is said that the Countess of Carlisle was imprisoned in the Tower during the Interregnum. Was this the famous Lady Lucy Percy? if so she must have changed sides and repented of having betrayed the King. Did you ever meet with any account of this event?

"I am, with best respects to your ladies, my dear Lord, yours very truly,

"M. LORT.

"The Bishop of Dromore, Carlisle."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, August 7th, 1783.

"I am quite ashamed at seeing the date of your last, and not having sooner written to welcome your arrival and the ladies, I hope very safely, in your diocese. But I have been making some little excursions from home, and to-morrow my wife and I set out on a longer one, even to France and Flanders. How far or how long we shall make it, is not at present determined, and will probably depend more on the strength of our purse than our inclination.

"Here is a dead vacation at present, and little news for me to send you. Dr. Johnson is recovered, and gone to Mr. Langton's at Rochester.* Before he went he sat to Opie, the famous self-taught Cornish painter, for his picture, and who I am told has given a just but no flattering likeness of the Doctor.† I was about to inclose a curious pamphlet of Lord George Gordon's, containing an account of his three conferences with the King before the riots; but, upon looking again at your letter, you do not tell me that packets will go free to you, and I have no friend here at present to apply to, to frank for me.

* "I have been 13 days at Rochester, and am now just returned. I came back by water, in a common boat, 20 miles for a shilling; and when I landed at Billingsgate I carried my budget myself to Cornhill before I could get a coach, and was not much incommoded."—Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, 23 July, 1783.

† Mr. Boswell says that in 1784 Dr. Johnson resumed sitting to Opie for his picture, but believes it was never finished.

"A project has been sent over here from some of the Church of England Clergy in America, to have a bishopric created in Nova Scotia, and a bishop there to ordain for that Church. But this cannot be done consistently with the present Act of Parliament, and Forms of Ordination, in which the oaths to our King must be taken. So some of the New States talk of applying to and employing a Moravian Bishop. But in truth it should seem, from the last accounts from Philadelphia, that the military will turn the Congress adrift, as Oliver and his soldiers did the Rump Parliament.

"Your Lordship's ever faithful,

M. LORT.

"The Lord Bishop of Dromore, at Segoe, near Lough Brickland, North of Ireland."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, Feb. 14, 1784.

"I really doubted whether my last letter had got safe. I can scarce send you any political news to be depended on; perhaps nobody can tell what the state of this country will be this day fortnight; those who really wish well to it want a coalition of parties, which there seems little reason at present to think will take place.

"Our poor President of the Antiquaries died yesterday,* though he had thought himself so well recovered from a dangerous illness that I received a card of thanks for inquiries about a week ago. Who will take the trouble of succeeding him as President I cannot yet say; such an opposition has been stirred up to the President† of the Royal Society by some turbulent spirits, that I doubt whether he will choose to fill the chair another year. Dr. Horsley has set himself at the head of this opposition, which seems to be very ill founded, and to arise merely from that levelling spirit and impatience of all government which infects the present age. Your Lordship's ever faithful,

"M. LORT.

"The Lord Bishop of Dromore, at Segoe, near Lough Brickland, North of Ireland."

* The Rev. Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter. See *Literary Anecdotes*, VII. 266, 629.

† Sir Joseph Banks. Horsley's objection was to the Chair of the Royal Society being filled by a Baronet and Amateur. See Lord Brougham's *Life of Sir J. Banks* for information on this subject.

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, Feb. 24, 1784.

"In consequence of the death of the poor Dean of Exeter, the Council of the Antiquarian Society met on Saturday, and elected Mr. King President, *pro tempore*, till St. George's Day, when it is expected that Lord De Ferrars* will do us the honour to preside over us. At the same time that we elected Mr. King, it was proposed to appoint a coadjutor to Dr. Morell, or rather to Mr. Norris,† who is to read all the papers presented to the Society. At that time we did not know that poor Morell ‡ lay dead at Turnham Green. So now I hope our Society will go on with better auspices—

Novus rerum jam nascitur ordo.

But I hope our reformation will proceed more quietly than that attempted in our Sister Society, where every fortnight a set of orators get up and fatigue themselves, and much the greater part of the Society, with virulent and illiberal charges against the President. Horsley, Maskelyne, Maty, Maseres, and Poore§ are the leaders of this band, who are joined by all those turbulent spirits that are impatient of all government and subordination, which is indeed the great evil and disease of the times. I believe I have prolonged and increased my complaints by going out twice to vote against these innovators, who kept the society talking and disputing and balloting till near eleven and twelve o'clock, though they have been baffled in almost every question by near three to one. I will say nothing of politics; our newspapers contain scarce anything else.

"Poor Dr. Johnson has had a very bad winter, attended by Heberden and Brocklesby, who neither of them expected he would have survived the frost; that being gone, he still remains, and I hope will now continue, at least till the next severe one. It has indeed carried off a great many old people. At the beginning of the winter, Johnson instituted a weekly sixpenny club at a porter-house in

* Lord De Ferrars was elected President S. A. April 23, 1784, and in the following May was created Earl of Leicester. He succeeded his father as 2d Marquess Townshend in 1807, and died in 1811.

† Mr. Norris retired from the Secretaryship in 1790, and died Dec. 1792. See Lit. Anecdotes, VI. 127; VII. 294, 639.

‡ Rev. Thomas Morell, D.D. died Feb. 18, 1784, aged 82. See an account of him in Harwood's "Alumni Etonenses," and Gent. Mag. for 1797, p. 1088. Also notices of him in Lit. Anecdotes, VII. 274, 632.

§ Edward Poore, esq. an intimate friend of Bishop Horsley, and a member of the Essex Head Club.

Essex-street,* kept by an old servant of Mr. Thrale. I believe he has never been there since the first night. Your Literary Club has, I hear, been also involved in squabbles concerning an air balloon—who should be employed by them to make one. Sir William Hamilton is elected a member. He has brought over a very small vase from Rome, with figures in relief on it, that he says cost him 1000*l*. It has been long in the possession of the Barberini family, and is described by Bartoli in the *Ædes Barberinæ*, and in Wright's Travels. Herbert Croft is preparing an edition of *all* Chatterton's works,—all his political and obscene ribaldry.

"I shall wrap up and inclose a little more powder in some of Dean Tucker's queries, signed Cassandra.

"Your Lordship's ever faithful, M. LORT.

"The Lord Bishop of Dromore, at Segoe, near
Lough Brickland, North of Ireland."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, Feb. 28, 1784.

"Having by the last post sent your Lorship a long letter, little remains for me to say in this. A surprising alteration of the weather has taken place, which has relieved me and many other invalids, and enabled me to be present at a stout battle at the Royal Society on Thursday last, which lasted till past eleven o'clock, when the insurgents received a complete defeat on a question aimed at the President, 115 to 27.

"Mr. Preston,† who goes to Ireland as Private Secretary to the Duke of Rutland, was a fellow of our college, and a particular friend of mine. He is a travelled man, and you will find him very agreeable and well-informed.

"Your Lordship's ever faithful, M. LORT.

"P.S. The King was received last night at the Oratorio

* Of this Club, see Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and *Literary Anecdotes*, II. 553.

† Wm. Preston, D.D. was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, (of which at one time it was thought he would have been master,) B.A., 1753, M.A. 1756. He was chaplain to Dr. Yonge, Bishop of Norwich, whom he left to attend Lord Stormont at Vienna, in the same capacity. Then he went to Naples for his health, where, in the absence of Sir W. Hamilton, he acted as *Chargé des Affaires*, and had a pension in consequence thereof. He went to Ireland as Private Secretary to the Duke of Rutland, in 1784, and was appointed Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns, in 1785. His illness was so severe and unabating for the last 12 months that it was asserted the fees to his physician swallowed up all his income. He left legacies to the Duchess of Rutland, Mr. Thorston, and Mr. Tydd, at whose house in Clare Street, Dublin, he died in the spring of 1789. See *Gent. Mag.* LIX. 372.

with uncommon bursts of applause. Cherries bought by the Grocers' Company to-day for 2*s.* 6*d.* a piece, to treat Mr. Billy Pitt, on a supposition that he will be more willing to reform the constitution than Fox and North. The Dissenters, Republicans, and Reformers have espoused his party, and stood up for the Prerogative.

"The Lord Bishop of Dromore, at Segoe, near Lough Brickland, North of Ireland."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, March 26, 1784.

"The privilege of franking here has just now ceased, more to the mortification than to the astonishment of the greater part of the House of Commons. The tide of popularity running now strong for the new Minister,* he has seized the favourable moment of appealing to the people at large, and it is thought will gain a majority, but whether strong enough to carry on business cannot yet be guessed at.

"Your great Irish orator will, I suppose, be hardly chosen again for Winchester.† It is said that the Duke of Chandos has been as much disappointed in him as the Earl of Plymouth was in the purchase of Punch. I hope he will not carry his reformation plan in your Parliament.

"You can easily guess what a noise the loss of the great seal‡ made here two days ago. Happening at such a juncture has given a handle to foolish party zealots to suspect it was stolen for some political purpose, which is impossible? But I believe it was never kept so carelessly before. The loss is said to have been supplied by a plaster of Paris cast, taken from a fair impression.

"The Prince of Wales has been very ill, even in much danger, and only saved by bleeding and blistering, which it is hoped will make him more cautious of eating and drinking for the future. Sir John Eliot§ told the Queen that he had been preaching as much to the prince against intemperance as any bishop could have done. The Queen replied, 'And probably with like success.'

"I have a MS. anecdote of your predecessor, Jeremy

* Mr. Pitt.

† Richard Gamon, jun. esq. brother-in-law of the Duke of Chandos.

‡ The Great Seal was stolen from Lord Thurlow's house in Great Ormond Street, and the thief was never discovered. A new Seal was made, and delivered to the Chancellor by his Majesty, March 25, 1784. See *Gent. Mag.* LIV. 378, 230.

§ Sir John Eliot, Bart. M.D. was Physician to the Prince of Wales.

Taylor, of which I wish the truth could be ascertained. That, finding a very improper use had been made of his famous book 'The Liberty of Prophesying,' he sent his chaplain over from Ireland to buy up all the copies he could find; and, having brought them to Dromore, the bishop set a day apart for fasting and praying; and then in the evening caused a fire to be made in his court-yard and burnt these books. The chaplain's name was Lewis, a Norfolk man.

" M. LORT.

" P.S. I understand that the Yelverton Library, both books and MSS. will soon be sold by auction. Can your Lordship give me any information concerning either?

" The Lord Bishop of Dromore, at Dromore."

" MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, July 27, 1784.

" In the papers of this week you will probably have seen some strange papers concerning Mrs. Thrale's marriage with Piozzi. It is, I am afraid, too true; for I have no certain intelligence concerning it from any person; they are in town I am told, and invisible to most of their old acquaintance. It is said that Dr. Johnson had written her a long letter to prevent, if possible, the match taking place, but to no purpose; that Miss Thrale is going to a Mrs. Beaver's in Albemarle Street, where there is a sort of academy for grown-up ladies, and the three younger children to some boarding school. Mrs. Thrale, it is supposed, will go to reside in Italy.

" Are you acquainted with Major Vallancey? I was lately introduced to him, and found him a curious intelligent man, but too bigoted to ancient Irish lore, which I do not think better of than English, nor can I think their alphabet, their chronicles, or their legends, to be more ancient or of better authority. The Major fell in love with a picture I had of the Siege of Kinsale, in Queen Elizabeth's time, which I let him have, and I suppose he has taken it to Ireland. Since he went a woman called on me to offer me some MSS. of Eugene Aram's Celtic Dictionary,*

* Eugene Aram formed a Dictionary of the Celtic, Irish, and British languages, on a new plan. See a Letter of Dr. Pegge's in *Gent. Mag.* 1789, p. 905. A Life of Eugene Aram was inserted in the new *Biographia Britannica*; which being objected to, the insertion of it was defended by Dr. Joseph Towers in *Gent. Mag.* 1790, p. 324. The literary talents of Eugene Aram have since been duly appreciated, and his fame spread by Sir Lytton Bulwer.

which she says had been once in your hands, and I suppose would have continued so, if you had thought them of any value. Had I seen her before Vallancey went back to Ireland I would have sent her and her papers to him, who seems to be deep in Celtic etymologies; can you recollect any particulars of these papers?

"There is a supplemental volume of Chatterton's works just published; among these his will, as curious a morceau as any that has yet appeared; whether this will revive the sleeping controversy or not, I do not know. Herbert Croft had promised Kippis a life of him for the third volume of the *Biographia*, but altered his mind, and now means to make a volume of it.

"I beg to be remembered to the ladies, and that you will believe me always

"Your Lordship's ever faithful,

"M. LORT.

"The Lord Bishop of Dromore, at Dromore."

DR. LORT to BISHOP PERCY.

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, August 19, 1784.

"I had yours of the 11th yesterday, in pursuance of which I went to Lambeth this morning, and not finding either of the chaplains I inquired for the Archbishop,* who informed me that Mr. B. had not yet applied for a dispensation, and certainly will not have one till you shall have explained to the Archbishop the meaning of your application. I could not have made this inquiry had it come a day later, for to-morrow Mrs. Lort and I leave town on a visit to the Bishop of Chester,† in Kent, and the Archbishop goes soon into Oxfordshire. His Grace showed me the short Bill which receives the royal assent to-morrow, empowering the Bishop of London, or any other bishop he may appoint, to ordain Americans or others belonging to foreign jurisdiction without taking the oath of allegiance now required.

"A Bishop for Nova Scotia is talked of, and when he is fixed I suppose the Americans will not seek so far for a commission.

"Let me now acknowledge your letter of the 29th of July. Notwithstanding what you say of the declining spirit of volunteering, still we think here that you have

* Dr. Moore.

† Dr. Porteus.

some desperate spirits on your side of the water that are determined to throw all into confusion, and that a certain Bishop is of this number.* In my travels on the Continent last year, I fell in with many Irish officers, ecclesiastics and others, who seemed big with expectation of their island recovering that independence and pre-eminence which it once had, as they supposed, over its sister island. To what do Vallancey's researches tend, but to prove she is the elder sister? Some sanguine Teagues here go so far as to say that the 22nd of October, a principal day in the Irish calendar, is to open the approaching revolution or millennium.

"I formerly mentioned to you the sale of the Yelverton Library, and the intended one of the MSS.,† which latter was abruptly stopped after two or three lots had been put up; but I believe you know more of this matter than I do, for I understand that application was made to your Lordship on this subject; indeed it seemed strange that so considerable a concern should have been put into the hands of an auctioneer who knew so little of the matter.

"I should be very glad to accompany your Lordship in this semi-triennial visitation of Armagh.‡ I shall be glad to hear that you have got well through it. I beg my best respects to the ladies, and remain,

"Your Lordship's ever faithful,

"M. LORT.

"The Lord Bishop of Dromore, at Dromore."

DR. LORT TO BISHOP PERCY.

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, May 5, 1785.

"The date of your last letter, April 23, being St. George's Day, the anniversary meeting of our Antiquarian Society here, very aptly corresponded with the subject of it; the procuring its Charter and Rules for the use of one of a similar kind to be instituted at Dublin. I now inclose you a copy of this Charter and Statutes, and refer you to the Introduction of the first volume of the *Archæologia*, of which I presume copies are to be found in Dublin, for the rise, progress, intermission, and re-establishment of

* Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry.

† The Yelverton MSS. were began to be sold by auction; but were so badly catalogued that the sale was stopped. They were afterwards given by the Earl of Sussex to Lord Calthorpe. See *Lit. Anecdotes*, III. 622,

‡ So in the original.

this society. I have also two other pamphlets relative to this subject which I wish to send you, but believe I cannot inclose them in a frank, as I mean to do this, supposing that this privilege will extend to Holyhead. I know of nothing in our archives that will be necessary to be transcribed for you; but I think it will be worth your while to consult the pamphlet printed at Edinburgh, a few years ago, on the institution of such a learned society by Lord Buchan.

"In our new volume of *Archæologia*, to be published next week, there is a letter addressed to me by Governor Pownall,* including one to him from a Mr. Ledwich, of Maryborough, giving a description of what he calls a Ship-temple in that neighbourhood, which seems to agree very well with a passage in Procopius, of which they sent me the Latin only, and made me find the Greek and English.

"And now, my good Lord, I must plead guilty to the charge of not having sooner acknowledged the receipt of your letter by Mr. Cottingham, and another dated in January last, but not received till the following month, just when I was going with Mrs. Lort to Cambridge, to attend her sick father, whose death soon afterwards followed, in the 84th year of his age;† there we continued for some time to settle his affairs, and when I returned to town, *aliena negotia centum*, much more than my own, disappointed my intentions of writing to your Lordship, till at length your last letter called upon me to send you an immediate one, and I hope for the future there will not be so long a chasm in our correspondence.

"Your old friend Johnson's death afforded a fruitful topic of conversation for a fortnight or three weeks, and called forth abundance of anecdotes relative to his life, which have been carefully gleaned up, and have or will be retailed in due time to the public at large. One Cooke, a writer employed by Kearsley, had prepared and printed a life,‡ which I believe was published a day after he expired.

* See *Archæologia*, VII. 269—275.

† See before, p. 457.

‡ "The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. with occasional Remarks on his Writings, a Catalogue of his Works, and a Fac-simile of his Handwriting," was published by Kearsley, and passed through two editions. See *Monthly Review*, LIII. 147. The work was anonymous; but it appears by Dr. Lort, that it was by Wm. Cooke, esq. known by the name of Conversation Cooke, from a poem of his so called. He died, advanced in age, April 13, 1814. See a memoir of him by Mr. Nichols, in *Gent. Mag.* XCIV. i. 374. His poem on Conversation retails anecdotes of Dr. Johnson's literary Clubs,

Mr. Tyers followed in two subsequent Gentleman's Magazines; and Sir John Hawkins, Dr. Kippis, and Mrs. Piozzi, have announced by advertisements in the papers their intentions of treating the world with all they know or can collect concerning him. The lady has honoured me with a letter dated Milan, March 22, in which she mentions this design, and begs me to collect for her. I am told the foundation of her work will be Johnson's letters to her. She says she is very happy in her present situation, and that both she and her husband meet with great civility from persons of the first rank on the continent.

"To Johnson's biographers I should have added Boswell, who has for many years been committing to paper all that fell from his lips when they were together. Sir Joshua Reynolds has opened a subscription for a monument.

"Bishop Preston's friends, on this side of the water, were astonished at his becoming such, and as it is said here by his own solicitations. He was formerly Fellow of Trinity College; then chaplain to Bishop Yonge of Norwich, whom he left to attend Lord Stormont, at Vienna, in that capacity; then went to Naples for his health, where, in the absence of Sir William Hamilton, I believe he acted as *Chargé d' Affaires*, and had a pension in consequence thereof. His state of health has been such that nobody thought he would have gone to Ireland and engaged in business; I presume his health has mended there, though he mentions the contrary in a letter I had from him this time twelvemonths.

"T. Warton was made Poet Laureate,* as some say, at the King's own motion; others say Sir Joshua Reynolds mentioned him to the Lord Chamberlain. The place is worth clear money 120*l.* a year.

"Mrs. Lort begs to join me in best respects to Mrs. Percy and the young ladies.

"I remain, your Lordship's affectionate and faithful servant,

"M. LORT.

of which he was one of the last survivors. He thus addresses his friend Mr. Nichols:

"Yet, oh! my Friend, with whom for many a night,
I've heard these Worthies with supreme delight,
How sad to tell those happy scenes are o'er,
And all our lov'd associates are no more.
All—all are gone—save we who still remain,
As mourning Heralds of the matchless train."

* Mr. W. Whitehead, poet laureate, died April 14, 1785, in his 70th year. See Lit. An. III. 196.

" MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, June 24, 1785.

" Your letter of the 3rd past came safe to hand, but not time enough for me to avail myself of Mr. Hoole's packet to send the pamphlets and prints which you wished to have; nor have I yet purchased the latter. Proof impressions of the Prince of Wales and the Primate are to be had, the former at five guineas, the latter at 10*s.* 6*d.*; common impressions at a guinea and 7*s.* 6*d.*

" I shall be very glad to see, when completed, the constitution and laws of your new Society. I take for granted that those of foreign countries have been consulted, and that the best parts of them will be selected and adopted. Our members at first were restricted to a certain number, and I still think this rule should have been preserved, nor the door left so open as to admit every one that offers; for I know of none that have been rejected. I wished also to have had a set of subjects and topics of inquiry pointed out for members to investigate and give their thoughts upon to the Society, but without tacking any premiums to them, the determination of which is often unpleasant and invidious. I cannot help inclosing a paper to your Lordship, which I lately delivered in to the Society, and the subject of which, or rather the speculations that flow from it, are not unworthy the attention of a grave and learned bishop, or even of the whole bench; yet perhaps not so pleasing to a true-born Irish bishop, if Colonel Vallancey's notion of the Irish being descended from the Phœnicians should prove well-founded.*

" I like much the plan of a general reservoir for all journals, &c. of foreign countries—such as I have often wished for in this great town, and might have been fixed at Lever's Museum, but that will probably be soon at an end;† though I suspect the lottery tickets have moved off but slowly. People are frightened at the immensity of the prize; and

* Dr. Lort inclosed the substance of his "Account of an Ancient Inscription in North America," which is printed in *Archæologia*, vol. viii. p. 290.

† Sir Ashton Lever, knt. was so created by George III. He died 31 Jan. 1782. His library, sold by Leigh, produced 434*l.* 15*s.* His Holophusicon Museum at Leicester House was disposed of by lottery in 1784, and valued at 42,000*l.* (*Gent. Mag.* LIV. 622.) The prize fell to Mr. Parkinson, who removed the Museum to Albion-place, Blackfriars Bridge, and first opened it as an exhibition Dec. 3, 1787, at 2*s.* 6*d.* For many years it proved a pleasing exhibition, but at last, no longer answering Mr. Parkinson's expectations, the collection was sold by auction. The premises were then occupied by the Surrey Institution, but that Society not receiving sufficient support, its library was disposed of by auction, and the Institution broken up.

I believe, if it had been made optional, either that valued at 40,000*l.* or 5000*l.* in specie, more adventurers would have embarked.

"Vertu is here at a very low ebb; coins, medals, statues, pictures do not fetch half what in my memory they have done. Mr. Duane's* collection did not produce half what it cost him; and now there is a very capital collection of Greek, Roman, and English coins coming to market, belonging to the late Mr. Dummer, whose widow married Dance the painter. It is said he is buying up all his own performances and destroying them.†

"I have seen lately a set of curious prints, done at Paris, from Chinese drawings, of the emperor's battles with the Tartars. These were engraved at his expense, and the whole impression sent to China, except a few sets, sold at 50 guineas each.

"Henderson the actor sold a set of Hogarth's prints to Sir John Eliot‡ for 120 guineas. I do not find it was so good as that I have.

"I have had a copy of the Alexandrian New Testament printed off on fine vellum,§ and a beautiful appearance it has. I luckily had this old vellum by me, which would otherwise have cost 20*l.*

"You do not know what you did when you concluded your letter with an address to me and my wife, 'Come and see us;' for we are about to visit the Bishop|| at Chester, and, being so far on the road to Dublin, I am not sure that she will not drive me thither. She is an excel-

* Matthew Duane, esq. F.R.S. F.S.A. died Feb. 6, 1785, aged 78. See Lit. Anecdotes, III. 497. His coins (it would appear above) were sold in 1785. His books were sold (with those of Michael Bray his nephew) in April, 1798, by Leigh and Sotheby.

† The coins of Thomas Dummer, esq. were sold by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby in 1805. Thomas Dummer, esq. M.P. for Newport, I. W. married Jan. 5, 1766, Harriett, 3d dau. of Sir Cecil Bishopp, Bart. He left his immense estates to this lady for life, who was re-married to Nathaniel Dance, esq. the celebrated portrait-painter. He was created a baronet in 1800, and died 1811. See Gent. Mag. LXXXI. 489, 666; LXXXII. 302. Sir Nathaniel had the absurdity to buy up and destroy every portrait painted by himself that he could obtain. His lady survived him, and died June 12, 1825. (See Gent. Mag. XCV. ii. 641.)

‡ See page 463.

§ Ten copies were printed on vellum; but of these six only had the notes and illustrations. See Lit. Anecdotes, IX. 10. Of the ten copies, only seven (including the king's) were printed for sale; an eighth for Dr. Woide; a ninth, by permission, for Dr. Lort, on vellum of a different sort and larger size, provided by himself; and a tenth was printed by Mr. Nichols for his own library, but he afterwards sold it to Dr. Burney for 50*l.* Twenty-five copies were also printed on a fine writing royal paper.

|| Bishop Porteus.

lent traveller, has good health, temper, and spirits; but we neither of us like travelling by sea, and the repulsion will probably act more forcibly as we draw nearer to it. Another damper will be the rising of your Parliament, and company going into the country. If we go, we shall take up our abode in a hotel for a fortnight or three weeks, and, returning by way of Scotland, turn aside to the palace of Dromore, for I believe it is not much out of that road. This at present is a very embryo scheme, that probably will never be hatched into life; but there is some pleasure in the forming them.

M. LORT.

"The Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dublin."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Chester, Aug. 15, 1785.

"Mrs. Lort and I are here, so far on our way to Ireland. Whether we shall ever be any nearer, God knows: at least, I think it will not be this summer. The weather is at present very unfavourable, and has been so ever since we left London. But we are safely lodged with the bishop, in his palace here. As soon as the weather will permit, we shall make an excursion into Wales, and thence to Liverpool, Warrington, and Manchester—perhaps to the Lakes, if the weather shall prove favourable. If an air balloon could transport us from Liverpool to the opposite shore, we should be glad to give Mrs. Percy the meeting; but we neither of us love long sea-voyages, and this passage might perhaps exceed twenty-four hours. I shall probably spend a week at Parkgate, to bathe in the sea.

"There is a prebendary of this church, Mr. Travis, who has published an excellent book against Gibbon, chiefly in defence of a text that has almost been given up as desperate, 1 John v. 3, 'There are three that bear witness,' &c. The genuineness of this he has asserted with wonderful acuteness, and has attacked several other places in Gibbon with equal success. Pray get a sight of it, and then I know you will commend and recommend it. Gibbon is now settled at Lausanne, there to complete his History.

"I took with me, as a post-chaise book, 'Letters on Literary Subjects, by Robert Heron, Esq.,' * just published. He is quite a Drawcansir, affects to be singular in his opinions and criticisms, and has treated very unmercifully George Steevens as an editor of Shakspeare. I am told this is a fictitious name, and that the real author is Mr.

* See Lit. Anecdotes, VIII. 159.

Pinkerton, author of *Rhymes*, and editor of *Scotch Ballads*.

"Strahan the printer's son is about to publish *Johnson's Prayers*,* having attended him during his last illness. Boswell's book,† I suppose, will be out in the winter. The King at his levee talked to him, as was natural, on this subject. Boswell told his Majesty that he had another work on the anvil—a *History of the Rebellion in 1745*; but that he was at a loss how to style the principal person who figured in it. 'How would you style him, Mr. Boswell?' 'I was thinking, Sire, of calling him the grandson of the unfortunate James the Second.' 'That I have no objection to: my title to the crown stands on firmer ground—on an Act of Parliament.' This is said to be the *substance* of a conversation which passed at the levee. I wish I was certain of the exact words.

"We have had wet and blustering weather since we left London, such as would not encourage us to go much further, if we did not hope it would mend. But we shall be hovering about here for the next fortnight at least, and about the middle of September get back to Saville Row. Your Lordship's ever faithful and affectionate

"M. LORT.

"Lord Bishop of Dromore, at Dromore."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, Oct. 31, 1785.

"About a fortnight past we returned hither, where I hope to remain quiet for some months to come. Your Lordship's kind letter and pressing invitation to Carlingford Bay found me on my return to Chester, from whence we bent our course to Liverpool, and there, on the quay, was solicited by the captain of an Irish packet to go on board and look at his accommodations, in hopes they would have tempted me to embark with him for Dublin. In truth, I want no inducements to see my friends in Ireland, nor curiosity to see the country; but a sea-voyage is to me ever a serious matter, and therefore, if ever I go to Ireland, it will not be from Liverpool, nor so near the equinox as my going or returning must have proved.

"What you mentioned of the Manuscript of the Gospels in the Dublin College Library, and Dr. Wilson's account of its date, I communicated to Mr. Travis, who tells me

* See *Lit. Anecdotes*, III. 397. † *The Tour to the Hebrides*. See p. 331.

that the mistake here alluded to is rectified in the last edition of his book against Gibbon.

"On my return hither I found a letter from Mrs. Piozzi, dated Leghorn, Sept. 21, in which she says that her *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson* are finished and transcribed for the press, and only wait a safe hand to convey them to Cadell's for publication. She also says, 'We kept our wedding anniversary with great gaiety and splendour at Florence, where all the English and many of the Tuscan nobility and gentry dined with us. But the English are the friends my husband hourly gains upon the hearts of: I never saw any of them yet who did not like him the first day, and love him the second.' She was going to Rome, and was to spend the winter at Naples.

"I presume you have by this time read Boswell's *Tour with Johnson*. I have been much amused by it, but should be sorry either to have been the author or the hero of it. Indeed he has given traits enough for any one to develope Johnson's real character by. Of his conference with the King I wish he had given more particulars in this book; for, though he has promised them in his quarto volume, I suspect ere it can be published he may see reason to suppress them. Two of the Paternoster Row pirates are printing editions of Johnson's *Dictionary* in folio and 4to; so the proprietors have advertised one in 8vo. One of the former gave in his first number a good head of the author by Bartolozzi. I bought some of these, one of which I have sent in a small packet to your Lordship, with two antiquarian pamphlets, which I have consigned to the care of Bishop Preston, not knowing how else I could get them conveyed to you. Sir John Hawkins tells me that his *Life and edition of Johnson's Works* is in great forwardness. His son is labouring hard at an edition of *Ignoramus*,* with explanatory notes; he has been fortunate enough to be in possession of the Italian play of *Baptista Porta*, whence Ruggles is said to have borrowed his design from, and which was Ruggles' own copy, having his name in it. Farmer hunted this out among some literary lumber thrown aside in Clare Hall Library.

"A bookseller here is reprinting Daniel de Foe's *History of the Union of Scotland with England*, which is at present scarce to be met with. He thinks the present situation of England and Ireland would make it sell; but I

* See *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. IX. pp. 35—37.

believe they are very little similar. There is another pamphlet which he wishes to procure and reprint, more to the purpose, as I remember; for I had it once, but lent it to the Bishop of Derry* when I was at Lambeth, and never had it returned. The title of it is, 'A Proposal for uniting the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,' 8vo. 1751. I think it was to have but one Parliament as well as one King; and I told the Bishop then that I thought all other modes would be patchwork and ineffectual. But I will not wade out of my depth. I have hitherto avoided troubling you with politics; so I will return to Daniel de Foe, whose life this bookseller wishes to prefix, but can as yet find very scanty materials. He thought he had got a treasure in an old pamphlet I lent him—'The Life and Adventures of Daniel de Foe, hosier;' but it is a very lean thing, chiefly a criticism on Robinson Crusoe, the popularity of which was to sell the Life. De Lolme is employed as the editor of this 'History of the Union,' and is engaged to write a large introductory preface.

The Bishop of Derry is now at Bath, and has given fifty pounds to the Bristol poetical milkwoman† since she has quarrelled with some of her first patrons and protectors, and has threatened to write the Life and Adventures of Hannah More, who first drew her from obscurity.

"I hope Mrs. Percy and the young ladies have brought home health and spirits from Carlingford Bay to last them for the winter at least.

"Mrs. Lort begs to join in best compliments to them with your Lordship's affectionate, faithful servant,

"M. LORT.

"P.S. In the packet you will find a print of your two great patriots abusing one another, to the great diversion, I should think, of all real and genuine patriots. If you have not seen them, I think you will be pleased; and I could supply more.

"To Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dromore."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, Dec. 16, 1786.

"I do assure you that I have had you frequently in my

* The Earl of Bristol.

† Mrs. Anne Yearsley died at Melksham, May 8, 1806. "She was well known in the poetic world as the Milkwoman of Bristol; possessed an extraordinary degree of genius, and, for a person in her situation, most valuable information." *Censura Literaria*, III. 112. See also *Gent. Mag.* May 1806, p. 485.

mind with an intention of writing to you; but since I returned hither from my autumn excursion I have been confined by a severe cold and oppression on my lungs, for which I have undergone almost all the operations of physic; yet these, I believe, would hardly have relieved me, had not Zephyrus come in aid, and given me better breath and better spirits. I should not have troubled your Lordship with my complaints, but as an apology for my silence, and I feel myself happy that you have called upon me to break it, and to send me your commissions, which I shall endeavour to execute to the best of my power. In a former letter in the spring, you mentioned some things to be left for you at my house. I have received none but some Scotch poems, left here by the editor, Mr. Pinkerton. He called here himself with them, but I was not at home; and I am not sorry that I was not, for he is one of those modern writers I desire no acquaintance with. In some Letters* published by him under a fictitious signature there is so much arrogance and self-sufficiency, such a contempt of other writers of established reputation, and such strange positions in religion, morals, and politics, that I think must mark him out as *Hic niger est, hunc tu, &c.*

"I had a letter lately from Mrs. Piozzi, dated Vienna, November 4, in which she says that, after visiting Prague and Dresden, she shall return home by Brussels, whither I have written to her; and I imagine she will be in London early in the new year. Miss Thrale is at her own house at Brighthelmstone, accompanied by a very respectable companion, an officer's widow,† recommended to her as such. There is a new Life of Johnson published by a Dr. Towers,‡ a Dissenting minister and Dr. Kippis's associate in the Biographia Britannica, for which work I take it for granted this life is to be hashed up again when the letter 'J' takes its turn. There is nothing new in it; and the author gives Johnson and his biographers all fair play, except when he treats of his political opinions and pamphlets. I was glad to hear that Johnson confessed to Dr. Fordyce, a little before his death, that he had offended both God and man by his pride of understanding. Sir John Hawkins's Life

* Heron's Letters; see p. 471.

† Hon. Mrs. Murray, afterwards Mrs. Aust.

‡ "An Essay on the Life, Character, and Writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson. By Joseph Towers, LL.D. 1786." See Monthly Review, LXXV. 455.

of him is also finished, and will be published with the works in February next. From all these I suppose Boswell will borrow largely to make up his quarto life;—and so our modern authors proceed, preying on one another, and complaining sorely of each other.

“I am glad to hear that the disturbances by the Whiteboys (of which I have left off reading the accounts published in our newspapers) do not reach or affect your part, and that you go on feeding and preserving your flock, whilst they in return afford you more of their fleece than any of your predecessors obtained, and this to the mutual satisfaction of both parties.

“There are two clergymen just arrived from the southern states of America, who, if their testimonials and other circumstances are approved of, will probably soon be consecrated Bishops at Lambeth. When this is done, the Americans will have three bishops, and our colonies none; but I hope there will be one soon sent to Canada, when the difficulties of his appointment shall be removed, which they are in a fair train of being. It is determined he shall not be a suffragan, as I believe no English bishop would like to admit him as such. He will have a revenue of at least 1000*l.* a year; but I do not find that the American bishops have as yet anything of this sort settled upon them. Yet Bishop Seabury, who was consecrated by the nonjuring bishops in Scotland, has sent over here for a *mitre*; and one has been sent him. This anecdote I only knew within these few days. I went yesterday to the man who made it, and he is to bring me the pattern he made it from: I am sure I shall never wish for any further use of it. But it is a singular circumstance that this ornament, so long disused by our bishops, should be resumed in America, where Dr. Price hoped there would be no king, no nobles, no bishops.

“Dr. Farmer is now with me, and begs to be remembered to you.

“In some late Gentleman’s Magazine* there is a charge against Swift of an attempt to commit a rape when he was Prebendary at Kilroot. Surely there can be no foundation for this. Could he possibly have afterwards consigned to infamy an English dean for a like attempt, in the cele-

* See a letter of Dr. G. Gregory in the Gent. Mag. for 1786, p. 464, 694, and Dr. Calder’s answer, p. 741. See also 1787, pp. 103, 194. The calumny is however refuted in the Mag. for 1790, p. 189.

brated song he made upon it? Yet the editor* of the new edition of the Tatler (I forget his name) boldly asserts it, and defends his assertion by arguments that do not please or convince me. Your Lordship's ever faithful and affectionate

M. LORT.

"The Lord Bishop of Dromore, Ireland."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, March 8, 1787.

"I was very glad to receive your letter from Dublin, with the agreeable intelligence that you and your brethren have with so much success stemmed the tide which had set in so strongly against the clergy and their revenues; and no doubt, if it had overturned them, would press as hard against the civil establishment. I had read, and recommended to many others, the Bishop of Cloyne's† and Mr. Dignerau's pamphlets, which gave me a very clear conception of what was meditating on your side of the water against both Church and State, and I make no doubt contributed also to open the eyes of those who may through various motives have been blind to the true interests of both. The preface to the London edition of Bishop Woodward's pamphlet is dated Dublin, January 2, 1785; yet the title-page says 7th edition, 1787, nor can I find that it was to be purchased here till November or December 1786. How is all this to be reconciled? I heartily wish that any good books or pamphlets printed in Dublin could be more easily and expeditiously purchased.

"The Dissenters here are meditating an attempt to get the Test Act repealed, but I hope they will not succeed; yet I should not be surprised to find they carry their point in the House of Commons. That indeed will greatly depend on the part the Minister shall take, and which is not yet declared; it is certain that he was much obliged to that interest at the last general election, when the Dissenters almost unanimously set their faces against the Coalition. In their Case, printed and dispersed, there is little new matter, but that the experiment has been tried in Ireland and produced no ill effects. If you can furnish me with

* Dr. Calder.

† "Present State of the Church of Ireland. By Richard Woodward, Bishop of Cloyne, 1787." See Monthly Review, LXXVI. 341. Bishop Woodward died in 1794, Gent. Mag. LXIV. 483. He was succeeded in the diocese of Cloyne by Bishop Bennet.

any facts or arguments to invalidate this position, it will be doing a service to the common cause.

"Notwithstanding what the newspapers have recorded of three American bishops having been consecrated at Lambeth last December, yet no such consecration took place till the 4th of February, when Dr. Provost, formerly of Cambridge, and married there to a Miss Bousfield, an Irish lady, whose brother was then a Fellow Commoner of Trinity College, and Dr. White, an American, were consecrated by the Archbishop, assisted by the Archbishop of York, and the Bishops of Bath and Wells and of Peterborough; they were addressed by the style of Bishops of New York and of Philadelphia. There is a Dr. Griffith yet expected from Virginia for the same purpose, and then I presume they will carry on their own succession. As to Bishop Seabury, they do not mean to act in concert with him; nor I suppose to adopt his mitre.

"I had a letter lately from Mrs. Piozzi from Brussels, intimating that she should soon be in England, and I expect every day to hear of her arrival. I do not believe that she purchased a marquisate abroad; but it is said, with some probability, that she will here get the King's licence, or an act of Parliament, to change her name to Salisbury,* her maiden name. Sir John Hawkins, I am told, bears hard upon her in his 'Life of Johnson.'

"Your Lordship's ever faithful

M. LORT.

"To the Lord Bishop of Dromore, 6, Grafton Street, Dublin."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, March 21, 1787.

"I have just received by the post four Belfast newspapers, with an indorsement on one of them to say if I wished to see Mr. Baker's answer to the Bishop of Cloyne, you would send some over here. I most gladly accept your offer, and not to lose time write by this post before I had time to read more of the paper than the writing on it; for the Dissenters' bill here is to be brought into the House the latter end of the next week, and I know not what is most likely to be its fate; I hope rejected in the first instance, or if not then, that it will be afterwards, without its coming into the House of Lords.

* See the conduct of Mrs. Thrale with regard to her second marriage with M. Piozzi ably defended, against the attacks of Dr. Johnson and his followers, in the Gentleman's Mag. for Jan. 1847, p. 3.

They are exceedingly active in canvassing and making friends to it, and there are no less than eleven M.P.'s on their Committee to carry on the business.

"Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi are arrived at an hotel in Pall Mall, and are about to take a house in Hanover Square; they were with me last Saturday evening, when I asked some of her friends to meet her: she looks very well, and seems in good spirits; told me she had been that morning at the Bank to get "Johnson's Correspondence" amongst other papers, which she means forthwith to commit to the press. There is a bookseller has printed two supplementary volumes to Hawkins' eleven, consisting almost wholly of the 'Lilliputian Speeches.'* Hawkins has printed a Review of the 'Sublime and Beautiful' as Johnson's, which Murphy says was his.

"To the Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dublin."

"M. LORT.

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, April 3, 1787.

"I am very much obliged by your letters of the 20th and 26th of March. Before I say more, let me say something on the event of last Wednesday, when the motion to bring in a bill for the repeal of the Test Act was rejected by a majority of not quite two to one. This the patrons of the repeal affect to treat as a kind of victory, on the strength of which they threaten hard to persevere with unremitting assiduity, and to bring the same motion on every session, in hopes of succeeding at last. Having strenuously supported Mr. Pitt's interest at the last election against Mr. Fox, they had flattered themselves with the Minister's support, or at least that he would not have taken so decided a part against them. But Mr. Fox took advantage of this event, and by a smart answer to Mr. Pitt and Lord North, (the member for Cambridge and the Chancellor of Oxford, as he observed,) has no doubt recovered and secured the dissenting interest for the next general election. Lord Beauchamp flourished much on the experiment having been tried in Ireland without any ill consequences resulting from it; the speakers against the repeal either could not or would not answer this assertion. Lord North was in the latter predicament, the

* "The Debates in the Senate of Lilliput," written by Dr. Johnson for the Gentleman's Magazine, were published by Stockdale in 1787, as Vols. XII. and XIII. of Johnson's Works; and in 1788, Vol. XIV. was added, consisting of Miscellaneous Pieces.

Test Act being repealed in Ireland during his administration. But the papers you have been so good as to send me will throw sufficient light on this matter, and more particularly the protest on the Marriage Bill, which seems new to most people I have shown it to. There is no doubt but that the Dissenters here, if they carry this first point, will follow the steps of those in Ireland. Here the Church chose to keep much aloof, and let the question be considered in a civil light, as affecting the State full as much; and I believe Mr. Pitt's and Lord North's speeches convinced many people of the truth of this. The former made use chiefly of Sir Robert Walpole's arguments against the repeal moved for in 1736, and Lord North seemed to have been much obliged to Bishop Sherlock's pamphlet, republished now, with a dedication to Mr. Pitt. This drew from the Dissenters a republication of Bishop Hoadly's answer; and indeed, the question having been so ably discussed in the time of these two great men, little now could be adduced on either side. They talk much of Dr. Campbell's* answer to the Bishop of Cloyne, and of reprinting it here as the work of the ablest of their party in Ireland. But in truth they have much more to urge in their behalf there than here, being a greater number than the Established Church; and if they cannot get uppermost by art and management, I am afraid they will do it by force. I suppose that Marriage Bill was passed here in the administration of Mr. Fox. It is supposed that the Catholics here mean to apply for an alleviation of some of their burdens, particularly the double tax; which, if the Dissenters should succeed, they can do with a better grace; so they probably have or will join forces. The Duke of Norfolk, it is said, has promised all his weight and influence to assist the former; and this notion produced some excellent lines in a morning paper, which I will inclose in this.† What Lord Tyrone men-

* "A Vindication of the Principles and Character of the Presbyterians of Ireland. By William Campbell, D.D. minister of Armagh." See Monthly Review, LXXVI. 442.

† Lo, Surrey's Earl that chapel quits
Where Priests dull masses chant,
And in St. Stephen's chapel sits
A zealous Protestant.
Should he be called by heaven's decree
The Upper House to enter,
A further reformation see,
His Grace will turn Dissenter,

tions in his speech, of the women associating and compelling their husbands by a singular manœuvre to take an oath not to pay tithes, is not a new measure, whatever the compulsory clause may be; though that, I believe, may be found in one of Aristophanes' plays. I have in my possession a curious pamphlet, being a Petition sent to the Parliament in 1659, by above 7000 handmaids and daughters of the Lord, and such as *feels* the oppression of tithes; printed for Mary Westwood, at the west end of St. Paul's. These names are all ranged under their respective counties. I will give one as a specimen.

"'Yorkshire,—We, whose names are here underwritten, being truly sensible of the great oppression (by reason of tithes) in this commonwealth by the cruel exacting of priests, impropiators, farmers, and others, &c. do here, in the presence of the Lord God, and in the sight of men, bear our testimony against that oppression, by setting our names to this paper, who desire the same may be tendered to the Parliament of England, that this burden may be removed.' Then follow the names in four columns. This petition does not appear on the Journals, but I have no doubt that it is referred to in the following Vote: 'June 27, 1659. A paper directed to the Parliament of England from many thousands of the freeborn people of the Commonwealth against the payment of tithes: it was read, and the same answer given as had been to the Petition of many Gentlemen of Somersetshire, &c. against tithes; viz. For the matter of tithes, the House hath commanded me to let you know that they resolve to give encouragement to a godly preaching ministry, and for that end to continue the payment of tithes unless they can find out some more equal and comfortable maintenance for the people.'

"Please to observe, in one case they are called gentlemen, in the other the people. So I presume they would not have *women* appear on their Votes, who, as they did not succeed in their application, had probably not thought of this Irish method of procuring an abolition of tithes.

"You may depend on my silence with regard to your Lordship's intelligence of any kind sent to your faithful and affectionate

M. LORT.

"Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dublin."

“MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, April 9, 1787.

“I have received two more papers, one of them containing the Address of the Dissenters to Dr. Campbell, which I suppose will be followed by others; I have not read his pamphlet, retailed in these papers, because I am told an edition of it will be published here. Dr. Priestley has just published a letter to Mr. Pitt, which I wish I could convey to you in the same manner as you sent Mr. S. B.’s to me; however, as I find newspapers may go and come free, I will send one containing extracts from a pamphlet which can scarce be matched in any of your Irish productions, and if you tell me that it comes free I may perhaps send you more, as I would have done the debates on the Test Act, but that I thought it probable they would be copied in the Irish papers. In truth the question has been so thoroughly discussed by able writers in the beginning of George the First and George the Second’s reign, that scarce any thing now can be said upon the subject.

“The Bishops of St. Asaph* and Landaff† it is said, declared at a meeting of the bishops that they should not oppose the repeal if it should be brought into the house of Lords: the latter has been very ill, and is gone to Bath. Carlisle‡ does not go to the House, but he is just recovered from an illness that Dr. Heberden declared he never knew any person to get over. There is a Mr. Lowther,§ it is said, ready to succeed him, when he shall please to make a vacancy.

“Of the Greek Testament I wished your Lordship to inquire for in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, I find there is only a small portion, not above a page or two, written over by some more modern Greek treatise.

“Here is Mr. Macknight || come up from Scotland with proposals for a new English translation of the Epistles, to be printed in a pompous quarto by subscription; but I

* Dr. Shipley.

† Dr. Watson.

‡ Dr. Law.

§ The Rev. Sir Wm. Lowther, Bart., of Little Preston, co. York, and Rector of Swillington; born July 10, 1707; married, 1753, Anne, dau. of the Rev. C. Zouch, Vicar of Sandal; and died June 15, 1788. He was father of Sir Wm. Lowther, who succeeded the Earl of Lonsdale, in 1802, as 2nd Viscount Lonsdale, and in 1807 was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Lonsdale.

|| “A new literal translation of the First and Second Epistles to the Thessalonians. By James Macknight, D.D. one of the Ministers of Edinburgh, and Author of “A Harmony of the Gospel,” 4to. 1787. See Monthly Review, LXXVI. 471.

scarce think he will succeed, though his Harmony was a good one.

"Your Lordship perhaps may have seen my name in the papers as a Trustee of the British Museum, together with Lord Leicester, Dr. Douglas, and Mr. Astle. It is not so; I never solicited the honour; Lord Aylesford did, and so he was elected.

"Lady Percy, that was, is now in the King's Bench prison, gallantly attending her paramour, the noted sheriff Sayre, that was taken up for a plot in the American rebellion, and by mere bullying on his side, and sad mismanagement and timidity on the other, not only escaped, but turned the tables on his adversaries, and recovered damages of them for false imprisonment.*

"The King has had a slight attack of the gout, and the Prince of Wales therefore swears he will never drink water. Your Lordship's ever faithful M. Lorr.

"Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dublin."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, May 13, 1787.

"Just after I received your last packet, by favour of Lord Sunderlin, I was tempted by the Bishop of Salisbury† to accompany him to Cambridge and to Ely, where he had never yet been, and we returned back both well pleased with our expedition. He is about making some improvements in his cathedral at Salisbury, and he was desirous of seeing what had been done in that at Ely. I am very much obliged to your Lordship and to Mr. Barrett for the very satisfactory account and specimen sent me of the Dublin MS., which I communicated to the Bishop above mentioned, and the day after I received it, to a learned circle at Dr. Herberden's, who were all much pleased with it. I carried it to Cambridge to show it to the literati there, and to compare it with Beza's MS., but I found that was taken out of the library by Dr. Kipling of St. John's College, who is about to publish it, in the same manner as the Alexandrian has been published; but of which I own I do not see the use or the necessity; for it is impossible in any types to print an exact fac-

* Stephen Sayre was arrested for high treason Oct. 23, 1775, and committed to the Tower. He was bailed, and his recognizances discharged. He afterwards brought an action against Lord Rochford, and obtained 1000*l.* damages. See *Gent. Mag.* XLV. 498, 501, 606; XLVI. 285.

† Dr. Barrington.

simile, and therefore recourse must always be had to the MS. itself in any point of consequence. The printed copy of the Alexandrian MS. is a pretty singular curiosity, like Pine's Horace, but there is no need of more than one of this sort. It is a lucky circumstance that in the Dublin MS. almost all that part of St. Matthew's Gospel wanting in the Alexandrian should be found; but I am much disappointed in not finding the Doxology to make a part of it.

"I have a sermon to prove its authenticity from internal evidence, *i. e.* from its being so natural a sequel to deliver us from the Evil One. For *thine* is the kingdom, not *his*, though he pretended to offer Jesus the whole world, as such, with all its glories. At Cambridge, I looked over Dr. Bentley's prepared volumes of the New Testament, which seem finished according to his proposals, though Middleton asserted he had only done the last chapter of Revelations. They were lately left to Trinity College by his nephew, Dr. Richard Bentley, from whom Dr. Woide got leave to copy the Vatican Collations for his edition of the Alexandrian.

"Just after the receipt of your letter I sent you two newspapers in an open cover, each containing something by M. Lort. If they cost you more than a penny I shall be sorry. When your newspaper 'The Dublin Chronicle' comes out, pray send me one as a specimen. Last New Year's Day came out three new papers here; two of them soon died; the third, called the "World," still keeps its ground, carried on by Captain Topham* and Mr. Miles Andrews,† a gunpowder merchant, both well known to the theatrical world as writers of farces and epilogues. As I frequent no coffeehouse I seldom see any paper but that I take in, "The Public Advertiser." I mention this as an apology, if I should miss sending you anything very curious in the others, which are often difficult to procure after their day is passed. If I thought you had not Priestley's Letter to Mr. Pitt, I would send you that under Mr. Ley's cover; but I

* Major Edward Topham died April 26, 1820, aged 68. See an account of him and his writings in *Gent. Mag.* XC. i. 469.

† Miles Peter Andrews, M.P. died July 18, 1814, aged 84. He was the author of eleven farces, from 1774 to 1795. Amongst other legacies he left his friend Major Topham 300*l.* An account of him and his writings will be found in *Gent. Mag.* LXXXIV. ii. 190. See also *Gent. Mag.* LXXXV. i. 597, a curious instance of mental delusion in Mr. Andrews supposing he saw Lord Lyttleton appearing at his bedside on the day he died.

presume that if any of the late publications here on the Test Act came to Dublin, this must have been in their number. The leading Dissenters here are very angry with him for that publication, and made him reprint a page to retract one particular assertion concerning the minister's promise of support. Lord North made probably his last speech in the House of Commons on that occasion. He is now irrecoverably blind by a *gutta serena* in both eyes. There is a letter of Berrington,* the popish priest, to Priestley, which I will send to Mr. Ley, the same man who in a former pamphlet drew a character of Lord Surrey, now the Duke of Norfolk, which he was obliged to omit in a second edition. This man wrote also an Answer to Hawkins's Appeal on his quitting the Catholics at Worcester.† Hawkins is now in London, patronised by the Bishop of Winchester‡, who has put him into our orders and recommended him to Lambeth for a degree. Mr. Wharton, § a popish priest from the same neighbourhood, is now in America; and Carroll, a popish bishop in Maryland, has written and published in America an Address to the Roman Catholics of the United States. I mention all these to know if you wish I should purchase them for you, and how they may be conveyed to you. I picked up lately A Free Examination of the Common Methods employed to prevent the Growth of Popery, to which are added seasonable Reflections offered to the Consideration of the Legislature, 12^{mo}. Dublin, printed by D. Chamberlayne, at Faulkner's Head, 1774. This is a compilation of papers first published in the "Public Ledger," and spouted at some disputing clubs set up by the Catholics in London.

"I bought Lindsay's Liturgy lately; it is I am told

* The Rev. Joseph Berrington was a voluminous author. He was a valuable correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine. See vol. LVII. 955, 1044, LVIII. 124, 696, 1156, LIX. 26, LX. 1012, 1165, LXV. 451, LXIX. 653, 749—751. His opinions were not approved of by his Roman Catholic brethren. See a notice of Mr. Berrington in the memoir of Dr. J. Milner, in Literary Illustrations, vol. V. p. 685, and a letter from Bishop Milner in Gent. Mag. LXV. 723. He died Dec. 1, 1827, aged 84. See a full account of him and his works in Gent. Mag. XCVIII. i. 374.

† The Rev. John Hawkins published, An Appeal to Scripture, &c. 8vo. 1786. Month. Rev. LXXIV. 412. Address to Dr. Priestley, 1789, 8vo. Month. Rev. LXXX. 91.

‡ Dr. North.

§ Mr. Wharton published "A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Worcester; from a late Chaplain of that Society; stating the Motives that induced him to retire from their communion and become a Member of the Protestant Church," 8vo. 1784; commended in Monthly Review, LXXII. 395.

adopted by the Episcopalians in New England ; there is also an abridgment of the Common Prayer, done and printed at Benjamin Franklin's expense, at London, in 1773, but I do not find adopted anywhere. I have not been able to procure yet the American Liturgies. Bishop Seabury and his flock in Connecticut I believe have made no alterations in the English Liturgy, but political ones.

" I was very glad to receive an account of your new Society for Christian Knowledge and Practice, and the first fruits of its institution. O'Leary's print, I am told by those here who know him, is a strong likeness ; but you are behind us in caricature. I sent in the small box, which you say is not yet arrived, two or three on modern fashions for the use of your ladies, who I hope are well, and to whom I beg mine and Mrs. Lort's compliments.

" Mrs. Piozzi and her *cara sposa* seem very happy here at a good house in Hanover Square, where I am invited to a rout next week, the first I believe she has attempted, and then will be seen who of her old acquaintance continue such. She is now printing Johnson's Letters in 2 vols. octavo, with some of her own ; but if they are not ready before the recess they will not be published till next winter. Poor Sir John Hawkins, I am told, is pulled all to pieces in the Review.*

" I am sorry your Lordship is so disturbed about the letter in the last *Archæologia*.† On ascertaining a curious fact, it was voted to be printed, and being such only I did not think you expected to have been applied to for your consent ; but I will take better care for the future. Your friend Pinkerton has been publishing something about the Celts, in which I am told he bears almost as hard as Johnson did on the publisher of *Ossian*. I shall not be sorry to see them go to loggerheads ; I mean on paper.

" Your Lordship's affectionate and faithful servant,

" M. LORT.

" Lord Bishop of Dromore, at Dromore."

" MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, June 26, 1787.

" I am happy to find, by your letter of the 15th, that

* This very long and able review of Dr. Johnson's Life will be found in *Monthly Review*, LXXVI. 273, 469, LXXVII. 56, 131. Sir J. Hawkins is unmercifully cut up.

† An extract from a letter from Bishop Percy to Dr. Lort, on some large fossil horns found in Ireland, was printed in the *Archæologia*, VII. 158.

the parcel I sent by sea from home some months ago is at length arrived; but I suspect the modern pyramids are almost become ancient, and have given place to some new folly. I am glad also that the two pamphlets I sent to Mr. Ley's came safe to you and uncharged; I have just forwarded another, *Père Courayer's* * *Sentiments, &c.* and have also sent four or five of the *Popish Controversy*, by Wharton, Carol, &c. to Mr. Barker's lodgings. I could not procure Hawkins's *Letter to the Worcester people*. Geddes' *'Church of Malabar'* is likewise not to be had at present, but must be sought for in catalogues. Lindsay's *Liturgy* Sir John Hawkins has, or will procure you. I know nothing yet of Baxter's, nor do I understand what is meant by the *Free Examination, &c.* 12mo. 1774. The *'Liturgy on Universal Principles'* is Williams's,† that did not succeed in Margaret-street Chapel. Dr. Stocks' *Answer to Dr. Campbell* came safe; and I was much pleased with it. Campbell's pamphlet is reprinted here: the Dissenting party will not suffer such writings to be long unknown in this metropolis. The *Dublin Chronicle* also came to hand, and is a specimen worthy imitation here. I saw an advertisement in it of a new Map of Ireland, by the Rev. Augustus Beaufort, M.R.I.A.,‡—letters I cannot decipher. I heartily congratulate your Lordship on the success which has crowned so deservedly the labours of the champions of the Church of Ireland:

‘So the pure, limpid stream,’ &c. &c.

* “A Declaration of my last Sentiments on the different Doctrines of Religion, by the late P. F. le Courayer, D.D. (Published from the French by W. Bell, D.D. Prebendary of Westminster. See *Monthly Review*, LVIII. 37). Translated from the French. To which is prefixed an account of Dr. Courayer.” The translator (whose name at the time was concealed) was the Rev. John Calder, D.D. Dr. Calder died June 10, 1815, aged 82. See memoirs of Dr. Courayer in *Literary Anecdotes*, II. 39—44; VII. 96, 543; and further anecdotes of him, with his portrait, in *Literary Illustrations*, vol. V. p. 60; and a memoir of Dr. Calder, with a selection from his correspondence, in *Literary Illustrations*, vol. IV. pp. 789—848.

† Of David Williams a long memoir, written by his friend the Rev. Richard Yates, will be found in *Gent. Mag.* 1816, ii. 86—90. His *Liturgy* and *Lectures* at Margaret Street Chapel continued about four years; see *Gent. Mag.* 1816, p. 88. He was the founder of the *Literary Fund*; and died June 29, 1816, aged 78. In the words of Mr. Fitzgerald, the honorary poet of that Society,

“Time that destroys the Hero's trophied bust,
Shall spare the bay that blossoms o'er his dust.”

‡ Member of the Royal Irish Academy.

"Your friend Dodsley has had 2500*l.* worth of printed paper burnt in a warehouse, so as to produce him when sold for waste only 80*l.*: none of this insured. The chief copies were Spence's 'Polymetis,' 'London and its Environs,' and a quarto 'Geographical Account of England;' none of them much to be regretted, nor that would probably have produced him many fourscore pounds.*

"Mr. Lovitt called on me lately, and would have carried over any parcel for me to your Lordship; but I found he was not going soon back to Ireland. Mr. Barker also called on me, and I would gladly have seen more of him, but Mrs. Lort has left me alone here. She is gone to Colchester; and I shall follow her to-morrow, but shall return in a fortnight, and make similar excursions from here for the remainder of the summer. I do not like sea-voyages; otherwise your Lordship's invitation would be a very tempting one, both to me and to Mrs. Lort. I beg my best respects to the ladies, and remain with great truth your Lordship's ever faithful

"M. LORT.

"To Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dublin."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, Aug. 14, 1787.

"I have been on the ramble since I received your letter by Dr. Hales, but was lucky enough to be a few days in town during his stay in it, and think myself much obliged to your Lordship for introducing me to so worthy a character. Unluckily he was here at a time when the town was quite empty, and was not better off at Cambridge, where he found few or none of the persons to whom he had letters of recommendation. The publication you sent me of his was imperfect; so he supplied me with another, and I presented another for him to the Archbishop, who has been so much engaged in business of late, at the Privy Council and elsewhere, that I suppose he could not find time to receive strangers. He has at last carried through one important matter, which but for his zeal and activity would not have been finished—at least this year. On Sunday Dr. Inglis was consecrated Bishop of Nova Scotia,

* A fire in Little Wild Street, June 7, 1787, communicated to Mr. Jarvis's printing-office, and to the warehouses of Messrs. Dodsley, Longman, &c. in which were deposited an immense quantity of books, which were consumed. (See *Gent. Mag.* LVII. 634.)

and this week he is to embark in the last vessel that is to sail this year for Quebec. He is a very good scholar and writer, and a worthy man, and I think will do credit to this first appointment. He is to reside, and to have with that the other two provinces of New Brunswick and Canada for his diocese. The interest of the money left by different people for an American Episcopate will be about 500*l.* annually, and it is expected that Government will add 500*l.* more. In the Dublin paper you sent me, that very properly announced his appointment, there was a curious letter relative to the deprivation of some minister by the General Assembly of Scotland; in which sentence they seem to acknowledge no supreme head of their Church but King James. This ought to be better known, if the fact is literally so; but Dr. Beattie, to whom I got a friend to shew this letter, said, 'This man talks like an Irishman, and knows nothing of the Church of Scotland.' I am not satisfied with this answer, and, as I am going in a day or two to the Bishop of Chester's,* in Kent, where Beattie is, I will have this matter explained.

"If you have not been already informed, you will be surprised to hear that the little pamphlet you sent me, drawn up by a Popish priest† as the reasons of his conversion, is taken verbatim from the following:—'A Brief Account of the Motives and Reasons of the Conversion of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Harly, A.M. late a priest of the Church of Rome, who publicly renounced the errors of the Church of Rome at the parish church of St. Peter, Dublin, Sunday, Sept. 8, 1765.' London, 8vo. 14 pages closely printed. The little pamphlet is about half of this.

"Here are some squibs let off against Dr. Priestley, under the character of Jews, to whom he addressed some letters; but are not worth sending. I shall forward to Mr. Ley's a paper with an impudent letter of O'Leary's, whom a Mr. Curran, ‡ I think in your House of Commons, so extravagantly commends.

"Your Lordship's ever faithful

M. LORT.

"To Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dublin."

* Bishop Porteus.

† By Mr. Wharton. See before, p. 485.

‡ John Philpot Curran, died Oct. 14, 1817, aged nearly 70. See a memoir of him in *Gentleman's Magazine*, LXXVII. ii. 371, 638.

BISHOP PERCY to the REV. DR. LORT.

“DEAR SIR,

Dromore House, 2nd March, 1788.

“Upon looking over my memorandums, I find it is just five months since I wrote to you (*viz.* Oct. 2) without ever hearing that you received my letter, which makes me apprehensive that either it hath miscarried, or that you have been ill: indeed, if from various avocations you have delayed writing to me, I have no right to complain, who have more guilt of that sort to answer for than anybody. I hope, however, soon to hear that you and Mrs. Lort enjoy good health, and that, only deferring, you do not mean to deprive me of the pleasure of your correspondence. This hath been a very unhealthy winter in my own family. I was confined with a feverish cold almost the whole month of January; otherwise I generally enjoy good health. But Mrs. Percy was seized at the beginning of December with a bilious fever of the most alarming and dangerous kind, which confined her to her chamber more than two months, and she has not yet wholly recovered from its malignity; which hath prevented me from attending Parliament hitherto, and we are now beginning only to look towards Dublin. Otherwise I should have been sending you some of the productions of the day, particularly a pamphlet written by Mr. Browne, member for the University, to vindicate the legislature and government of Ireland from a charge, which has passed uncontradicted, of their having violated the articles of Limerick granted by king William to the Roman Catholics at the termination of the war in 1691. But you shall have it, with some other things of that sort, when once I reach our metropolis. You are all, I suppose, so busied with the trial of Mr. Hastings, that you have no other subject to communicate. I wanted to hear from you, *inter alia*, to congratulate you and all good men on the promotion of Dr. Porteus* to the bishopric of London, where he will do infinite good. Two abuses of a most destructive tendency, especially to youth, want to be reformed in that corrupt

* Dr. Porteus was elected Bishop of Chester in 1777; and translated to London in 1787. He presented Dr. Lort to the sinecure rectory of Fulham in 1789; and died May 14, 1809, at Ide Hill, in the parish of Sundridge, Kent. See a view of Ide Hill Chapel, founded by Bishop Porteus, and a view of his tomb, in *Gent. Mag.* 1814, ii. 577.

metropolis. Though difficult to cure, I will not despair of it from its excellent diocesan: the one, if I may credit the papers, has already attracted his notice—I mean the removal of common prostitutes from all the most frequented streets, &c. The other I wish were recommended to his notice, viz. to suppress the corrupt and inflammatory prints and publications which, in the cheapest forms, are obtruded upon youth in every stall and window of the booksellers' and print shops, to the universal corruption and destruction of the rising generation. From that great common shore (I believe I should write *sewer*) the baleful streams are diffused through the whole kingdom, and every libidinous pamphlet or novel is lent out to hire in petty circulating libraries in every little dirty town in England. When I was dean of Carlisle, our remote bookseller had received a cargo of all the adulterous trials, with indecent prints, &c. the volumes of which he had taken to pieces, to accommodate the more easily and expeditiously all his circulating customers. I really thought it my duty to interpose, and partly by remonstrance, and partly by threatening to put in execution laws (which by the bye I fear did not, but ought to exist), I got them, and all books of that sort, removed out of his shop and catalogue at least, and he promised me they should not be lent or sold to any one. I hope he kept his promise; but, if not altogether, he no longer obtruded them on the unsoliciting eye. Would to God something of this kind could be effected at the fountain-head! And, if vile books cannot wholly be prevented from existing, at least they should not stare the modest reader in the face, as I think you and I have heretofore lamented. The perusal of such vile publications by milliners' apprentices, &c. in the circulating libraries of every little town is the general preparation for the brothels in London; so that the checking this enormity would probably go far to prevent the other. Believe me, dear friend, your most affectionate and faithful servant,

THO. DROMORE.

“N.B.—The success which attended the good Bishop of London's exertions to revive the religious observance of Good Friday makes me despair of nothing which his Lordship shall deem a proper subject for his animated pen and zealous attention.”

DR. LORT TO BISHOP PERCY.

"MY DEAR LORD,

London, April 17, 1788.

"I take shame to myself for having so long neglected writing to your Lordship; but you are not the only one of my correspondents who have to upbraid me on that score. The truth is, that I cannot think of writing to so good and so distant a friend on less than three folio sides of paper; and that idea has often deterred me from sitting down to write, when I supposed I had not time before me to scribble half as much. This winter, though not a severe one, yet has passed more heavily with me than any preceding one. The cold air and easterly winds affected my breath so much that I scarce have been able to stir abroad but in a carriage, nor to breathe freely but by the fireside, and for some hours after I am up. Then I have been prevented, by frequent calls and interruptions, from reading or writing much; and in the evening my eyes will not hold out to do much in either way. I should not have said so much about myself was it not by way of some sort of apology for my long silence. I am sorry to find so bad an account given of the health of your own family, and particularly that of your better half. It is to be hoped that the spring advancing will set us all right again, and restore us that blessing without which all other blessings are tasteless and insipid. Compared to that, I think lightly of every thing else the world calls blessings. So that I have viewed the great variety of Church preferments lately vacant, and the struggle for them, with much indifference; and expecting nothing, and scarcely desiring any thing on my own account, I have not been disappointed.

"The Bishop of London is in better health than I remember him for some time past. His present diocese will be less troublesome to him than the last. The nuisances in the metropolis you recommend to his notice, he has not been inattentive to. That, more particularly, of indecent books and prints, you and I, who have rummaged so many bookstalls, must be more acquainted with than most others of our profession. The Archbishop put the late proclamation into my hands before it was printed, and gave me leave to insert a particular clause relative to them; and partly on my complaint, and at my instigation, the parish of St. Martin's prosecuted a notorious vender of this poison at the quarter sessions, where he was con-

victed, and only fined 13s. 4d. So I suppose he is got to his old trade again.

"Among the numbers of our brethren who have succeeded lately in the Church, I dare say your Lordship was pleased to see our friend Farmer. His stall at St. Paul's is 1000*l.* a year. So he is soon to bring a lady with him, —Miss Hatton, one of the late Sir T. Hatton's seven daughters, with whom he has been many years acquainted, and it is supposed, connected. I think she has 5000*l.* fortune. When the Bishoprick of St. David's became vacant, it was strongly suspected that the Bishop of Ferns* was to be translated to it: but that the Minister, finding this would open a door to perpetual solicitations of the same sort, abstained from doing this. Bishop Preston dined with me yesterday, and talks of returning soon to Ireland, and bringing a good library with him. How comes it about that so good a collection of books as the late Dr. Wm. Martin's, of Killeshandra, should not find purchasers in Ireland, but that the proprietors should send it here to be sold by auction? The catalogue shows it to have been the collection of a divine, a gentleman, and a scholar.

"The papers thought proper to announce me as one of Mr. George Jenyns' executors; it is not true: but Mr. C. Cole, whom they named as the other, will republish his works in 4 vols. 8vo. The additional pieces are, some poems, among which Latin lyric odes, written in his youth, an essay on the national debt, and some comments on or expositions of passages of the New Testament.

"Mr. Bruce's MS. Travels are in town to be printed in 3 volumes, 4to. with many copper plates. You know it has been much the fashion to doubt the relations this gentleman has given, at different times, in different companies; and in some late publications sarcastic observations to this purpose have appeared, particularly in a 4to. book published last winter at Dublin by Mr. Walker on the Irish Bards.†

"I take for granted that you have read Dr. Johnson's Correspondence, published by Mrs. Piozzi; and, though you might not have been sorry to have read the whole, yet I wish, for the Doctor's sake, that only half of it had

* Dr. Preston, see p. 462.

† *Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, by Joseph Cooper Walker, esq. 4to. 1786. See *Monthly Review*, LXXVII. 425.

been printed. In one letter it is said, 'I have seen Mrs. Knowles, the quaker, and her *futile* pictures;' it should be *subtle*,* a word, though not to be found in his Dictionary, yet very aptly made to express the mode of painting, viz. in needle work, of which sort there are two portraits of the king and queen made by Mrs. Knowles at Buckingham House. I desired a sight of the original letter in order to determine a wager. There it plainly appeared that a dash had been put across the long *s*, Johnson's usual mode of writing that letter, perhaps by the printer or corrector of the press. The only MS. letter I saw, before it was committed to the press, was that at the end, to Mr. R. about great and small debts, which I intreated Mrs. Piozzi to withhold, but without effect. This lady gives splendid concerts in Hanover Square, where her youngest daughter lives with her. The three eldest live together in Conduit Street, very near their mother, but will not visit nor receive her visits.

"Mr. Kirwan, a great chymist, lately gone from here to live at Dublin, has written to a friend here, that some Irish bishop, I believe Newcombe, calls Dr. Priestley Anti-Christ.

"I have received a letter from the Rev. Bishop of Nova Scotia,† in which he says, that on his arrival at Hallifax he found the Church of England in a very declining condition.

"I shall insert in this a paragraph relative to emigrants from Ireland to America, which ought to appear in all the Irish provincial papers.‡

* See Boswell's Johnson, Croker's 8vo. edit. iii. 442.

† Dr. Inglis, see p. 488.

‡ "On the 3d instant Capt. Thos. Thomson, in the sloop Sally, beating up from the south-west point of Heneaga for Watering Bay, saw a white flag hoisted on the shore; he immediately hoisted out his yaul, and went to the place, where he found twenty-three women, and fifty-three men and boys, in a most distressed situation. They informed him that they had been passengers on board the brig Chance, commanded by John Stafford, from Dunlary, in Ireland, bound for Charleston and Baltimore, in North America; that, after being three months out, and having been for six weeks on short allowance, they were landed on that desolate island in the evening of the 30th of December. That the Captain, previous to his putting them on shore, informed them that the island was Trinidad, in which there were three towns, and many settlements, and that they might easily get from thence to any part of America. That on their being landed, and finding neither inhabitants nor settlements, they determined to return on board: but, on approaching the boat, a musket was fired at them, which killed one of their number. They also mentioned that thirty-two persons had died on the passage. Capt. Thomson arrived here on Sunday with fifty-six of these unfortunate people. Twenty of them were landed on Long Island."

"Mrs. Lort joins with me in best respects to Mrs. Percy and the young ladies.

"Your Lordship's ever faithful and affectionate friend
and servant, M. LORT.

"Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dromore."

"MY DEAR LORD,

London, May 21, 1788.

"I sent you a long letter lately, but, if you should not acknowledge the receipt of it this half year, I fear I should have no reason to complain, and I only mention it now for my own sake, and with a possibility that this letter may have miscarried; for I think I mentioned in it our friend Dr. Farmer's succeeding Dr. Douglas in a residentiaryship of St. Paul's, supposed now to be worth 1,000*l.* a year, on the strength of which he renewed his proposals of marriage to Miss Hatton, whose father, the late Sir T. Hatton, had resisted the former proposals; but now the young lady and her mother very readily acceded to them, and the former was ushered to Amen Corner to give directions about the house, and to a painter to sit for her picture. But so it happens, that the lover's cold fit is come on, and he has absolutely declined all further proceedings. No good reason has yet been publicly assigned, so that all his friends, as well as the lady's, are much hurt, none more than G. Steevens, the common friend of both, under whose guidance and direction the whole business has proceeded, and was to have been completed.

"From a match broken off, let me pass to one that has taken place, and probably your Lordship will be equally concerned for both. Mr. Cottingham's marriage to Miss Wollery. As the lady has no fortune, and has appeared upon the stage in London and Dublin, no doubt but that you, and all the gentleman's friends, will lament this union. It will be but justice to the lady to say what I know of her. She is the eldest of three daughters of a gentleman of fortune in the West Indies, who sent them here with their mother for better education, and they seemed to have availed themselves to a very good degree of the advantages afforded them here, being well-accomplished, elegant young women. They lodged and boarded with a Mrs. Hamilton, in Delahay-street, who is the widow of an officer, and who has long kept a very respectable house of this sort; Mr. Brickdale, the member for Bristol, and his family, having long lodged and boarded here. Mrs. Lort also, before she

married, when she came to town did occasionally live here on the same footing, and was so much pleased with Mrs. Hamilton's behaviour and regulation of her family, that she has always retained a great esteem for her, and visited. By doing this Mrs. Lort became acquainted with Mrs. Wollery and her daughters, and liked them so well as to invite them to this house. But Mr. Cottingham never saw them here, and I was surprised to find him settled in Mrs. Hamilton's family a twelvemonth ago, nor do I know how he got thither.

"Mrs. Wollery's remittances from the West Indies having failed or been diminished, the eldest daughter having performed with success in a private play, she was induced to try her fortune on the public stage; but from want of voice, and a proper assurance, she did not meet with the encouragement she expected, and which her accomplishments in all other respects might otherwise have entitled her to. In this situation she must have met with many tempting offers to forfeit her character, but I have no reason to believe that she yielded to any of them, and consequently seems to have greater merit to boast than if she had only filled a private station. We have seen and heard but little of them since they married, but thus much concerning the lady I thought it right to transmit to your Lordship; and if it shall be of any service in bringing about a reconciliation between Mr. Cottingham and his friends I shall be glad.

"With my best respects to the ladies, I remain your Lordship's affectionate and faithful servant,

"M. LORT.

"To the Lord Bishop of Dromore, at Dromore."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, August 1, 1788.

"When I troubled you with a letter relative to young Cottingham and his marriage, it was indeed with a view that you might be able to conciliate matters with his father, who I thought had been a clergyman in your Lordship's diocese, and at no great distance from you. The case is much altered by the account you gave me of the slight acquaintance you had with him. It luckily happened that an acquaintance and friend of his father, Bishop Hawkins, was here in town, and I believe has acted a very friendly part by the young couple, but I do not find that the father

has yet afforded either pardon or assistance. Dr. Martin has also been very kind to them, and I am told the lady's father, who lives in Jamaica or Barbados, has invited them over there, and I suppose will assist them in their maintenance.

"I have never been able to get or to see the tract against popery you wish to have but in the Lambeth Library. Dr. Hales has sent me a cargo of pamphlets published by him and Mr. Browne, and other able writers, against the Papists and the Whiteboys. In Dr. Hales' 'Survey' there are some particulars relative to the late transactions of the Inquisition in Spain and Portugal; but if that tribunal can ever be supposed to act right, they do not seem to have been far from it in the cases of the leader of the Spanish Colony and the Mathematical Professor at ——. It was not at the fopperies of popery only they laughed, but, as it should seem, at all natural and revealed religion.

"Here is a club of noblemen and gentlemen who have engaged to send one or more curious persons to explore the interior parts of Africa. One Ledyard,* an American, who had been round the world with Cook, and had since engaged to traverse the continent of America, but returned *re infecta*, is said to be employed in this undertaking. When the Report of the Privy Council relative to the Slave Trade is printed, much curious information it is supposed will appear relative to that quarter of the globe. Mr. Bruce's Travels, when they appear next winter, will also give the world, what has been long expected, an account of the other extremity of it.

"The Town is all in a ferment at present with the Westminster Election, which the Mob will carry I believe at all times, and, as the Mob is generally in the hands of Opposition, I wonder the Ministry make a point of what they will seldom be able to succeed in. I want to run away from the riot and bustle, and shall go in a day or two to the Isle of Wight, where I spent two months very agreeably two years ago. I must not go far from town, as I must attend the sessions of the Old Bailey in the beginning of September. A young man, a confectioner in Devonshire-house, has been amusing himself with opening very

* A good abstract of the "Proceedings of the Association for Promoting the Discovery of the interior Parts of Africa, 1790," may be seen in Gent. Mag. LX. p. 633; where there is also a memoir of Mr. Ledyard.

dextrously every cabinet he could get access to. Besides trinkets and other valuables, he swept off the whole series of Greek and Roman gold medals. Luckily the greater part of these have been recovered, and amongst them the most rare and curious.

“Your Lordship’s affectionate servant, M. LORT.

“To the Lord Bishop of Dromore, at Dromore.”

“MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, April 13, 1789.

“A letter I received lately from Dr. Hales gives me the pleasure of hearing that you are well, and calls upon me to tell you that I am almost so, recovering from the torpid state in which I have dragged through a severe winter, confined to my fireside by an oppression on my breath and lungs. This has determined me to seek relief in a milder climate next winter, and if I cannot get so far as Naples, at least to winter at Nice or Montpelier.

“So much for myself; but what shall I say next? Can I be silent as to the wonderful events that have taken place here in the course of this winter—events that make people, neither credulous nor superstitious, acknowledge an interposition of Providence, which saved this island, and perhaps yours also, from evils which impended and threatened the worst consequences? Of the general belief and expectation of which there cannot be a stronger proof than the general joy and congratulations that have taken place in consequence of the King’s seasonable and wonderful recovery. A late Lord-Lieutenant of yours (Townshend) says that the whole 21st Psalm suits the occasion and his party exactly, as well as the first verse of another psalm—‘Give the King thy judgments, &c.’ You probably have seen some of the many remarkable publications which daily issued from the press here during the King’s illness. Amongst them are ‘Seven Letters to the People of England by a Whig,’ ‘The Royal Interview,’ and ‘Alfred.’ One of the best of the caricature prints is ‘Sancho in Barataria,’ which I will send to Mr. Ley’s for you, accompanied with a declaration of the Catholics here, previous to their application to Parliament for a Toleration.

“This is to be accompanied with a long paper containing the opinions of the Faculty of Theology at Louvaine, relative to such tenets of the Catholics as are supposed to be hostile to civil government, and which the Louvaine

doctors deny or explain away. The Dissenters also mean to renew their application to Parliament for an Abolition of the Test ; that is, in case a dissolution should be likely to take place ; for there they mean to form a test of their own as to their future votes for Members, to be given only to those who will promise to support them hereafter, and to be withheld from those who shall prove hostile to their application. There is nothing like perseverance. So, perhaps, thinks a brother Bishop* of yours, who, not being able a year ago to get translated to St. David's, now hopes to succeed better as to Gloucester, though the report here is that he is very ill and not long for this world.

"Your Primate,† I understand, means to spend the remainder of his days at Bath.

"Mrs. Piozzi's *Travels*, in two vols. 8vo. will soon make their appearance ; she talks of going to Scotland this summer, and perhaps of crossing over to Ireland from Port Patrick, if she can seduce her husband, who hates the water.

"Our friend Farmer's old mistress is married, and he begins to recruit his spirits and take kindly to Amen Corner.‡ He and his brethren are fully employed in preparing St. Paul's for the 23rd. It is said much pains was taken by those supposed to have most influence with the King to prevent this celebrity taken place, as fearing the danger and consequences of a relapse. As a prebendary of St. Paul's I shall have a place there, and in the procession, but I believe I shall not fill it, and plead my fear of a relapse to be absent. Could I place a substitute for that day only, I doubt not but that I might be amply gratified I hope Mrs. Percy and the young ladies are well ; Mrs. Lort begs to join me in affectionate regards to them.

"Your Lordship's ever faithful servant,

"M. LORT.

"The Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dublin."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Colchester, June 14, 1789.

"Your letter found me at Bath, and as soon as I came to town I set about collecting the books you wished to have.

"I spent a month lately at Bath, and found great benefit from the air and the water of the place, so that I thank

* Dr. Preston, Bishop of Ferns ; see p. 462.

† Dr. Robinson. See p. 453.

‡ Of Dr. Farmer, see p. 33.

God I am now as well as I could wish or expect. I went over to Bristol to pick up some fresh intelligence of Rowley or Chatterton. There I found Barrett had left Bristol and retired into the country, and that his 'History of Bristol' only waited for some fac-simile engravings of Rowley's MSS. to come forth to the public; perhaps he wished to see also the new Life of Chatterton,* since published by Dr. Gregory, a city divine, into whose hands Kippis had put the materials he had collected for Chatterton's Life for the next volume of the *Biographia Britannica*, but for some reason declined writing the life himself. As some of these were mine, this brought on an interview with Dr. Gregory and myself, and I saw his MS. and proposed alterations, of which some were adopted, others not. I long much to see Barrett's book, of which I am told almost all the copies are subscribed for, so that its price will be increased, a circumstance not very common with books subscribed for.

"Your old friend Ritson met with a repulse lately at our Antiquarian Society, a circumstance which I do not remember to have taken place in my memory. I am no longer in the ministry there. Having been so much confined to my house all the last winter, I thought it right to resign my place of Vice-President to a more active and useful member. Colonel Vallency's coin in your Society's Transactions has not escaped notice; I believe it was first exhibited to our Society, and scouted.

"Mrs. Piozzi's Travels I have not yet perused, but expect much entertainment from them when I go to town. She is gone near to Scarborough. I produced your invitation to her and Mr. Piozzi, which seemed to be taken very kindly, and I think it is very likely will be accepted.

"We are told here that Mr. Cottingham's father has taken great notice of him, his wife, and child, and is particularly pleased with the two latter.

"The Dissenters triumph much on the small majority by which their late Bill for the Repeal of the Test Act was rejected in the House of Commons: but, as it does not appear that new friends increased their minority, it may

* "The Life of Chatterton, with Criticisms on his Genius and Writings, and a concise View of the Controversy concerning Rowley's Poems. By G. Gregory, D.D. F.S.A. author of *Essays, Historical and Moral*." (See *Monthly Review*, LXXXI. 344.) Dr. Gregory died March 12, 1808. See memoirs of him in *Literary Anecdotes*, IX. 195. Also in *Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary*.

well be concluded that many adverse votes staid away in full confidence they should not be wanted, and hoping thereby to avoid resentment at the next general election, when it is supposed these Dissenters will have a test of their own to try the candidates by. As to Lord Stanhope's schemes and motions, I think the quarter they come from is likely to operate much in their disfavour. They made some able speeches from the Bishops' bench.

I am happy to hear that your ladies are well ; Mrs. Lort joins me in all kind regards to them.

"Your Lordship's faithful and affectionate,

"M. LORT.

"To Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dublin."

"MY DEAR LORD, Saville Row, London, July 11, 1789.

"Two packets of books have been sent to Robinson's in Paternoster Row, to be forwarded to you at Dublin. What have no price set to them are much at your Lordship's service: the print of Madame Guimard is intended for the ladies ; it is very little overcharged.

"You will have seen by our papers that Lord Stanhope's two bills—for a general and almost unlimited toleration, and that relative to tithes—have been both thrown out of the House of Lords. Several of the Bench of Bishops did themselves great credit by speaking against the first ; and Lord Kenyon, in a much better speech than the papers have chosen to record, disannulled the latter. The Scotch Episcopal Nonjurors is deferred for the present ; and the Catholics, being not encouraged by the Minister to pursue their design of applying to Parliament, dropt it—for this session at least. However, you see that Toleration is the word at present that operates like a charm ; nor have I any objection to it within proper limits, and so that it does not serve as a step for the inferior sects to become the superior.

"A letter lately from Mrs. Piozzi at Scarborough tells me that she is going to Edinburgh ; so I think it very likely you may see her soon at Dromore. I had thoughts of taking a trip to the Continent for the next two months ; but rumours of famine and civil war in France make me content to stay here, and ramble perhaps to the Lakes in Westmoreland and Cumberland, and, having got so far, to visit the Bishop of Carlisle* at Rose Castle.

* Dr. Douglas. See p. 450.

"Dr. Farmer, being threatened with a surreptitious edition of his pamphlet on Shakspeare, has been prevailed on at last to put out a third edition, with few or no alterations.

"The pamphlet entitled 'Hints to the New Association' is attributed to the Duke of Grafton, and therefore worthy your notice. I had no notion that his Grace was so deep a divine. The 'Fragmens,' &c. 2 vols. were given after I had already purchased a copy; for they were much talked of when first published. I much suspect that I have sent some other pamphlet instead of 'Bishop Watson on Confirmation,' unless I had two copies, which I do not recollect. Adieu, my dear Lord, and believe me yours very truly and affectionately,

M. LORT.

"P.S. This moment is Barrett's 'Bristol' come to hand: it is a large 4to. sold for two guineas; subscribed for, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* At the end is a fac-simile engraving of one of Rowley's MSS., and several letters between Rowley and W. Canynges, and also a most curious letter of Chatterton to Barrett, in which he says pride is his predominant passion, and makes eighteen-twentieths of his character. Barrett seems little disposed to believe all Rowley's MSS. genuine.

"To Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dublin."

"MY DEAR LORD, Brighthelmstone, March 12, 1790.

"Your letter of the 20th of February is forwarded to me at this place, where I have been since the middle of December, being driven from London in search of purer and milder air, which I have found here, and have, thank God, had better health and spirits than for several preceding winters. This, you know, is one of the most southerly situations in Britain, and I have been lodged within six yards of the cliff, and seen the sun rise from and set in the ocean for above a month together,—a sight that does not occur to many residents on terra firma!

"Before Mrs. Lort and I set out on our travels last autumn, I received your Lordship's kind invitation to Dromore, and am pretty sure that I returned an answer to it stating reasons why we could not do ourselves that pleasure. Madam drove me all the way in a one-horse chaise, calling at several friends' houses in our way; at

Oundle, with Dr. Walcot;* at Worksop, with the poor Bishop of St. Asaph,† happy in his country parsonage, with his wife and children all around him; at Wakefield, near which we met Dr. Bennet,‡ as he might have told your Lordship; at Kendall, from whence we went to the Lakes, and then to Rose Castle,§ where we were hospitably entertained.

“Our intention was from hence to have crossed the country, from Carlisle to Newcastle; but, being so near Scotland, nearer probably than we should ever be again, the weather good, and ourselves and horses in good plight, we set off for Gretna Green, and so by Moffat to Edinburgh. This road, to be sure, was not very alluring, but we were made amends by the road out of Scotland to Berwick. Being now straitened for time, we scarce stopped at Carlisle, so could not pay our devoirs to the deanery, as we knew Edinburgh would demand more time than we had to spare, and, indeed, we could do little more than admire the new town and the new buildings; but, as for the literati of the Law and the Church, few of them were then in town. Dr. Robertson, I was informed, was grown deaf, and as I could not converse with him, I had no curiosity to see him. At Alnwick we hoped to have seen the Castle by the help of Mr. Brand, but he was not visible till after we had taken a hasty view of some of the apartments, and then he pressed us much to stay all night, and take a better view the next day; but we had settled our route to lie at Warkworth, where we went, and found excellent accommodations at an inn, where a handsome assembly-room is built; the next morning we saw the hermitage, and a miraculous draught of fishes. I must now go back to say, that as we were going to supper a letter came from Mr. Brand, by the Duke’s servant, and in the Duke’s name, to invite and almost insist on our returning the next day to the Castle, and staying till we should see every thing worth notice in and about it; though straitened for time, we could not help complying,

* Dr. Wm. Walcot died at Oundle, July 18, 1806, aged 87. He was of Jesus’ College, Cambridge; M.B. 1742, M.D. 1747. He acted for many years as a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Northamptonshire. See *Gentleman’s Magazine*, LXXVI. 778.

† Dr. Samuel Hallifax, who was just dead. He died March 5, 1790.

‡ Then Chaplain to the Earl of Westmoreland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. See pp. 65, 508.

§ The seat of the Bishop of Carlisle, then Dr. Douglas. See p. 450.

went back, were carried about in the Duke's coach, and had a most pleasant reception from both their Graces, and were pressed to stay two nights there; but the Duke going next day to Morpeth races, we followed, but did not stop there, and the next day got to Durham, where we spent a week with the dean, *i. e.* the Bishop of Peterborough.* At York we fell in with the Bishop of Carlisle † and family going to town, and with their own horses; so we joined company almost all the way at noon and night, and got safe to London about the middle of October, having travelled above 900 miles without any accident or misadventure. I was in hopes I had been hardened by this expedition and change of air, but the London fogs soon distressed me, and at length forced me to this place; the winter has been indeed remarkably mild, more so than I ever remember. Last summer I had fully intended to have gone to the south of France, but was luckily prevented by the troubles on the continent. By the papers it appears they have had hard weather and much snow in many parts of Italy.

"From this place you will not expect much news; when I go to town, which I mean to do before Easter, I will send you one or two of the pamphlets that shall be thought the most distinguished in the late dispute, but will they go free to Dr. Bennet?

"Mrs. Lort joins in kind remembrance to Mrs. Percy and the young ladies, with, my dear Lord,

"Yours very affectionately,

M. LORT.

"To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Dromore."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, April 16, 1790.

"I brought a stock of health with me from Brighthelmstone, and here I have been using it very fast, so that if business had not brought and kept me here I should have returned all so fast. Whether the ship arrived in the river with ice from Greenland has brought winter with it I know not, but sure I am, I feel its power, and so do many other invalids; however, this ought not to have prevented my having acknowledged sooner your letter, which came to Brighton the day after I left it, and did not

* Dr. John Hinchliffe. He died Jan. 11, 1794. See memoirs of him in *Literary Anecdotes*, IX., 488.

† Dr. Douglas.

come immediately to my hands; its coming thither free convinces me of Dr. Bennet's power and privilege, of which I have availed myself by sending him the following pamphlets :—

“ Lord Petre's Letter to Bishop Horsley.

“ Collection of Resolutions of the Clergy against the Repeal of the Test.

“ Letter to the Delegates.

“ Apology for the Clergy and Liturgy.

“ Account of a Forged Inscription.

“ Commentary on the Lord's Prayer.

“ The last is a small thing of mine, which will not please the philosophising Christians of the age, who, I am afraid, are increasing in number.

“ The Apology, &c. is by no common hand,—given by many to the late Bishop Hallifax, and there is an answer to this, which is supposed to be by the Bishop of Landaff,* that shall follow in a post or two. I presume you have the ‘ Original Hints,’ &c., which drew forth these two champions, supposed to have been the work of the Duke of Grafton, and most cordially received by all the Dissenters. Of the pamphlets written against them, ‘ The Letter to the Delegates ’ was reckoned among the best ; but I shall send you two or three more such, and amongst them Robinson† the Anabaptist's Plan of Lectures, which Mr. Burke exhibited, with much success, in the House of Commons, and read passages from it that had a very visible effect. It has been hitherto little known out of the circle of the people it was intended to operate upon, but deserves to be more generally known.

“ I can say nothing as to any private schemes of Mr. Sheridan, which Mr. Burke was supposed to have alluded to, nor can I tell you why his promised pamphlet‡ does not appear. Some say that he is waiting for the general bankruptcy to take place, which he had foretold ; but it is supposed that the Church lands will save France from this calamity. A company is formed here in London, with a bank of 300,000*l.* that are to send agents over to purchase Church lands on speculation.

“ Here is an African Association that send people to

* Dr. Watson.

† Rev. Wm. Robinson. He died June 8, 1790. See Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary.

‡ His “ Reflections on the French Revolution.”

explore the unknown parts of that country, and have printed, but not published, a book of the discoveries already made, in which there are many curious particulars.*

"George Steevens has been playing tricks with his brother antiquaries, or, as he says, with two only, Gough and Pegge; the particulars you will see in the last *European Magazine*.† Poor Norris‡, now quite superannuated, has at last resigned, and is to have a pension of 100*l.* a-year. I am out of the ministry at present, nor have I been at one meeting all this winter. If you have the *Archæologia*, pray look at my paper on the American Inscription, supposed by Gebelin to be Punic, and by Vallancey to be Tartarian; you will see, that in spite of the Boston Professor, and your Colonel Vallancey, I have reduced it to the lowest standard of human art, by supposing it the scrawl of Indian hunters. Now comes a reviewer in the last '*English*,' and says, we are mistaken; that the late Bishop Berkeley went on purpose to see it, and found it the work of the wind, waves, and weather corroding the rock, and I am very much disposed to be of this hypothesis; but what will Colonel Vallancey say to it? However, I shall try to get a more authentic account of this opinion of Bishop Berkeley's. Adieu, my dear Lord, and believe me,

"Yours always, "M. LORT."

"Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dublin."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, May 1, 1790.

"I have just now received your letter of the 27th, and if I can get the pamphlets mentioned, will send them by this post. It is very true that the four Popish Bishops, or Apostolic Vicars, as they style themselves, did oppose the proceedings of the Committee who was to manage and conduct the application to Parliament of the Catholics, and in consequence of this opposition the business is stopped for the present; the objection was as much or more to the new oath proposed as to the title. The Bishops printed and dispersed a joint letter to their flocks, of which, I believe, some account is given in a letter to one of them, which, if I can procure, shall accompany this.

* See p. 497.

† See *European Magazine* for March 1790, p. 177; and *Gent. Mag.* 1790, pp. 217, 290.

‡ See p. 461.

"I have just secured it, together with Lord Petre's, but cannot at present procure Bishop Horsley's, and, as the post is about departing, I will only add, that I am

"Your Lordship's ever faithful,

"M. LORT.

"Lord Bishop of Dromore."

REMARKS BY BISHOP PERCY ON LORD PETRE'S
LETTER TO BISHOP HORSLEY.

"In p. 22, I suppose his Lordship means by a—

"(1) *Papist*,—one who blindly and without reserve admits all the papal claims and most extravagant pretensions, both in temporals and spirituals; and is devoted to the Court, as well as Church, of Rome.

"(2) *Roman Catholic*,—one who admits *all* the papal claims in spirituals, *scil.* of supremacy, and the infallibility of the Pope's decrees in points of religious doctrine and discipline; but distinguishes between those of the Church and Court of Rome, rejecting the latter.

"(3) *Protesting Catholic*,—one who *protests* against the papal claims of supremacy itself, in all the points specified in the declaration signed by the nobility, gentlemen, and clergy, annexed to Lord Petre's letter, denying the Pope's infallibility, &c. &c. &c. and would be a *Protestant* but for some few points of speculative doctrine, wherein he differs from the Church of England.

"It appears to me that the *Protesting Catholic* is approaching so near the *Protestant*, that many of them will overlook the distinction, and become the latter; and that this very title itself is adopted in order to facilitate the junction."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, May 8, 1790.

"I have been waiting in vain for Bishop Horsley's pamphlet against the Dissenters to send you, which, though out of print, my stationer undertook to procure, but could not succeed, so you must be content with three of the best pamphlets on the same side, which cannot be circulated too far.

"Bishop Horsley was certainly not the author of the 'Apology for the Clergy and Liturgy;' and I have very little doubt, so far as internal evidence goes, that Bishop Hallifax was. I have as little, on the same evidence, that

Bishop Watson wrote the Considerations, &c., which I sent from hence just before I had received your Lordship's last letter, though the Bishop has lowered his usual tone, and written in as guarded a manner as if he expected it would be known that he was the author.

"There is a fourth pamphlet, 'On the Social Union,' just published, by one Young,* an attorney, who has already established a society, and got a large subscription for taking care of the children of criminals and convicts; if his abilities and his honesty are equal to his zeal and activity in founding philanthropic societies, he may do much good in the world.

"Pray make my congratulations to Dr. Bennet,† and why may I not add, accept the same for yourself and brethren, in having so worthy a character added to your bench. Whilst George the Third reigns, I shall hope the bench, in both countries, will maintain its credit and dignity.

"Many thanks for your hint as to the *ἄρτον ἐπιουσιον*. In Soame‡ Jenyns' Works, just published, there are some short dissertations on texts of Scripture, amongst which, one on the *ὁ παννύχτος* so extremely applicable to my system that if my tract comes to a new edition it shall be added to it. But the Reviews, I doubt not, will do all they can to prevent that.

"There is near 1000*l.* subscribed for Johnson's monument, and Sir Joshua wishes much to have it erected in St. Paul's,§ hoping that Johnson, at least, may be allowed a place there, and thus a precedent established for the admission of other monuments which the sculptors hope to obtain.

"As I have not scrupled to send you the fun upon some of our brother A.S.S.es here, I think I may call upon you to send a specimen of that which I am told is circulating in Dublin upon our brethren there.

* Robert Young, esq. Projector of the Philanthropic Society. See Lettson's Hints to promote Beneficence, &c. vol. III. p. 138.

† Dr. Bennet had recently been appointed Bishop of Cork, and was afterwards translated to Cloyne. See p. 65. A series of his Letters to Mr. Gough and Mr. Nichols are printed in Literary Illustrations, vol. IV. 706—712: with a memoir of Bishop Bennet prefixed to them.

‡ See p. 493, where for "George," read "Soame" Jenyns.

§ This was accomplished; and Howard's and Johnson's statues, both by Bacon, were the first public monuments erected in St. Paul's Cathedral. Howard's statue is engraved in Gent. Mag. for March 1796, p. 179; and Johnson's statue in European Magazine for the same month, p. 160.

"We are happy to hear that you and yours will soon be in England, when I hope we shall have the pleasure of often meeting.

"Your Lordship's ever faithful, M. Lort."

"MY DEAR LORD, Saville Row, May 14, 1790.

"I shall be glad to find that the paper sent with this exhibits the Oath you inquire after, and wish to see. It was given me without a comment, and so you must make the best of it. As to the broad sheet, I have a notion that I have already sent you one: but, as it seems of consequence, there will be no harm in your having a duplicate. What is written at the bottom is from one of the agents employed to bring the matter before Parliament. This was prevented by the dispute between themselves concerning the Oath.

"The proposals for an English paper to be printed at Paris, and imported hither, will not I hope be carried into execution; or, if it is, that the Stamp Office here will prevent its circulation, as I hope it will also do on your side of the water, where it should seem, as also in Scotland, the projector hopes to kindle a flame similar to what has destroyed the Constitution in France. I hope not to see the experiment tried here, as I expect no change for the better. You will find Mr. Courteney trying what his wit and irony may do to effect this. They may suit some tastes, but are too vapid for mine.

"I hope you have glutted your appetite with the lost books of Livy, which Dr. Bennet informs me were arrived at Dublin. By the time they get into an English dress, I am afraid they will deviate far from the original to which they are supposed to belong. People here doubted very early of their authenticity; and, as it is said, in consequence of letters from their learned correspondents at Palermo. I take for granted, their credit will be supported by external as well as internal evidence.

"I saw a person the other day who had the honour of conducting the Irish traveller* (I forget his name) to Jerusalem, and, I believe, accompanied him hither. He has brought over a great number of relics, crucifixes, and *Agnus Dei*, from Jerusalem, for which he hopes to find a ready market in Ireland.

* Mr. Whaley.

"With our united good wishes to the ladies, I remain
your Lordship's affectionate friend and servant,

"M. LORT.

"To Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dublin."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, June 16, 1790.

"Being at Colchester when your packets arrived here, they were not forwarded to me; so that I have not been able sooner to acknowledge and thank you for the contents. Sir Robert Chambers' letter I immediately communicated to Mr. H. Walpole, Sir Wm. Scott, and Mr. Steevens; and have just now received it back from Cambridge, whither I had sent it by a safe hand to Dr. Glynn. He gave no opinion on it to my friend, but said he should deposit all the papers he had relative to the Rowleian Controversy in the British Museum. The three former are, I know, very well satisfied, as indeed every unprejudiced person must be who reads Sir Robert's letter, which Mr. Steevens recommends to be published in the *European Magazine*,* that part at least that relates to Chatterton. I shall wait your directions in this business.

"Let me now thank you for your letter, received two days ago, with an account of the Arabic translation of Livy, of which no copy has yet arrived here that I can learn. The bacon anecdote† is quite new to me; I did not know before it could occasionally prove so good an amulet: but somebody tells me he thinks there is something similar to it in Bruce; and, if this should be one of the many incidents in those Travels whose authenticity is questioned, Mr. Whaley's authority may be brought to sup-

* It is not noticed in the *European Magazine*.

† "When Mr. Whaley went to Jerusalem, he landed at Acre and travelled from thence to the ancient city. He and his companion, Capt. H. Moore, riding before, were followed by servants leading a horse carrying a large portmanteau, or trunk, loaded with their baggage, and also with some cold provisions, when they were met by some Arabs, who, passing by the gentlemen, suddenly turned upon the servants, seized the baggage, and carried it off. On this they returned to Acre, when the bashaw sent out some janissaries to recover their lost baggage, which after some time they found lying on the ground; and, although it had been opened, not a single article in it had been touched: for the first thing that presented itself to the Mussulmen was a cold ham, and their abhorrence of swine's flesh prevented their touching it, or any thing else there, although there were silver plates, silver forks, &c. &c. in view, all which they left undisturbed, and the whole were brought back safe. What is mentioned concerning the bacon refers to the above, which was related to the Bishop of Dromore by Mr. Hugh Moore himself. T. DROMORE."

port it. There is a villainous Abridgement of these Travels published, but I am told that a better is preparing. The African Committee will also soon give the world a larger and cheaper edition of the pompous volume that had been printed only for the subscribers to the African Discoveries.

"There is a Mr. Chalmers* employed in the republication of some of De Foe's poems, and wishes to get the titles at least of all his writings. I believe your Lordship once made a collection of these, and can give him more information than any one else on the subject.

"I shall once more direct the cover of this to Dr. Bennet, though by this time I suppose he is Bishop of Cork, and no longer in the situation of private secretary. I beg my compliments and congratulations to his Lordship thereupon; and I wish your Lordship, and Mrs. Percy and the young ladies, a safe and pleasant passage to England, and much benefit from the Buxton waters. No one suffered more than myself, for many years, from the rheumatism, but it has long left me: why, or wherefore, I really cannot tell. At present want of breath is my complaint; but that ceases in the warm weather, and I am at present, thank God, in good health and spirits, and always your Lordship's affectionate friend and servant, M. LORT."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, July 13, 1790.

"I was about to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 26th, when a desperate fall in the street bruised all one side in such a manner that my right arm has been useless for some time. However, I am now recovering its use, and will not delay telling you how sorry I am to hear of Mrs. Percy's complaint, which I hope will not prevent her journey to Buxton, and that there she will find relief.

"I have lost your address at Dublin, so of course must inclose to the Bishop of Cork; and, as I think you will both be pleased with a sight of the inclosed pamphlets, am glad his power of franking continues, though I do not think Bishop Preston's precedent in that, as in many other things, a laudable one to follow. Bishop Bennet will be pleased to see the effusions of his old friend Steevens, whose repeated attacks on Dr. Parr will be explained by

* Mr. George Chalmers. He died May 31, 1825. See a memoir of him in *Gent. Mag.* XCV. 564.

the little extract I have given from Parr's pamphlet on Bellendenus. I certainly have not nor shall give any copy of the whole or part of Sir Robert Chambers' letter; and I have satisfied Steevens on this head.

"The better to understand 'The Letter to the Catholic Clergy,' you must know that two of their four Vicars Apostolic, who are Bishops *in partibus*, being lately dead, of the two recommended from hence to the see of Rome to succeed them, one, I believe, Joseph Berrington,* was objected to, as a favourer of the milder oath proposed by the Lay Committee.

"I have tired my arm, so will only add that I am your Lordship's very affectionate and faithful servant,

"M. LORT."

"MY DEAR LORD,

July 17, 1790.

"Two days ago I sent inclosed to the Bishop of Cork a packet for your Lordship. I am now desired by Stockdale to forward De Foe's *Life*, in hopes you may at your leisure be able to furnish some additions to it.

"I have just got Dr. Campbell's '*Strictures on the History of Ireland*,' which informs and amuses me. What says Vallancey to it?

"Here is a Dr. Beaufort† has got access to the Lambeth library, and is about to get large transcripts made from Lord Carew's manuscript collections lodged there.

"I have this day seen your Chancellor's‡ state coach or trumpet car, all over gold; fit for the Sun himself, at least not to be used but in his presence.

"Your Lordship's ever faithful,

M. LORT.

"To Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dublin."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, August 3, 1790.

"I am just come to town from a fortnight's ramble to Windsor and Windsor Forest, near to Pope's old habitation, from whence I made excursions to the old Roman city of Silchester, and the still older Druidical temple transplanted by General Conway from Jersey to his seat at Park-place, near Henley; it is an entire circle of fourteen upright stones, with seven cross-stones on the top, forming

* See p. 485.

† The Rev. Daniel Augustus Beaufort, LL.D., M.R.I.A., died in 1821. See a memoir of him in *Gent. Mag.* XCI. 642.

‡ Lord Clare.

seven cells of about four feet high, separated from each other by taller erect stones from seven to nine feet. One cannot help forming some analogy between them and Balak's seven altars.

"I suppose these are the most perfect remains in the world, preserved from Christian rage by the Druid Priests, who carefully covered them over with earth.

"Let me now acknowledge and thank your Lordship for two letters waiting my arrival here, the last of which announced the disappointment of the literati as to the lost Livy, which I had so confidently asserted would make its appearance in Dublin; it is true that some scouted and more doubted the truth, and I must make the best retreat I can; but I cannot do this without mentioning the facts; which I certainly will not communicate to the papers.

"I now send the pamphlet you mentioned, and two others, one 'An answer to the Layman's Letter, by Mr. Milner,* a priest of Winchester; of Mr. Pilling,† the author of the Dialogue, I know nothing; nor of Mr. Potts, the author of the Inquiry, &c. The four Bishops whose names you saw to the circular letter are Walmsley, *Ramontan*. Thomas Talbot, *Acon*. James Talbot, *Birthen*. and Mathew Gibson, *Comanen*. The two last are dead, and there is demur at Rome to the accepting one or both the persons recommended as successors; one of these I believe is Charles Berrington,‡ not the biographer of Thomas a Becket.

"I am informed that the Irish Catholics have in general refused the new oath, but have exhorted their flocks not to list under Captain Tandy's banner.

"The Layman's Letter is given to a Mr. Throckmorton, who is supposed to have been assisted in it by a priest of the Low Church party.

"I was much surprised on my arrival here to find Parliament prorogued, as I expected to have seen the town fill apace during this week; now it is, and will continue, a desert.

"There are at present two rectors of Marylebone, or at

* Of Bishop Milner see an ample memoir in Literary Illustrations, V. 678—702, prefixed to several of his letters.

† "Caveat to the Catholics of Worcester. By Wm. Pilling." (Monthly Review, LXXIII. 476.)

‡ Bishop Charles Berrington, Vicar Apostolic of the Midland district, died June 8, 1798. See Gent. Mag. LXVIII. 542; and a character of him p. 622.

least that claim to be such,—Bishop Horsley and Sir Richard Kaye, the Dean of Lincoln. However, the latter is so *de facto* at present; but the Easter offerings fall off sadly, and people are glad of this opportunity of lessening or withholding them.

“With my best wishes for Mrs. Percy’s recovery, I remain your Lordship’s affectionate and faithful servant,
“ M. LORT.

“To Lord Bishop of Dromore.”

“MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, August 5, 1790.

“Two days ago I sent a packet which I hope will arrive safe; since then the two pamphlets that accompany this have come to my hands, and I now commend them to yours. Mr. Plowden, I understand, is a priest at Lulworth Castle. Sir Henry Englefield* succeeded me as one of the vice-presidents of the Society of Antiquaries.

“Your Lordship’s ever faithful,

“ M. LORT.

“To Lord Bishop of Dromore.”

“MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, August 24, 1790.

“If I had known the meaning of your inquiry concerning the person who has the care of Marylebone parish, I think I should before this time have been able to have given an answer to the queries in your last letter, received on Saturday. Mr. B. Laurence, I find, is a man of distinguished probity, and would not knowingly sign any improper certificate; but in a large parish, after the first inquiry and signing, the minister is probably not so nice in his future inquiries. I do not know that this is the case in this instance, because Mr. Laurence is out of town, and will not return this fortnight. However, I have conversed with the clerk, a very respectable personage, and given him proper instructions, from which I hope we shall profit. I have reconnoitred the street and the house you directed me to; the latter is one of some small houses that let for about 25*l.* or 30*l.* a-year, and the whole street is new built, very probably by this Mr. Smith; but the house looked shut up, and the clerk told me no such person lived there, but that in an adjoining street, called Barlow Street, and in a similar house, lives one Smith, a bricklayer and builder, of whom he knew no

* Sir H. Englefield published, in 1790, a “Letter to the Author of the Review of the case of the Protestant Dissenters,” 8vo. See Monthly Review, 1790, I. 231, III. 98. See also this volume, p. 13.

more, but is to make proper inquiries and to search the register. He wished to have had some description of Mrs. Hill,* and also to have seen one of the certificates signed B. Laurence: thus the matter rests at present. As soon as I get better information your Lordship shall receive it.

"Let me now thank your Lordship for your excellent and suitable Sermon; I cannot do better than adopt the words of the Society. I shall observe your directions about not mentioning it yet at Lambeth or at Fulham. I shall inclose in this packet one of my pamphlets, which I should wish to be given to Bishop Bernard,† I think of Killaloe. Has he made any use of the secret of *magnetising*, which he paid for learning here of Mainauduc? ‡ Three or four new pretenders to the art or science have started up since, and reduced the terms for pupils from 25 to 5 guineas.

"Stockdale tells me he is thinking of printing a new edition of the "Life of Defoe," and that the author, Mr. Chalmers,§ would be happy to receive any new information on this subject.

"Last Sunday se'nnight, Dr. John Carrol was consecrated Bishop of Baltimore, in America, at Lulworth Castle, by Bishop Walmsley, assisted by two priests; Dr. Carrol is just come from America for this purpose. There is a bull from the Pope establishing this new bishopric, with a proviso in it, as it is said, that no one shall be raised to it without his approbation. As he withheld this from the two persons proposed to him to fill the two vacant districts in England, they still remain as they were.

"Of the two pamphlets signed 'Moorfields,' one, I am told, is suppressed. The Letter from the Committee I now

* What is said above concerning Mr. Smith and Mrs. Hill, of Marylebone parish, relates to the following circumstance:—The Mrs. Hill here mentioned was widow of a Mr. Joseph Hill, who was nephew of Mr. Hill, formerly of London, uncle of Mrs. Percy, and who left considerable sums to his relations, and appointed Dr. Percy one of his executors. To this relict of his nephew he left a handsome annuity so long as she continued unmarried, but there was reason to believe she had united herself to the above Mr. Smith, and it was to ascertain this fact that this inquiry into the registers, &c. of Marylebone parish, wherein he resided, was here made, and continued in some of the following letters.

† Dr. Thomas Bernard, Bishop of Killaloe 1780, translated to Limerick 1794, died June 7, 1806. See an account of him in *Gent. Mag.* LXXVI. 588.

‡ J. B. de Mainauduc, M.D. See the "Lectures" exposed, *Gent. Mag.* 1800, p. 251.

§ See p. 511.

send; I thought I had done so before. 'Considerations on the Oath of Supremacy,' 1778, I shall try to get. Bishop Horsley's is not to be had.

"The muscle of my right shoulder has not recovered its tone since my fall, so that I cannot scribble so much as I used to do; but having I hope replied to all the material parts of your two last letters, and begging my best respects to the ladies, I will only add, that I am your Lordship's affectionate servant,
"M. LORT."

"MY DEAR LORD,

Saville Row, Sept. 4, 1790.

"I have two letters from you since I wrote last, of August 27th and 30th. All the intelligence I have been able hitherto to get of Mrs. Hill tends to confirm your suspicions as to her marriage; the business is to get proof of it; I have reason to believe it took place in her native parish in Worcestershire, and if I could know what that was, I would have applied directly to the minister for intelligence; and I will yet do so, if I can by your or any other assistance get at the name of the place. It is an unlucky circumstance that Mr. Laurence is not in town. The certificate you sent to me is, I am told, a good one, and I shall take proper care of it; it should seem, by the account your Lordship sends me, that Mr. Laurence has declined repeating it, and I really think you are not likely to be presented with another; when I can get a sight of Mr. Laurence, I shall hint to him what you wish to have done. He will not be in town till the week after next, and I shall probably leave town the latter end of the next week, but shall return in about a fortnight. Whilst I remain here I shall hope to pick up and find your Lordship some further intelligence.

"I most heartily sympathise with your Lordship in poor Mrs. Percy's ill health, but shall hope to hear that she will soon be able to undertake the proposed journey, and will be the better for it.

"Notwithstanding Mr. Neve's positive assertion in the inclosed pamphlet,* that he has relics of Milton's corpse, our friend Steevens insists that it is all a flam, for that it is the body of a Miss Smith, not of Milton, and he will prove it. Steevens's proofs of its being the body of a Mrs.

* "A Narrative of the disinterment of Milton's Coffin, Aug. 4, 1790," &c. This pamphlet was by Mr. Philip Neve, of Farnival's Inn. See *Gent. Mag.* LX. 837.

Smith have appeared in the 'Gazetteer';* and I believe in all the papers are some squibs by the same hand, in which the antiquaries, and, among the rest, poor Gough, are sadly mauled. The gentleman who proposes erecting a monument† in Cripplegate Church is Mr. Whitbread, the great brewer, who lives in the parish.

"The Bishop of London is at Fulham, but the Archbishop of Canterbury is not yet returned to Lambeth. Mrs. Lort and I are going to Dr. Walcot's,‡ at Oundle, for a fortnight, but letters directed hither will follow me wherever I may go.

"Your Lordship's ever faithful and affectionate servant,
"M. LORT.

"To Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dublin."

"TO MRS. LORT.

"GOOD MADAM,

Feb. 1791.

"I have seen in the papers an article which hath given me great concern, and with regard to which I must beg leave to condole and sympathize with you, as I do most sincerely. It mentions the death of my worthy friend, Dr. Lort, on the 5th November.§ So remote is my residence that it has but newly reached me, and I cannot sufficiently express how much I am afflicted. His active attention to the great interests of religion and learning make his death a public loss, but his many excellent and amiable qualities will render it to his friends very great. To myself in particular it will be irreparable, and even to the Established Church in this kingdom, for which he ever procured the most early and useful intelligence on every subject which could affect its welfare.

"I am, good Madam, &c. &c.

"T. DROMORE.

* Mr. Steevens's "Reasons why it is improbable that the coffin should contain the body of Milton," may be seen in the St. James's Chronicle, Sept. 7, 1790; and were copied, with some corrections and additions, in the European Magazine for Sept. 1790, p. 206.

† "The admirers of Milton have been gratified by the erection of a beautiful tablet and bust in St. Giles's, Cripplegate. The liberality of the donor has been equalled by the skill of the artist—Bacon. It consists of a tablet of white marble, sculptured with the flaming sword and wily serpent, whose mouth contains the fatal apple. The inscription is, 'John Milton, author of Paradise Lost, born Dec. 1608, died Nov. 1676. His father, John Milton, died March 1646. They were both interred in this church. *Samuel Whitbread posuit.*'"—Malcolm's London, III. 234.

‡ See p. 503.

§ Dr. Lort died November 5th, 1790, aged 65.

MRS. LORT to Bishop PERCY.

"MY LORD,

Battersea Rise, Feb. 27, 1791.

"When I had the honour of receiving your Lordship's last obliging letter I was so very ill as to be unable to use a pen, but by coming into the country have found benefit, and take the first opportunity of writing to assure your Lordship I will take care of all your letters, and either send them to Ireland, or seal them in a parcel to be delivered to your order in London. I have not at present had spirits or leisure to look accurately into the manuscripts, but I make no doubt but the two letters your Lordship mentions are with the rest of the correspondence, and I will make it my first business to search for them when I am well enough to return to Saville-row. Before I left home I enclosed Mr. Laurence's certificate, and some papers relative to that business, in a cover directed for the gentleman your Lordship said would call on me for them; but, by a letter I have just received from my servant, he has not been for them yet.

"I am sure it was perfectly needless for your Lordship to give any reasons for your conduct towards Mrs. Hill, and what passed between me and your Lordship's brother on the subject arose from the difficulty of proving her marriage, and the certainty of her being able to claim her annuity till that was done, even though the children were proved to be hers, unless the will specified that she should live an *irreproachable life*. It was under this idea that I thought her own offer of selling her annuity might be the most advantageous plan for both parties. I am sure I ought to ask your Lordship's pardon for presuming to offer my opinion, in a case where your own judgment must be so much more competent.

"I am extremely concerned to receive such an indifferent account of Mrs. Percy's health, and hope sincerely the spring will enable her to make trial of her native air, when it will give me great pleasure to be introduced to the honour of her acquaintance. I beg my most respectful compliments to her and the young ladies, and am, my lord,

"Your Lordship's obliged and obedient humble servant,

"S. LORT.*

"The Bishop of Dromore."

* Mrs. Lort survived her husband only fifteen months, dying February 5, 1792, aged 50.

LETTERS

Between Dr. LORT and Dr. BIRCH.

The following Correspondence of Dr. Lort is preserved amongst the MSS. of Dr. Birch, * in the British Museum, No. 4312 :—

Rev. Dr. BIRCH to Mr. LORT.

“DEAR SIR,

London, May 9, 1761.

“The design, in which when I had the pleasure of seeing you last I found you to be engaged, of doing justice to the memory of Dr. Bentley, the execution of which will be a very important obligation to the Republic of Letters, makes me consider it a debt to you, whatever is or shall be in my power relating to your subject. I now, therefore, send you the three letters† of his which I mentioned, transcribed by myself from the originals among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. To these I add letters from Lord Carteret, (now Earl of Granville), to Dr. Bentley, from the originals in the same place. And it is a satisfaction to me to have so good an opportunity of giving them to the public by an hand capable of doing it with the utmost advantage.

“I am, dear Sir, your most faithful and affectionate humble servant,

THOS. BIRCH.

“P.S. The Bishop of London‡ has been so ill this week, from the stopping of the defluxion at his mouth, that it is thought that he cannot recover.

“Rev. Mr. Lort, Greek Professor, Trinity Coll. Cambridge.”

Rev. Mr. LORT to Dr. BIRCH.

“DEAR SIR,

Trinity Coll. May 12, 1761.

“I am exceedingly obliged to you for the copies of Dr. Bentley’s letters, of which I shall take great care. More such materials as those would give me spirit to go on with my design, which is yet quite in embryo, and can only be brought to maturity by the help of such authentic papers or information: the latter, I can perceive from

* Memoirs and character of Dr. Birch are given in *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. V. pp. 282—290. Various notices of him occur in other volumes of that work; see *General Indexes*, VII. 32, 33, 516.

† Two letters of Dr. Bentley occur in *Harl. MS.* 3778, art. 98, 103.

‡ Thomas Sherlock, D.D., Bishop of Bangor, 1728; of Salisbury, 1734; of London, 1748; died July 18, 1761. See memoirs of him in *Lit. An.* iii. 10—217. See also *Index*, vii. 379—675.

the copy of Lord Granville's letter, it is much in his Lordship's power to afford me; but it is far above my reach. Homer is not the only book which Lord Granville set Bentley to work upon; I have been informed here that Ammianus Marcellinus was another. As for the troubled waters in which Bentley so long sported here, posterity will probably be very little edified with any particulars relating to them; so they would make a very small part of my plan.

"If at any time my assistance can be of any service to you in this place, at all times freely command,

"Dear Sir, your affectionate and faithful servant,
"M. LORT."

"DEAR SIR,

Trin. Coll. Nov. 29, 1762.

"I return you many thanks for your kind present of Lord Bacon's Letters, &c., which I received on Saturday. I find a half sheet in it which does not belong to this copy, being a duplicate; therefore I have taken it out, and inclose it, as the want of it must make some copy imperfect.

"An English MS. Treatise is lately fallen into my hands, said to have been written by Quine Ecalp, the noted black that was brought some years ago into the west from the province of Mucarole. The Treatise appears to have been written about 1720, and is a curiosity, not only on account of its author, but its matter also. It is in so bad a hand that I know not whether I have transcribed the above proper names right.

"What I have to beg of you is to inform me whether you ever heard of such a person, a man of genius and learning, as the writer of this Treatise appears to have been.

"I have been informed of a black named Williams who was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society I believe about that time, and that he was born, or at least had a plantation and estate, in Jamaica.

"I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and faithful servant,
"M. LORT."

"DEAR SIR,

Trinity College, Cambr. Nov. 13, 1764.

"I have lately had the perusal of a packet of original

letters from Howard, Earl of Northampton,* to Car, Earl of Somerset,† during that interesting period of Lady Essex's divorce and Overbury's imprisonment. These seem to have been the very letters which Sir E. Coke got into his possession, and out of which he read some parts at Somerset's trial. I trouble you with this to beg you will be so kind as to inform me, if you can, whether these are in print in any collection; for, if they are not, I shall be at the pains of transcribing them, to gratify the curiosity of friends who may have a desire to see them.

"Excuse this trouble from, dear Sir, your obliged
humble servant,
M. LORT.

"Rev. Dr. Birch, Norfolk Street, London."

"DEAR SIR,

Trin. Coll. Cambridge, Dec. 2, 1764.

"I return you my thanks for your information concerning Lord Northampton's letters, and in consequence thereof shall certainly pursue my intention of copying them, though I find it likely to prove a more laborious task than I first expected, not only in regard to the length of the letters,

* Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton. In Cotton MSS. relative to the subject of Sir T. Overbury, &c., we find—

Vesp. F. ix. p. 203—222. Miscellaneous Notes, by and in the handwriting of Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton. Moral and Political Maxims. Of little use.

Titus, B. vii. p. 477—484. Henry, Earl of Northampton, three letters to Sir G. Helwisse [or Ellwys], Lieutenant of the Tower, and one note of the latter concerning Sir Thomas Overbury, 1615, of his burial. (The whole from p. 477 is in the MS. entitled "Letters and Papers touching Sir Thomas Overbury's businesse.") They are all illustrative.

Page 484. An expostulatory letter, said to be Sir Thomas Overbury's. This seems a rough draft without address or date.

Page 486. Notes of some transactions relating to the Earl of Somerset. They relate to his trial or examination, and appear illustrative; but are obscure, and badly written.

Pages 488—492. Notes concerning the Countess of Suffolk, the Lord Treasurer, &c., in the Overbury business. Two articles. These relate to the Earl of Northampton, Sir Thomas Overbury, and others; and appear to be notes on the trial. The letters seem to be here alluded to.

Sloane MSS. Nos. 1,089, Art. 13; 2,572, Art. 11, 12. All relate to the trial for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and are illustrative.

† Robert Carr.—Andrew Amos, Esq., has recently published "The Trial of the Earl of Somerset for the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury." The Westminster Review for July, 1847, says of it: "Mr. Amos has not only collected together, we believe, all the information on the subject that was printed, but has added various documents yet unpublished, from the State Paper Office and British Museum. Of this new matter the most valuable portion is the written examinations of the prisoners and witnesses, taken probably by Sir Edward Coke, who was employed to collect the evidence for the prosecution."

but the difficulty of making out the hand; which latter prevents my making use of any assistance which I might otherwise have availed myself of. The letters are in number 22, filling near 70 folio pages, with the seals and superscriptions to some of them, as also date of place and day of the week; but none of them have any date of year, or day of the month. There are besides two letters of Lord Northampton to Mr. Gervase Ellwys, and one of Lord Suffolk's to Sir Thomas Overbury, dated August 23rd, 1613. That I might not wholly disappoint your curiosity I send you a copy of the last letter Northampton wrote, which I took in a hurry when I first saw these letters, and which I wish you may be able to read; but hope when I set about the rest, which I have not immediately leisure to do, to make them more legible.

"One singularity let me inform you, that that letter, part of which is published in Somerset's Trial, and the other part said to be omitted on account of its obscenity, does really contain no more indecency than what Coke had already exhibited in the court, and, though a very long one, is quite upon other business.

"I inclose this in a cover to Lord Hardwicke, to whom, if you please, I beg my respectful compliments, and am,

"Dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"M. LORT."

Earl of NORTHAMPTON to the Earl of SOMERSET.*

"HON. AND WORTHY LORD,

Tuesday at 2.

"If the plain dealing of my physicians and surgeon did not assure me of the few days I have to live, I should yet have deferred the putting of these poor suits into your hands, since I might be thought still rather to value your greatness than your goodness.

"But, noble lord, let me be beholding at my last farewell, for such poor toys as do rather ease my mind than pinch any man.

"I humbly beseech your lordship to stay with all the power you can the conferring the office of the Cinque Ports either upon Pembroke or Lisle, for, as they hated me, so they will plague my people, and those whom I loved.

* Inclosed in the preceding letter.

"Sir Robert Brette at his coming to the place of lieutenant was content to depart with a plat of ground for enlargement of my garden, which could have been bought of him, setting aside his love to me, for no money. My very conscience is pressed in this point, and therefore cannot satisfy myself till I have put my earnest suit into the hand of my dearest lord, to take care that his majesty admit no warden before he have given his word to him not to remove this poor distressed gentleman out of his lieutenancy.

"If I die before Midsummer, the forms of the Irish customs are not to pay me, though it be but one day before, which were a great wound to my fortune. No man can help this inconvenience better than your lordship, by obtaining a Privy Seal that my executors may be paid, if it come to that said straight of a day or two.

"Assurance from your lordship that you will effect these final requests, shall send my spirit out of this transitory tabernacle with as much comfort and content as the bird flies from the mountain.

"Dear lord, my spirits spend, and my strength decays: all that remains is with my dying hand to witness what my living heart did vow, when it gave itself to your lordship, as to the choice friend whom I did love for his virtues, and not court for his fortune.

"Farewell, noble lord, and the last farewell in the last letter that I ever look to write to any man. I presume confidently of your favour in these my poor suits, and will be, both living and dying,

"Your affectionate friend and servant,

"H. NORTHAMPTON.*

"To the Right Honourable my special good Lord the Erle of Somerset, of his Majesty's Privy Council."

MR. LORT TO DR. BIRCH.

"DEAR SIR, Trin. Coll. Cambridge, Nov. 29, 1765.

"In the Magdalen Library, formerly Secretary Pepys's, there is a manuscript account of Charles the Second's escape after the battle of Worcester, which was taken from the king's own mouth at Newmarket by Mr. Pepys, and

* This letter is written with a shaking hand, and indorsed "Earl of Northampton to myself." Lord N.'s seal is on it; and it is thus superscribed, "To the R. honourable my special good lord the Erle of Somerset, of his Majesty's Privy Council." Lord Northampton died June 5, 1614.

which I believe has never been in print. One Sir David Dalrymple* has applied to the college either to publish it, or to suffer him to do it.† Sir David says that he has already given the world some original state papers; some the beginning of the 17th century, and is very desirous of proceeding in that plan. This may be so; but as I can find no one here who has heard any thing of Sir David or his publications, I therefore trouble you with this for such information as you may be able to communicate concerning him, which, if I like, I may possibly put Sir T. Overbury's letters into his hands for the benefit of the public, unless (as I suspect) he may be unwilling to publish what will be much to the discredit of James I.

"I hope this will find you in good health; and you will believe me, dear Sir, your obedient and faithful servant,

"M. LORT.

"Rev. Dr. Birch, Norfolk Street, London."

* The well-known Lord Hailes. See a Memoir of him in Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, vol. XI. A letter from Sir David Dalrymple to Mr. Lort, dated Dec. 14, 1765, within a few days of the above letter, soliciting his correspondence and assistance, is printed in *Literary Anecdotes*, IX. p. 68. See also vol. VII. p. 547.

† He did so, in "An Account of the Preservation of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester, drawn up by himself; to which are added, his Letters to several persons. Glasgow, 1766." 8vo.

LETTERS

From Dr. LORT to the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE.*

REV. MR. LORT TO RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ. †

"DEAR SIR,

Trinity Coll. Camb. Dec. 22, 1759.

"It is with great pleasure I hear Dr. Bentley's "Lucan" is put into the hands of Mr. Walpole; and that the public is in a fair way of being favoured with a splendid edition of it, as it deserves. It is on a presumption from this circumstance of your being acquainted with that gentleman that I send you the inclosed. His "Catalogue of Noble Authors" did but very lately fall into my hands; and when it had got there I could not exchange it for any other book till I had read it through; during which some things occurred to me which I scribbled down, and which you will find in the inclosed sheets; on a perusal of which, if you find them of consequence enough, you may communicate them to Mr. Walpole; if not, to the flames, and there will be no harm done, provided you will pardon this trouble given you by, sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

"M. LORT."

Some cursory Remarks on Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. By Mr. Lort.

"Vol. I. page iii. There is a 'Bibliotheca Eruditorum præcocium,' by Klefekerus, at Hamburg, 1718, 4to.

"P. 18. Of the learning of women of quality in those days there is, I think, a curious account in Ascham's 'Schoolmaster,' where he speaks of the Lady Jane Grey.

"P. 37. Puttenham's 'Arte of English Poesy' I have. Queen Elizabeth's 'Sonnet' ‡ in it is indeed a very extra-

* These letters are copied from the originals preserved by Horace Walpole, and purchased at the Strawberry Hill sale, April 30, 1842, by the British Museum. They now form Additional MSS. No. 12,527.

† Mr. Cumberland died May 11, 1811. He published his "Memoirs" in 1806; from which a good account of him was abridged in Chalmers's Dictionary. See also Literary Anecdotes, VII. 101, 546. Five letters of Mr. Cumberland to Mr. Justice Hardinge are printed in Literary Illustrations, III. 157. A character of him will also be found, in some letters of Mr. Hardinge to Mr. Mudford, in the same volume pp. 821-827; with a Latin and English banter on him by Mr. Hardinge, with which Mr. Cumberland, mistaking for a compliment, was highly pleased. See Literary Illustrations, vol. III. 157.

‡ See it in Queen Elizabeth's Progresses, 2d edit. vol. I. pp. 9, 10.

ordinary one, and on a very extraordinary occasion. Hentzner's book I also have.

"P. 40. *James the First*.—The 'Βασιλικον Δωρον, or King James's instructions to his dearest son Henry, the prince,' is so much superior both for matter and style to all this king's other works, that one would suspect he had condescended to call in some help on the occasion. It is remarkable that this book was reprinted in 1682 in 8vo., and said to be by his Majesty's command, with two good heads, by R. White, of James the First and Prince Henry. I have copies of the former and later editions. There is a translation of the Psalms by King James, in which he has out-Sternholded Sternhold. The copy I have was printed in 1637, in 8vo. with the following:—

"“CHARLES I. Having caused this Translation of the Psalms (whereof our late dear father was author) to be printed, and it being found to be exactly and truly done, we do hereby authorise the same to be imprinted, according to the patent granted thereupon, and do allow them to be sung in all the churches in our dominions, recommending them to all our good subjects for that effect.”

"P. 52. This Fuller was voted by the Parliament to be a notorious cheat, and I think his book also contained these pretended letters of King James. He was prosecuted by the Attorney-General, and whipped and pilloried.

"P. 82. In page 200 of the 'Arte of English Poesy' is a sonnet of Lord Vaux's, who is there said to be a man otherwise of no great learning, but having herein (in poesy) a marvellous facility.

"P. 140. Master Puttenham, in his 'Arte of English Poesy,' takes care to call her the most beautiful, or rather Beauty of Queens, p. 207. To this book is prefixed a bad wooden cut of her with this inscription, '*A colei che se stessa rassomiglia, & non altrui,*' which that well-known English line exactly hits off—'none but herself can be her parallel.'

"P. 149. '*Mæcenæ of that accomplished age.*'—He was Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

"P. 156. 'His dispatches attributed to his secretary Cuffe.' Whoever has dipped into Cuffe's book 'Of the differences of the ages of Man's Life' will acquit him of having had much hand in Lord Essex's Dispatches, more than writing them.

"P. 165. 'Published in 1610.'—I should think it must have been published sooner. In a book I have called 'England's Parnassus, or the choycest Flowers of our Moderne Poets,' printed in 1600, almost the whole Introduction of the 'Mirror of Magistrates,' is common placed, with the name of M. Sackville affixed to it: which is indeed the finest flower in this nosegay; and I think may yet be matched with any in any language.

"P. 182. *Sir Fulk Greville's Life*.—I admire and subscribe with all my heart to this free, bold, and just criticism on Sir Philip Sidney and modern Chorus's.

"Vol. II. page 98. *William Duke of Devonshire*.—Most of the writings of the duke mentioned here are printed in the 'Memoirs of the Cavendishes, by Dr. White Kennet;' but the following elegant epitaph on a young lady, who was said to be his mistress, and I think also his steward's daughter, is little known:—

'Requiescit hic
pars mortalis M^æ A^æ Cⁱⁱ.^{*}
Obiit 19 Maii A^o MDCCVI.
Ætat. 19.

Quod superest ex alterâ parte quære.
Formam ægregiam et multis illecebris ornatam
virtutes animi superârunt.
Plebeium genus sed honestum
nobilitate morum decoravit,
supra ætatem sagax,
supra sortem præsertim egenis benigna.
Inter scænicos ludos (in quibus aliquandiu versata est)
verecunda et intemerata.
Post quatuor mensium languorem
a febris hectica correpta
intempestivam mortem
forti pectore et Christiana pietate subivit.
Humanitate præditis
(siquid mortem mortalia tangunt)
flebilis,
amicis heu flebilior.
Dilectissimis relliquiis sacrum
lapidem hunc poni curavit
G.D.D.[†]

^{*} i. e. Mariæ Annæ Campion.

[†] i. e. Gulielmus Dux Devonizæ.

[‡] This epitaph is not noticed in the Second Edition of Bishop White Kennet's Sermon on the Duke of Devonshire, "with Additions by the Author and the Editor," (Mr. Gough), and published by Mr. Nichols, 1797, 8vo. a curious work, now very rare. See Literary Anecdotes, VI. 323.

"P. 106. I have a small volume of Letters of Lord Shaftesbury's to a young Clergyman, and to Mr. Molesworth, neatly printed in 1746, but I know not whether published or not.

"114. In 1702 was published a translation of Demosthenes' Olynthian and Philippick Orations by several hands. This, I have heard, was done under the direction of Lord Somers, who is also supposed to have translated the very large Historical Preface of Turreil prefixed to them.

"126. The first Olynthian in this book is said to be translated by the Earl of Peterborough.

"128. The second by Mr. George Grenville.

"138. I have a pamphlet, called 'A Letter to the Examiner,' suggesting proper heads for the vindicating his Masters, 1714. In the title page of which somebody has written, 'By Robert Walpole, Esq.'

"The late Lord Barrington was author of more than one work.

"In a copy of the 'History of the Life of Christ,' translated by Dupin, 8vo. 1705, at the end of the Advertisement to the Reader somebody has written 'Damaris, Lady Masham.'

"In the Library of Trin. Coll. Camb. is a book with this title (D. 10, 42) 'The Ascents of the Soul, or David's Mount towards God's House, being Paraphrases on the 15 Psalms of Degrees, written in Italian, by the Illustrious Gio Francisco Loredano, a noble Venetian, 1656, rendered into English Anno Dom. 1665. Lond. 1681.' fol.

"In one of the blank pages is this MS. inscription: 'Prænobilis Dominus Colerane Librum hunc, a seipso cum in Italia peregre vixit Anglice redditum, Coll. Ss. et Individ. Trinitatis Cantab. humillime offert.'

"There is a second part of this book, called 'La Scala Santa, or a Scale of Devotions Musical and Gradual, being Descants on the 15 Psalms of Degrees in Metre, with contemplations and collects upon them in prose, 1670.' This part is dedicated to the most illustrious and serenest Stella, and has a copy of English and another of Latin verses prefixed, to the Right Hon. the learned author. The first part is dedicated to the most honoured Lucinda. They have each an emblematical frontispiece prefixed as unintelligible as the books themselves, designed by the author, having his cypher, HC *design.* and baron's coronet. The first is fairly engraved by Faithorne, who, as Mr. Walpole observes, was an ex-

cellent engraver when he took pains. Had he met with the encouragement which some of the famous French engravers of his time did, I believe he might have distinguished himself as highly in his profession. I have some heads engraved by him with great strength and boldness, and others with amazing delicacy and neatness. But he, as well as Hollar, worked for booksellers."

MR. LORT to the HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

"SIR,

Trin. Col. Camb., Feb. 7, 1760.

"The few remarks which occurred to me upon the perusal of your book, and which I took the liberty of desiring Mr. Cumberland to communicate to you, were but a small return for the pleasure and information which I had received therefrom; and, as I doubt not but that most of them may have long before this time been made by yourself or friends, I must therefore attribute the genteel manner with which you have been pleased to acknowledge the receipt of them more to your politeness and candid interpretation of the intentions of the writer than to any merit or novelty of theirs. This, indeed, I ought to have done much sooner, but I had mislaid a paper that contained some further intelligence which I had met with since I sent the former to Mr. Cumberland; and I was willing, sir, to find something more to put in my letter than bare acknowledgments of your politeness.

"Lady Masham, I find, was no peeress. I did not know before she was among the long list of supposed writers, both male and female, of 'The Whole Duty of Man;' yet, if I could be brought to think that manly performance could have flowed from a female pen, I would as soon give the credit of it to Lady Masham as any other of her sex; not so much because she was Dr. Cudworth's daughter, as because she was Mr. Locke's acquaintance and friend: but chronology is against this. However, as this lady has no pretensions from her rank to be introduced to you, I must therefore endeavour to supply her place with another, whose existence you have indeed disputed, but to which I will beg leave to restore her; and she is no other than Lord Berkeley's Lady Harmonia, who was one of the numerous and justly-celebrated offspring of Richard the first Earl of Cork, being his favourite daughter, married to the Earl of Warwick. She

died in 1678, when her funeral sermon was preached by Dr. A. Walker, who has annexed to it the very letter of Lord Berkeley printed at the end of his Lordship's 'Historical Applications;' so that there remains no doubt of this book being his, and this letter being hers. The preacher, I think, has also furnished us with a hint to explain the propriety of Lord Berkeley's styling her the Lady Harmonia; for, after a laboured panegyric on her virtues, he owns she had two faults,—'excess of charity,' and 'defect of anger.' Yet, still this letter perhaps may not be thought sufficient to rank her among the authoresses. Let me therefore found her claim on 'Occasional Meditations upon several Subjects, with pious Reflections upon several Scriptures, by the Right Honourable Mary Countess Dowager of Warwick. Lond. 1678.'

"These Meditations are much in the strain and style of her brother's, Mr. Robert Boyle. I should have been much better pleased if she had finished what Dr. Walker gives the following account of:—

'I cannot say that she had resolved to write her father's life; but I can and do affirm she had it in deliberation, and had considerable materials and collections, many of which she had discoursed and read to me, and given me the favour to read myself.'

"I imagine, Sir, you have not seen Lord Capel's book. It was first published in 4to. 1654, under the title of 'Daily Observations, or Meditations Divine and Moral, written by a Person of Honour.' This edition I have; and a second in 1689, in 12mo. entitled 'Excellent Contemplations, Divine and Moral, written by the magnanimous and truly-loyal Lord Capel; with several letters to different persons, and his pious advice to his son the late Earl of Essex.' This copy of mine was a gift of the Duchess Dowager of Beaufort (Lord Capel's daughter) to Francis Louthorpe, 1710, and has the names of the persons written to whom the letters are addressed. Among others is a long one to Oliver Cromwell, dated from the Tower, Jan. 15, 1648, being a very spirited remonstrance (not perhaps, in his circumstances, a very prudent one) against the very extraordinary measures which were then going to be taken against the King. In this letter to Cromwell he subscribes himself 'your most affectionate friend;' yet, perhaps, this friend, or rather this letter hastened him to the block the March following.

"I take the liberty of sending you the pamphlet which, you will find, somebody has ascribed to Mr. Robert Walpole. Whether justly or not, you, sir, will be best able to determine.

"I am, Sir, with great respect, your most obedient and most faithful servant,
MICHAEL LORT."

"SIR,

Trin. Coll. Camb., Feb. 25, 1760.

"In answer to your favour of the 18th, there is a short relation of the estate of Virginia drawn up by Lord Delaware, published in Purchas's Pilgrims, vol. iv. p. 1762; and the same I think, but curtailed, in Smith's 'History of Virginia,' fol. 1626, p. 105. I suppose it may originally have been printed by itself.

"I know nothing of the other book ascribed to Lord Chandos;* but that, I see, is in the Bodleian Catalogue, which very often ascribes the author's name to an anonymous piece, but I find it has not to this.

"The celebrated ballad of 'Christ's Kirk of the Green,' written by King James the Fifth, was published at Oxford in 4to. 1695, by E. G. viz. Edmund Gibson, afterwards Bishop of London, with a glossary and a preface, which is a defence of the Macaronick and this kind of writing, or rather of the *Dulce est desipere in loco*.

"There is a posthumous piece of Lord Grey's, being an account of the plot in which he was concerned, published I think not many years ago.

"As I live here, sir, in the midst of books and catalogues, and you may have perceived, sir, love to tumble them over, any queries that you shall at any time be pleased to favour me with I will do my best endeavour to return as satisfactory an answer as I can; being, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
M. LORT."

"SIR,

Windsor, July 27, 1760.

"Having left college on a summer's excursion, your favour of the 25th inst. was forwarded to me at this place. You did me great honour, and gave me much pleasure, in your kind acceptance and approbation of the Sermon† which I took the liberty of sending you. It contains the real sentiments of my heart, without disguise or flattery; and

* "Horæ Subsecivæ: Observations and Discourses. Lond. 1620."

† "Before the University, June 22, 1760, being the Anniversary of his Majesty's Accession to the Throne." Monthly Review, xxiii. 336.

I trust to the good meaning of the design to cover a multitude of errors in the execution of it, in the eyes of those who shall give themselves the trouble, as you have done, of perusing it.

"I am, Sir, your much obliged and most obedient servant,
M. LORT."

"SIR,

Trin. Coll. Camb. March 14, 1762.

"As soon as I was able to get the perusal of the 'Anecdotes of Painting in England,' I sat down to read them with great impatience; I cannot resist the impulse of returning you thanks for the pleasure and satisfaction you have afforded me. I have now at last seen what I have often wished to see, and looked upon as one of the desiderata in literature,—materials collected with zeal, industry, and fidelity by one man, disposed, digested, and embellished by the parts and genius of another. This I am sure of, that many books, with very excellent stuff in them, have fallen into neglect and oblivion on account of their being awkwardly and inartificially put together. Whoever has read Vertue's *Opuscula*, which he himself compiled and published, will I am persuaded think it a lucky circumstance that the collection which he had made on so curious and unhacknied a subject as the history of the polite arts in England should have fallen into the hands of one so well qualified to do justice to the subject.

"As a proof, Sir, that I mean something more than bare compliment in this letter, I have taken the liberty of enclosing such observations as occurred to me in the course of my reading, such as it is my fashion to scribble on the perusal of every book that pleases me.

"Your favourable acceptance of a former medley of this kind has encouraged the sending of the present* from,

"Sir, your most obedient and faithful servant,
"M. LORT."

"SIR,

London, May 10, 1765.

"I have lately met in the public library of our university a parcel of original letters from the Earl of Northampton to Car, Earl of Somerset, during that memorable period of Lady Essex's divorce and Sir T. Overbury's

* These remarks of Dr. Lort are not preserved with the collection of his letters to Walpole.

imprisonment, which, as appears from the Trial, were the very letters Lord Coke got into his possession, and read part of at the trial. These I have transcribed, and, if you should have any curiosity to peruse them, they are much at your service, by sending for them to Messrs. Whiston and White, booksellers, in Fleet-street. I have done myself the honour of calling at your house; but not having the pleasure of finding you at home, and returning to Cambridge to-morrow, I take the liberty of troubling you with this. Since I have been in town, I have found another set of letters from Overbury to Somerset—copies only—in the British Museum, which I was also induced to transcribe, and have put together with the others.

“I have, in common with the rest of the world, been so much obliged to Mr. Walpole for much entertainment and information received from his writings, that I should be glad in this or any other way to show how much I am his most obedient servant,

M. LORT.

“To the Hon. Horatio Walpole, Esq.”

“SIR,

Cambridge, June 3, 1765.

“I am favoured with your letter, and much obliged by the concern you express from my having missed seeing of you when I did myself the honour of calling at your house. The loss was mine, which I shall be very glad to repair when I come next to town.

“The papers I left with Whiston and White you may please to return thither at your own leisure. When I first found Northampton’s letters I did expect to have unravelled all those mysterious transactions which Sir E. Coke’s insinuations at Somerset’s trial led me to suppose had passed between him and Somerset, and to have found circumstantial proof of Northampton’s guilt, not only with regard to the murder of Overbury, but of Prince Henry also. But concerning the latter I found nothing; and with regard to the former, circumstances rather led me to acquit Northampton: but whether they may lead any one else is another matter. I have likewise, since I read them, entertained a better opinion of Sir A. Weldon’s account of King James’s reign, and a worse of Lord Brooke’s, than I had before.

“In your account of Sir John Holles you mention, on the authority of his biographer, Mr. Gervase Holles, Sir John’s private conference with Garnet and another Jesuit,

at their execution, as the cause of his being imprisoned and fined. This may have been, but then he was also fined and imprisoned for such a conference at Tyburn with Weston, executed there for the murder of Overbury, when Arthur Wilson informs us that, out of friendship to Somerset, he urged Weston to deny his confession. Sir John's trial is in the first volume of the State Trials; and there it appears that it was upon this occasion Sir E. Coke bolted out that clumsy parody—

‘Et quæ tanta fuit Tyburn tibi causa videndi.’

“I will only repeat, Sir, that you may use your own leisure in looking over these papers; and beg you will believe me to be your obedient servant, M. LORT.”

“From Mr. Thrale's, near Scotland Yard, Whitehall,
“Feb. 4, 1773.

“Mr. Lort presents his compliments to Mr. Walpole, and begs leave to recommend the little book that accompanies this to his perusal, supposing it may not yet have fallen in his way, It contains some curious anecdotes of different people little known to the generality of the world, and which perhaps may deserve to be better known, more especially such as regard the *Admirable Creighton*, of whom Mr. Lort has collected some further particulars, which Mr. Walpole may command whenever he pleases.”

“Hon. Mr. Horace Walpole.”

“Old Bond Street, July 5, 1775.

“Mr. Lort presents his compliments and thanks to Mr. Walpole for the printed copy of the little Poems, which he would have done sooner, but that he has been at Cambridge, where he picked up the little book that accompanies this, in which, p. 412, is the curious case of the incestuous marriage, which, if it was not originally started in and borrowed from the Q. of Navarre's novels, was probably framed by some curious casuist in order to be mooted among his brethren. It is also said to be in a tract of Luther's. The book is much at Mr. Walpole's service, if he chooses to keep it.”

“Hon. Mr. Horace Walpole.”

“SIR,

Old Bond Street, June 11, 1776.

“The Society of Antiquaries having republished some of Vertue's Historical Prints, all of which probably you

already have, it has so happened that I have fortunately met with Van Voerst's original print of Charles I. and his Queen; and, on comparing it with what has hitherto been supposed to be Vertue's copy, I find the impressions to be from the same plate, only retouched by Vertue, who has totally omitted Voerst's name; and, though indeed he has only added *excudit* to his own, yet still this is a proceeding I know not how to reconcile with the well-known candour of that honest engraver.

"If you have Voerst's print, be pleased to compare it with Vertue's; if not, I will send you mine if you desire it.

"I am, sir, your faithful servant, M. LORT.

"P.S. In the Minutes of the Society I find this entry:—
'6 March, 1734. The Rev. Mr. Freeman, present at the desire of Mr. Vertue, brought a print of Charles I. and his Queen, from a painting of Vandyke, engraved by R. Van Voerst, 1634.'

"Hon. Mr. H. Walpole, Arlington Street."

"Old Bond Street, July 10, 1776.

"Mr. Lort is just returned from Cambridge, and finds Mr. Walpole's card and the pictures; for both which he returns his thanks. Mr. Lort will endeavour to wait on Mr. Walpole to-morrow morning, but begs Mr. Walpole will not put himself to any inconvenience by staying at home on that account; as in that case Mr. Lort will take some other opportunity."

"Old Bond Street, August 1, 1776.

"Mr. Lort sends his compliments to Mr. Walpole, with the print of Wilson the Painter; also the prints of St. Paul's Cross, with the collections made for an historical account thereof, which are much at Mr. Walpole's service to make whatever use he pleases of."

"Old Bond Street, August 6, 1776.

"Mr. Lort sends his compliments to Mr. Walpole, and informs him he has laid aside, for some little time at least, his intention of going to France. He has just received a letter from Mr. Waddilove, at Madrid, who says, 'To Mr. Walpole's query I can only say that I have heard of no painter of the name of Muntz. The picture No. 3 by Titian, p. 99 of King Charles the First's Catalogue, is in the Vicars' chapter-room at the Escorial. The

picture being fixed to the wall, the marks mentioned cannot be examined; but as the measures correspond, and the subject is particular, I may venture to say I am not mistaken. Please to ask him of his information concerning the Cartoons. To a Spaniard that asked me some questions about them, I gave Mr. Walpole's account; but the Abbé Pons may think himself more concerned in the credit of H. H. D. than I am, and observed that relation could not be true (see *Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. ii. p. 54), for the fine tapestry of the Cartoons is now at Rome, and annually hung up for the day of Corsini. The Duke of Alva has at Madrid another copy of that very same tapestry.'

"Hon. Mr. Horace Walpole."

"DEAR SIR,

Old Bond Street, August, 7, 1776.

"As I go to Cambridge to-morrow, I shall not be able to wait on you as I wished to do. The papers about Paul's Cross are mere memorandums, which, without considerable additions, I suspect are scarce worthy to be printed; but as I do not look upon them any longer as mine, nor desire ever to have them considered as such, I therefore beg you will press or suppress them when and how you shall think proper.

"Some time this winter you desired that, when I should write to Madrid, I would inquire whether Muntz, who wrote on *Encaustic Painting*, was or had been there. I suppose I mentioned your name as the inquirer, and I suppose also that Mr. Waddilove has taken occasion from thence to refer to something in the *Anecdotes of Painting*, which, not having the book by me, I did not perfectly understand; and so I sent you the whole passage. And I will now take an opportunity of adding another relative to the arts of *Painting*, &c.

"The premiums offered here (at Madrid) do more honour to the country than any performances they have produced. Carmona is a very good engraver; Prieto has cut some seals and medals tolerably well. Bayen, an Arragonese, and Mailla, a Valentian, are king's painters, and not contemptible ones. Mengs is here at present, and has now finished a new ceiling in the new palace. He goes soon to Rome, and probably will not return hither, though the king favours him much, and he has large appointments; but his merit is unknown to the *grandees*. They consider painting as a mere mechanical art, and

would pay just as much attention to a house or sign-painter. I have not heard of any one family that has ever employed him on any historical subject, and only two for portraits. The first landscapes are now engraving here; they are some views of Arranjuez.*

"Dr. Maty* being dead, his son, who is chaplain to Lord Stormont, is expected over; and, as I was to rely upon him for protection and direction, I therefore have for the present suspended my journey thither; but if he returns thither before the middle of September, I hope to accompany him. In the meantime I shall go northwards, this hot weather, and visit Chatsworth and Hardwicke.

"I remain, Sir, your faithful servant, M. LORT."

"DEAR SIR,

Old Bond Street, June 20, 1778.

"I send you a paper upon Celts,† the only merit of which is the collecting all their various forms, and what has been said about them, and thus giving others a better chance of giving something better on the subject. With it you will find some curious papers, dispersed among the Catholics, of which I have also sent our friend Cole a set.

"I have lately picked up the following work, 'Discourses useful for the vain modish Ladies and their Gallants. By the Rt. Honble. Francis Lord Viscount Shannon.' 8vo. 1696. If not in your collection, it is very much at your service. There is an odd dedication in it to the Duchess of Northumberland. I hope very soon to pay my respects to you at Strawberry Hill; and am, Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"M. LORT."

"DEAR SIR,

Old Bond Street, July 20, 1778.

"I send you 'Clubbe's Physiognomy,' with Hogarth's print, which I beg your acceptance of; as, also, of Sir Anthony Shirley's Travels. I find I have of Hogarth's in my collection at Cambridge the following, which I think are not in yours; viz. 'Battle of the Pictures,' a receipt print; Frontispieces to English translation of 'Molière's L'Avare et Le Cocû imaginaire,' and the 'Surrey Wonder, or a second print of Mary Tofts.' Some others I

* Dr. Matthew Maty died July 2, 1776. See Memoirs of him in Literary Anecdotes, vol. III. p. 258, and Index, vol. VII. 257.

† Dr. Lort's Observations on Celts are printed in Archæologia, vol. V. pp. 106—118.

have here which have the appearance of being Hogarth's, and which I wish to ascertain—therefore send them to you to look at. I have seen it somewhere mentioned in print that he published a print of Father Girard and Miss Cadiere.*

“So much for Hogarth. As to Chatterton, I find I can help you to some dates for your Narrative,† from memorandums I took at Bristol last year, when Mr. Barrett shewed me part of the two first letters which Chatterton sent to you. The first is dated March 26, 1769, when he sent the second printed Eclogue, ‘Richard of Lyons heart to fight is gone,’ and says, ‘They were specimens of poetry found in Redcliff Church, about 1631 (1731, as I suppose), by Rowley, who was a great herald and antiquarian, but a much greater poet;—and that it would do honour to any person to patronise his works, and to get them printed.’

“The second letter is dated March 30. The introductory part here was cut off, but more specimens were sent. He offers to transcribe the whole and send them; wishes Mr. Horace Walpole would investigate the antiquity of the Violin, having observed an old figure of a man playing on one in Bristol Cathedral. Mr. Walpole having made some objections to the authenticity of the poems, Mr. Barrett drew up an answer, which Chatterton did in part adopt, but never sent. Desires Mr. Walpole would send the MSS. to the ‘Town and Country Magazine,’ if not approved.

“So far from my memorandums, written down after a cursory inspection of the papers at Mr. Barrett's. I could wish much to know what those specimens were that he sent to you. From a note in page 204 of the printed book, it should seem that a ballad on Charity was one; but your notion of his shifting the date after he had applied to you, is certainly not well founded; for it appears that he had on the 4th of March, 1769, sent a little thing to the ‘Town and Country Magazine’ (p. 136), which is as follows:—

‘SIR,

‘As you mention in your last that Henry II. intro-

* “Memoir of Miss Mary-Catharine Cadiere and Father Girard, Jesuit.” 8vo. Lond. 1731.—“Her Case against the Jesuit Father John Baptist Girard, in a Memorial presented to the Parliament of Aix.” 8vo. Lond. 1732.

† See hereafter, p. 555.

duced the dress called Court-mantle, the following copy of a manuscript, written three hundred years ago, by one Rowley, a monk, concerning the said dress, may not be unacceptable.

‘Brighhike* havienge ymade Seyncte Baldwynnes† chapele ynto a house, Kynge Harrie Secundus, in his yinge daies was there taughte; yn the walle of sayde house was an ymagerie ‡ of a Saxonne Ab-thane, § crabbatelie ywroughtenne, || with a mantille of estate, whyche yinge Harrie enthoughten to bee moche ¶ fyner dresse thanne hys. Causeynge the same to be quaentissen** yn elenget†† selke and broderie, ‡‡ thus came courte dresse from a boystous ymagerie.”

‘And in another manuscript, written by Rowley, it is said—

‘Richardus§§ abbate of Seyncte Augustynes dyd wear a mantelle frenged with |||bightes, and plated sylver after courte fashyon.

‘I remain, Sir, your humble servant, D. B.’

“In several other following introductions, the same date is asserted; nor can I discover any inconsistency or contradiction in any of these different accounts, which I have compared with that view.

“What he wrote to you about his getting the poems from another person, he asserted also at first to Messrs. Barrett and Catcott. He said he was engaged by a gentleman to compose love verses to his mistress, and also employed by him to transcribe from old manuscripts the ancient poems, of which he exhibited the copies to Messrs. Barrett and Catcott. This prevented their being much surprised at not seeing the originals, though, at the pressing solicitations of Mr. Barrett, he did after some time produce one or two vellum leaves.

“From the Minute Book of the Society of Antiquaries, it appears that Mr. Theobald exhibited an account of various ornaments given by Mr. William Canning to the Vicar and Procurators of Redcliff Church, the 4th day of July, 1470. This curiosity was said to have been an extract of a book belonging to St. Mary Redcliff Church

* An Anglo-Saxon earl.

† Statue.

|| Elegantly made.

** Devised or imitated.

†† Embroidery.

||| Jewels.

† In Bristol.

§ Earl.

¶ Much.

†† Foreign.

§§ In 1149.

at Bristol, and to have been found in the cabinet of John Browning, Esq.

"That honesty is the best policy can scarce be more strongly exemplified than from the conduct and fate of Chatterton. Had he not aimed at these impositions upon all mankind,—for it does not appear that he made any person privy to them,—but had exhibited his compositions as imitations of ancient bards, and appeared in his own proper character; there is no doubt but that he would have met with that patronage which might in time have produced something very extraordinary.

"I am, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,
"M. LORT."

"DEAR SIR,

Old Bond Street, July 29, 1778.

"On my return here I found a copy of Chatterton's poems,* sent me as a present from the publishers, Fielding and Walker, with a note, begging I would communicate any poems I might have of Chatterton's for a future edition; and mentioning that they had been encouraged by Mr. Steevens to solicit my patronage. I thought it might be of use to you to know this; which is all at present, from, dear Sir, your obliged servant, M. LORT.

"P.S. I shall take no notice of this application, at least for the present, and till I return from Cambridge.

"Hon. Mr. Horace Walpole, Strawberry Hill."

"DEAR SIR,

Old Bond Street, Sept. 4, 1778.

"I was very sorry on my arrival here yesterday to find I had missed the pleasure of seeing you, having called in Arlington Street about a quarter of an hour after you had left it. If you should be in town next week I shall be glad to receive another summons, as I think it probable that I shall be here a great part of the week.

"I see Mr. George Catcott stands forth in the *Gent. Mag.* for last month (p. 347), an advocate for the authenticity of Rowley's poems, against Mr. Warton's assertions.

"He says that, to his knowledge, Chatterton knew nothing of Latin; and if so, he could not read and understand Skinner's Glossary, as Mr. Tyrwhyt asserts; but his will, which I have in my possession, proves the contrary.

"There is said to be a poem of Homer's, of above 500 lines, found in the royal library at Moscow, of which a Dutch

* "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse. By Thomas Chatterton." See *Monthly Review*, LIX. 395.

professor, Ruhnkenius, has a copy, and means to publish it. It is a Hymn to Ceres,* mentioned by Pausanias, and a few lines quoted by him. Possibly this also may be a forgery, to amuse the literati in this age of forgeries.

"I am, dear Sir, your obliged servant, M. LORT.

"Hon. Mr. Walpole, Strawberry Hill."

"DEAR SIR,

Cambridge, Jan. 11, 1779.

"The inclosed letter is from Mr. Waddilove at Madrid, relative to the pictures there which may have been Charles the First's. Any other queries on this or any other subject that may be in Mr. Waddilove's power to answer, I dare say he will with pleasure receive.

"When I was in town the latter end of November, I called in Arlington Street, and was sorry to find that you were confined to your room; I hope this has long ceased to be the case, though it has lately been mine. The new year came in very blustering, and has laid me up with the rheumatism, which, however, is not very acute; so that by a patient submission to a short quarantine I shall hope to come abroad, and get to London, which I want much to do.

"I am, dear Sir, your obliged servant, "M. LORT.

"P.S. I hear great things of Mr. Swinburne's account of Spain, now in the press, with many cuts of the Moorish buildings.

"Hon. Mr. Walpole, Arlington Street."

"Old Bond Street, May 18, 1779.

"Mr. Lort's compliments to Mr. Walpole, and has sent two books for his inspection; also a drawing by Mr. Tyson, which this gentleman means as a free-will offering to the Antiquarian Society, and wishes to submit to Mr. Walpole's criticism.

"Mr. Grimm is engaged by the Society of Antiquaries, for 70*l.* to make a drawing of the old picture at Windsor Castle, which exhibits the Embarkation of Henry VIII. for Calais,† and which, when engraved, is to be a companion to the *Drap d'Or*.

"The proposals for Poems are by Mrs. Penny,‡ whose husband being lately dead she is left in great distress, for

* This valuable and beautiful Hymn was published by Professor Ruhnkenius of Leyden, and since by others, discovered by — Mathiæ.

† This picture is now at Hampton Court, and has lately been copied for the King of the French.

‡ "Poems, with a Dramatic Entertainment. By **** * [Mrs. Penny] 4to, 1772." See Monthly Review, XLVII. 70.

the relief of which her friends have adopted this method. A poem of hers upon Strawberry Hill was once presented to Mr. Walpole by Mr. Franco."

"Hon. Mr. Walpole."

"DEAR SIR,

London, June 3, 1779.

"I am sorry that it is not in my power to accept your kind invitation to Strawberry Hill.

"In the *Gent. Mag.* for last month there is something about the Arundel Marbles, as I believe from Judge Blackstone, if he can be supposed to turn the Earl of Arundel into a Duke of Norfolk.*

"The inclosed manuscript I think you will be glad to see; if you can add to the notes and illustrations, which are by Sir John Cullum, it will return more valuable to, dear Sir, your obliged servant,

M. LORT."

MR. WALPOLE TO DR. LORT.

"Strawberry Hill, June 4, 1779.

"I am sorry, my dear Sir, you could not let me have the pleasure of your company, but I own you have partly, not entirely, made amends by the sight of the curious manuscript, which I return you, with your other book of Inaugurations.

"The sight of the manuscript was particularly welcome to me, because the long visit† of Henry VI. and his uncle Gloucester to St. Edmund's Bury accounts for those altar tablets that I bought out of Mr. Ives's sale, on which are incontestably the portraits of Duke Humphrey, Cardinal Beaufort, and the same Archbishop that is in my marriage of Henry VI. I knew the house of Lancaster were patrons of St. Edmund's Bury, but so long a visit is demonstration.

"The fourth person on my pannels is unknown. Over his head is a coat of arms. It may be that of William Curteys the abbot, or the alderman, as he is in scarlet. His figure and the duke's are far superior to the other two, and worthy of a good Italian master. The cardinal and the archbishop are in the dry hard manner of the

* The article occurs in *Gent. Mag.* 1779, p. 246; and is signed W. S. It is commented on in the *June Mag.* p. 297, by an anonymous Correspondent. The latter article was by the Rev. G. Ashby.

† This visit took place in 1433. See the Latin account of it from the Register Curteys of Bury Abbey, communicated to the Society of Antiquaries by Craven Ord, esq. in 1803, in *Archæol.* XV. 65. It is abridged in *Dugdale's Monasticon*, edit. 1821, III. 113. See also *Gent. Mag.* 1821, ii. 236.

age. I wish you would call and look at them—they are at Mr. Bonus's in Oxford Road; the two prelates are much damaged. I peremptorily enjoined Bonus to repair only, and not repaint them. And thus, by putting him out of his way, I put him so much out of humour too, that he has kept them these two years and not finished them yet. I design them for the four void spaces in my chapel, on the sides of the shrine. The Duke of Gloucester's face is so like, though younger, that it proves I guessed right at his figure in my marriage. The tablets came out of the abbey at Bury, were procured by old Peter Le Neve, Norroy, and came by his widow's marriage to Tom Martin, at whose sale Mr. Ives bought them. We have very few princely portraits so ancient, so authentic, and none so well painted, as the Duke and fourth person. These were the insides of the doors, which I had split into two, and value them extremely. This account, I think, will be more satisfactory to you than notes.

"Pray tell me how you like the pictures when you have examined them. I shall search in Edmundson's New Vocabulary of Arms for the coat, which contains three bull's heads on six pieces, but the colours are either white and black, or the latter is become so by time.* I hope you are not going out of town yet; I shall probably be there some day in next week.

"I see advertised a book something in the way of your Inaugurations, called 'Le Costume:' do you know any thing of it? Can you tell me who is the author of 'The Second Anticipation; or, the Exhibition?' Is not Barry the painter?

"Your much obliged

HOR. WALPOLE."†

* Part of this letter is printed in Dugdale's *Monasticon*, III. 115. The coat is the arms of Tate. They represent the marriage of Sir Robert Tate, Lord Mayor of London in 1496. 1. Par fess or and gules, a pale counter-changed between three Cornish choughs 2 and 1, a crescent for difference, *Tate*; impaling Argent, a chevron between three bull's heads, caboshed sable, armed or, *Wood*. Mr. C. E. Long (in *Gent. Mag.* 1842, ii. 24) suggests that this picture came, not from Bury Abbey, but probably either from the chauntry at St. Michael's, Coventry, or from that at Allhallows Barking. The picture formed part of the sale at Strawberry Hill, and was bought by the Duke of Sutherland. Mr. J. G. Nichols, in the same Magazine, p. 17, has given a long dissertation on this picture, and is of opinion, that it "has no pedigree to connect it with the county of Suffolk; and, on the whole, thinks that it is clear Walpole was mistaken in his conception of the subject."

† This letter is from Cole's MSS. vol. XXIII. p. 166, who adds, "See a letter of mine to Mr. Walpole on this subject in my vol. XXIII. pp. 99—101."

"DEAR SIR,

Old Bond Street, June 11, 1779.

"I have had the pleasure of viewing the old pictures at Bonus's, who tells me that he shall have done his part by them before the summer is over. The joiner has done his admirably. I really think that, on account of their antiquity, goodness, preservation, and the remarkable personages represented in them, they make a capital figure even among your curiosities.

"Besides the bull's heads in the arms, there is a crescent and a chevron. The bull below and the lion are, I think, generally emblems to point out the Evangelists. In one of Strutt's prints, in his 'Regal Antiquities,' there is a figure of the Duke of Gloucester with a model of a church in his hand, as in your picture. The manuscript in the British Museum, referred to in the notes on the Bury manuscript, contains most elegant miniature figures, which shew the perfection (together with your pictures) which the artists in painting had then arrived at.

"I have picked up a little frontispiece, designed by Hogarth, and prefixed to John Gulliver's Travels, printed in 1731. It is of little moment in itself, but it is valuable to a collector of Hogarth's prints.

"I had not seen the 'Second Anticipation' when you wrote; I have since read it, and like such parts in it as I understand; but there is a great deal I do not; whence I conclude it is the work of an artist, and dare say you ascribe it rightly to Barry. When the scaffolding was taken down from before the new Somerset House, there appeared in the papers a long detail of its design and beauties, probably by the architect himself. This drew forth a severe hypercriticism, as I suppose from some other architect.

"Of Lens' book on Costume I have only turned over the plates, which seem to be almost wholly from the antique. There are 50, with the letter-press, all for 16s. but whether this circumstance should or should not recommend the book, I am yet at a loss to guess.

"After next week I hope to be able to wait on you at Strawberry Hill: in the mean time, I remain, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"M. LORT."

"Hon. Mr. Horace Walpole, Strawberry Hill."

"DEAR SIR,

Old Bond Street, Aug. 31, 1779.

"I send you a small cargo of books, new and old, for your perusal, which I flatter myself, if you have not

already seen, may afford you, as they have me, some amusement.

"The inclosed MS. is what I have scribbled as a sort of an introduction to the Latin Narrative of Henry the Sixth's visit to Bury, in case I should exhibit it next winter to the Antiquarian Society.* I could wish it might receive some additions or corrections from you.

"I would have brought you this myself before now, for I have been here this fortnight, but that during this whole space we have been all impatient here to receive news from the Channel, not supposing it possible that twenty-four hours could have elapsed, much less fourteen times as many, since the arrival of the combined fleets on our coasts was announced, without hearing of some very important events in consequence thereof.

"A friend of mine, Mr. Seward, is very desirous, with some of his friends, of seeing Strawberry Hill. He went post from hence lately to see the Houghton Collection, but was told at Swaffham that the whole was very near packed up. If you should have no objection to favour him with a ticket, you will oblige, dear Sir, your faithful servant,

M. LORT.

"Hon. Mr. Horace Walpole, Strawberry Hill."

"DEAR SIR,

Old Bond Street, Sept. 8, 1779.

"I thank you for both your letters, and more particularly for your criticisms on Hirschfeld's† Theory of Gardening, which I think entirely just, except where you object to his system—I was going to say, his *notion*—of motion, which I think in part right; for, though I do not think that I should invite insects to my garden, yet I would be glad of the feathered creation, even those devourers of fruit thrushes and blackbirds, who will pay their quit-rent with a song. And it is true that particular trees and shrubs will attract particular birds, as the wood-pigeon loves ivy for its shelter and its berries.

"I do not know whether you have ever seen a French book entitled "*Théorie des Jardins*," which I bought at Paris in 1776, being then just published, and said to be by M. Morel. It is quite on Whately's‡ plan, from whence

* See before, p. 542. It is to be regretted these remarks on this Narrative by Dr. Lort are lost, as Mr. Ord afterwards published the original Latin narrative, without any introduction.

† Hirschfeld, (C.C.L.) *Theorie der Garten-Kunst*, 8vo. Leipz. 1775.

‡ Observations on Modern Gardening. By Thos. Whately. 2d edition, 1770, 8vo.

he seems to have borrowed his ideas, and, indeed, a good part of his book, but without the least acknowledgment of having seen it. Like Whately, he gives descriptions of particular gardens, amongst which those of Guiscard, belonging to the Duc d'Aumont, and of Ermenonville, to the Marq. de Girardin, where Rousseau had his last asylum and died. This Marquis is said to be the author of a book, '*Sur la Composition des Paysages.*'

"Mr. Whately told me that the title which he had intended to have prefixed to his book, was '*An Essay on Design in Gardening,*' but that he had been anticipated in this by a little pamphlet, published not long before his book appeared, by, I think, a Mr. Mason, a gentleman of fortune and a great book-buyer. This is translated into French, with the title of '*L'Art de former les Jardins moderne, ou l'Art des Jardins Angloises.*' Paris, 1771. It is also in German, Leipsic, 1771.

"With this I shall send you the last volume of the *Necrologie Française*; if it should excite your curiosity to see the other volumes, they will be much at your service.

"That extraordinary genius, the Empress of Russia, has given the Jesuits an asylum in Lithuania, and has even prevailed on the Pope, in some degree, to re-establish the order, by giving them leave to take novices.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury * has been pleased to appoint me his chaplain; and in consequence thereof, I shall soon remove from hence to take up my residence at Lambeth House. Wherever I am, I shall always be,

"Dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant, M. LORT."

DR. LORT TO MR. WALPOLE.

"DEAR SIR,

Lambeth House, Dec. 23, 1780.

"I send you a drawing by John Carter† of the head of Henry III.‡ which, I understand from him, Dr. Palmer

* Dr. Cornwallis.

† This eminent draughtsman and architect acknowledged that he owed the first insight and encouragement to follow the study of antiquity to the kind patronage of Dr. Lort. See *Gent. Mag.* 1804, p. 511; and "*Literary Anecdotes,*" vol. IX. p. 506. Mr. Carter died Sept. 8, 1817. See memoirs of him in *Gent. Mag.* 1817, ii. 363, 366; 1818, i. 373, 376, and numerous notices of him in *Indexes to Literary Anecdotes, Literary Illustrations, and General Index to Gent. Mag.* III. 73.

‡ This head of Henry III., in oak, was brought from Barnwell Church, near Oundle, and was bought by Mr. Walpole. It is engraved in Carter's "*Antient Sculpture and Painting.*" It formed Lot 84 of the Strawberry Hill sale, and was bought for Lord Lifford for £3 5s.; and his lordship still possesses it.

is willing to dispose of for four or five guineas. I believe Carter would be glad to dispose of his drawing; for the poor man has got a Crowland ague, which sticks close to him, and has brought him to death's door.

"I returned hither from Cambridge this day sevensnight, but have been confined within doors almost ever since by a violent cold. As soon as it will give me liberty, I shall be happy to wait on you in Berkeley-square.

"I am, dear Sir, your faithful servant, M. LORT."

"DEAR SIR, Lambeth Palace, [1781].

"I understand from Christie that Sheldon's* sale comes on the 27th; that catalogues are not yet printed; but, as soon as they are, I have given him directions to send you one.

"Inclosed is the old catalogue I mentioned. I shall send Prince Charles of Lorraine, and one or two odd things I have lately picked up, to your house in Berkeley-square, from whence I suppose they will be forwarded to you, at Twickenham; and when you shall have satisfied your curiosity, you may please to return them to Berkeley-square, to be left till called for, only giving me a line to say they are there. This I mention as the easiest way of conveyance of these trifles, as appears to me.

"I am, dear Sir, your faithful servant,

"M. LORT."

"DEAR SIR, Lambeth Palace, April 2, 1781.

"Carter is about to send some of the inclosed proposals to Dr. Palmer, of Peterborough, in whose possession the head of Henry III. is, and who told Carter he should like to part with it—I think Carter said for four or five guineas; but if you chose to make any offer, it shall be conveyed by him to Dr. Palmer without their knowing from whom it comes.

"I am, dear Sir, yours most faithfully,

"M. LORT."

[Then follows a printed paper of the proposals for pub-

* Mr. Sheldon, of Weston Hall, Warwickshire. Among other curiosities, the valuable maps in tapestry, made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, were bought by Mr. Walpole at Mr. Sheldon's sale, and part of them were presented by him to Earl Harcourt, who gave the same to Mr. Gough. See Lit. Anec. VI. 325, 326. They are, it is believed, with his collection in the Bodleian Library. Other portions of the tapestry have been presented by the present Archbp. of York (Dr. V. Harcourt) to the York Literary Institution.

lishing by subscription "A View of the West Front of Croyland Abbey," &c.*]

"DEAR SIR,

Lambeth Palace, Sept. 17, 1781.

"Since I had last the pleasure of seeing you, I have been on an excursion into Hampshire; and on my return hither last week I found the parcel which had been left for me in Berkeley-square.

"I also found here a manuscript on painting, sent from Peterborough by the Bishop† to be forwarded to you, and which is sent to your house in town. I believe you have already had notice of this from the Bishop.

"Near Godalming I went to see a house of General Oglethorpe's,‡ built soon after the Restoration, which has now all the furniture remaining *statu quo*, as then put into it.

"Looking into Aubrey's 'Surrey' for some account of this house, I found none, but was rewarded for my search by a charming copy of Latin verses of Bishop Earle's, who wrote the little book of Characters, entitled 'Hortus Mertonensis,' written about 1620, which I recommend to your perusal. It is in the 4th vol. p. 167.

"Can you tell me who was the painter of the windows in the chapel of Archbishop Abbot's Hospital§ at Guildford? I think the date is 1623 or 1624;|| and they seem very well executed.

"The late Lord Darnley has left 5000*l.* for a mausoleum in the country,¶ in which his corpse is to be deposited; and I am told Mr. Shakespeare is to be the architect.

"I passed through Westminster Hall the other day, where the floor is now raising eighteen inches, it is said, on the account of the floods sometimes coming into it, that is, once in fifty years; but it seems to me that the proportion and appearance of this great room would be spoiled by it.** Under part of the old floor was found a

* See Lit. Anec. I. 693; VI. 14.

† Dr. Hinchliffe.

‡ Westbrook, in Godalming, was purchased in 1688, by Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, father of General Oglethorpe. See Manning and Bray's "Surrey," vol. I. p. 610.

§ This glass is described in Manning and Bray's "Surrey," I. p. 74; but it is not said by whom the glass was painted.

|| It is 1621.

¶ At Cobham, in Kent.

** The floor has recently been lowered to its original level, under the direction of Mr. Sydney Smirke.

mutilated statue of a Saxon king,* of which Carter has taken a drawing. His zeal has carried him lately to Fairford, to make drawings of some of the painted glass.†

"I hope you have succeeded in your commissions at Weston.

"I am, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"M. LORT."

"DEAR SIR,

Lambeth House, Nov. 8, 1781.

"I was truly sorry to hear that you were so roughly handled by the gout; but I hope that the severity of the fit is over, and that you will be left at ease and liberty to pursue your design of doing justice to the memory of your old friend,‡ and afford an opportunity to others of partaking with you in the pleasure which her literary treasures must have afforded you.

"I could wish also to see justice done to Voltaire—I mean not by such flattering portraits of him as his two partial friends have been and are exhibiting of him, but by a just and genuine likeness.

"The pamphlet which attends this has some letters in it by the Chevalier Boufflers, that I was much pleased with, and I send it in hopes it may afford you half an hour's amusement.

"I am, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant.

"M. LORT."

"DEAR SIR,

Saville Row, March 7, [1782?].

"The picture which accompanies this seeming to me a curiosity worthy your attention, I have taken the liberty to send it to you. It belongs to Mr. Turner, in whose family it has some time been, and for one of whom, from the

* Engraved by Carter in his "Antient Sculpture and Painting," pl. L, p. 64, edit. 1838.

† See Bigland's "History of Fairford," 8vo. 1791.

‡ Madame Du Deffand, who died in 1780, aged 84. Walpole thus mentions her in a letter to Mr. Gray, written from Paris in 1760: "She is now very old, and stone-blind, but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, passions, and agreeableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers, and Versailles; gives suppers twice a-week; has everything new read to her; makes new songs and epigrams, aye, admirably, and remembers every one that has been made these fourscore years. She corresponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him or anybody, and laughs both at the clergy and the philosophers." Her Letters to Mr. Walpole from 1766 to 1780, to which were added her letters to Voltaire from 1759 to 1775, were published from the originals at Strawberry Hill, in 4 vols. in 1810.

sketch of the characters given me with it, it seems to have been painted. I sent it to Sir John Hawkins, who returned it with his sentiments, which seem to me to suit the picture better than Mr. Turner's traditional account; but of this you will be the better judge. I have been confined at home almost since I had the pleasure of meeting you at Sir Joseph Banks', or I would with pleasure have attended the picture to Berkeley Square.

"Believe me, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,
"M. LORT."

"DEAR SIR,

No. 16, Saville Row, Dec. 20, 1782.

"I did intend, before this time, to have announced to you in person my having quitted Lambeth House, and taken up my residence as above mentioned; but a very severe cold, which I brought with me from Bath, whither I went first from Lambeth, has confined me here at home for some time past, so that I only ventured out this morning for half an hour. On my return I found the inclosed letter from Dr. Ewin to Sir Walter Rawlinson, giving an account of the death of an old friend of ours,* which I very sincerely regret; for, with all his oddities, he was a worthy and valuable man. I thought you would like to read this letter, as well as myself; when you have done with it, be pleased to return it to your faithful servant,

"M. LORT."

"DEAR SIR,

Saville Row, Jan. 6, 1786.

"I have been confined at home with a severe cold, or I should have called to ask you how you did since I had the pleasure of hearing that the paroxysm of your gout was subsided, and that you could make your friends happy in conversing with you.

"It is but lately that I have found the pamphlet, which I now return as your property, and am afraid it has been in my possession much longer than it ought to have been.

"I also send a book of my own, containing a Life of Father Archangell, a noble Scotchman, very different from Sir David Dalrymple's, and, indeed, it appears they were different persons. How is this difference to be accounted for?

"I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

"M. LORT."

* The Rev. William Cole, who died Dec. 16, 1782. See memoirs and numerous notices of him in *Lit. Anecdotes*, vol. I. pp. 657—701, and *Index*, VII. 87, 538.

"DEAR SIR,

Saville Row, July 16, 1788.

"My friend, the Rev. G. Ashby, of Barrow, in Suffolk, is very desirous that you would do him the honour of perusing at your leisure the inclosed MS. and giving him your opinion whether the Book of Prayers should be ascribed to Katharine of Arragon rather than Katharine Parr. He can get no satisfactory information from Mr. Herbert, who mentions the book, p. 1076.*

"You probably have heard of the plunder made in Devonshire House from most of the cabinets. The whole suite of gold medals, Greek and Roman, were swept away, and I concluded were all gone into the melting pot; but I have had the pleasure of recovering the greatest part of them, also of the other property, which were taken at his leisure by a young confectioner that had lived some time in the family, and with great adroitness contrived to open most of the cabinets. He is now in custody.†

"I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

M. LORT.

"P.S. The duke himself had the keys of the drawings and gems in his keeping for some years; I only kept the keys of the medals till some proper person should receive them, to whom I might shew they were all safe.

"Very little indeed of the account published yesterday in 'The World,' and from thence in this day's 'Public Advertiser,' is true."

"DEAR SIR,

Saville Row, July 25, 1788.

"In turning over the 'Mélanges de Vigneuil Marveille,' vol. i. p. 217, there is a curious passage relative to Sir K. Digby and his lady and her pictures, which, if it should have hitherto escaped your notice, you will, I doubt not, be glad to have had it pointed out to you. If you should not have the book, mine is at your service.

"I am, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"M. LORT."

"DEAR SIR,

Saville Row, July 28, 1788.

"I am much obliged by your remarks on Mr. Ashby's MS., as I think he ought also to be when [he] shall see them. I say *ought*, as we do not always give a ready

* See before, in this volume, p. 413.

† See before, p. 497.

assent to arguments that make against a private notion. This of the first Katharine being the author of the prayers I endeavoured to combat, but without success, and was therefore glad that he appealed to you, whose authority he is more likely to submit to.

"Before you informed me, I did not know that the Devonshire gold medals had been once lord Pembroke's. Are these, then, the medals engraved in lord Pembroke's fine book, and which, not having been visible for many years at Wilton, have been supposed to have been locked up in the bank?

"The most rare and curious of the Devonshire gold coins have been recovered; of those missing the greatest part are of the Lower Empire, and these all in a suite, as if the drawers which contained them had been emptied into a bag by themselves, and so carried and sold to the refiner's, who says he has melted them all.

"Several dealers in this way have brought me coins, which they suppose may have been taken from the Devonshire cabinet: amongst others, one Norborne, No. 153, High Holborn, brought a chased oval medal of N. Wadham and his wife, figured and described in the 3rd plate of Parry's Supplement, which Norborne wishes to sell.

"I have not seen lord Buchan's *Life of Napier*,* nor have much curiosity to see it after what you have said of it.

"There is a pamphlet lately published at York relative to the Lunatic Hospital there, which perhaps you would care as little about if I was not to add that it was written by Mr. Mason, and is sold at Robson's.

"I believe I shall in a week's time pass over to the Continent, and stay a fortnight at Boulogne for sea-bathing, and to reconnoitre the places figured in the Cowdray paintings, and just published by the Antiquarian Society. The noted pharos formerly there, of which there was a counterpart at Dover, was built by Caligula; and yet he is supposed to have done nothing whilst he stayed at Boulogne but gather cockle-shells. Montfaucon, in his description of this pharos in the *Mem. de l'Acad.* tom. vi. mistakes an old church-tower in Dover Castle for the pharos, reasons upon it, and then afterwards slightly mentions that he had mistaken the object. I am, Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

M. LORT."

* See a memoir of Lord Buchan, with a series of his correspondence, in *Literary Illustrations*, VI. 489—521.

"DEAR SIR,

Saville Row, Nov. 10, 1788.

"A MS. life of Chatterton, drawn up for the Biographia Britannica, but not by Dr. Kippis, has been lately put into my hands, in which I made some alterations and corrections of facts better known to me than to the writer.* In the account given of the transaction between you and Chatterton, it seemed to me that the writer had leaned too much to the side of the question unfavourable to you, as given by ignorant or prejudiced persons; and I think I convinced him that he had done so. I told him I would draw up a fairer and truer state of the matter, and this I have attempted to do in the four first pages of the inclosed papers; the others are only transcripts from your pamphlet on the subject (whether properly made, or too much or too little, you will best judge), to be inserted, I should suppose, in the notes, if the general plan of the biography is followed; which it does not seem to have been by the writer of this life. Whether all or any, or what part of the inclosed,† should be offered to the biographer, is submitted to your judgment. I have not mentioned to any person that I had or should apply to you on this occasion; and I shall with great pleasure receive and obey your directions. I am, dear Sir, with great truth, your faithful servant,

"M. LORT."

"DEAR SIR,

Saville Row, July 6, 1789.

"I shall with great pleasure obey your commands, and give Mr. Porter a recommendatory letter to Dr. Postlethwaite, the new Master of Trinity College, from whom I am sure the young man will receive all proper encouragement and countenance, if it be not his own fault. But I think I could write this with a better grace, if I was to see and converse with the father and the son for a few minutes. You say the young man has got some Latin; I hope he has got some Greek also, for without some acquaintance with that language he will scarce be admitted.

"I am, dear Sir, in much haste, your obliged and faithful servant,

"M. LORT."

"DEAR SIR,

Saville Row, Aug. 4, 1789.

"Having lent Barrett's book to a friend, and not re-

* Rev. Dr. Gregory.

† See hereafter, p. 555.

ceiving it back till this morning, was the reason of my not having replied sooner to your favour of the 27th. I wished to see again the observations that Barrett made on the correspondence between you and Chatterton; and the more so, as when I read the passage you allude to, it did not appear to me to be of much consequence whether the letter had been really sent to you, or only intended to have been sent; for, whatever opinion you or any one else might have formed of the discovery of a series of Bristol painters and carvellers,* the series now produced to the world must stagger the belief of all but the most prejudiced or most ignorant, and be rejected at once as fictitious.

"I will write to a friend at Bristol to try if he can find out whether the letter has got the postmark, or seems only the copy of one intended to have been sent.

"Though Barrett has been deceived himself, yet I verily believe he would use no unfair means to deceive others. I remember two years ago, Mr. T. Warton declared that Barrett did not intend to make use of any of the MSS. he had received from Chatterton, as materials for his History of Bristol; but the very reverse now seems to be the case, as he appears to have adopted them all indiscriminately, and, as the old saying is, 'without either fear or wit,' and thus has afforded the Anti-Row-

* Barrett's History of Bristol, p. 194. The letters to Mr. Walpole are printed from Chatterton's hand-writing in Barrett's History of Bristol, p. 639 to 646. On the subject of these letters the following letter from Dr. Farmer appeared in the *Gent. Mag.* for May, 1792:

"Mr. URBAN,

Emman. Coll. May 25, 1792.

"I see in your Magazine of the last month, p. 296, a letter with the signature of Christ. Seltzer; a gentleman of whose existence I am as doubtful as of that of old Rowley himself.

"The subject is, whether Mr. Walpole, the present Earl of Orford, had any correspondence with the unfortunate Chatterton; and it is there asserted, that Mr. Walpole never wrote to him any Letter whatever: and that I, amongst others, was authorized and enjoined by him to contradict the report of such correspondence.

"Now is it possible that Lord Orford should deny, or enjoin others to do so, what he himself has publicly declared to be true, and suffered you to tell all the world in your Magazine for May, 1782?

"The fact is, and all that I know about it—more than two years ago, my friend Mr. Steevens gave me the following information, which at that time I occasionally mentioned in the University:

"Mr. Walpole has authorized his friends to declare that he never saw those Letters from Chatterton, which Mr. Barrett has printed, till they appeared in the new History of Bristol. Mr. W. also expresses his apprehensions, that, after his death, some pretended answers to them will be produced."

"Yours, &c.

RICHARD FARMER."

leians ample range for extending their triumph. At the same time Rowley is exhibited in another character—that of a familiar letter-writer, in which modern words and phrases and turn of diction stand forth as conspicuous as in any of the spurious poems. Still another character—that of a drawer and designer of architecture,—a copy of this I had as a great favour from Mr. Barrett ten or twelve years ago, when the dispute was yet in its infancy; and I have kept it very choice ever since, presuming it would never appear to illustrate the History of Bristol or any other.

“Chatterton having met with such easy credit at Bristol, where every thing he produced seems to have been received as gospel, and by every body, no wonder he wished to extend the scene of his forgeries, nor any wonder that a rebuff from a quarter should irritate and inflame so proud and presumptuous a spirit as he represents his own to be, and what had well nigh drawn him to put an end to his being, when he was in no want of the necessities of life, which has been assigned, though I think improperly, for committing this act afterwards. Had he done it the first time, there might have been a much better foundation for all the clamour that idle people raised of a great and promising genius lost to the world for want of patronage and encouragement. It does not appear that after he left Bristol he wrote anything under the character of Rowley.

“Mr. Porter telling me his son was but little more than seventeen, and having not gone to school till fourteen, I advised him to defer sending him to College yet a-while. I found, upon examining him, that he did very well in Horace and the Greek Testament.

“I am, dear sir, yours, very truly,
“M. LORT.”

“DEAR SIR,

Saville Row, August 7th, 1789.

“Inclosed are some verses from an old Cambridge collection, which, if you have not seen, I think you will like to be possessed of, and are very much at your service.

“The Latin letter introduced by Barrett in the Preface to his book (page v.) I am told is by Dr. Glynne of Cambridge. Mr. Steevens called on me yesterday, and to whom I communicated what you wrote to me concerning Chatterton; it cannot be in better hands.

"Do you know that the Duke de Liancourt, President of the National Assembly, brought his two sons to England five or six years ago, and lodged them with Professor Symonds, at Bury, where they had English masters, and were said to make great proficiency in various attainments, so as to promise to make great figure in their own country.

"I am, dear sir, your faithful servant, M. LORT."

Dr. LORT'S VINDICATION of Mr. WALPOLE with regard to CHATTERTON.

[From several passages in these letters of Dr. Lort, it appears evident how anxious Horace Walpole naturally was to set himself right with the public with regard to Chatterton.

Mr. Walpole incurred so much censure from the admirers* of Chatterton, who even accused him as the cause of his death, that he thought it necessary to draw up a Pamphlet on the subject, which is fully noticed in Dr. Gregory's *Life of Chatterton*, in vol. iv. of the *Biographia Britannica*, p. 581. Dr. Gregory, after a full discussion, thus concludes:—"Mr. Walpole was certainly under no obligation of patronizing Chatterton; to have encouraged him, would have been an exertion of liberality and munificence uncommon in the present day; but to ascribe to Mr. Walpole's neglect (if it can even merit so harsh an appellation) the dreadful catastrophe, would be the highest degree of injustice and absurdity." In a note he adds, "A learned and respectable friend, on reading these memoirs in manuscript, favoured me with the following vindication of Mr. Walpole, which, for the satisfaction of those who wish for the fullest information on the subject, I insert entire."†

As the Vindication of Mr. Walpole was by Dr. Lort, a reprint of it will not be an inappropriate conclusion to the correspondence of these two eminent men.—EDIT.]

"It has already been stated that, in March, 1769, Chatterton, not long after his acquaintance with Mr. Barrett and Mr. Catcott, to whom he had communicated

* Dr. Vicesimus Knox was very severe on Mr. Walpole's conduct respecting Chatterton, in his "Essays," but afterwards omitted the most objectionable passages in the tenth edition of his work. See *Gent. Mag.* for 1789, pp. 602, 684, 707.

† The life of Chatterton, by Dr. Gregory, is accused of partiality towards Walpole in *Gent. Mag.* for 1792, p. 1076, and vindicated in the same *Mag.* for 1793, p. 228.

some originals and some transcripts of Rowley's Poems, wrote a letter to Mr. H. Walpole, inclosing also a specimen of the poems, and soliciting his patronage. Let the reader take the account in Mr. Walpole's own words, from an extract of a letter to Mr. W. B. added to another letter to the editor of Chatterton's Miscellanies, and printed at Strawberry-hill, 1779.

'I am far from determined to publish anything about Chatterton: it would almost look like making myself a party. I do not love controversy. If I print, my chief reason would be that, both in the account of the poems, and in Mr. Warton's last volume, my name has been brought in with so little circumspection and accuracy, that it looks as if my rejection of Chatterton had driven him to despair; whereas I was the first person on whom he essayed his art and ambition, instead of being the last. I never saw him; there was an interval of near two years between his application to me and his dismal end; nor had he quitted his master, nor was necessitous, nor otherwise poor than attornies' clerks usually are; nor had he come to London, nor launched into dissipation, when his correspondence with me stopped. As faithfully as I can recollect the circumstances, without dates, and without searching for what few memorandums I preserved relative to him, I will recapitulate his history with me. Bathurst, my bookseller, brought me a packet left with him: it contained an ode, or little poem, of two or three stanzas in alternate rhyme, on the death of Richard the First; and I was told, in very few lines, that it had been found at Bristol, with many other old poems, and that the possessor could furnish me with accounts of a series of great painters who had flourished at Bristol.

'Here I must pause to mention my own reflections. At first I concluded that somebody, having met with my Anecdotes of Painting, had a mind to laugh at me. I thought not very ingeniously, as I was not likely to swallow a succession of great painters at Bristol. The ode, or sonnet,* as I think it was called, was too pretty to be part of the plan; and, as is easy with all the other supposed poems of Rowley, it was not difficult to make it modern by changing the old words for new, though yet more difficult than with most of them. You see I tell you fairly the case.

* "Richard of Lion's heart to fight is gone."

‘I wrote, according to the inclosed direction, for farther particulars. Chatterton, in answer, informed me that he was the son of a poor widow, who supported him with great difficulty; that he was clerk or apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste and turn for more elegant studies, and hinted a wish that I would assist him with my interest in emerging out of so dull a profession, by procuring him some place in which he could pursue his natural bent. He affirmed that great treasures of ancient poetry had been discovered in his native city, and were in the hands of a *person* who had lent him those he had transmitted to me; for he now sent me others, amongst which was an absolute modern pastoral in dialogue, thinly sprinkled with old words.* Pray observe, sir, that he affirmed having received the poems from another person; whereas it is ascertained that the gentleman at Bristol, who possesses the fund of Rowley’s poems, received them from Chatterton.

‘I wrote to a relation of mine at Bath to inquire into the situation and character of Chatterton, according to his own account of himself: nothing was returned about his character, but his story was verified.

‘In the mean time I communicated the poems to Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason, who at once pronounced them forgeries, and declared there was no symptom in them of their being the productions of near so distant an age; the language and metres being totally unlike anything ancient.

‘Well, sir, being satisfied with my intelligence about Chatterton, I wrote him a letter with as much kindness and tenderness as if I had been his guardian; for, though I had no doubt of his impositions, such a spirit of poetry breathed in his coinage as interested me for him; nor was it a grave crime in a young bard to have forged false notes of hand, that were to pass current only in the parish of Parnassus. I undeceived him about my being a person of any interest, and urged, that in duty and gratitude to his mother, who had straitened herself to breed him up to a profession, he ought to labour in it, that in her old age he might absolve his filial debt; and I told him that, when he should have made a fortune, he might unbend himself with the studies consonant to his inclinations. I told him also that I had communicated his transcripts to better

* Elinoure and Juga.

judges, and that they were by no means satisfied with the authenticity of his supposed MSS. He wrote me rather a peevish answer, said he could not contest with a person of my learning (a compliment by no means due to me, and which I certainly had not assumed, having mentioned my having consulted abler judges), maintained the genuineness of the poems, and demanded to have them returned, *as they were the property of another gentleman*. Remember this.

‘When I received this letter I was going to Paris in a day or two, and either forgot his request of the poems, or perhaps not having time to have them copied, deferred complying till my return, which was to be in six weeks. I protest I do not remember which was the case; and yet, though in a cause of so little importance, I will not utter a syllable of which I am not positively certain, nor will charge my memory with a tittle beyond what it retains. Soon after my return from France I received another letter from Chatterton, the style of which was singularly impertinent. He demanded his poems roughly; and added, that I should not have dared to use him so ill if he had not acquainted me with the narrowness of his circumstances. My heart did not accuse me of insolence to him. I wrote an answer to him, expostulating with him on his injustice, and renewing good advice; but upon second thoughts, reflecting that so wrong-headed a young man, of whom I knew nothing, and whom I had never seen, might be absurd enough to print my letter, I flung it into the fire; and wrapping up both his poems and letters, without taking a copy of either, for which I am now sorry, I returned all to him, and thought no more about him or them till about a year and a half after, when, dining at the Royal Academy, Dr. Goldsmith drew the attention of the company with an account of a marvellous treasure of ancient poems lately discovered at Bristol, and expressed enthusiastic belief in them, for which he was laughed at by Dr. Johnson, who was present. I soon found this was the *trouvaille* of my friend Chatterton, and I told Dr. Goldsmith that this novelty was none to me, who might, if I had pleased, have had the honour of ushering the great discovery to the learned world. You may imagine, sir, we did not at all agree in the measure of our faith; but though his credulity diverted me, my mirth was soon dashed; for on asking about Chatterton,

he told me he had been in London, and had destroyed himself. I heartily wished then that I had been the dupe of all the poor young man had written to me; for who would not have his understanding imposed upon to save a fellow being from the utmost wretchedness—despair and suicide! and a poor young man, not eighteen, and of such miraculous talents; for, dear sir, if I wanted credulity on one hand, it is ample on the other. Yet heap all the improbabilities you please on the head of Chatterton, the impossibility on Rowley's side will remain. An amazing genius for poetry, which one of them possessed, might flash out in the darkest age; but could Rowley anticipate the phraseology of the eighteenth century? His poetic fire might burst through the obstacles of the times; like Homer, or other original bards, he might have formed a poetical style, but would it have been precisely that of an age subsequent to him by some hundred years? Nobody can admire the poetry of the poems in question more than I do; but, except being better than most modern verses, in what do they differ in the construction? The words are old, the construction evidently of yesterday, and by substituting modern words, aye, single words, to the old, or to those invented by Chatterton, in what do they differ? Try that method with any composition, even in prose, of the reign of Henry VI. and see if the consequence will be the same. But I am getting into the controversy instead of concluding my narrative, which indeed is ended.'

"Whatever imputation might have lain on Mr. Walpole with regard to the treatment of Chatterton, before these particulars were known, and this narrative appeared, surely there can be no impartial reader of it who will not acquit him of any ill treatment of a person who appeared to him in so questionable a shape, and allow that, in Mr. Walpole's situation, he could scarcely have acted otherwise than he did. For what was the case? A youth of sixteen years of age, clerk to an attorney at Bristol, totally unknown to Mr. Walpole, sends him a letter, acquainting him that the writer, though bred to the law, had a taste for politer studies, particularly poetry, and wished to be drawn out of his present situation, and placed in one more at his ease, where he might pursue the studies more congenial to his taste and genius; but of this taste and genius he produces no other proof than transcripts of some old poems, said to have been found at Bristol, and to be *the*

property of another person. These poems being exhibited by Mr. Walpole to Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason, those excellent and impartial judges agreed in opinion that they must be modern productions, disguised in antiquated phrases; and, with regard to a long list of Bristol artists, carvers and painters, announced also as part of this treasure, Mr. Walpole was as confident that none such ever had any existence, and therefore he could not help concluding that the whole was a fiction, contrived by some one or more literary wags, who wished to impose on his credulity, and to laugh at him if they succeeded; and that Chatterton was only the instrument employed to introduce and recommend these old writings. His youth and situation could not lead Mr. Walpole to suppose he was himself the author and contriver, more especially as he asserted them to be the property of a person at Bristol then alive. He had indeed represented himself as a lover of the muses, but had given no specimens of his *own* compositions. The kindest thing therefore Mr. Walpole could do for a young man in this situation was, after a gentle hint of his suspicions of the authenticity of the poems, to recommend to his correspondent to pursue the line of business in which he was placed, as most likely to secure a decent maintenance for himself, and enable him to assist his mother. However disappointed Chatterton might have been at the time, and angry with Mr. Walpole for this rebuff, it should seem as if he had not harboured any long or strong resentment against that gentleman; for in a copy of verses addressed to Miss M. R. and sent by him to the Town and Country Magazine, and printed in the number for January, 1770, is the following stanza:—

‘ Yet when that bloom and dancing fire
In silver’d reverence shall expire,
Aged, wrinkled, and defaced;
To keep one lover’s flame alive
Requires the genius of a *Clive*,
With WALPOLE’S mental taste.’ (*)

“It should seem also that Chatterton had in part adopted Mr. Walpole’s advice, by continuing with his master a full twelvemonth after his application to that gentleman. Then he got dismissed from his master and went to London, in full confidence that his literary talents would find ample employment and encouragement from the London booksellers; but, being disappointed in his ex-

* See Chatterton’s Miscellanies, p. 88.

pectation, the fatal conclusion which has just been mentioned took place. Had this been the case immediately on his receipt of Mr. Walpole's last letter, some shadow of foundation might have appeared for the harsh censures passed on Mr. Walpole's treatment of this ill-fated youth, though, even then, no real one, all circumstances considered.

"From the spirited reply of Mr. Walpole to one of these censurers (the editor of Chatterton's *Miscellanies*), and printed in the same pamphlet as the letter to W. B. the following extract is given, as equally applicable to all objectors.

'Was it the part of a just man to couple Chatterton's first unsuccessful application with his fatal exit, and load me with both? Does your enthusiastic admiration of his abilities, or your regrets for the honour of England's poetry, warrant such a concatenation of ideas? Was poor Chatterton so modest, or so desponding, as to abandon his enterprises on their being damped by me? Did he not continue to pursue them? Is this country so destitute of patrons of genius, or do I move in so eminent and distinguished a sphere, that a repulse from me is a dagger to talents? Did not Chatterton come to London after that miscarriage? Did he relinquish his counterfeiting propensity on its being lost on me? Was he an inoffensive, ingenuous youth, smit with the love of the muses, and soaring above a sordid and servile profession, whose early blossoms, being blighted by my insolence, withered in mortified obscurity, and on seeing his hopes of fame blasted, sunk beneath the frowns of ignorant and insolent wealth; or did he, after launching into all the excesses you describe, and vainly hoping to gratify his ambition by adulation to, or satires on, all ranks and parties of men, fall a victim to his own ungovernable spirit, and to the deplorable straits to which he had reduced himself? The interval was short, I own; but as every moment of so extraordinary a life was crowded with efforts of his enterprising genius, allow me to say with truth, that there was a large chasm between his application to me and his miserable conclusion. You know there was; and though my falling into his snare might have varied the æra of his exploits, it is more likely that that success would rather have encouraged than checked his enterprises. When he pursued his turn for fabricating ancient writings, in spite of the mortification he received from me, it is not probable that

he would have been corrected by success: such is not the nature of success, when it is the reward of artifice. I should be more justly reproachable for having contributed to cherish an impostor, than I am for having accelerated his fate. I cannot repeat the words without emotions of indignation on my own account, and of compassion on his. O.*

Mr. Walpole's narrative concludes with an Appendix, in which he gives a general view of the character and works of Chatterton, so ably and elegantly appreciated that I cannot resist the reprinting it:

"As the warmest devotees to Chatterton cannot be more persuaded than I am of the marvellous vigour of his genius at so very premature an age, I shall here subjoin the principal æras of his life, which, when compared with the powers of his mind, the perfection of his poetry, his knowledge of the world,—which, though in some respects erroneous, spoke quick intuition,—his humour, his vein of satire, and, above all, the amazing number of books he must have looked into, though chained down to a laborious and almost incessant service, and confined to Bristol, except at most for the last five months of his life, the rapidity with which he seized all the topics of conversation then in vogue, whether of politics, literature, or fashion; and when, added to all this mass of reflection, it is remembered that his youthful passions were indulged to excess, faith in such a prodigy may well be suspended, and we should look for some secret agent behind the curtain, if it were not as difficult to believe that any man possessed of such a vein of genuine poetry would have submitted to lie concealed while he actuated a puppet, or would have stooped to prostitute his muse to so many unworthy functions. But nothing in Chatterton can be separated from Chatterton. His noblest flights, his sweetest strains, his grossest ribaldry, and his most common-place imitations of the productions of Magazines, were all the effervescences of the same ungovernable impulse, which, cameleon-like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on. It was Ossian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollett, or Junius; and if it failed most in what it most affected to be, a poet of the fifteenth century, it was because it could not imitate what had not existed. I firmly believe that the first impression made on so warm and fertile an imagination was the sight of some old parchments at Bristol; that, meeting with

* *Biographia Britannica*, vol. IV.

Ossian's poems, his soul, which was all poetry, felt it was a language in which his invention could express itself; and having lighted on the names of Rowley and Cannings, he bent his researches towards the authors of their age, and, as far as his means could reach, in so confined a sphere, he assembled materials enough to deceive those who have all their lives dealt in such uncouth lore, and not in our classic authors, nor have perceived that taste had not developed itself in the reign of Edward IV. It is the taste in Rowley's supposed poems that will for ever exclude them from belonging to that period. Mr. Tyrwhitt and Mr. Warton have convicted them of being spurious by technical criterions; and Rowley, I doubt, will remain in possession of nothing that did not deserve to be forgotten, even should some fragments of old parchments and old verses be ascertained antique.

"Thomas Chatterton, born 20th of Nov. 1752.

"Educated at the Bluecoat school at Bristol, where reading and writing and accounts are only taught.

"Put clerk to an attorney, July, 1766.

"First taken notice of for a paper put into Farley's Bristol Journal, and said to be from an old MS., 1st Oct. 1768.

"First inserted a little poem of his own and an extract from an old MS. in the Town and Country Magazine, February* [March], 1769.

"Sent specimens of several ancient poems to Mr. H.W. Said there were many more, and offered to transcribe the whole, March, 1769.

"He was then aged 16 years and 4 months.

"Went to London, April, 1770.

"Died, August, 1770."

The melancholy fate of Chatterton is detailed by Mr. Barrett, in his History of Bristol, pp. 646, 647,† with more minuteness than is found in common biographies of this unfortunate youth. Mr. Barrett gives a letter of Chatterton, in which he acknowledges that his ruling sin was "Pride, damn'd native unconquerable pride, that plunges me into distraction." Chatterton, it appears, "took a

* See p. 538.

† See an able review of Barrett's Bristol, by Mr. Gough, in Gent. Mag. 1789, p. 921, in which he ridicules Mr. Barrett's credulity on the subject of Rowley. Indeed, it is scarcely credible how large a share of public attention was excited by poems which now appear, at first sight, palpable forgeries. A valuable correspondence between Mr. Barrett and Dr. Ducarel, relative to his History of Bristol, is printed in Gent. Mag. 1786, p. 460—464, 544, 580.

large dose of opium, some of which was picked out of his teeth after death, and he was found the next morning (Aug. 25, 1770) a most horrid spectacle, with limbs and features distorted as after convulsions, a frightful and ghastly corpse." He was buried in the burying-ground belonging to Shoe-lane workhouse, now the site of Fleet Market.* Mr. Chalmers, in his Biographical Dictionary, has given a good digest of the Life of Chatterton and the Rowleian controversy; with a list of the writers on each side. Mr. Chalmers observes, "The event of Chatterton's suicide is not mentioned in any of the periodicals of the day, and no notice of it occurs for nearly seven years after his death, when Rowley's Poems were first published. This led to a very acute and long-protracted discussion on their merits. Those who contended for the authenticity of Rowley's Poems, were for sinking every circumstance that could prove the genius of Chatterton; while Mr. T. Warton and others brought the poems to the test of internal evidence, and discovered that, however *extraordinary* it was for Chatterton to produce them in the 18th century, it was *impossible* that Rowley could have written them in the 15th."†

CHATTERTON'S KNOWLEDGE OF HERALDRY.

"MR. URBAN,

Oct. 10, 1787.

"Every fragment of the truly ingenious and unfortunate Chatterton has a kind of prescriptive claim to literary regard. Whether this be founded on the pertinacity of opinions concerning the imposture or originality of the poems of Rowley, or their real merit, it may be now too late to inquire. The subjoined authentic letter, which I respectfully offer, proves him to have been no mean adept in the science of heraldry, his proficiency in which I do

* In the Memoirs of the Rev. T. Maurice is an interesting Essay on Chatterton, which states that Sir William Jones was from the first convinced by internal evidence that the poems of Rowley were a fabrication, at the same time that he paid a tribute justly due to the abilities of the fabricator. The Essay mentions many circumstances of Chatterton's melancholy end; and thus concludes: "The fate of this unfortunate young man, one of the greatest geniuses, if not the greatest genius of the 18th century, should teach others, if possessed of GENIUS, to check its irregularities; if beguiled by AMBITION, to consider the envy, the danger that for ever attend it in its most successful career; if betrayed into INFIDELITY, the misery that haunts it through life, and the aggravated horrors that mark its end."

† Chalmers, p. 189. For full particulars of the controversy, see the various Volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine; and the General Indexes to that work, vol. I. 393, III. 377.

not remember to have found discussed by those who have so scrupulously examined every acquisition of knowledge he could possibly have made.

‘ To Ralph Bigland, Esq. Somerset Herald.

‘ Sir, Hearing you are composing a book of heraldry, I trouble you with this. Most of our heralds assert Files should never be borne in even numbers. I have seen several old seals with four, six, and eight; and in the cathedral here is a coat of the Berkeleys with four.

‘ Curious coats in and about Bristol:—

‘ Barry of six, or and azure, counterchanged per fess, by Gilbert de Gaunt. Argent, a maunch gules, edged or verdoy of trefoils, by John Cosier. Or, a canton sable, by Delouvis. A seal, Quarterly, first and fourth, on a bend three annulets, second and third a head coupéd gutté, by the name of Sancto Lovis, to a deed dated 1204.

‘ Your most humble servant, THOMAS CHATTERTON.’

“ It is observable, that this last quartering is the armorial bearing ascribed by Chatterton to William Canynge, and exhibited in the fac-simile published at the end of Tyrwhitt’s edition of Rowley. Sir Thomas Canning, brother of William, was Lord Mayor of London, 1456, and, in Stowe’s Catalogue, bears, ‘ Argent, three Moor’s heads coupéd proper.’

“ Were I at liberty to communicate, I could confirm an assertion, that Chatterton was as expert in the invention of coats of arms, as of the poems of the fifteenth century. The manuscripts I allude to contain a history of the family of one of his Bristol patrons, which, though eminently dignified by him, is notoriously plebeian. In the title-page, it is said to be collected from ‘ the heralds of March and Garter’s Records.’ The margin is filled with references to various books of antiquity and manuscripts; and one of his authorities is Rowley. In the course of the history, some hundred bearings are described, the greater number of which are certainly forged, and the arms of many great families entirely different from what they have ever borne. His emblazoning is in no instance faulty, but seems to evince a more than ordinary knowledge of the art.

J. D.”*

* Probably the Rev. James Dallaway, in the Gentleman’s Magazine, vol. LVII. p. 954. His opinion of Chatterton’s skill in blazonry is, however, scarcely supported by the specimen above given.

LETTERS

Of DR. PERCY to the REV. DR. BIRCH.*

THE following Letters of Dr. Percy, relative to his early works, were preserved by DR. BIRCH among his manuscripts in the British Museum, No. 4316. Dr. Birch died Jan. 9, 1766. A memoir and character of him will be found in *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. V. pp. 282—290; and very numerous notices of him and his works in *Index to Lit. Anec.* VII. pp. 32, 33, 516. A portrait and autograph of Dr. Birch are given in *Literary Illustrations*, vol. IV. p. 241; and numerous letters from the Duchess of Kent, Earl of Buchan, Archbishops Herring and Secker, Bishops Hoadly and Warburton, Dr. Z. Grey, Dr. Jortin, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Ducarel, Mr. Theobald, Mr. Wray, Mr. Da Costa, &c. addressed to Dr. Birch, have been published in former volumes of the *Literary Illustrations*.

“REV. DOCTOR,

Easton Mauduit, April 21, 1763.

“I was lately in London for a few days, but was prevented from paying my respects to you, partly by a very severe cold which confined me a good deal, and partly by the dilatoriness of the printer of the Duke of Buckingham’s Works.* He promised me the new ‘Key to the Re-

* Dr. Percy entered into an agreement with Messrs. Tonson in 1761 for an edition of “The Works of George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham,” for which he received fifty-two guineas; and March 24, 1763, for an edition of Lord Surrey’s Poems, for twenty guineas. Both these works were printed, but never published, by Bp. Percy. See *Lit. Anec.* III. 753. I have an imperfect copy of Bp. Percy’s unpublished edition of the Works of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in 2 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. contains “The Rehearsal,” “The Chances,” “The Restoration, or Right will take place;” and “A new Key to the Rehearsal,” incomplete, ending with page 464. Vol. II. contains “Poems on several Occasions;” Dialogues and Pieces of Humour, *viz.* The Battle of Sedgmoor, a farce; A Conference with an Irish Priest; The Militant Couple, or a Husband may thank himself; A Character of an Ugly Woman, or a Hue and Cry after Beauty. Speeches in Parliament. Familiar Letters. Tracts and Controversial Pieces, *viz.* A Letter to Sir T. Osborn; A Letter to Martin Clifford; A short Discourse upon the

hearsal' should be ready for me to present to you and my Lord Hardwicke as soon as I got to town; and I deferred waiting on you till I could bring my work with me, till the whole time elapsed that I was obliged to leave town without presenting the work either to my Lord or yourself. I am, however, in hopes it will be sent in a few days, both to you and his Lordship, to whom be pleased to present my most humble respects. Along with the copy to you, will be sent your 'Life of Addison,' for the loan of which I return my best thanks.

"With regard to the 'Key to the Rehearsal,' I must beg the favour of you never to show it to any one till the book is published, which will not be soon. I shall be glad to be favoured with any hints, either for perfecting that work or the proposed edition of the *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and *Tatler*,* which will be an addition to the favour already conferred on, Rev. Doctor, your most obedient and obliged servant,

"THOS. PERCY."

"REV. DOCTOR,

Easton Mauduit, July 2, 1763.

"I received the favour of your obliging letter, and the very curious papers that accompanied it. They are to me invaluable, and will give an importance to my proposed work, which it must otherwise have wanted. Be pleased to accept my sincere thanks for the same, and present my most humble acknowledgments to my Lord Royston, for condescending to interest himself so much in my favour.

reasonableness of Men's having a Religion or Worship of God; A Short Answer to the Duke of Buckingham's Paper concerning Religious Toleration and Liberty of Conscience; The Duke's Answer to the unknown Author of The Short Answer, &c.—Doubtful Pieces. Under this head the only piece is "Poetical Reflections on Absalom and Achitophel," which is unfinished, ending with page 240.—I have also an imperfect copy of Bp. Percy's edition of the Poetical Works of Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, &c. The chief contents of this scarce volume are, Songes and Sonnettes by the Earl of Surrey, p. 1 to 40. Songes and Sonnettes by Sir T. Wyatt the elder, pp. 41 to 111. Songes and Sonnettes of uncertain authors, pp. 112 to 260. Songes written by N. G. pp. 261—272. The Second Booke of Virgile Aenæis by the Earl of Surrey, in blank verse, p. 1 to 48 [imperfect]. My copy unfortunately wants the Selection of early Blank Verse, edited by Bp. Percy and the Rev. H. Meen, in 1796 and 1797, and which forms the subject of many letters in the present volume between the Bishop and Mr. Steevens (see pp. 5 to 21); and between the Bishop and Mr. Meen (see pp. 38 to 44). But a copy is fortunately in the possession of Mr. J. Payne Collier. N.

* Dr. Percy entered into an agreement with Messrs. Tonson, May 5, 1764, to furnish notes for an edition of the *Tatler*, *Spectator* and *Guardian*, for which he was to have 100 guineas. See Lit. Anec. III. 753.

"I shall thankfully accept of your offer, with regard to the 'Miscellanea Aulica,' 1762, 8vo. The book may be left for me with Mr. Tonson, in the Strand; and when perused shall be carefully returned, together with your Langbaine, containing Oldys's MS. notes, which you so obligingly lent me before.*

"What you mention of the letter from the Duke of Buckingham to Charles II., recommending to him an attack upon the French fleet in the Tagus, is very curious and merits attention. The Duke's advice was not always so favourable to the interests of this nation. It is pity the letter is lost. The fact is not taken notice of by any historian of those times that I have ever seen. Could you assist me in ascertaining the date of this advice? It is a circumstance by no means to be passed over in the annals of the Duke's life.†

"I am ashamed to request any favour that will give you trouble; but my retired situation in the country prevents me from having sufficient access to books.

"I have a further favour to intreat, if not improper, which the experience I have had of your great humanity encourages me to request; it is to procure me a sight of two books out of the library of Sion College. These are, 'The Shepherd's Garland' (numbered in the Catalogue, Z, 6, 32); and 'Davison's Poems,' printed in 1611, (number unknown). I should not think of giving you, Sir, this trouble, but my total unacquaintance with the London clergy deprives me of all other means of access. These books have no relation to the Duke of Buckingham, but are, notwithstanding, of great importance to me on other accounts. If you think proper, they may be left at Mr. Tonson's along with the 'Miscellanea Aulica,' and shall be punctually returned at any given time.

"I ought not to conclude without discharging a small commission I am entrusted with, from a very ingenious

* Langbaine (Ger.) "Account of English Dramatick Poets," 8vo. Oxford, 1691. This copy is now in the British Museum. It is a *select book*. It is marked on the title-page, W.O. and is full of manuscript notes, even on the print. The notes were not marked as being by Oldys in the Catalogue, from the initials not being known.

† This was George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, who died in 1687. The letter of Dr. Birch, in which he records the letter to Charles II., is, it is to be feared, not preserved; and as the original letter was lost in Dr. Birch's time, the clue to this interesting circumstance cannot be traced. It is not mentioned in Chalmers's *Life of the Duke of Buckingham*, vol. XXX. pp. 360—365.

and learned friend, the Rev. Mr. Farmer,* Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He has lately been admitted Fellow of your Antiquarian Society, and is given to understand that you were pleased to interest yourself in his favour; for which he desires me to convey his acknowledgments, and to assure Dr. Birch how happy he would be in return, to discharge any business he would be pleased to intrust him with, either to explore the Cambridge libraries for him, procure him transcripts of any of their curiosities, or by any other means testify that great respect which he has for his character.

"And now, Sir, permit me once more to acknowledge the deep sense I have of your obliging favours with regard to the Duke of Buckingham. Should any further matters of information on the same subject occur to you, I flatter myself you will be pleased to impart them; and till I have an opportunity of presenting you my thanks in a more public manner, accept the present acknowledgments of, Reverend Doctor, your most obliged and most faithful servant,

THOMAS PERCY.

"P.S. I desired Mr. Dodsley to present you with a copy of a small publication I was lately concerned in, being a few 'Specimens of Runic Poetry;' † I hope you received it.

"I have desired Mr. Tonson to print a few copies of the Duke of Buckingham's works upon a superfine paper, for presents. One of these will court your acceptance, and another set will solicit the honour of being admitted into the library of Lord Viscount Royston."

"REV. DOCTOR,

Easton Mauduit, July 12, 1763.

"I received the favour of your obliging letter, and return you many thanks for procuring me the books, of which great care shall be taken. I am sensible your time is precious, and yet I beg leave to trouble you with a question. Is the following sonnet‡ (printed in Mr. Walpole's

* Of Dr. Farmer see before, in this volume, p. 33.

† Dr. Percy published, in 1763, "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," translated from the Icelandic language.

‡ Hentzner, in his *Itinerary* of 1598, has recorded a sonnet which Princess Elizabeth had written with a pencil on her window-shutter at Woodstock. The sonnet, and the translation by the Princess, are printed in Walpole, p. 66; and in Hentzner's *Itinerarium*, 8vo. 1629. They are also given in Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, 2nd edit. I. pp. 9, 10.

Translation of Hentzner's Travels) to be found in Hentzner's original Latin book? or is it only a modern version of the Latin verses preserved by Hentzner? If the English verses are in Hentzner, will you do me the favour to collate the inclosed copy with the original, and give me all the ancient spellings? I have a particular reason for making the request: may I hope the favour of a speedy answer, which will be an addition to the favours already conferred on, Rev. Doctor, your most obedient and faithful servant,

THOS. PERCY.

"P.S. I apply to Dr. Birch for a solution of the above doubt because I think it is to him the world is indebted for the revival of Hentzner's book, which I presume he has in his study.

"To save your franks for a more important correspondence, be pleased to enclose any line for me under cover to the Right Hon. Henry Earl of Sussex, at Easton Mauduit, near Castle Ashby, Northamptonshire.

"P.S. Mr. Tonson and I are meditating a neat 12mo. edition of the Earl of Surrey's works (temp. Hen. VIII.) with a life of the author.

"We have got two curious editions of his Songes and Sonnettes, one printed in 1559, the other in 1574, both by Rich. Tottel, in black letter, small 4to. or 8vo. We have also got Lord Surrey's Version of the Second and Fourth Bokes of Virgiles *Ænæis*, in blank verse, printed by the same Rich. Tottel, 1557, in black letter, small 4to. or 8vo.; and shall thankfully acknowledge any information for the improvement or completion of our design. At the end will be attempted a glossary of the obsolete words, under the auspices of the learned editor of '*Junii Etymologicum Anglicanum*.' " *

"REV. DOCTOR,

Easton Mauduit, Jan. 15, 1764.

"I received the favour of your kind letter, and return my best thanks for the contents. I was before possessed of a copy of the petition, but knew not what answer the Duke made to it till I received this obliging information from you. If I understand you right, 'upon the Houses passing the vote, &c. the Duke gave in a written answer, wherein he promised, upon his honour, that he would discontinue his cohabitation with the Countess of Shrews-

* The Rev. Edward Lye. See this volume, p. 294.

bury.* If I am mistaken, be pleased to let me know it. I wish I could also learn what year, &c. this petition was presented and this vote passed; for the copy in the Museum bears no date.† But Francis Earl of Shrewsbury died of the wound received in the duel March 16, 1667, about three weeks after the rencounter. If you can give me any general information about the said Duke (very exact information I presume is not now to be expected), it will be an addition to the favours I have already received at the hands of Dr. Birch.

"I ought to blush for having detained your books so long; but one work has been delayed through the expectation of enlarging the stock of materials. The 'Key to the Rehearsal' has long been printed off, all but the last sheet, which we still keep open to receive some additions that we take for granted will be picked up from a play of Edward Howard's, entitled 'Six Days' Adventure, or the New Utopia, 4to. 1671,'‡ if we can once be so lucky as to light upon it. This is the only play of that age which I have not seen. Mr. Garrick unluckily has not got it

* Collins, III. p. 39, says, "The said Earl Francis (eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury) died on March 16th, 1667-8, of a wound received in a duel with George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the paramour of his wife." In Note (z) he adds—"This infamous affair makes a conspicuous figure in the annals of gallantry of that day. See *Mémoires de Grammont*, &c. The Countess is said to have held the Duke's horse, disguised as a page, during the combat; and, to reward his prowess, to have gone to bed to him in the shirt stained by her husband's blood. The loves of this tender pair are recorded by Pope—

"Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love."

† It appears, by a MS. letter copied by Mr. Malone, dated Whitehall, Jan. 10, 1673-4, that on Wednesday the 7th the Earl of Westmorland brought in a petition against the Duke of Bucks, in the name of the young Earl of Shrewsbury, desiring justice against him for murdering his father, making his mother a whore, and keeping her now as an infamous strumpet. To this the Duke replied, "'Tis true he had the hard fortune to kill the Earl of Shrewsbury, but it was upon the greatest provocations in the world; that he had fought him twice before, and had as often given him his life; that he had threatened to pistol him wheresoever he (should) meet him, if he could not fight him; that for these reasons the King had given him his pardon. To the other part of the petition concerning the Lady Shrewsbury, he said he knew not how far his conversation with that lady was cognizable by that House; but if that had given offence, she was now gone to a retirement." A day was appointed for considering the merits of the petition; but the Parliament being prorogued on Feb. 25, nothing more appears to have been done in the business.—Chalmers, vol. XXX. p. 365.

‡ It is in the British Museum, King's Library. It wants the title-page, which is supplied in MS., with the name of the author.

in his collection, and Mr. Tonson has advertised a small premium for it, hitherto without success. It is only scarce because it is worthless; and therefore, if chance should throw it in your way, may I intreat the favour of you to procure me a sight of it?

"I am ashamed to take this liberty of troubling you about my petty researches, and should be happy if you would give me an opportunity of lightening my load of obligations by doing any little services in return, and thereby testify with what great respect I am, Rev. Doctor, your most obliged and faithful servant,

"THOMAS PERCY.

"P.S. I shall soon have occasion to send a large parcel to London, in which I will inclose your Langbaine: it is of too much value to be put alone, for fear of miscarriage. May I intreat the favour to retain the other books a little longer?"

"REV. DOCTOR,

Easton Mauduit, April 26, 1764.

"The experience I have had of your communicative temper, encourages me to apply to you on a fresh occasion; and though I know not any right I have to give you the least trouble, yet I cannot help presuming upon your candour and general regard for literature so far as to hope you will pardon this application, even if it should be unsuccessful.

"Mr. Tonson, who is about to print a new edition of the "*Spectator*,"* has applied to me to overlook the impression, and to rectify whatever mistakes are crept into the modern copies, collating them with the old original papers. In this work I have made a considerable progress, and in the course of it have been tempted to give now and then a short marginal note, where an anecdote has occurred to me that threw light upon a passage, and have subjoined the names of some of the occasional writers, which I have happened to discover. You, I make no doubt, can furnish me with more; and if you would be pleased to favour me with any intelligence of either kind, you would confer a great obligation both on me and the public.

"In the daily papers we were informed a few weeks ago, that the late great and excellent Lord Hardwicke had, in his younger years, been a contributor to the *Spec-*

* See page 568.

tators: would you, Sir, inform us what pieces we owe to his pen?*

"Your acquaintance with that noble family makes me presume that you can resolve this question, which I hope is not an improper one, as I conceive it was by permission from the family that this intimation was given to the world. The present noble Lord condescended to favour me with some important information relating to the Duke of Buckingham, which I shall soon communicate to the world: might this present research be so honoured as to be thought worthy of his notice, I doubt not but his lordship could favour me with very valuable directions for the conduct of it, and either resolve my queries, or direct me where I might meet with solutions.

"I need not here observe what obligations I am under for his procuring me those curious memoirs from Dr. Birch, which will add so much merit to that work.

"At the end of the 7th vol. of the Spectator, Mr. Steele acknowledges his obligations to Mr. Henry Martyn, Mr. Pope, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Carey of New College, Mr. Tickel, Mr. Eusden, and Mr. Ince of Gray's Inn. The particular papers of some of these I have not been able to discover.† Could you, Sir, point them out to me? These or any other hints for the improvement of the work would merit the most grateful acknowledgments of, Rev. Sir, your obliged and faithful servant, THOMAS PERCY.

"P.S. The same kind of information for the Tatlers and Guardians will be equally obliging and important. Could you favour me with the perusal of any common newspapers of those times, or direct me where to borrow them?

"I know not whether the inclosed little Essay‡ will afford you any amusement: as some of the information was had out of your MS. Notes (by Oldys) on Langbaine, I ought to submit it to your inspection. Pardon my sending so dirty a proof sheet."

"REV. DOCTOR,

Easton Mauduit, May 10, 1764.

"I thank you for your obliging answer to my letter about the proposed new edition of the Spectator: the par-

* A Letter on Travelling, No. 364, is the only "Spectator" attributed to the Earl of Hardwicke, by Mr. Chalmers, in the British Essayists.

† The numbers of the Spectator are appropriated to their respective authors in Chalmers's "British Essayists."

‡ Dr. Percy's Essay "On the Origin of the British Stage;" given in the first volume of his "Reliques of Antient English Poetry," first published in 1765.

particulars you are so kind as to communicate will have their use. Should any future matters occur to you, I flatter myself you will be so good as to transmit them to me.

"I wish I could recover the numbers or titles of those papers in the 8th vol. which you say fell from the pen of the present Bishop of Rochester.* But I have no chance of procuring them from his Lordship: you perhaps may. And kind offices in this respect would lay me under great obligations, as also that other writ by Lord Hardwicke.

"I thank you for your kind offer to lend me the original papers of the Spectator: I have already got a complete set of all the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians. What I most want are some of the common newspapers and daily advertisers of those times. If you could procure me any of these, or direct me where to meet with them, I should acknowledge the favour.

"I shall not fail to profit by the hint you give, that some of the original numbers have been retrenched, out of compliment to particular families. I shall not fail to discover every thing of that kind; and shall endeavour to revive such passages as appear deserving.

"The sheet relating to the origin of the stage is entirely at your service: it is not worth returning; and so long as it remains in your hands I know it is safe.

"I am, dear Sir, with the greatest respect, your most obliged and most faithful servant, THOS. PERCY."

"REV. DOCTOR,

London, June 12, 1764.

"Herewith are sent the folio newspapers you so kindly lent me, for which my best thanks are due. I know not whether my request will not be improper, otherwise I should humbly intreat the favour of you to let me carry into the country for a short time both the Weekly Packet, 4to. and your own 'Life of Addison,' 12mo, together with Le Long's 'Bibliothèque,' which you were so good as to promise me. Mr. Tonson's people will take the utmost care in conveying them to me.

"The obliging manner in which you permit me to ask you questions, encourages me to subjoin two or three queries to this slight letter, viz. :—

"1. Can you inform who is the atheistical author† meant in the conclusion of No. 166, vol. ii.?

* Dr. Zachary Pearce was Bishop of Rochester in 1764. He died at Little Ealing, June 29, 1774. See Lit. Anecd. III. 107—111; VII. 313, 646.

† Probably Mr. Toland.

"2. Who is the flogging schoolmaster of Welsh extraction with a Spanish name,* in the first letter of No. 168, vol. ii.?

"3. Who is the doctor of divinity who kept a school at Richmond, in the second letter of the same number and volume?†

"4. Who was the clergyman who read prayers so well at St. James's Garlick Hill‡ Church, in vol. ii. No. 147?

"Will you, good Sir, pardon the impertinence of these queries, and if you can solve them, favour me with a line? I leave town on Saturday morning; and if I should be hurried away without paying those great respects which I owe to Dr. Birch, I rely upon his known goodness and candour in pardoning his most obliged and most humble servant,
"THOMAS PERCY."

"REVD. DOCTOR,

Cecill Street, June 15, 1764.

"I am extremely obliged to you for your kind favour of to-day. The information you are pleased to give me is curious and important. The books you were so kind as to lend me will be of great use. Will you pardon me if I venture to entreat a further favour of this sort. Can you lend me the little piece you mention in your *Life of Addison*, entitled 'The Spy on the Spectator?' It might possibly afford some illustrations.

"This day, by a letter, Mr. Tonson was informed that many years since were published 'Critical Remarks on several Letters in the Spectators, Tatlers,' &c., a book which, it is said, is now in the possession of Mr. Wray of the Exchequer, and which, perhaps, through your interest with that gentleman, we might procure a sight of. As a specimen of this writer's manner, the following instance is given us:—'Supper and friends expects me at the Rose.' 'It was wise,' says the Remarker, 'to make the

* Dr. Charles Roderick, Master and Provost of Eton, and afterwards Master of King's College, Cambridge.

† "This was Dr. Nicholas Brady, who joined in the New Version of the Psalms. He was Rector of Clapham, Minister of Richmond in Surrey, and successively Chaplain to King William, Queen Anne, and George I. The Doctor was a very amiable, ingenious man, but no great economist; for which reason his circumstances obliged him to submit to the care of a school. He died May 20, 1726, aged 67. P." [in 1788.]

‡ "Or Garlick Hithe. The Rector of this parish at that time was Mr. Philip Stubbs, afterwards Archdeacon of St. Alban's, whose exemplary manner of performing the same is to this day remembered by the parishioners. P." [1788.]

verb agree with the more worthy nominative, for such the supper is beyond the friends! ¹

"From this specimen you will easily recollect the author, or discover the book; which, if we are indulged with the use of it, will be safely conveyed to me by Mr. Tonson, and as safely returned.

"I am, with the highest respect, Rev. Sir, your most obliged and ever faithful servant,

"THOMAS PERCY."

"REV. DOCTOR,

Easton Mauduit, Feb. 2, 1765.

"The favour you did me in procuring for my use the curious volume of ancient poems out of Sion College Library, and the various pieces you have lent me out of your own (not to mention other favours), make me solicit your acceptance of a book whose contents are chiefly gleaned from *that* and such other antique volumes. I know not whether you will not be offended to find your name mentioned in the preface to such a strange collection of trash; but I frankly own I meant to do myself honour by inserting it, and was proud to let the world see that I was not unknown to Dr. Birch.*

"If you can pardon this liberty, you will add to the obligations already conferred on, Revd. Doctor, your most obedient and very faithful servant,

"THOMAS PERCY."

"DEAR SIR,

Alnwick Castle, July 27, 1765.

"Presuming on your friendship I take the liberty to request a favour of you, which, if granted, will exceedingly oblige me: it is, that you would please to inform me by return of the post whether Mr. Empson's place in the British Museum is yet filled up, and if not, whether Mr. Harper† hath obtained a promise from any of the three

* "The Reliques of Antient English Poetry." In the preface, Percy observes, "To the Rev. Dr. Birch he is indebted for the use of several antient and valuable tracts." This was as *little* as Percy could well say for the assistance rendered to him by Dr. Birch. It is curious that in this letter he speaks of the work on which his fame now chiefly rests, as "a strange collection of trash."

† The Rev. Sam. Harper, F.R.S., upwards of 47 years one of the librarians of the British Museum, and 37 years chaplain to the Foundling Hospital, was of Trinity College, Cambridge; B.A. 1754; M.A. 1757. He died July 13, 1804. (Gentleman's Magazine, 1804, p. 697.)

electors, and whether any other candidate hath offered or is likely to succeed.* The speedy resolution of these queries (which, if you please, may remain a secret) will be esteemed a great act of friendship shown to, dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant,

“THOMAS PERCY.

“Please to inclose to me under cover to the Earl of Northumberland, at Alnwick Castle, in Northumberland.”

REV. ARCHDEACON NARES.

A notice of this distinguished author appeared, whilst he was yet alive, in *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. IX. p. 510.† He died March 23, 1829; and the following memoir of him was inserted shortly afterwards in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, p. 370, “from the pen of one attached to him since infancy, and who best knew his virtues and acquirements.”‡

“*March 23.* At his house in Hart-street, Bloomsbury, aged 75, the Rev. Robert Nares, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., V.P.R.S.L., Archdeacon of Stafford, Canon Residentiary of Lichfield, and Rector of Allhallows, London Wall.

“Few individuals have departed from this life more deeply and universally lamented by the literary world and the private circle of attached and distinguished friends than this accomplished man. An exemplary divine, a profound scholar, a laborious and judicious critic, and an elegant writer, his intimacy was courted as earnestly for the instruction it supplied as for the taste and vivacity of manners by which it was embellished, and the

* It is probable that Dr. Percy had thoughts of applying for the situation of assistant librarian of the British Museum.

† See also *Index*, vol. VII. 635.

‡ Joseph Jekyll, esq. M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A. He died March 8, 1837, aged 85. See a memoir of him in *Gent. Mag. New Series*, vol. VIII. p. 208.

merit of these varied talents was exalted by that unassuming modesty which uniformly marked and adorned his character.

“ He was born at York on June 9th, 1753, the son of Dr. James Nares, an eminent composer and teacher of music, and who was for many years organist and composer to Kings George II. and III.* His uncle, the Hon. Sir George Nares, was for fifteen years one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. Educated at Westminster School, he became a King’s Scholar at the head of his election in 1767, and was subsequently elected in 1771 to a studentship of Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degree of B.A. 1775, and M.A. 1778, and about the same time entered into holy orders.

“ From 1779 to 1783 he resided in the family of the late Sir Williams Wynn, as tutor to his sons, the present Baronet and his brother the Right Hon. Charles Williams Wynn, and from 1786 to 1788 they were under his tuition at Westminster School; and about the same period he was an assistant preacher at Berkeley Chapel.

“ While at Wynnstay he was called upon, not merely to cultivate learned and scholastic studies, but to enter into light and elegant literature; he accordingly produced prologues, epilogues, and other accessories to the private dramatic entertainments with which the hospitalities of his patron’s mansion abounded.†

“ In 1782 he obtained from Christ Church the living of Easton Mauduit in Northamptonshire, and in 1784, that of Doddington, in the same county, and in the patronage of the Lord Chancellor. In 1787 he was honoured by the appointment of a chaplaincy to his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, and in the ensuing year he was nominated an Assistant Preacher of the Honour-

* He died Feb. 10, 1783. See a memoir of him in Chalmers’s Biog. Dict.

† Fisher’s National Gallery.

able Society of Lincoln's Inn, where for fifteen years a learned auditory duly appreciated his powers of argument and depth of erudition. In 1790 he assisted in completing Bridges's "History of Northamptonshire," and wrote the preface to that work.

'The political agitation and danger which ensued at the commencement of the French Revolution, and put all that was valuable in the establishment and constitution of the country in jeopardy, rallied our able writer as a publicist on the side of government, religion, and order. He published several timely pamphlets, well calculated to abate the torrent of revolution and infidelity.*'

"In 1795 he was elected F.S.A. and in the same year he became one of the assistant librarians of the British Museum; and afterwards Librarian for the MS. Department, where he prepared the Third Volume of the Harleian Catalogue of MSS. published by the Record Commission. This situation he resigned in 1807. In 1796, the Lord Chancellor Loughborough presented Mr. Nares to the rectory of Dalbury near Derby; and in 1798 to that of Sharnford, in Leicestershire, which he resigned in 1799, on being collated to the Fifth Stall of the Canons Residentiary of Lichfield. In the same year the Bishop of London, Porteus, gave him the small prebend of Islington, in the Cathedral of St. Paul's; in February, 1799, he was nominated to preach the Warburton Lecture in Lincoln's Inn; and in the following year the Bishop of Lichfield, Cornwallis, conferred on him the Archdeaconry of Stafford. In 1804 he was elected F.R.S. In 1805, the Lord Chancellor Eldon, without solicitation or interest, presented him to the vicarage of St. Mary's, Reading, whither he soon after went to reside, having resigned the vicarage of Easton Mauduit, his situation at the

* Fisher's National Gallery of Portraits.

British Museum, and other appointments which might have interfered with this purpose. Here he lived till 1818, the zealous benefactor of his charge, when, being desirous of returning to London that he might enjoy the society best suited to his literary tastes and habits, he obtained permission to exchange his vicarage for the rectory of Allhallows, London Wall, (then vacant by the death of his friend the Rev. W. Beloe), to the duties of which he attended in person, till within three weeks of his death, during the greater part of these years being seldom absent from London more than three months annually, two of which were passed at his residence at Lichfield.

“ The Archdeacon was thrice married, and left no issue. In 1784, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Thomas Bayley, esq. of Chelmsford, who died in child-bed the following year. In 1794, to Frances-Maria, daughter of Charles Fleetwood, Esq. of London, to whom he had been united little more than ten months when he had the misfortune to lose her, after having given birth to a son, who survived only a few weeks. In 1800, he was married to a daughter of the Rev. Samuel Smith, D.D. many years Head-master of Westminster School ;* who, after nearly thirty years of domestic felicity, still survives to lament his loss.

“ His publications were as follow :

“ 1. ‘ Periodical Essays, No. I. Dec. 2, 1780.—No. X. Feb. 3, 1781.

“ 2. ‘ An Essay on the Dæmon or Divination of Socrates,’ 8vo. 1782.

“ 3. ‘ Elements of Orthoëpy ; containing a distinct view of the whole Analogy of the English Language, so far as it relates to Pronunciation, Accent, and Quantity, 1784,’ 8vo.

“ 4. ‘ Remarks on the favourite Ballet of Cupid and Psyche ; with some Account of the Pantomime of the Antients, 1788,’ 12mo.

* See hereafter, p. 597.

" 5. ' Principles of Government deduced from Reason, &c. 1792.' 8vo.

" 6. ' An Abridgement of the same, adapted to general instruction and use ; with a new Introduction, 1793.' 8vo.

" 7. ' Man's best Right ; a serious Appeal in the name of Religion, 1793.' 8vo.

" 8. ' In the same year he commenced the *British Critic*, in conjunction with the Rev. W. Beloe. The editorship was entrusted to the judgment, sagacity, learning, and acuteness of Mr. Nares ; and the vigour and perseverance with which the *British Critic* was conducted through difficult and dangerous times are well known. To each of the half-yearly volumes of the *British Critic* was prefixed a Preface, always written by Mr. Nares, recapitulating the literature of the period. Mr. Nares proceeded with the work till the end of the forty-second volume, and then resigned it to others.

" 9. ' Discourses preached before the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn, 1794.' 8vo.

" 10. ' A Thanksgiving for Plenty, and a Warning against Avarice ; a Sermon, preached at the Cathedral at Lichfield, on Sunday, Sept. 20, 1801.' 8vo.

" 11. ' The Benefits of Wisdom, and the Evils of Sin. A Sermon preached before the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn, on Sunday Nov. 6, 1803, and published at the request of the Bench.' 8vo.

" 12. ' A connected and chronological View of the Prophecies of the Christian Church ; in 12 Sermons, preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel, from the year 1800 to 1804, at the Lecture founded by Bishop Warburton, 1806.' 8vo.

" 13. ' Essays and other occasional Compositions, chiefly reprinted, 1810,' 2 vols. small 8vo.

" 14. ' Protestantism the Blessing of Britain ; a Fast Sermon, preached at the Cathedral of Lichfield, on Wednesday Feb. 28, 1810.' 8vo.

" 15. ' On the Influence of Sectaries, and the Stability of the Church ; a Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Arch-deaconry of Stafford and Walsall, in June 1812.' 4to.

" 16. In 1815, Mr. Nares edited Dr. Purdy's *Lectures on the Church Catechism*, &c. to which he prefixed a Biographical Preface, giving some account of the Author, and of two of his most intimate friends, the Rev. T. Butler and Lawson Huddleston, Esq. men of distinguished talent and worth.

" 17. 'The Veracity of the Evangelists demonstrated, by a comparative View of their Histories, 1816,' 12mo.

" 18. 'A Glossary or Collection of Words, Phrases, Names, and Allusions to Customs, Proverbs, &c. which have been thought to require Illustration in the Works of English Authors, particularly Shakspeare and his Contemporaries, 1822,' 4to.

" 19. 'A Volume of Sermons on Faith and other Subjects, 1825,' 8vo.

" In 1798, Mr. Nares, in conjunction with the Rev. W. Tooke and the Rev. W. Beloe, revised and enlarged the General Biographical Dictionary, in 15 vols. 8vo. Mr. Tooke's portion of the work was vols I. to v. Mr. Nares's, vols. VI. VIII. X. XII. and XIV. and Mr. Beloe's vols. VII. IX. XI. XIII. and xv. This edition was enlarged by no less a number than 3424 lives, either entirely new-written, or for the first time added.

" To the Gentleman's Magazine Mr. Nares was a frequent and most acceptable contributor.

" To the Sermons of the late Dr. Vincent, Dean of Westminster, published in 1817, Archdeacon Nares prefixed a life of that excellent and learned person.

" Mr. Nares materially assisted in the establishment of the Royal Society of Literature; and in 1823 was elected one of the first Vice-Presidents. In 1824 he contributed to the Society 'An Historical Account of the Discoveries that have been made in Palimpsest (or Rescript) Manuscripts;' and in 1826, a 'Memoir on the Religion and Divination of Socrates.' In 1816 he contributed to the Archæologia of the Society of Antiquaries, 'Observations on the Discoveries of Part of a Sarcophagus at Reading Abbey, supposed to have contained the Remains of Henry I.' (Vol. XVIII. p. 272.)

" The late Dean Vincent always spoke of Mr. Nares as a profound scholar, and a most able critic. Yet with all his depth of acquirement

there was neither assumption, nor the slightest shade of pedantry in him, in his behaviour, or in his conversation. On the contrary, an innate modesty (which we can readily believe stood in the way of higher ecclesiastical distinction) marked his demeanor throughout life. He possessed a vivacity as well as a simplicity of manner, which afforded no hint of the attainments and erudition that lay quietly below, and were only discovered by the force of casual circumstances—certainly never displayed.

‘In private life no man was ever more beloved than Archdeacon Nares. His friends from youth to old age were delighted by his talents, while they were compelled to set a high value upon his individual character, so estimable and honourable in every relation of life. To know him indeed was to be attached to him; for the exemplary divine, the profound scholar, the judicious critic, and the elegant writer, was at the same time one of the most amiable, pleasing, and instructive companions into whose society good fortune could throw either the young or the old. No wonder then that his intimacy was zealously courted, and that he ranked among his most constant friends a number of the foremost men of the times which he himself lived to adorn.’*

In the National Portrait Gallery, vol. II. is a portrait of Archdeacon Nares, from a painting by J. Hoppner, Esq. R.A. with whom he was intimate from his youth; and it is accompanied with a specimen of the playful spirit which imbued the original epigram on himself, written in 1826, and first published in the National Portrait Gallery:—

“Time has not thinn’d my flowing hair,
Nor laid my aged temples bare;
But he has play’d the barber’s part,
And powder’d me with wond’rous art,

* National Portrait Gallery.

Meaning, no doubt, to let me see,
He thinks to make mere dust of me ;
But let him know that on a day,
God will re-animate this clay,
And life unchangeable will give
When Time himself shall cease to live."

This memoir shall be closed with a character of Mr. Archdeacon Nares, as drawn by his friend and literary associate, Mr. Beloe :—

"Accident placed in the way of the Sexagenarian an individual who gave a decided bias to his future pursuits, studies, views, connections, and prospects. The influence was like that of an ascendant star ; nor ever did one dark cloud interpose between this star and the object, which, with complacency and affection, contemplated its mild and benignant aspect. Two streams united, which together formed a river, gentle but far from dull, and full without overflowing. Quickness of conception on one side was tempered by judicious deliberation on the other ; luxuriance of expression was chastened by classical accuracy, and extreme facility of communicating ideas was moderated and reined in by a salutary sobriety and reserve."

"Similar studies, pursuits, and objects, induced an intimacy which was never interrupted but by the cold hand of death.

"Born of highly respectable connections, he was educated at a public school, where his talents soon inspired respect, and his facetiousness and wit rendered him exceedingly popular. This spirit never forsook him through life, for he invariably continued to animate the society of which he was a part, by incessant sallies of cheerfulness, good humour, and the very best sort of conversation. His talents, however, were of a still higher order, and, perhaps, there was no situation within the scope of his ambition which he was not qualified to fill with dignity, and to the public advantage. He was a sound and excellent scholar, as the term

is generally understood ; but he was, moreover, distinguished by very extensive general knowledge and acquirements.

“ He several times claimed the public attention as an author ; and the characteristic features of whatever he wrote were strong sense, sound judgment, and a perfect knowledge of his subject. These solid and sober qualities proved an admirable check upon the too great quickness, extreme vivacity, and rapidity of conception, which distinguished his friend, who, for a term of no very short continuance, was also his coadjutor.

“ In the progress of a somewhat extended life he filled different stations, and he discharged the duties of them all with the most exemplary fidelity and honour. Why was he not appointed to the exercise of functions still more elevated and more dignified ? This is a question not very easy to be answered. He might, if he had thought proper. If he had condescended to use the ordinary means which individuals similarly circumstanced practise, and generally with success, there was nothing in the line of his profession too lofty for his pretensions, and which the connections and friendships he had formed might not easily have procured. But, though not more proud than became a man so endowed and so distinguished, he had not the flexibility which, in the present condition of society, they who have good things for barter invariably require of those who want them. He scorned to flatter and bow the knee to those with whom he had entered life on the level, and had continued to associate with on the same terms of manly equality, but whom better fortune or greater address, not superior merit or stronger claims, had raised to the height of worldly honours. Though not without ambition, he had a sort of proud and manly disregard of lucrative situations, merely considered

as such, and was not at all inclined to remit his ordinary habits, or to deviate from his accustomed paths, in pursuit of them.

“He did indeed attain, and by force of merit only, the means of passing through life with great respect and honour, in possession of all its comforts, and with not a few of its best advantages. These he enjoyed to the fullest extent, participating in them with no very limited circle of old and long tried friends. What has been said of his claims to worldly distinctions is equally applicable to his mental endowments. His learning and his talents were equal to any undertaking. He would have been a good historian if he had directed his mind to that branch of learning. A poet he was, and in the epigrammatic part of poetry was excelled by very few; he was well acquainted with the niceties and subtleties of grammar, and of his own language more particularly. He was by no means disputative, but, if occasion required, was an expert controversial writer. To finish all, he was a critic of no ordinary precision and acuteness.

“That he had faults it is not pretended to deny, but they inflicted no wounds. A sort of coldness and reserve of manner was frequently considered as the result of pride, and sometimes excited unfavourable impressions; but it was not pride, and very soon melted into familiarity. Among his intimate friends it was impossible to be more communicative, facetious, and agreeable. But it is time to have done.

“The above tribute is paid from a full and warm heart. It is the result of long, very long attachment, esteem, and gratitude; of a friendship never interrupted; of an intercourse which a continued series of years cemented. Can it be necessary to say more?”

TO BP. PERCY.

“ MY LORD,

————— 1782.

“ As Mr. Bromwich, when I was lately at Easton,* for induction, &c., informed me that you had expressed an intention of paying one more visit to that place whenever you should be in England next, I am happy in having thereby some little opportunity of shewing my sense of your Lordship’s polite attentions to me in London. I beg to assure your Lordship that you cannot flatter me more than by continuing still to consider Easton as at your command no less than before, so long and so far as your convenience may require.

“ As I do not purpose at present to be resident there very speedily, this is unfortunately a less compliment than I could wish it to be; but I can only say that had the circumstances been different I should have been no less desirous of making a similar offer.

“ I was much pleased with the place. Its quiet and retired situation would render it very agreeable to me if my circumstances would allow me to pass a part of my time there; to have pleased its late possessor is no small recommendation to it, and it would form no inconsiderable part of the satisfaction I should have in being there, to reflect that a great part of the comforts which I found in it were derived from the liberality and good taste of my predecessor.

“ I will beg your Lordship at your leisure to give the particulars which you were so kind as to promise, respecting the rights of the living.

“ I am, my Lord,

“ Your obedient and obliged humble servant,

“ R. NARES.

“ P.S. If your Lordship should at any time favour me with a line, you will please to direct to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Wynnstay, Wrexham.”

“ MY LORD,

————— Lichfield, Sept. 7, 1800.

“ Your valuable packet was forwarded to me at this place; and I take an early opportunity of returning you my thanks for it. I regretted very much that the extreme

* The Rev. R. Nares had been presented to the rectory of Easton Mauduit, a living formerly possessed by Bishop Percy.

hurry of business and preparation, before I left London, unavoidably prevented me from calling to take leave of you and Mrs. Percy, from whom we have so many civilities and kindnesses to acknowledge. We left town in the last week of July, having been hardly settled from a prior excursion before this was to be undertaken. My residence here commenced on the 1st of August, and continued to the end of this month. Mrs. Nares called on Mrs. Percy before we left town.

"As I wish your critique to occupy the most honourable place, both on your account and that of my friend John Nichols, I shall not attempt to insert it this month, but let it open the Review for October.* I have not yet had leisure to look at it, further than to see that the printer will have no difficulty about it; and you may depend upon it that I shall have little inclination either to alter or curtail what you may have written. I shall particularly attend to your wishes about the concluding pages. When justice

* See a Review of Nichols's History of Leicestershire, vol. III. part 1, by Bp. Percy, in British Critic for Oct. 1800, p. 345—361. The Bishop observes:—"This volume is in no respect inferior to the former ones, either in the diligence, accuracy, or judgment displayed by the author, or the value, importance, and curious selection of his interesting materials. The work before us is so replete with various and interesting information, that not only the antiquary and topographical historian, not only the geologist, the biographer, and investigator of general history, but the naturalist, and even the admirer of the fine arts, will occasionally find amusement prepared for his taste." One object the Bishop had in this review was to answer the remarks of the Rev. George Ashby respecting the Roman Military found near Leicester, inserted in Vol. I. of the History of Leicestershire, which gave the Bishop great offence.—See pp. 357—361 of British Critic, Oct. 1800, and also p. 405 of this volume.

Archdeacon Nares, also, in the Preface to the same volume of the British Critic, thus speaks of Mr. Nichols's antiquarian labours:—

"The History and Antiquities of Leicestershire proceed without any remission of diligence in their indefatigable compiler; and the first Part of Vol. III. contains a mass of information greater than the whole of what would formerly have been deemed an adequate county history. If Mr. Nichols, who proceeds with the zeal of an *Æneas*,

——antiquam exquirere matrem,

should be rewarded, like that hero, with a comfortable settlement in her maternal fields, we should be the first to rejoice at his reward."

Of another volume of the work, the editors of the British Critic observe: "In the hands of Mr. Nichols the History of Leicestershire appears to have not only a provincial but a general utility. It has matter intermixed belonging to other places, which yet collaterally clears the history of that county. It is a vehicle for the history of ancient manners, arts, and customs, has added copiously to the present stores of our national biography, and supplied frequent gratification to those who are fond of the elegances of natural science."—British Critic for Nov. 1804, p. 498.

requires it, I have no kind of objection to severity, as you may see in our critiques on Flower's Case and Gifford's Epistle to Pindar, in the British Critic for August.

"Mrs. Nares and I should have great pleasure in visiting Ecton, were there any chance of our finding time to spare. We shall return as near to it as by Daventry, but I much fear in too great haste to make so agreeable a pause on our road. The country in this neighbourhood is extremely pleasing; and I have been able to shew Mrs. Nares the best of it, by taking her to pay a visit at Trentham, where the beauty of the park (though a small one) is beyond that of most other places.

"I beg you will give our most kind remembrances to Mrs. and Miss Percy, and to the Isteds, on whose kindness at Brighton Mrs. Nares reflects with pleasure. My recollections of the same sort run back many years. If I do not mistake, you are among the representatives of the Irish peers; and in that case we shall hope to see you when the *imperial* Parliament meets. I am, with great regard, your Lordship's obliged friend and servant,

"ROBERT NARES.

"The date of my letter will explain that I am not so situated as to execute your commission about the Courier. What do you think of the desperation of Peter* in his anonymous letter?"

"MY LORD,

British Museum, October 17, 1800.

"On the 5th I went over to Easton, where I performed the duty, and officiated at the Sacrament, being highly pleased to meet my parishioners again after an interval. It seems, also, to have been fortunate that I went just then, for Lord Grey is on the point of selling the Easton Estate, and I have put it in train to obtain the slip adjoining to the garden which we rent, and if possible, the close contiguous, for which I trust the money remaining on the Bounty will be sufficient. The negotiation with Lord Spencer's agent, about laying it out in Bozeat, came to nothing; but I saw my allotment in lieu of the like, and was pleased to behold a field of tolerable land, of between

* Of Peter Pindar, on the publication of W. Gifford's Epistle. See Brit. Critic for August 1800, p. 192.

seven and eight acres. The book you left at Easton was deposited in the parish chest by myself, where I found also the other volume, perfectly free from damage, which convinced me that they could not be left in better custody. I also reclaimed the best plate, or, at least, commissioned Mr. Gibbs to do so ; and, as Mrs. Pettiford is still in the house, I trust there will be no difficulty about it. When it is once lodged in the chest, one key will always be kept by the curate (or vicar, if present), and the other by the clerk.

"It will give me great pleasure to learn that you had an agreeable voyage, and have found every thing to your mind at home. Mrs. Nares unites with me in best respects to yourself and family, and I remain most truly your obliged friend and obedient humble servant,

"ROBERT NARES."

"MY LORD,

British Museum, Jan. 19, 1801.

"I have several faults of omission upon my mind, in the article of letters, and among them few more weighty than that which I am now attempting to expiate. I ought certainly to have sent you, long ago, my very hearty thanks for your communication on 'Nichols's Leicestershire,' which had justly so conspicuous a place in the British Critic. Your notice of the *erratum* arrived too late for that month ; but you will have seen it since at the end of the review ensuing.*

"Mrs. Nares and I passed three days very agreeably at Easton, only regretting that you and your family were waiting for a wind at Park-gate, instead of being with us. Since we returned to town, I have been occupied by two or three arduous matters of business more than usual, which has made me, to all my friends, a very tardy correspondent. We are now in immediate expectation of the opening of the Imperial Parliament. Town is full of company ; and Cumberland House, in Pall Mall, is opened as an hotel for Irish families. I am sorry that your turn for attending in Parliament does not yet come ; but, perhaps, you will pay us another visit before that time arrives. I am just now deep in old MSS., correcting all that part of the Harleian Catalogue which was left unfinished by Hump. Wanley, and very imperfectly executed

* See British Critic, Nov. 1800, p. 584.

by Mr. Casley. This is by order of our trustees, who are stimulated by a Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to search into public records.

"Malone has been nearly destroyed by an accident, apparently insignificant, that of breaking his shin, in getting out of a coach in the Museum. It has been very unwilling to heal, and sometimes has shown even a threatening tendency.

"I have no literary news; but I have been buying a book dedicated to you,—Bowlé's *Don Quixote*, and his Letter, previously addressed to you. I know that Barretti abused the book, but his motives were interested. Is it not a good book, after all? Barretti's abuse has kept down the price.

"I am, my Lord, very faithfully and gratefully yours,
"ROBERT NARES."

"P.S. Did you know anything of Mr. Casley,* above-mentioned?"

"MY LORD,

Lichfield, Sept. 13, 1801.

"I write at present only to acknowledge and thank you for the first article on Mrs. West's book,† which duly arrived, and was immediately forwarded to my printer, so that there is no doubt of its appearing in the Review for the present month. It is impossible for me to resist your particular desire to have the account extended to three articles, which I shall therefore be happy to receive from you. I have always some fear of hurting an author, by deviating very far from the usual practice of reviews, in their favour, lest it should seem like too decided partiality, rather than actual judgment; but in this case your reasons and wishes prevail. The tendency of the book certainly is excellent; and the writing appears, from the specimens I have yet seen, to be very good. Mrs. West is also, beyond doubt, a most respectable woman, whom I shall be very happy to serve. Early in October I shall return to my head-quarters at the British Museum, where I am deeply engaged in correcting the Harleian Catalogue,—a work in which I shall hope to derive

* Mr. David Casley, deputy-keeper of the Cottonian and Royal Libraries; one of the revivers of the Society of Antiquaries, and a member of the Gentleman's Society at Spalding. See *Index to Literary Anecdotes*, VII. 65.

† "Letters to a young Man on his first Entrance into Life, &c." 3 vols. 1801; reviewed by Bp. Percy in *British Critic* for Sept. 1801, and continued in two following Numbers.—Of Mrs. West, see before, p. 88.

benefit from your advice and information when you arrive in London.

"I beg to turn your attention particularly to Art. XIV. in our Review for August, where I think you will see Mr. Godwin* as handsomely lashed as any such personage ever was. Democracy has just lost a zealous friend in Gilbert Wakefield,† who died a few days ago. No loss, I fancy, even to his family, whom his turbulence kept always in hot water. Mrs. Wakefield is said to be a very amiable woman; badly matched, certainly.

"Will you endeavour to recollect whether there was any payment at Easton, in your time, of 13*s.* 4*d.* annually to the Bishop, exclusive of procurations and synods? under the name of Pension, I think. It has lately been demanded of me for nine years, and as I never recollect paying it before, rather surprised me; yet, I suppose it must be right. It is said to be paid only by a very few livings in the diocese, and as mine is one of the smallest, it seems the more extraordinary.

"Mrs. N. and I are going to-day to pass a day or two with the very amiable family of the Gisbornes, in Needwood Forest. Mr. Gisborne‡ you doubtless know, as a writer at least. He is also a most pleasing companion.

"I have troubled you with more than I intended, and will only add my best respects to Mrs. Percy, and to your nephew, with those of Mrs. N. to the former.

"I am, most truly, your Lordship's obliged friend and servant,

ROBERT NARES."

"MY LORD,

British Museum, Nov. 27, 1801.

"Your critique on Mrs. West's book being now finished, I hasten to return you my very sincere thanks for a communication not less honourable to the Review than to her. I have only ventured to add a single sentence at the conclusion—'We do not hesitate to add, that her son, what-

* In a review of "Thoughts occasioned by the perusal of Dr. Parr's Spital Sermon; being a Reply to the Attacks of Dr. Parr, Mr. Mackintosh, &c. by W. Godwin." See *British Critic* for August 1801, p. 184. Mr. Godwin died April 17, 1836, aged 81; and a memoir of him will be found in *Gent. Mag. New Series*, vol. V. p. 666.

† The Rev. Gilbert Wakefield died Sept. 10, 1801, aged 45. See a memoir of him in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1801, p. 867, and in *Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary*. See also *Index to Lit. Anecdotes*, VII. 440, 703.

‡ This exemplary divine and amiable poet died March 24, 1846, aged 87. He was one of the principal friends of Mr. Wilberforce, and his name frequently occurs in the *Life of the good Philanthropist*, by his Sons. See a memoir of Mr. Gisborne in *Gent. Mag. new series*, vol. XXV. p. 643.

ever boast he may derive from ancestry, or to whatever situation abilities or contingencies may raise him, will always have reason to boast of being born of such a mother.*

"I thank you also for your answer on the subject of the pension claimed upon Easton, though I fear I shall not obtain any redress. I will, however, take all proper and respectful means to do so.

"I have the pleasure to inform you that the 'Reliques' were sent to Mr. Fr. Tytler at Edinburgh, exactly according to your order, within a week after your letter (dated Sept. 26) reached me. The binding was what they call extra, which perhaps was more than you meant; but the difference will not be above three or four shillings, and the copy particularly pleased my eye.

"Your last packet was what they term above privilege; consequently, I paid seven shillings for it. This, however, is of no consequence, as the British Critic at large will pay it: I only mention it to prevent future mistakes. Franks are now limited (in England) to 1 oz. or $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz., which I have taken care to observe in making up these packets for you.

"Allow me to ask, against I hear from you again, who was the Mr. Carter† who made the very beautiful original tune to your elegant ballad, 'O! Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?' and when was it first set? I think it one of the finest ballad airs that were ever composed: I will not add how fitly bestowed, but the whole effect is admirable. I have heard it harmonized, or thrown into parts, by Harrison, and it was delightful in that form. We look forward with pleasure to the hope of seeing you and Mrs. Percy in London, which I hope no circumstance will delay beyond the time intended.

"I hope the Ecton family are well, &c.; and remain, very sincerely, your obliged and faithful servant,

"ROBERT NARES."

"MY LORD,

British Museum, April 26, 1802.

"Your last letter to me begins with an apology for long

* British Critic for Nov. 1801, p. 529.

† "Poor Carter, the celebrated composer, died on Friday last, Oct. 12, 1804. He possessed an uncommon share of genius; but his prosperity in life never kept pace with the greatness of his talents. He was the author of many excellent musical pieces and beautiful ballads, among the latter of which were, "O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?" "Tally Ho! &c. &c."—London Evening Post, Thursday, Oct. 18. See the Gentleman's Magazine for 1847, vol. XXVII. pp. 376, 481, 604.

silence, which would make me blush to see it, having yet more occasion for it myself, had I not to plead that the expectation of seeing you here has long restrained my pen. From the time, indeed, when I began to think it probable that you might have moved from Dromore, I have been in constant expectation and hope of hearing of your approach. It now begins to be probable that you have relinquished the intention, at least for the present; and I therefore feel it necessary to send this explanation of my conduct, lest you should at all impute it to negligence.

"At a dinner given lately by Sir William Scott, I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Duigenan, and becoming acquainted with him. Of him I made inquiries respecting you, but could learn only his opinion, that you would probably be now in Dublin. I saw him again yesterday, on the point of returning for Ireland, and charged him with my apologies; but, recollecting that he might not see you, and that a letter enclosed to Mr. Lee's would be forwarded to you wherever you might be, I resolved no longer to omit writing.

"I was much obliged to you for transmitting Dr. Caulfield's pamphlet, and for the hints you gave upon it; but this also has been laid by, in hopes of further instructions from you in person, how it would be most proper to notice it. I regretted that ill health was the apology for your preceding silence, and shall be very desirous to hear that the same cause has not interposed to prevent the journey to England, which I knew you had before intended.

"You inquired, in the P.S. of your last, whether any answer to Volney had been published, besides that (of Mr. Roberts*) noticed in the 'British Critic.' I believe not. That reply, though we chose to make the best of it, on account of the laudableness of the design, was certainly not

* The Rev. Peter Roberts died in May, 1819, at Halkin, co. Flint, to which living he had been inducted only a few months. This event deprived Wales of an eminent writer in its particular literature and language, and the kingdom at large of a rare union of worth and talent. It is said Mr. Roberts was a student of Trinity College, Dublin; wherever he was educated, he was an honour to the foundation. His valuable and extensive library was sold in Shrewsbury (nine days sale), commencing the 9th of August. He was author of "Observations on the Principles of Christian Morality;"—"Christianity Vindicated in a series of Letters to M. Volney, on his Revolutions of Empires;"—"Harmony of the Epistles;"—"A Sketch of the early History of the Cymry, or Antient Britons, from the year 700 before Christ to A.D. 500;"—"View of the Policy and Doctrines of the Church of Rome;"—"The Chronicle of the Kings of Britain;"—"On Christian Morality;"—"Manual of Prophecy;"—"The Cambrian Popular Antiquities," &c. (See British Critic, 1802, and Monthly Review, vol. XXXVI. p. 164.)

so vigorous as might be wished. I should be very glad to learn that you had a design of furnishing such an antidote to the poison as might be more effectual. I do not, however, find that Volney has done much mischief in England; but the studious circulation of his book, whether here or in Ireland, must certainly be carried on for the most mischievous purposes. I have been anxious (among many other topics of inquiry) to ask whether the *Life of Goldsmith*, lately published with his *Miscellaneous Works*, really proceeds from your information, as is confidently asserted; and, if not, how much credit is due to it, on its own account. Many things are there told which were not known before; but their value must depend upon their authenticity, of which no person now living, probably, can judge so well as you.

"A very handsome letter from Mrs. West,* accompanied by a bound copy of her work, gave me great satisfaction a month or two ago. I returned my best thanks to the respectable lady, without loss of time; but I ought also to return them to you, since it must have been through you that she gained the information to which I owed her civilities. I have since been introduced to her son.† He is a very modest young man, and I am assured likely to do justice to her instructions.

"In consideration of my very true apologies, I hope you will favour me with an early answer. I am very desirous to know what are your present plans; and what hope we may yet entertain of seeing you and Mrs. Percy this season in England.

"The matter of the pension‡ to the Bishop of Peterborough remains in suspense. All the inquiry I have been able to make confirms the suspicion that it ought to be paid by the impropiators of the great tithes, namely, the College; and, as soon as the hurry of this month is over, I mean to write to the Dean upon it. On this subject also I had hoped for your personal advice, as the best supplement to the written admonitions you had so kindly given.

"I am, my Lord, with great regard,

"Your obliged and faithful servant,

"ROBERT NARES."

* See this vol. p. 88.

† See p. 89.

‡ From the rectory of Easton Mauduit. See before, p. 593.

"MY LORD,

Lichfield, August 28, 1802.

"The time of my annual removal from London has been, as usual, a period of great hurry, and since my arrival here I have almost daily been purposing to write to you, and as frequently have been obliged, or induced by business or interruption, to postpone it. I very safely received your three packets containing Sir Richard Musgrave's reply to Dr. Caulfield.

"I intended fully to have taken your advice as to the postponing the account of Dr. Caulfield's defence,* till I should hear more of the issue of the dispute; but I found myself so particularly urged by letters, and called upon in point of justice to take some notice of it, that I inserted the account which appeared in July, p. 91. I hope you will approve the manner in which it is done. These Roman Catholics wonder that we are so ready to believe them inclined to murder Protestants, forgetting that in every part of the world they have always shown that disposition, and have acted accordingly whenever opportunities were offered, under the sanction of the highest authorities of their church.

"In coming to this place we made a circuit by Cambridgeshire, and paid a visit of three days to Dr. Smith,† Mrs. Nares's father. This new modelled our whole route, and brought us hither by Huntingdon, Thrapston, Kettering, Market Harborough, &c. We passed a night at the last-mentioned place, and I was determined not to lose the opportunity of becoming acquainted with Mrs. West. Mrs. Nares and I therefore waited upon her soon after our arrival, and made her a visit of some length. From our previous knowledge of each other as writers, we were easily acquainted, and I had great pleasure in conversing with a lady whose excellent talents and disposition are

* "The Reply of Dr. Caulfield, Roman Catholic Bishop of Wexford, to the Misrepresentation of Sir R. Musgrave, Bart." 8vo. 1801. See *British Critic* for July, 1802, p. 91.

† Dr. Samuel Smith was of Trinity College, Cambridge; B.A. 1754; M.A. 1757; LL.D. 1764. He succeeded Dr. Markham as head master of Westminster School, and was afterwards one of the prebendaries. He was also a canon of Peterborough, rector of Walpole, Norfolk, and of Dry Drayton, Northamptonshire. He died March 23, 1808, aged 77; said to be possessed of more than £100,000. One of his sons, Dr. Samuel Smith, was Dean of Christchurch, which deanery he exchanged for a prebend of Durham, with the present Dean of Christchurch, Dr. Gaisford. The elder Dr. Smith left also three other sons, and two daughters. All the sons are dead. The eldest daughter married James Wake, esq. barrister-at-law; and the youngest married Mr. Archdeacon Nares. Both the daughters are living; but their husbands are dead.

so clearly displayed in her writings. We talked of you first, and afterwards of various other topics ; and I hope that if any thing brings her to London she will not forget to inquire for the British Museum.

“With respect to the pension charged upon poor Easton, I gained some material information just before I left town, from Clapham, Senr. On examining his papers Mr. Clapham found that the pension of 13*s.* 4*d.* per annum was demanded at the visitation in 1780, and was paid as for 3 years ; but that, in 1783, Mr. Clapham refunded the payment by order of bishop Hinchliffe, by whom it was ever afterwards received. If these particulars should bring any other circumstances to your mind, you will much oblige me by an early communication of the intelligence, as I expect to see the bishop of Peterborough here in the course of September. I will write also to Mr. Gibbs, as these dates may lead him to discover some memorandum on the subject in the Easton rental.

“Many thanks for your kind information on the subject of Goldsmith’s life. If I take any advantage of what you mention, in noticing the book, it shall be in such a way as cannot implicate you, or lead to any knowledge of its coming from you. We had a very agreeable day with the Isteds and Sothebys at the British Museum, and should have been extremely glad if you could have been added to the party. Your absence from England disappointed us all, and I am not yet informed whether the arrangements for the Parliament ensuing are such as to bring you over soon ; if so, I shall be among those who will most rejoice in the prospect of your friendly and instructive conversation. I am, my lord, with great regard, your obliged and faithful servant,

“ROBERT NARES.”

“MY LORD,

Lichfield, Sept. 2, 1802.

“I had just troubled you with a letter which must have been nearly of the same date with yours ; I sent it inclosed to Mr. Lee’s, not being quite certain where you might be. I write now, without loss of time, that you may know that your letter, though sent to London, was duly forwarded hither, and to say that I have sent the inclosure to Mr. Park, in another frank, back to town. I can positively assure you that nothing but what was truly complimentary was intended by the citation of the Reliques ; and, whatever Mr. Ritson may choose to say,

the public feels universally that the elegant taste, sound judgment, and successful research displayed in that publication are such as must do credit to the compiler and editor throughout life, in whatever situation he may be placed. Though Bishop Percy be mentioned as editor, it is by a *prolapsis* always used, giving to him, in that character, the title which he afterwards acquired. But surely there is nothing for a Bishop to repent of in these volumes. Though I feel all this, I will take care in future to attend to your wishes implicitly on the subject.

"It gives me very great pleasure that you think the article on Dr. Caulfield* judicious; I felt it was a difficult point to handle, without producing new irritation, and therefore should have been longer silent had I not been particularly urged.

"I will not add unnecessarily to the length of this, having said the other things that I wished to say in the letter, which ere this you will have received. Mrs. Nares unites in best compliments to yourself and Mrs. Percy, with, my Lord, your much obliged and faithful servant,

"ROBERT NARES."

"MY LORD,

British Museum, Nov. 12, 1802.

"I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your two last kind letters, and particularly to thank you for the philosophical communication† contained in the second, to which due attention shall undoubtedly be paid, when we are to make our report upon that part of the Philosophical Transactions. At the sister Society of Antiquaries we are very busy about the famous stone from Egypt, containing three inscriptions, the first in hieroglyphic character, the second in Coptic, the third in Greek. The Greek has, of course, been copied, read, and translated, and as it states that they were all three intended to convey the same intelligence, the greatest hopes are entertained that it will prove the key to the two other characters. Heyne has written on the Greek, and it is said that Dr. Saeg has read the Coptic by it, but this is not yet certain.

"Having told you this literary news, if it should be such to you, permit me to remind you of a matter which respects myself only. In one of my last letters I stated to you the information I had received from Mr. Clapham, sen. respecting the pension demanded for poor Easton; and I begged of you to say whether his report recalled the transaction, or any of its adjuncts to your mind. His

* See before, p. 597.

† See hereafter, p. 603.

account is this—that in 1780, a pension of 13*s.* 4*d.* per annum was demanded, and paid at the visitation for the three years last elapsed. But that in 1783, (probably the next visitation), the demand was not only not repeated but the former payment refunded by him by the bishop's order. When I was at Ecton I again searched the rental with this clue to guide me, but there is no memorandum of yours on the subject. It appears then that I succeeded your Lordship in 1783, but probably after the visitation. I have written to the Bishop of Peterborough the above account of Mr. Clapham's information, but it would be a material point if his report could be at all confirmed by your recollections. I think, however, he has written documents to ascertain it, if the bishop should not otherwise be satisfied. The demand probably referred in justice to some other Easton.

"I forwarded your letter to Mrs. West, and intended to have added a cover, under the sanction of Mr. Hammond, with something from myself, as I have now the pleasure of her acquaintance, but it happened that accident prevented me, and your letter went without the accompaniment. We were so fortunate as just to meet Mrs. West at the time when we passed three days at Ecton in our return from Lichfield. She arrived there the day we did, and went to Northampton with us when we left it. I was much pleased with this circumstance. Her unaffected modesty is as remarkable as her talents, and she is in all respects a most valuable woman. Isted was not quite well when we were there, and I hear him still reported an invalid; but as it is only report, I hope that it is either exaggerated or wholly without foundation. Mrs. Nares unites in best regards to Mrs. Percy and yourself, with, my Lord, your most faithful and obliged servant,

"ROBERT NARES.

"The eldest son of Jos. Warton is about to publish 'Dryden' from his father's materials.* He has in contemplation also, to publish a selection from the correspondence of his father and uncle with various men of learning and talents."

"MY LORD,

Brighton, April, 1803.

"After a silence, so long that I am justly ashamed of it, I write to you from a place which recalls the recollection of meeting you about three years ago. Mrs. Nares and

* He published Dryden's Poems in 4 vols. 8vo. with a few of his father's notes.

I have taken advantage of the Easter holidays to revisit this place, and catch some of the reviving breezes of the sea: the same interval enables me to undertake the clearing a few of those arrears of correspondence which in winter more particularly accumulate; because the days are much shorter, and the tasks to be performed in them nearly the same. In summer I work for the Review before breakfast, and write letters after. In winter there is nothing before breakfast, but the necessary preparation for appearing at it; so letters are apt to be postponed. I believe I have not written to you since the Bishop of Peterborough in the fullest manner retracted his claim of pension upon poor Easton; in which matter I am certainly indebted in part to what you permitted me to say in your name. The fortunate recollection of Mr. Clapham, that the pension was once demanded of you, and formally refunded three years after, concluded the whole matter, and put it finally out of doubt. We called at Ecton, in our last journey from Lichfield, and there had the pleasure of meeting the ingenious and unassuming Mrs. West; whose acquaintance we were heartily glad to cultivate. We passed about four days there together. I have been a little in hope that you might possibly send me an account for the *British Critic* of her 'Infidel Father,' but as no such aid arrived, I have just written one myself, which is sent to the printer. I have given it the dignity of standing among the principal articles, for the sake of the author; and I think have so characterised it as will induce many to wish for further acquaintance with it.* I have dwelt chiefly on the serious parts, which are pre-eminently the best; and have praised the design and execution, not lavishly, but firmly; and not in generalities, but with specific instances. I hope the account will meet your approbation; since my regard for the author was originally derived in part from yours. I find that Ritson, who is most unequivocally mad, has again treated you with impudent scurrility. If there are any particular things that you wish said in return, you will be so good as to communicate them to me. An article from you, on the subject of his *Metrical Romances*, would be very acceptable to me, if you did not think yourself too much offended to meddle with him at all. To ridicule he lays himself extremely open, by his most absurd mode of spelling, which certainly shall not pass unobserved in the *British Critic*.

"I hope you read, and did not object to, the article on

* See *British Critic* for April, 1803, p. 406.

Goldsmith's Works.* I very carefully abstained from saying anything that might bring you into any question.

Mr. Leyden,† (now Dr.) who published 'The Complaynt of Scotland,' has lately sailed for the East Indies. He had actually engaged to go in the ship that was lost two months ago, (the Hindostan,) but fortunately changed his mind. Mr. Walter Scott, editor of the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' is now in London; but I missed seeing him in consequence of my journey hither. The spirit of research into our early poetry, which your *Reliques* so strongly encouraged, is now very active, and almost daily produces some accession to that branch of literature. G. Ellis‡ will produce something more ere long; and whatever he does will, of course, bear the stamp of taste and genius. Mr. Gifford,§ the translator of Juvenal, is employed on an edition of Massinger. As no person is more likely than you are to be able to give some important aid to such a work, I have great pleasure in mentioning it to you. What he does himself, will be done with care and sagacity; but any hints from you will have great value, and it would much delight me to be the conveyer of them. Malone has furnished him with an unpublished play of the author. We have one or two about that date, in the Harleian Collection, but not ascertained to be his.

"We shall stay here only a few days more; so that a letter, which I hope to receive much sooner than I seem to deserve, will find me at the British Museum. I am, my Lord, with Mrs. N's. regard and my own to you and Mrs. Percy,

"Your obedient and obliged servant, &c.

"ROBERT NARES."

* See *British Critic* for Sept. 1802, p. 295.

† Dr. Leyden died at Cornelis, in Batavia, in 1811. His acquisition of languages was wonderful. Lord Minto used to say, "He had the gift of Tongues." Besides being an eminent classical scholar, he was master of the languages of the East, and had a strong natural genius for poetry. He was the intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott.

‡ George Ellis, Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A. died April 10, 1815, aged 70. Perhaps no man of his time better united the character of a gentleman and a man of letters. In 1790, he published his "Specimens of our Early Poetry," which, with an enlarged Edition in 1801, and the "Specimens of our Early Romances," formed an important contribution towards that growing study of our ancient literature which has breathed a youthful spirit into English poetry. These works justly gave him the titles of the Tressan, and St. Palaye, of England. He was one of the writers in "The Rolliad," "Probationary Odes," &c.; also in "The Anti-Jacobin." See a good memoir of him in *Gent. Mag.* for April, 1815, p. 371. He printed anonymously an account of the Dutch Revolution, 1769; also a small volume of Poems, without his name, 1778, 12mo.

§ Of Mr. Gifford see a memoir in *Lit. Illustrations*, vol. VI. p. 1.

"MY LORD,

Lichfield, Sept. 9, 1803.

"I am an interrupted and uncertain correspondent, but not a forgetful or an ungrateful one; for I often think of writing to you when I do not carry it into effect, and always feel myself greatly obliged by the friendly kindness of your letters. Your last, in which you speak of representing the case of poor Easton to Lord Northampton when you shall next visit England, is so particularly obliging that I cannot sufficiently express my thanks, though I did not want that motive for regretting the delay of your journey, which is but too likely to arise from the uneasy circumstances of the times. These circumstances add much to my desire of hearing from you, as it is impossible for your friends not to be anxious to know in what state your neighbourhood is in the present alarm.

"I have looked occasionally into Mr. Ritson on Metrical Romances, and find him indeed infamously abusive towards you. I wish much to hear from you what you think it best to do with him. If you leave him to my care, you may depend upon his receiving a very sound castigation; but you perhaps will wish to take him in hand yourself, in which case I shall be extremely happy to receive your communications upon the subject, which, besides answering him, will secure a good critique upon the book. I must attack him with ridicule for the strange absurdities of his spelling, and think of beginning the article with a view of them.

"In our last number was an account of that part of the Philosophical Transactions* which contains the analysis of the stones which fell from the sky; but I did not at first think of subjoining your remarks from the Gentleman's Magazine† with which you favoured me some time ago; and when I did (though I had them with me for the purpose), I could not contrive to introduce them at this distance from the press. I could not trust the printer without a revise, which could not here be had. The remarks would have made an excellent note on that part of the review; and the quoting the Gentleman's Magazine,

* Philosophical Transactions for 1802, art. VII. See British Critic for Aug. 1803, p. 144.

† This alludes to a communication from Bp. Percy to the Gentleman's Mag. in 1797, p. 179, which relates to the subjects of the Fall of Stones from the Clouds, the Cuckoo, &c.—See the preceding Letter of Mr. Nares to Bp. Percy, Nov. 12, 1802, in p. 599.

though not usual, would have been pleasing to my friend John Nichols.

"We heard of the Isted family in our passage hither, but did not get a sight of them. I hope they are now well, and all connected with you—particularly Mrs. Percy, to whom, as well as to yourself, Mrs. Nares unites in sending best compliments and wishes. I am, my Lord, with great respect, your obliged and obedient servant,

"ROBERT NARES."

"MY LORD,

British Museum, Feb. 6, 1804.

"I have heard, with much concern, that your sight has suffered severely from the complaint in your eyes, which was mentioned in your last kind letter to me. Allow me to express my very earnest hope, that you do still and may continue to enjoy that sense in a sufficient degree to conduce to your own comfort, and even for literary use. Few eyes have been better employed during the time of their vigour.

"You were doubtless informed long ago of the miserable yet characteristic end of that wretched being Ritson; whose insanity will now be presumed to have shewn itself originally in his abuse of you, and many other persons who deserved a very opposite treatment. You have seen, I hope, and approved, our review of his impious and absurd book on *Animal Food*,* which, in my opinion (and, as I did not write it, I may give my opinion), is very much superior to the attack upon it in the *Edinburgh Review*. There was spirit in that; but it took some things for granted in argument which are not true. I have hitherto deferred our account of his *Metrical Romances* and *Bibliographia Poetica*, thinking that you might still be desirous to state something in opposition to his malicious attacks. But I should wish now to have it introduced before long.

"I shall be very glad to have some account of you, however short, from yourself; the truth being in general better than rumours or conjectures, as I hope it will prove in this instance. I have seen nothing of the Isteds for a considerable time, George excepted, and him not very lately. Mr. Isted is, with many thousands more, defending his country against an attack which some of the wisest seamen still tell us cannot, in the nature of things, be

* See *British Critic* for Nov. 1803, p. 483.

made. God, I trust, will restore peace and tranquillity in good time, and, if we deserve it, prosperity. Mrs. Nares unites in best respects to Mrs. Percy and yourself; and I remain your Lordship's obedient and much obliged servant,

ROBERT NARES.

"MY LORD,

Lichfield, August 16, 1804.

"In the last letter with which you favoured me, dated Feb. 16, 1804, you gave me hopes that you would soon gratify me with some communication respecting the unfortunate Ritson; and, though I have but too much reason to believe that the increasing malady in your eyes has unavoidably delayed the execution of your promise, I cannot prevail upon myself to commit an account of his 'Romances' to the press, without informing you that I am about to do so. As the book bears the date of 1802, I cannot well delay the mention of it any longer, nor could have postponed it to this time, had not the singular catastrophe which concluded the author's strange career afforded a kind of excuse for it. If there is anything that you particularly wish to have said, and you cannot conveniently write, perhaps you will have the goodness to dictate to some other person what you desire to have inserted. If such a communication should soon be transmitted to me here, it would be in very good time for insertion.

"I regretted that your communications respecting Lady Mary W. Montagu and Queen Caroline came too late to be of use. They were addressed to me in February 1804, and the account of her works had been printed in the 'British Critic' before the close of 1803.* I shall, however, carefully preserve your letter, and take some other opportunity of vindicating Lady Hertford from the imputation thrown upon her by Lady Mary's editor.

"I shall continue at this place, as usual, till towards the end of September, and it would be a great gratification to me, not only to receive your promised communication, but much more to hear of that amendment in your health which must be wished by every friend to good literature, and by none more truly, or with more reason, than by your Lordship's much obliged and faithful servant,

"ROBERT NARES.

"P.S. Mrs. Nares is with me, and desires to be pro-

* See British Critic for Dec. 1803, p. 643.

perly remembered to your Lordship, Mrs. Percy, and your family, particularly to Mrs. Isted, if she should be still with you."

Bishop PERCY to Mr. Archdeacon NARES.

"DEAR SIR,

Dromore House, Dec. 28, 1804.

"I should long since have acknowledged your last favour, wherein you were so good as to offer to insert in the 'British Critic' for October any corrections or additions to your account of Ritson's book in that of September, but that number I received too late to avail myself of your obliging offer. I therefore thought that perhaps it might be as well if I submitted a few remarks, if you approved of them, to be subjoined in a note to your mention of Ritson's book in your general preface or introduction to the present twenty-fourth volume; and, as that, if I mistake not, is usually delivered along with the 'British Critic' for January, I hope these will not come too late, which a great influx of business, in the present declining state of my sight, has prevented me from attending to sooner.

"I find by Ritson's malignity in suppressing any reference to my 'Essay on the Ancient Metrical Romances,' that you have supposed his quotation was taken from Mr. Ellis; but I do not think this of so much consequence as his wicked attempts to wound my moral feelings. On this subject, what if you were to subjoin the following note?

" 'Mr. Ritson has disgraced his pages by the most illiberal abuse of the Editor of the "Reliques," &c. and by vile insinuations against his veracity; yet these, I think, every reader of discernment will find self-confuted. For when he says, in his note p. 107, that Mr. Steevens had assured him that the Bishop of Dromore's nephew had never seen one word of the Advertisement prefixed to the last edition, to which his name is subscribed, he must suppose the subscriber not to have the curiosity of the most common or illiterate reader. This falsehood, therefore, confutes itself.

" 'So again, in page 142, he would excite suspicion from Mr. Tyrwhitt's not having seen the old MS. although that is fully accounted for in the Advertisement above mentioned. And he further adds, "nor would the late

excellent Geo. Steevens, on the Bishop's personal application, consent to sanction the authenticity of the printed copy," *scil.* of the Reliques, "with his signature." Now the reader may be assured that while the last edition was preparing, the old MS. in question was left for near a year with Mr. Nichols the printer; and all the original Editor's friends and acquaintance invited to inspect it. Among these, Mr. Steevens, calling one morning, spent an hour or two in examining the MS. and minutely collated one of those pieces extracted from it, which are declared to be printed verbatim from the original. With the exactness of this he professed himself so well satisfied, that he allowed his name to be appealed to, among those of the other gentlemen mentioned in the Advertisement. Now, from this short inspection it was impossible that he could be desired to "sanction" "with his signature" the printed copy of the work in general, as this base and malicious detractor would insinuate.

"It is sufficient to mention these two instances to put the reader on his guard against the other false insinuations and defamatory assertions scattered through every part of the work above mentioned, which, as Ritson derived all he knew on the subject originally from the Bishop, and had never received the least provocation, can only be accounted for from his avowed hatred of *all Priests and Priestcraft*, (for so he styled religion and its ministers), which he carried to such a horrible excess, that he was engaged in a work to prove our Blessed Saviour an impostor, when a dreadful paroxysm of frenzy put an end to his existence."

"You will probably think the above sufficient for your present purpose; although, indeed, Ritson's whole introduction, and many of his notes, are filled with petty cavils, and contradictions without proof, of every thing I had advanced in my several essays, which, perhaps, your readers may be desired to examine before they assent to his opinions.* But whatever use you make of the above, believe me to be, with our best wishes and compliments of the season to you and Mrs. Nares,

"Dear Sir,

"Your very obedient humble servant,

"THO. DROMORE.

* Mr. Nares adopted the Bishop's suggestion, and printed these particulars almost verbatim in the *British Critic* for Jan. 1805, pp. 98, 99.

LETTERS

of MR. ARCHDEACON NARES to various Friends.

The following letter, it is believed, is by Mr. Archdeacon Nares: at all events, it is reprinted as an interesting memorial of the early talents of the celebrated Dr. Crotch.

To the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

"MR. URBAN,

Cambridge, June 13, 1789.

"As Dr. Burney, in his last volume of 'The History of Music,' has professed to give some account of the present state of that science, and has bestowed many pages on composers and performers now living, why has he omitted to mention one, whose uncommon talents justly entitle him to a very distinguished place in such a work? I allude to William Crotch. It appears the more unaccountable, because Dr. Burney is a patron and friend of Crotch,* was the first who brought his superior genius forth to public notice, and, in the Philosophical Transactions, has given a long detail of his infant powers.† But the Historian of music ought to have recorded the process of those early powers; he should have informed the world, that he who, at five years old, was capable of all described by him, is now, at fourteen, a still greater prodigy of genius; that he is the composer of a sacred oratorio, the performance of which has lately excited the astonishment of some of the ablest judges,‡ who acknowledge that, in the contrivance of his harmonies, he has shown himself a complete master of the science, and has equalled the greatest composers in solemn and sublime effect; that as a performer on the organ, and a conductor, there are few, if any, who excel him, or who seem so thoroughly acquainted with the genius of that instrument. This, which is but a scanty account of what the reader had a right to expect in a 'History of Music,' brought down to the year 1789, may perhaps serve to induce Dr. Burney to make some enquiry on a subject, which he will find much more worth his attention than when he formerly examined it; and, if he considers the omission as a defect in his work, to take some means of doing justice to neglected genius.

"Yours, &c.

R. N."

* This eminent musician was born at Norwich, July 5, 1775. An account of his early genius was also given by Mr. Daines Barrington, in his "Miscellanies." In 1797 he succeeded Dr. Hayes as Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, and still occupies that situation (1847).

† Copied into the Gent. Mag. 1779, p. 589.

‡ "It was performed in Trinity Hall, Cambridge, on the King's birthday."

“P.S. The above observations would have been less necessary, had Dr. Burney’s History been less excellent; but such an omission becomes real injustice in a work which remote posterity will consult for information.”

TO THE REV. DR. PARR.

“DEAR SIR, James-street, Westminster, April 10, 1794.

“I am much concerned at the omissions you complain of, which were occasioned doubtless by the extreme hurry in which we always are unavoidably during the last ten days of a month; for our intention most clearly is, to insert whatever you wish to have inserted. On looking back I find nothing about Wakefield’s accents, except at p. 138 of our February Review, the general assertion that he omits them, but so worded as by no means to make it necessary to specify, that he in one instance employs them; were not that one instance the very case of the observations on Horace. Whatever amends we can make by subsequent remark or correction shall readily be done. Care shall certainly be taken to insert the note upon Mr. Gaches’s observation on Jerome; and the second proof shall undoubtedly be sent in every instance wherein we shall be favoured with your remarks.

“Bryant will doubtless be highly pleased by the notice taken of his anonymous tract on Justin Martyr.

“We now begin to look forward to your remarks on Wakefield, which shall have a place as early as possible, and as distinguished, whenever it may suit you to furnish us with them. The credit of the Church for learning cannot be in better hands than in yours; and the credit of the British Critic, in that respect, has already risen very high under your auspices. As to dogmas, my inclination, as well as our original declarations as Reviewers, keeps me strictly to the line of orthodoxy; wherein, if you will not always fight with us, you will not, I am persuaded, fight against us.

“I rejoice, as well as Beloe, that you begin to think of putting some of your Sermons together; and we also rejoice that you so kindly accept our little tribute of the Variorum Edition.

“I am, dear Sir, most truly yours, with much respect,
“R. NARES.”*

* Parr’s Works, viii. 405.

TO JOHN NICHOLS, ESQ.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Brit. Mus. June 14, 1805.

"Pray let the inclosed appear in your next blue cover,* where it may be seen, and I will be accountable. I am vexed when I recollect that it has been so long omitted. I have carefully preserved the sheet of Shaw's Staffordshire which you lent, but cannot at this moment lay my hand on it.

Yours truly,

"R. NARES.

"Accept my congratulations on your son's marriage."

TO REV. RICHARD POLWHELE.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Reading, Jan. 26, 1810.

"Your account of our good friend Whitaker's St. Neot, stands at the very head of the month and volume, a conspicuous situation, worthy of the subject and of the writer; for I cannot sufficiently express how much I am pleased by the memoirs of our friend with which you have closed the article. They are just, religious, and impressive. I could not bring myself to print his letter on Calvinistic Decrees; it is strong like himself, but (as you say), bordering in one passage upon blasphemy; and even if that were left out, the kind of argument (if it can be called one) is what the Socinians may with equal force employ. In short, it goes to deny that God can reveal any thing which contradicts what we please to assume as his prior intimations; an assumption very dangerous and contradictory to much undoubted truth. I will, however, with your leave, keep the letter and consider it further. I also shortened the article, which was full long, by omitting the letters quoted from Stockdale's Preface, and only mentioning the substance of them.

"You will have seen that the critique on Warner is printed. That on Drew is only withheld on account of other things, which seemed more immediately to press. Mr. Warner, I well know, is not unworthy of a little castigation; and he 'heartily loveth not us.'

"I am going on Monday 29th to set out for Lichfield, for two months of residence; but any thing will equally be forwarded to me through my friends the Rivingtons. I remain, Sir, your very obedient servant,

"R. NARES."

* Advertisement of Warburtonian Lectures; by Archdeacon Nares.

“HAPPINESS.

A FABLE.

By the Rev. Archdeacon Nares.

“One day a bright and blooming Maid,
In all celestial charms array’d,
With perfect form, enchanting smile,
Call’d at a poor Man’s house awhile.
The house that hour, to his surprise,
Became a palace in his eyes.
He woo’d her much to be his own;
She smil’d, but was not to be won:
‘For I have many friends to view
Each day,’ she said, ‘as well as you.’
Yet, so indulgent was her care,
She seem’d to be for ever there:
She call’d at morn, she call’d at night,
And all immediately went right,
No pain, no sorrow durst invade
The house where she her visit paid;
’Twas rapture all; the rising sun
Smil’d in the course of joy begun:
The conscious stars, with light serene,
Beheld the same continued scene.
Some months of the sweet dream had past,
The poor man saw his friend at last,
With wings he never spied before,
Approach, but enter not his door;
She spread her wings, prepar’d to fly,—
‘My friend,’ she cried, and seem’d to sigh,
‘Adieu! I grieve to check your mirth,
But we must meet no more on earth.’
Bent to the heavenly vision low,
In vain he wept and told his woe:
‘A Power,’ she said, ‘I must obey,
Commands my flight, forbids my stay;
But lest, with unavailing pain,
You toil to find me out again,
What yet you have not heard, I tell
Both who I am and where I dwell.’
‘Ah!’ cried the Swain, ‘too well I guess;
Your name, bright Maid, is HAPPINESS!’
She smil’d assent. ‘Then know my plan:
I make no fix’d abode with man;

Invited and ador'd by all,
 On some like you I briefly call.
 But, if you would not have me roam,
 'Tis you must seek my native home—
 To mortals lent, but never given,
 I visit here—I dwell in HEAVEN.' ”*

Nov. 1810.

TO THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

“ MR. URBAN,

July 3, 1811.

“ The inventors of valuable improvements are generally thought worthy of celebration, and their names are sometimes sought with eagerness, for the sake of doing justice to their merits. To such distinction few inventors seem more amply entitled than the person to whom we owe the Steam Engine; a contrivance which, assisted by modern improvements, is now performing what a century ago would have seemed miraculous or impossible. Yet it appears that he has been hitherto entirely unknown to the world at large. In 1699, a Captain Savery obtained a patent for this invention; and he has consequently occupied all the honour of the discovery. But in that noble assemblage of MSS. the Harleian Collection, now in the British Museum, the strongest testimony appears that the real inventor was Samuel Morland, who was Master of the Works to Charles II. and who, I fancy, was knighted; for in the MS. he is called Sir Samuel, and ‘ Le Chevalier.’ That the first hint of the kind was thrown out by the Marquis of Worcester, in his ‘ Century of Inventions,’ is allowed; but obscurely, like the rest of his hints. But Morland wrote a book upon the subject; in which he not only showed the practicability of the plan, but went so far as to calculate the power of different cylinders. This book is now extant in manuscript, in the above collection. It was presented to the French King in 1683, at which time experiments were actually shown at St. Germain. The author dates his invention in 1682; consequently seventeen years prior to Savery’s patent. As Morland held places under Charles II. we must naturally conclude that he would not have gone over to France to offer his invention to Louis XIV. had he not found it slighted at home. It seems to have remained obscure in both countries, till 1699, when Savery, who probably knew more of

* Gent. Mag. 1810, ii. p. 461.

Morland's invention than he owned, obtained a patent; and in the very same year, M. Amontons proposed something similar to the French Academy, I believe as his own.

"The description of the manuscript, in which Morland explains his invention, will be found in the improved Harleian Catalogue, vol. III. No. 5771, and it is also pointed out in the Preface to that volume, sect. xxii.; but hitherto seems to have been as little noticed as Morland himself. But if he was the real inventor, as these circumstances seem to render almost certain, it is highly proper that his name should in future be recorded, with all the honour which an invention of such utility demands.

"I shall just add, respecting the same Catalogue, that the Biblical Collections in No. 7522, were made by Patri-
cius Junius, that is, Patrick Young, who, as King's Librarian, had the care of the Alexandrian MS. and had thoughts of publishing it. This is nearly proved by Woide, in his preface to his edition of the N. T. sect. 16, but was not recollected when that article was written.

"Yours, &c.

R. N[ARES]."

TO JOHN NICHOLS, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Lichfield, Sept. 1811.

"If it should suit your purpose to reprint this * in the Gentleman's Magazine, it will probably be of some use to us, and to the cause of regular Reviews in general.

"If you like to print the inclosed parody it is at your service, but print it without a name.

"From yours faithfully,

R. NARES."

"*Parody on a Song in 'The Camp.'*

"*Enlisting a Critic for the Edinburgh Review.*

"Jef. You little Reviewer, come list with me;

But first, prithee, answer me questions three.

R. I long, master J——y,† to list with you,

For I'm hungry, and wish to have something to do.

J. First, can you rail well?

R. Neatly, neatly.

J. Flourish in sentiments?

R. Sweetly, sweetly.

* An Address on Reviews, from the Preface to British Critic, printed in Gent. Mag. LXXXI. ii. 313.

† Jeffrey.

J. Cut up an Author well ?

R. O, completely.

J. The answers are honest, bold, and free,
Go on, and in time you a S—d—y* will be.

J. When Authors are angry, and dare you to fight,
Will you go to the field, tho' you feel in a fright ?

R. I can go, Sir, like you, tho' I'd much rather not ;
And wou'd dine with three lords ere I'd fight with
one Scott.

J. Next, can you lie well ?

R. Roundly, Roundly.

J. Scout Universities ?

R. Soundly, soundly.

J. Prate when you're ignorant ?

R. O, profoundly.

J. The answers are honest, bold, and fair,
Come dip in this gall, and a Critick you are."

TO REV. RICHARD POLWHELE.

"DEAR SIR,

Reading, March 13, 1812.

"It was my wish that what I said to our friend H. Bailye should produce me the favour of a letter from you, as I thought it long since I had heard, and feared that continued illness might be the cause.

"I am inclined to retire from the conduct of the British Critic, for no other reason but because I have been busy at it for nineteen years, and really begin to be tired of the fatigue and responsibility of it. I cannot, however, afford to give away a property of so much value, and am therefore in treaty with some gentlemen who wish to embark in such a concern, to dispose of my share to them. They are staunch and sound friends to the Church, as well as able men ; otherwise I would not treat with them at all.

"Should this negotiation come to a favourable conclusion, or should any kind of arrangement be made, you shall have early notice of it ; and I shall be happy to recommend you as an able coadjutor to any persons who may take up the task of managing the concern.

"The novel of 'Thinks I to Myself,' is very erroneously attributed to me : there is much more probability of its being rightly ascribed to my very excellent kinsman and friend, the Rev. Edward Nares,† of Bidden-

* Sydney Smith.

† See hereafter, p. 630.

den in Kent, though I am not authorised to say it is actually his. I quite think with you respecting the merits of it; and am very glad to learn that it has, in any instance, had so happy an effect. My cousin has published Bampton Lectures (truly excellent), a valuable tract entitled *εἰς Θεὸν εἰς Μετάνοιαν*, and remarks on the Unitarian Version of the New Testament, all of singular merit and utility. The novel, therefore, if his, is a great deviation from his usual style. He was formerly of Merton, and married Lady Charlotte Spencer, a daughter of the Duke of Marlborough.

"I shall be glad to set you to work again, and will let you hear from me when any thing more shall be decided. I remain, dear Sir, with regard and respect, yours,

"R. NARES."

TO JOHN NICHOLS, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Reading, Nov. 16, 1812.

"The inclosed is the preface which I have put to a posthumous volume of Lectures by my friend Dr. Purdy. The book is not yet published, except to the subscribers, and, as it is doubtful whether there will be copies enough for them, perhaps it will not be. But, if you like to print the preface as part of your biographical matter in the Magazine, it will be best to leave out and to alter the parts which I have marked. I dare say I can let you have a book if you wish it. I hope this will find you well.

"Yours very truly, &c.

"R. NARES."

Memoir of Rev. Dr. PURDY, by Rev. Archdeacon NARES.

"Dr. Purdy, though gifted with good natural talents, assisted by a competent share of such learning as his profession required, did not, 'till late in life, appear as an author. It is to be regretted that he did not; for, though the profits of authorship are very seldom sufficient to produce affluence, yet the frequent recurrence even of small emoluments, obtained by literary exertions, might have prevented or moderated those embarrassments which arose from an income disproportioned to the expenses of a family; and which, though borne with fortitude, could not but be deeply felt. When, at the suggestion of the writer of this account, he undertook the office of a trans-

lator, and gave to the English public the notes of the learned Seigneux de Correvon of Lausanne, on the justly popular Essay of their favourite Addison, with a new edition of the Essay 'On the Evidences of the Christian Religion,'* he acquitted himself with credit, and produced a book which must always deserve an honourable place in the collections of British divines. From the period of this publication, Dr. Purdy continued to derive some assistance from his labours for the press. His aid was gladly sought in such literary tasks as required attention and accuracy; and he was happy to be so employed, being thus enabled, by personal exertion, to add something to the comforts of his family. This prospect, pleasing in itself, would probably have continued brightening, had not some unforeseen failure of his constitution produced the melancholy event which will be related in its proper place, and occasioned the necessity of the measure now at length completed.† In the life of Dr. Purdy, there is not much for biography to record; but, as this short account will probably be the only monument raised to his memory, except the work which it accompanies, and his former publication, it seems a duty here to collect the few particulars which such a memorial may be expected to contain.

Dr. Richard Purdy was born at Greenwich, Feb. 27, 1753, and received the earlier part of his education at Mr. Bracken's school in that place, where he had the advantage of being for some time the private and favoured pupil of the afterwards eminent Paley. His destination for the church was the result of his own earnest wish; and, in pursuance of that design, he was sent to Queen's College, Oxford, in 1768. At the University, if not deeply studious, he was by no means an idler, and proceeded in his exercises without difficulty. His degrees appear to have been conferred nearly at the regular times: when he took his degree of A.B. does not appear, but he proceeded M.A. Nov. 14, 1781; B.D. Dec. 7, 1782; D.D. July 10, 1800. His master's degree was probably delayed by absence, as he was admitted into orders at the canonical age, soon after which he quitted the society of his college for

* "Published in 1807, with this title, 'The Evidences of the Christian Religion, by the Right Honourable Joseph Addison. With the Notes of the learned Gabriel Seigneux de Correvon, Counsellor of Lausanne, &c. now first translated into English, by the Rev. Richard Purdy, D.D. of Queen's College, Oxford, Vicar of Cricklade, Wilts,' &c."

† "His 'Lectures on the Catechism, Liturgy,' &c."

the curacy of Wadhurst in Sussex. Whatever might be the success of his studies at the University, his friendships were still more memorable. They were numerous, sincere, and lasting. They were even more lasting than his life; since they continued to produce an active exertion for his family, when he was taken from them.

"A short account of these friends would be honourable to him and to them; but, as the greater part still survive, it cannot in delicacy be undertaken. One of them, however, and one of the most active and affectionate, among many who are excellent, is now no more, and is too remarkable to be passed by in silence. This friend was the Rev. THOMAS BUTLER, afterwards rector of Ockford Fitz-paine, near Blandford, Dorset, at which place he resided till his death.*

"The curacy of Wadhurst, which Mr. Purdy first obtained, he soon after exchanged for that of Gillingham in Dorsetshire, for the sake of being near his friend Butler, and at his express desire. But in process of time, and from the kindness of Mr. Hume, now dean of Derry, under whom this curacy had been held, he obtained a more independent preferment, the living of Broad Hinton, in Wiltshire. This living he afterwards exchanged with Mr. Hume, canon of Salisbury, for the vicarage of St. Sampson in Cricklade, under the patronage of the dean and chapter of Salisbury. He had also the rectory of Ashley in Wilts, through the interest of Mr. Estcourt, M.P. for Cricklade; and was chaplain to the late earl of Strafford.

"In the year 1788 Dr. Purdy married Jane, daughter of Matthew Spencer, Esq. of Horsington, in the county of Somerset, and of Elizabeth, daughter of the late John Freke, Esq. of Hinton, Dorset; a family of high antiquity and consideration in that county. This match, dictated on both sides by strong attachment, rather than by worldly prudence, was productive, as such marriages usually are, of mixed effects: of the highest happiness, if the mutual affection of the parties, to the very end of his life, be alone considered; of suffering, merely when misfortunes intervened; under which, if grief be sometimes

* See Memoirs of Mr. Butler, with Mr. Nares's character of him, in *Literary Anecdotes*, VIII. 185—7; and of Mr. Hudleston, another friend of Mr. Purdy, in the same volume, p. 186, note.

alleviated by sympathy, it is also very frequently augmented, in a thousand ways, by mutual solicitude.

"The offspring of this marriage was only one son, now a lieutenant in the Royal Marines.

"When Dr. Purdy turned his mind to literary employment, he produced the work on Addison, which has already been mentioned with due commendation. A new resource seemed now to be opened to him. Having first composed the very useful index to that work, it was suggested to him that constant employment might be had in that way, from publishers who were always in want of such assistance. He tried his hand successfully, in aid of a particular friend; and, being very willing to proceed in the same line, was engaged, under the Commissioners of Public Records, to compile the very elaborate index which was projected for the new edition of the Catalogue of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum.* But a melancholy and unexpected interruption of his labours was now impending. In the beginning of the year 1808, he was suddenly seized by a stroke of paralysis, which deprived him of the use of one side; and from that time he languished, with some but no effectual progress towards recovery, till the middle of October in the same year (see *Gent. Mag.* vol. LXXVIII. p. 1041); when the solemn change took place which put a final period to the joys, the sorrows, the labours, and the trials of this world.

"To expatiate on the character of Dr. Purdy, would be to delineate all that is amiable in the nearest connexions of life. Of his talents, some, though inadequate memorials, are now before the public; and his attention to the instructions of his parish is proved, in part, by the volume of his Lectures. Other testimonies might be added to his various merits, but all that could be said would hardly satisfy his friends, while it may be doubted whether it would proportionably interest the public. It is necessary therefore to desist."

TO REV. RICHARD POLWHELE.

"DEAR SIR,

Reading, Nov. 10, 1813.

"When an author takes up a subject which has been treated much at large by several others, the public naturally expects, in a review, some account of the reasons

* Since executed by the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne.

which that author assigns for going over the same grounds again, and some comparative consideration whether he has equalled, surpassed, or fallen short of his predecessors. This is exactly the situation in which Galt's *Life of Wolsey* stands; the Cardinal's life having been written in folio by Dr. Fiddes, in four volumes octavo by Mr. Grove, in a smaller compass by his own gentleman-usher Cavendish, which life is reprinted by Wordsworth in his *Ecclesiastical Biography*, besides several others on different scales.

"As I have not Galt's book, I do not know what reason he himself gives for the undertaking, still less can I compare his work with those that have preceded it; yet, without some intimation of the kind, it seems very uncreditable to send it into the world. If you can supply any matter of this kind, I will prefix it to what you have sent. I have already mentioned you to my successors, and will do so again; but perhaps the most effectual way of recommending you will be, the leaving of what you have written on Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Life*, for their use; the other I will insert as soon as you have supplied the alleged deficiency. I remain, dear Sir, very faithfully yours, &c.

R. NARES."

TO JOHN NICHOLS, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

Reading, Dec. 30, 1813.

"The very curious paper herewith inclosed is written by a very able man, a friend of mine; and is not only curious, but also very important, as to the draught of carriages.*

"I hope you will be able to give it an early place in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with a proper diagram cut in wood, or otherwise as you think best. I am sure it will interest many of your readers; particularly those who have any taste for mechanics.

"Many happy new years, to you and yours, wishes your sincere friend and servant,

R. NARES."

"MR. URBAN,

Feb. 1, 1814.

"As Mr. Feinagle, and his *Art of Memory*, have made some stir both in France and England, it may perhaps be curious to some of your readers to be informed, that the general principles of the method pursued by that teacher

* See a paper by the Rev. W. Milton in *Gent. Mag.* Jan. 1814, p. 38.

are as old as the time of Cicero. In the *Rhetorics*, addressed to Herennius, and always printed with the works of Cicero, and according to the best conjecture written by *Antonius Gniphio*, a rhetorician whose lectures Cicero himself attended, we find an account of a system of *mnemonics* in substance the same as that of Mr. Feinagle. I quote his words, and then subjoin a translation.

“Nunc de artificiosa memoria loquemur. Constat igitur artificiosa memoria et *locis* et *imaginibus*. *Locos* appellamus eos qui breviter, perfectè, insignitè, aut natura, aut manu sunt absoluti, ut eos facile naturali memoria comprehendere et amplecti queamus, ut *ædes*, *intercolumnium*, *angulum*, *fornicem*, et alia quæ his similia sunt. *Imagines* sunt formæ quædam, et notæ, et simulacra ejus rei, quam meminisse volumus: quod genus—equi, leones, aquilæ; quorum memoriam si volumus habere, *imagines* eorum certis in *locis* collocare nos oportebit.’ B. III. c. 16.

“This introductory passage may thus be rendered :

“We will now speak of artificial memory. It consists entirely of *places* and *images*. We call those *places* which, either by nature or art, are briefly, perfectly, and strikingly determined, so that we can easily understand and connect them; as *a house*, *a space between columns*, *an angle*, *an arch*, and other things similar to these. *Images* are certain forms, notes, and images of that thing which we wish to remember, as *horses*, *lions*, *eagles*, which, if we wish to retain in memory, we must place their *images* or signs in certain places.’

“This is exactly the system of M. Von Feinagle, who divides a room into certain imaginary spaces, and fills it with objects calculated to recall to mind the things which he wishes to remember.

“The Latin author proceeds to compare the *places* to paper, or other matter on which we write; the *images* to the letters; the disposition and placing of the images to the writing; the *pronunciation* (by which I suppose he means the mode of reciting the symbols by name) to reading. We must therefore, he says, have many places, for arranging many images: and these places must be arranged in order, that we may not be impeded by any change in the arrangement, but may be able to point out the images required, whether we begin from the top, the bottom, or the middle. This he illustrates by a very apt comparison :

“‘Nam ut si in ordine stantes notos complures viderimus, nihil nostra intersit utrum a summo, an ab imo, an a medio nomina eorum dicere incipiamus; item in locis ex ordine collocatis eveniet, ut in quamlibet partem, quotouoque loco libebit, imaginibus commoniti dicere possimus id quod locis mandaverimus.’

“‘For as, if we see a number of persons whom we know standing in order together, it makes no difference to us whether we begin to tell their names from the first, the last, or the middle; so, having arranged our places, we can, by the suggestion of the images, tell, in any order we please, the things which we have assigned to the places.’

“‘He proceeds:

“‘Quare placet et ex ordine locos comparare, et locos quos sumserimus egregiè commeditari oportebit, ut perpetuo nobis hærerere possint.’

“‘Wherefore we must provide places arranged in order, and diligently reflect upon the places which we have provided, that they may be fixed indelibly in our minds.’

“‘It is plain from this specimen that the systems are fundamentally the same. But perhaps, if you approve of this specimen, I may be able to send you some other time a further proof that here also, as in many other cases, *there is nothing new under the sun.* “MNEMONICUS.”

“‘DEAR SIR,

Reading, March 17, 1814.

“‘I re-commit to your hands the very learned and important conclusion of the critique on Baily on Annuities,* which the author consents to present to you. I have written a short head to introduce it in your pages, and you may be assured, I think, that it is a paper of no mean consequence. The errors of the authors criticised are such, that if the public take for granted that he is right, they must suppose themselves cheated by the Annuity Offices; and, on the other hand, if the offices were to proceed on his principles, they must all in a short time be ruined.

“‘As it is very important that it should be correctly printed, if you can, send the proofs to the author, ‘the Rev. John Hellins, Potterspury, near Stony Stratford.’ They may, perhaps, be best sent by coach, and he will pay the expense.

* Inserted in Gent. Mag. March 1814, p. 261.

"I thank you for giving so conspicuous a place to my Mnemonical communication.

"Yours, very faithfully, R. NARES."

"DEAR SIR,

Lichfield, May 23, 1814.

"I send you now another article under the same circumstances as I sent that on Baily's book upon Annuities; because the editors of the New Series of the British Critic do not choose to insert any article that refers to the former series. The author of the article, Bishop Gleig,* has written a letter to introduce it. He desires me to ask if you would like a review of Bishop Horsley's Charges, by him; if so he will order it to be sent to you.

"Yours truly, R. NARES."

TO the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.†

"MR. URBAN,

Sept. 15, 1814.

"To the traveller of cultivated mind, who seeks for objects of curiosity and attention in his native land, there are no spots more attractive than those which are distinguished as the abodes of genius. Of departed genius, he enjoys the recollection; of living, the contemplation. The abodes of the former, as Hagley, the Leasowes, &c. have, in general, been abundantly described: of the latter, many as yet want an historian; and this I believe to be the case with the enchanting residence of Bremhill.

"Bremhill is the parsonage and the abode of a poet of no small eminence; of one whose correct taste has worked only on the classical models, despising all modern tricks—of *William Lisle Bowles*. It is a village situated on a hill, about two miles north of Calne, in Wilts. The church, a venerable gothic structure, with a tower, stands just south-west of the village; and the rectory, a stone house of the same character, is exactly south of that, on a small terrace, commanding a most beautiful view, with the hill immediately sloping from it towards the south. In this view the principal objects are the hills and downs between Marlborough and Calne. In front, Oldborough Hill, with the ancient camp and the modern White Horse,

* See Bishop Gleig's letter in *Gent. Mag.* June 1814, p. 545; and his Review of Dr. McCrie's *Life of John Knox*, in the same Magazine, p. 569.

† Since this was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1814, an account of this delightful parsonage, by the amiable Poet himself, appeared in his "*History of Bremhill*;" but it cannot supersede the pleasing compliment paid to Mr. Bowles by a congenial mind.

executed by Mr. Alsop, now of Calne: somewhat nearer, is the town of Calne, with its fine tower; and to the right, the majestic woods and hills of Bowood, the residence of the Marquis of Lansdowne. A garden of about two acres spreads itself immediately before the house, always a beautiful spot, now embellished by the taste, and immortalized by the verses, of the owner. As it is not of sufficient extent to fatigue either you, or me, or your Readers, let me take you, Mr. Urban, by the hand, and conduct you round the garden. Should you wish to exchange the narrative for the reality, the Reverend Poet will, I doubt not, be happy to conduct you in person.

“Turning to the left from the house, you go through a rustic arch, which leads to the eastern view. The objects here are pleasing, but not distinct; and coming to a handsome tree, you naturally turn to contemplate it. Looking to the west from this tree, the whole extent of Bowood immediately meets the eye. In allusion to which you find the following elegant inscription affixed:

‘When in thy sight another’s vast domain
Spreads its long line of woods, dost thou complain?
Nay, rather thank the God that plac’d thy state
Above the lowly, but beneath the great:
And still his name with gratitude revere
Who bless’d the Sabbath of thy leisure here.

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

W. L. B.’

“These lines evidently express the feelings of the Poet himself, but may be applied by others according to their circumstances. A few steps further, stands a small neat obelisk of stone, with no other inscription *ANNO PACIS 1814. W. L. B. P.* It might be wished that it were something higher; and, if the Peace continues, perhaps it may grow. You now enter a plot of decorated garden, not actually divided from the rest of the ground, but distinguished from it by mere interference of art—small flower borders, trellis-work arbours, a fountain perpetually playing, and a small cold bath, encompassed by rock-work. Here, over a rural seat, we read the following lines:

‘Rest, Stranger, in this decorated scene,
That hangs its bed of flowers, its slopes of green:
So from the walks of life the weeds remove,
But fix thy better hopes on scenes above.’

“For the Cold-bath, where the little rill falls into it, the following verses are destined:

' Mark where, above the small cascade,
 Quiver th' uncertain light and shade :
 Such shadows human hopes supply,
 That tremble restless, and then die.
 Stranger, thoughtful tread the cave—
 No light is fix'd, but that beyond the grave.'

" Proceeding directly up the slope from this place, you meet with a root-house Hermitage, with a rude stone table, a wooden chair, a small sun-dial on a fragment of a twisted column, and a rustic-cross, which St. Bruno, the Hermit, is supposed to have erected, and thus to have inscribed :

' He who counted all as loss,
 Save Peace, and Silence, and the Cross. BRUNO.'

" On the front of the Hermitage, and near the dial, are these :

' To mark life's few and fleeting hours,
 I plac'd the dial 'midst the flowers,
 Which one by one came forth and died,
 Still withering round its antient side :
 Mortal, let the sight impart
 Its pensive moral to thy heart ! BRUNO.'

" You now pass through a completely embowered filbert-walk to a large pond, into which, at the upper end, falls a pleasing cascade. The pond is terminated by another rural seat, in which these lines are written :

' QUIETI ET MUSIS.
 ' Be thine Retirement's peaceful joys,
 And a life that makes no noise ;
 Save when Fancy, musing long,
 Wakes her desultory song ;
 Sounding to the vacant ear
 Like the rill that murmurs near.'

" On a gentle ascent, above the cascade, is a funereal urn, embowered in shade, to the memory of the author's brother, Dr. Bowles, who fell a sacrifice, at Gibraltar, to the duties of his profession. The pedestal is thus inscribed :

' M. S.
 HENRICI BOWLES, M.D.
 Qui ad Calpen,
 Febre ibi exitiali grassante.
 Ut opem miseris præstaret,
 Publicè missus,
 Ipse miserrimè periit ;
 Anno 1804, æt. 39.
 Fratri optimo mœrens P.
 W. L. B.'

“ From this place, by a winding and shady walk, you are re-conducted to the house, and terminate this short but classical tour by again enjoying the natural beauties of the scene.

“ I should not, perhaps, introduce the verses of any other writer with those of Mr. Bowles; but the following, being written in pencil, on the subject of the place itself, may at least be read with indulgence :

‘ TO THE REV. W. L. B.

Here dwell delighted ! by these airs inspir’d,
Write what they breathe, secure to be admir’d ;
Raise here thy voice, exert thy tuneful skill,
And give to Britain one more famous Hill :
So, when the praise of her poetic race
Recording Verse or History shall trace,
BREMILL shall seem, what Pindus was so long,
Not theme alone, but SACRED HOME OF SONG.’

“ Who will not wish that the Poet will long enjoy the place, and the place the Poet, so worthy of each other ?

“ A. N.”

In May 1827 Mr. Nares continued this subject by the following communication to the Gentleman’s Magazine :—

“ MR. URBAN,

May 9, 1827.

“ In Sept. 1814 I communicated a short account of Bremhill in Wilts, the residence of the Rev. W. L. Bowles, which you inserted in the Magazine for that month, p. 203. A subsequent visit to the same favoured spot has given me the opportunity of transcribing two or three inscriptions, added since my former account, which for their elegance will deserve preservation.

“ Near the *Cascade*, mentioned in the former account, p. 204, are the following lines :

‘ As the rill that gushing near
Soothes with murmuring lapse the ear,
Be thine confin’d to tranquil joys,
A life that makes no ruder noise.’

At the Hermit’s Seat :—

‘ Dost thou lament the dead, and mourn the loss
Of many friends, O think upon the Cross.’

“ In a corner of the churchyard, which commands a

beautiful view of the country, to a considerable distance, the following elegant lines are inscribed upon a small tablet :

' Here rest the village dead, and here too I,
When yonder dial points the hour, must lie.
Look round, the distant prospect is display'd
Like life's fair landscape, mark'd with light and shade.
Stranger, in peace pursue thy onward road,
But ne'er forget thy long and last abode.'

" An anecdote is connected with this inscription, which I record with pleasure, as affording a genuine trait of rural simplicity. A stranger passing by the place, after reading the inscription, was naturally desirous to know the author of lines so unexpectedly good in so retired a spot. The only person in view being the Sexton, who was digging a grave, he was called, and greeted with the question, ' Pray who wrote those beautiful lines ? ' The answer was, ' The Carpenter.' ' Carpenter? what a carpenter of this village.' ' Yes, our Carpenter.' Stranger ! ' But are you sure he wrote them ? ' ' Aye, Sir, quite sure. I knows he did.' No further information was to be gained ; and the stranger left the country, impressed with the notion that the common peasants of that village wrote excellent verses. Whoever reads them, knowing that the carpenter was only employed to place on the board the thoughts and expressions of the gifted Rector of Bremhill, will not wonder at the merit of the lines, but will doubtless wish, with us, that the hour may be far distant which the dial shall point for the departure of the Poet.

" A. N."

TO JOHN NICHOLS, Esq.

" SIR,

Reading, Jan. 8, 1815.

" The largest of the inclosed packets I forward to you for the sake of serving and pleasing a most worthy and learned, but much neglected man (as to preferment), Mr. Hellins, of Potterspury, an article of whose you inserted, at my request, in the Gentleman's Magazine, after my concern in the British Critic ceased. The inclosed is not written by him, but by a very learned Professor of Oxford (Hellins was formerly of Cambridge), and may be depended upon as perfectly correct. It was also written for the British Critic, but, as my Philosophical Reviewer never

got so far in the Philosophical Transactions, it could not be introduced. Your insertion of it, as it now stands, in the Gentleman's Magazine, will oblige me, as well as Mr. Hellins, and the author of the paper. I have so altered it that not a trace remains of its being written for a Review.*

"The smaller packet is a whim† of my own, which you may use or not, as you please. It was written to be sent alone, but now travels with the other.

"Yours ever very faithfully,

R. NARES."

"MR. URBAN,

Jan. 2, 1815.

"As Physiognomy is now laughed out of countenance, and Craniology has taken it into his head to supply her place, I cannot forbear to address a few lines to you upon that event; though I must confess I do it with fear and trembling, lest I should expose myself by attempting that for which my head was not originally formed.

"If your head, Mr. Urban, has the same defective organisation, which I rather suspect, and you have not yet attended the lectures in Rathbone-place, you will probably be unable to comprehend the nature of my alarm: I will therefore explain it.

"The learned lecturer (for so I am compelled to style him by the etiquette of literary intercourse) declares that no person can understand his lectures unless he has the organ of craniology in perfection.

"If I could admit this dictum in its full force, I should not have presumed to offer any opinion upon the subject; but I rather suspect it to be a little stroke of art, which has amply answered the intended purpose.

"This age, it is well known, pretends to a more general diffusion of knowledge than any which has preceded it, insomuch that ignorance upon any subject whatsoever is now considered as disgraceful. To avoid the imputation, therefore, of an imperfection in the headpiece, and of that want of knowledge which has been denounced as the necessary consequence, men, women, and children crowd the lecture room; for that want of the organ of craniology which incapacitates them from understanding what is there

* See a discussion on two Papers in the Philosophical Transactions, on the Rectification of the Hyperbola, by Mr. Woodhouse and the Rev. John Hellins, in Gent. Mag. Jan. 1815, p. 18.

† The following Letter on Craniology.

delivered does not preclude their entrance, provided they have previously paid their subscription.

"This plan of operating upon the feelings of pride, in order to fill the lecture room, brings to my recollection a similar attempt to excite the benevolence of a congregation, which was equally successful. A Methodist preacher, after expatiating on the excellence of the charity which he was then recommending, declared it to be of a nature so superior to all others, that no person could refuse to put money into the plate, unless he were actually in debt. The effect of this upon his auditors may easily be conceived. No one was willing that his neighbours should suspect that he was in debt, and consequently every one subscribed.

"These oratorical kinds of swindling are not, as I believe, yet provided against by any existing statute.

"The lecturer labours hard to free his system from the imputation of materialism; but he does it in such a manner as evidently proves that either he does not understand the force of his own argument, or that, having craniologically examined the heads of his subscribers, he is convinced they will not detect him. He reasons thus:—My system is not materialism, because man, being a free agent, has power to correct those evil propensities to which the formation of his skull naturally determines him.

"Here the lecturer wisely keeps back one half of the argument; and for this plain reason, that the whole would at once reduce his boasted discovery to the baseless fabric of a vision. For if man, by his free agency, can correct the evil organs, he unquestionably has equal power to pervert the good ones; and in either of these cases the craniologist cannot by any examination of the skull, which will necessarily remain unchanged in its form, learn whether the good or evil propensities are unaltered, or still retain their pristine tendency; and consequently, as the lawyers express it, he will take nothing by the examination.

"That his lectures are well attended, does not in the least surprise me, who perfectly well recollect what numbers flocked, in former days, to another learned lecturer, in order to be instructed in the science of animal magnetism.

"If I were worthy to offer advice to the present learned lecturer, I would recommend the skull of that profound

physician to his consideration; and I have no doubt but that the examination will somewhat startle the professor of craniology.

"I have myself, Mr. Urban, some little judgment in heads; but, being a native of the Highlands, and gifted with second sight, I do not require to handle men's skulls in order to judge of their character; and consequently I can, without ever having seen the aforesaid doctor, tell the professor some things which will occur in his examination of the skull.

"He will find the organ of *calocagathy** outwardly so perfect, that, without looking any further, he will at once pronounce the doctor to have been incapable of giving his pupils nonsense as an equivalent for their money.

"But, if he extend his inquiry, he will discover that the organ of *covetiveness* is of a capacity equal to that of *calocagathy*; and the real history of the doctor's life will inform him, that he, being a free agent, perverted the good tendency of the latter, and yielded to the evil tendency of the former, until he persuaded himself that he might honestly take money for instructions in an art which never had existence.

"The lecturer must be aware that it is by no means uncommon for men thus to deceive themselves.

"The above is humbly submitted to the professor's consideration, upon the supposition that the profound lecturer upon animal magnetism is actually dead. If that be not the case, I must apprise him as a foreigner, that it is not quite safe in this country to handle living skulls in order to prove dishonesty, excepting perhaps in Westminster Hall, the Old Bailey, and other lecture rooms of the same kind.

"This, however, need not prevent the professor from paying due attention to his own skull, and especially to those organs which I have particularly pointed out; and I am clearly of opinion, that a candid examination of them will give him an idea of the state of those organs very different from that which he at present entertains.

"I remain, Mr. Urban, with the highest consideration for the learned lecturer, your very humble servant,

"PERICRANIUM."

* "I translate for your country readers, *calocagathy* is honesty. Now-a-days terms of art are not looked at unless they be derived from the Greek."

TO THE REV. RICHARD POLWHELE.

" MY DEAR SIR,

Reading, Jan. 25, 1815.

* * * *

" Your critique on Sir Joshua Reynolds is in the hands of Dr. Middleton,* but whether he intends to use it or not, he has not told me. I can see no objection to your writing to him. Direct, Rev. Dr. Middleton, Rectory House, Kentish Town, London.

* * * *

" About Malone, as a critic, I totally differ from you. He was very industrious and laborious, and ferreted out a good deal by these qualities ; but had not, in my opinion, a spark of genius, nor even taste, where poetry was concerned. It is capable of proof that he did not rightly understand even the measure of English verse. Steevens was full of genius, but not always to be depended upon. Sometimes he even made a sport of misleading his readers ; but his powers were infinitely above any that Malone possessed. Northcote is a man of true genius, though occasionally defective as a writer. As to Mason, he was certainly a poet ; but a malignant man, and particularly malignant against the good King George III. all which malignity was occasioned by some real or imagined slight† shown by the King towards his imaginary merit. With all his powers, Mason was a despicable man morally ; and that is the worst that need be said of a man.‡

" I am not at all in the secrets of the new editor § and proprietors. They have not even asked me to give occasional assistance, which I should have been willing to do. But I am heartily glad to be no longer responsible for a work always going on, always responsible, and never thanked. Yours ever most truly, &c. &c.

" R. NARES."

* Dr. Middleton was consecrated Bishop of Calcutta, 8th May 1814. He died suddenly July 5th, 1822. See a memoir of him in *Gent. Mag.* vol. XCII. ii. p. 561 ; and vol. XCIII. ii. 647.

† Perhaps because the Professorship of Poetry was not offered to him, when given to Whitehead. Jackson might resent Mason's Poem, "The Tears of Isis," which was a coarse attack on his University.—J. M.

‡ " Jackson (who died Bishop of Oxford) had not less an antipathy against Mason. At one of his supper parties, Mason happened to be mentioned, when Jackson spoke of him scornfully. I could scarcely suppress my indignation. Greville's report of Mason (in accordance with Kempethorne's) I am sure comes nearer to the truth."—POLWHELE. (See his "Reminiscences.")

§ Dr. Middleton.

To the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

"MR. URBAN,

Sept. 25, 1815.

"In Park's 'Harleian Miscellany,' III. p. 101, there is a note on Bocardo, in Oxford, which says that it was 'formerly a place of confinement, in East-gate, near Magdalen College, Oxford.' Now I well remember the said Bocardo standing; correct, therefore, 'A prison over the gateway of the North-gate, Oxford, adjoining to the tower of St. Michael's Church. It was pulled down between thirty and forty years ago.'

"In the Castle Barber's Soliloquy, probably written by T. Warton, Bocardo is thus mentioned:

" 'Then think not that I ask amiss:
My small request is only this;
That I, by leave of Leigh, or Pardo,
May, with the Castle, shave BOCARDO.'

—That is, may be barber to one prison, as well as the other. See 'Oxford Sausage,' p. 184.

"By the Newsman's Verses for 1772, in the same Miscellany, p. 223, it appears that Bocardo was taken down in that year:

" 'Rare tidings for the wretch whose lingering score
Remains unpaid: BOCARDO is no more.'

"A note says, 'The City Gaol, taken down by the Oxford Paving Act.'

"In some Verses spoken in the theatre at Oxford in 1773, the fall of Bocardo is mentioned as a recent event. The Verses were written by Dr. Wheeler, then Professor of Poetry.

" 'Multa movent bilem. Quid censes optime? num jam
Antiqui muri venerabilis umbra *Bocardo*
Visitur Oxonii? Salve, haud ignobile nomen!
Te Cives quondam, Te quondam Academia nôrat,
Militiæ sacrum, *Logicæ nec inutile pugna*,
Sed neque Juridicæ: quoties, Te Vindice, telum
Haud imbelle manu triplici Dialectica torsit,
Versutumque hostem ferventi stravit arenâ!
Occidis infausto nunc alite. Fallor? an Artes
Te stante, hic steterunt; Te jam pereunte peribunt.'

"A note on the name Bocardo says:

" 'Castellum Portæ Boreali impositum, nuper dirutum; tum re, tum nomine, variis olim usibus accommodatum.'

"These Verses are to be found in Popham's 'Selecta Anglorum Poemata,' vol. III. p. 147. Soon after, in allusion to the logical Bocardo:

" 'Cui placet à solo missum enthymema *Bocardo*.'

"But we find this Northern Gate celebrated also in an older Poem, the author of which was Bishop Smalridge, entitled 'Auctio Davisiana.' It is thus introduced :

" 'Est locus, improbulis benè notus civibus, urbis
Extremæ limes ; *Borealem* nomine *portam*
Plebs indocta vocat ; docti dixere *Bocardo*.'

"See 'Musæ Anglicanæ,' vol. I. p. 175.

"This must have been written while Smalridge was still resident at Oxford, and, indeed, before he had taken orders. It was first printed in 1689.

"The origin of the name is very obscure ; but, as *Bocardo* is the technical word in the scholastic logic to express a syllogism in the fourth figure of the third mode, I should conjecture that it arose from some academical jest, now lost, comparing the prison to that syllogism. I know not of the word in any other mode of application.

"Yours, &c.

A. N."

TO THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

"MR. URBAN,

Dec. 11, 1815.

"In a French journal of 1813, I find an account of a great improvement of that noble instrument, the organ, by giving it expression equal to that of a voice ; the only thing before wanting to its excellence. As the invention was received by the Imperial Conservatory of Music, as it was then called, and approved publicly by the Minister of the Interior, I presume that it had some merit, and therefore subjoin a translation of the French paper ; wishing, at the same time, to make inquiry of your correspondents whether the invention has been yet brought here, in any shape ? So great an improvement, if real, ought to be made general. It is called 'The Expressive Organ ;' and is thus described :

" 'The Expressive Organ, invented by M. Grénié, an amateur, and executed under his direction, has been examined and heard, with the greatest interest, by the Committee named for this purpose. It had long been an object of inquiry, how to give to the Organ, the most beautiful, and most classical of all instruments, the varieties of which the voice is susceptible. It wanted hitherto the great faculty of expression, that of enforcing or diminishing the sounds, (the swell of our common organs does not, I fancy, meet the idea intended, which goes to enforce or

relax any single note,) and musicians had almost renounced the hope of seeing this degree of perfection added to the organ. M. Grénié, by a mechanism at once the most simple and most ingenious, has enabled the organ to obey all the influences of the soul. The moveable key frame (clavier), applied upon the bellows themselves, seems to breathe as the player wishes; and the most practised voice cannot attemper its tones (*filer des sons*) with a gradation more exact. Other advantages are connected with this discovery. Wooden pipes, reduced to a different dimension, simplify the construction, and render it much less expensive.

“We regret that we cannot enter into the detail of all the contrivances employed by M. Grénié; and we announce with real pleasure, that, on the report which has been made of it to his Excellency the Minister of the Interior,* he has been pleased to commission M. Grénié to construct an Expressive Organ on a large scale, to be placed in the Library of the Conservatory; which may be considered as a material point gained for the art of music, and for this Institution. It is now in hand, and the public may expect to hear it in the course of the current year (1813).—*Esprit des Journaux*, Fevrier 1813, p. 137.’

“The invention having been so far tried and approved at that period, and so far advanced towards publicity, it is perhaps only the scantiness of my information respecting what has since been done in France, which makes me in want of further intelligence. But, as many others of your readers must be, of necessity, in similar circumstances, and as the invention appears truly interesting, and particularly so to the admirers of church music, I am convinced that you will oblige many, as well as myself, by adding your efforts to make it known among us.

“A. N.”

TO JOHN NICHOLS, Esq.

“DEAR SIR,

Reading, Jan. 29, 1816.

“I send you General Fitzpatrick’s epitaph on himself, which you said would be acceptable.

‘*My own Epitaph.*

‘Whose turn is next? this monitory Stone
Replies, vain Passenger, perhaps thy own.

* “Or for the Home Department. EDIT.”

If, idly curious, thou wilt seek to know
 Whose relics mingle with the dust below,
 Enough to tell thee, that his destin'd span
 On Earth he dwelt,—and, like thyself, a Man.
 Nor distant far th' inevitable day
 When thou, poor mortal, shalt like him be clay.
 Through life he walk'd unemulous of fame,
 Nor wish'd beyond it to preserve a name.
 Content, if Friendship, o'er his humble bier,
 Drop but the heart-felt tribute of a tear;
 Though countless ages should unconscious glide,
 Nor learn that ever he had liv'd, or died. R. F.'

"Such, Mr. Urban, is the epitaph placed on a stone sarcophagus in the usual form, in the churchyard at Sunning-hill, close to the house where Gen. Fitzpatrick's friend G. Ellis, Esq. died; and still inhabited by Mrs. Ellis. A. N.

"The collation of Sir R. Fanshaw's copy of his *Lusiad*, perhaps, you might think, and with reason, would not be gratifying to your readers.

"Pray can you tell me what 'Letter on Enthusiasm' is attributed to Colonel Hunter, in your *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. I. p. 339, and vol. VI. p. 89?*

"I suppose we shall soon have your ninth volume of *Literary Anecdotes*. Indeed, since I wrote those very words, I have seen it advertised on your cover to be ready early in February. Thank you for inserting Dr. Purdy.

"If you mean to notice all the country papers in your frontispiece I can tell you of another, the *Wolverhampton*, which has published 260 numbers, completing five volumes. This you have never noticed."

"DEAR SIR,

Reading, March 13, 1816.

"I am much pleased with what I have seen of your ninth volume of *Literary Anecdotes*, and thank you for your notice of me.†

"There is an odd mistake about my uncle, considering that he died with the title of Sir George Nares.‡ He is

* This work has been ascribed to Swift, and still more commonly to Lord Shaftesbury. See *Biog. Dramatica*, I. 382.

† *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. IX. p. 510.

‡ Sir George Nares, Knt. and his lady were buried at Eversley, Hants; where their epitaphs thus concisely record their history:

"Near this place are deposited the remains of the Hon^{ble} Sir George

called Edward. But it is only in the new Index. It is not so in the places referred to. In the first of those he is only called Serjeant (which he then was), and in the second Mr. Justice, which is also right. His youngest son, nephew of Mr. Strange, and now D.D. and Professor of Modern History at Oxford, is rightly named Edward.*

"Yours most truly,

"R. NARES.

"P.S. Macte novo opere."

"DEAR SIR,

April 25, 1817.

"If you have not yet given in the Gentleman's Magazine the Pope's Rescript to one of his Bishops, in Poland, against Bible Societies,† I hope you will contrive to give it to your readers in this month's number. It is the strongest thing that ever was written in favour of Bible Societies, and will admit of being followed by an important Commentary, which I will provide against next month. It has been printed in several papers, but last in a thing called the Military Register or Journal, for the 23rd of this month. Attention!

"Yours,

R. NARES."

"DEAR SIR,

Hatchett's Hotel, Piccadilly, April 28, 1817.

"I hope the inclosed will answer your purpose, and do

Nares, Knt. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Court of Common Pleas; equally versed in the laws of his country and attentive to those of religion, while he laboured unsuccessfully as a man, he approved himself continually as the servant of God, uncorrupted by interest or example. Humane, affectionate, and cheerful, he lived a proof how perfectly the reasonable enjoyment of this life is compatible with the hopes of eternity. Born at Hanwell, in Middlesex, 1716; King's Serjeant at Law 1759; Representative in Parl^t. and Recorder of the city of Oxford 1768; Judge in the Court of Common Pleas 1771; died July the 20th, 1786.

"In a vault in this churchyard lieth Dame Mary Nares, wife of the Hon^{ble} Sir George Nares, Knt. one of the Justices of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas; third dau. of the Right Hon. Sir John Strange, late Master of the Rolls; died August 6th, 1782, aged 55.

"In memoriam tantæ amicitiae, benevolentiae, charitatis, tantique amoris, fidelitatis, pietatis, Deum erga, seipsum, liberos, cognatosque quantæ vix unquam humanam decuere naturam, H. M. flebilis mœrensque posuit maritus."

* The Rev. Dr. Edward Nares, D.D. died at his rectory at Biddenden, Kent, Aug. 20, 1841, in his 80th year. He was Regius Professor of Modern History and Modern Languages in the University of Oxford. A memoir of this accomplished scholar is given in Gent. Mag. Oct. 1841, p. 435.

† Printed in Gent. Mag. 1817, i. p. 365.

some justice to our departed friend.* Many interruptions have prevented me from sending it sooner.

"Yours truly,

"R. NARES."

MR. NARES to the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

"MR. URBAN,

June 4, 1817.

"Seeing a very elegant small edition of Thomas Warton's Poems, lately published by a most respectable Editor (T. Park), I cannot but regret that he had not been informed of five Latin Poems, in the inscriptive style, which are the undoubted production of T. Warton. In an *Inscriptionum Delectus*, published by him anonymously in 1758, but known to be his, and therefore reprinted in the second volume of his works by Mr. Mant, these compositions stand at Nos. 41, 44, 45, 47, of the collection, and in the note to the latter. A slight pretence was made in the *Delectus*, that they had been lately discovered in Italy; but Warton himself throws a suspicion upon the last of them, in the very note which produces it. Mr. Mant, in his life of T. Warton, expressly assigns these to him, saying, 'also a few modern epigrams, namely, one by Dr. Jortin, and *five* by himself, on the model of the antique.' Life, p. xlii. But, as they are not distinctly specified, and no more is said about them, they have been overlooked by subsequent Editors. My motive for writing this is to prevent their being omitted in any future edition. Both Mr. A. Chalmers and Mr. Park would doubtless have inserted them, had they been aware of the fact.

"Dr. Warton, though it has not hitherto been noticed, let out the secret with respect to the third of these little poems, 'O dulcis puer,' &c. by inserting it in the second volume of his *Essay on Pope*, p. 402, with this introductory sentence: 'In which taste [that of the *Anthologia*] a *living author*, who must be nameless, has written the following hendecasyllables.'

"This was published in the year 1782; but the '*Inscriptionum Delectus*' † being scarce and little known,

* A memoir of the Rev. William Beloe. Printed in *Gent. Mag.* 1817, i. 371.

† "The whole title is '*Inscriptionum Latinarum Metricarum Delectus*,' Dodsley, 1758."

and still less known to have come from T. Warton, the discovery passed unnoticed. N."

"MR. URBAN,

Reading, Sept. 4, 1817.

"You have been misled, p. 186, by the 'Biographical Dictionary of Living Authors,' in a very inaccurate account of my friend Partridge, of Boston, who was a native of Lincolnshire, and no more related to Mrs. Partridge of Salt-hill, or her husband, than you are. Having by me a sketch of dates relating to himself, which he sent me in 1807, I hasten to send you a more correct account.

"R. N.

"Samuel Partridge was born at Lincoln, in the parish of St. Swithin, July 25, 1750, probably therefore July 14, New Style. If, then, he died after that day, he was in his sixty-eighth year. His parents were both natives of Lincolnshire, and of genteel rank. He was never at Eton, nor at any other public school, except the Grammar School of Lincoln. In 1768 he was entered a Commoner at Corpus Christi College, Oxford: and it was not till 1775 that he was chosen a Demy of Magdalen. In 1772 he took his Bachelor's degree in Arts, and in 1775 was elected a Fellow of that College, and in the same year took his Master's degree. He had other previous preferments, but did not become Vicar of Boston till 1785. It is true, therefore, that he was 32 years vicar; and he was nearly as long in the commission of the peace. In 1797 he had also the Vicarage of Wigtoft cum Quadring, from the gift of the Bishop of Lincoln; which living he held with Boston. He was married twice, but his first wife left no surviving children. By his second wife, whom he lost in 1797, he had four children still living, a son and three daughters.

"His works, I believe, are rightly enumerated, with the exception of his critical articles in the British Critic, to which he was a voluntary and very useful contributor, from its origin to the close of the first series; never receiving any remuneration for his labour. In writing for that review, he was expressing and circulating, in a manner calculated for general utility, his very sound principles in Church and State; and therefore he considered the patriotic exertion as its own reward. 'Labor ipse Voluptas.' So testifies of him one who long knew and always highly esteemed his talents and worth. R. N."

To J. B. NICHOLS, Esq.

"DEAR SIR, 22, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, Oct. 9, 1819.

"You may depend upon it that the inclosed Review * is just. If, for any private consideration, you should decline to insert it, pray return it to yours most truly,

"R. NARES."

"DEAR SIR,

Jan. 26, 1821.

"I send you an account of Mrs. John Hunter, which I hope you will insert in the next number of the Gentleman's Magazine. Yours truly,

R. NARES.

Memoir of Mrs. John Hunter, by Archdeacon Nares.

"Jan. 7, 1821. Died in Holles-street, Cavendish-square, in the 79th year of her age, Mrs. Anne Hunter, widow of that distinguished physiologist John Hunter.—Native genius was never more pleasingly united with female modesty and delicacy than in Mrs. John Hunter; nor can any one more truly have deserved the eulogies of her surviving friends. With every grace that could make her interesting in society, she had every personal and social virtue that could command respect and attachment. As a daughter, a sister, a wife, a mother, and a friend, she was anxious always to exceed, rather than in the smallest degree to fail in any of her duties. The natural warmth and energy of her heart prevented, indeed, the possibility of such defect. In social intercourse she had the happy talent of pleasing without effort; and in the conversation-parties which, in Mr. Hunter's life-time, she frequently received, she succeeded perfectly in banishing affectation, pedantry, and every symptom of dulness or formality. Connected by long friendship with Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Delany, she well deserves to have her name recorded with those amiable as well as eminent females: not, indeed, for deep learning, which she neither possessed nor affected, but for poetic genius, sagacity, and good taste.

"Mrs. Hunter was the eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Home, an eminent surgeon, first in the army and latterly at the Savoy. He had several other children; among whom another daughter was married to Mr. Mylne, the architect of Blackfriars Bridge; and a third, though no

* Of Rev. J. W. Whitaker's Enquiry into the Interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures. See Gent. Mag. 1819, ii. 340.

less amiable than her sisters, died unmarried. His sons were, Robert, bred as an artist, and now painter to the King of Lucknow, in India; Colonel Home, an officer on the Bombay establishment, now retired; and Sir Everard Home, Bart. the very eminent pupil of his brother-in-law. In 1771 Miss Home was married to Mr. John Hunter, and in the ensuing year, her younger brother, Everard, then leaving Westminster School, devoted himself to the studies and profession of that new relation, under the auspicious influence of his instruction and encouragement.

"Mrs. J. Hunter became the mother of four children, of whom only two survive; but both the living and the dead have been the subjects of her poetical effusions. This talent, in which for elegance of lyric strains she has seldom been surpassed, was very early developed. Her well-known stanzas of 'Queen Mary's Lament,' were produced so long ago that they are frequently thought to have belonged to a prior age. Her song, 'In airy dreams,' stands almost in the same predicament. The death-song of Alknomook, the Indian warrior, was written before many of those who sing it now were born: and throughout her life, whatever strongly moved her feelings became the occasion of some expressive strains. For her father, she wrote a short but characteristic epitaph. The education, marriage, or death of children, produced similar effects; and never surely was there a mother who more affectionately watched or more sincerely felt for all the various fortunes of her offspring. Notwithstanding this facility of writing, she never assumed, or in the least affected, the character of a poetess; but with modesty delivered her productions in manuscript to a favoured few. At length, on the suggestion of friends, she collected those which she most approved, in a small but elegant volume, which she inscribed to her son, then stationed as an officer at Gibraltar.

"When Haydn passed a season in London, Mrs. Hunter became the Muse of that celebrated composer; and all (if we mistake not) of his beautiful English canzonets were composed on words which she supplied. Most of these are original, and particularly the pathetic song of 'My mother bids me bind my hair.'* The beautiful

* "First written as accommodated to an air of Pleydell's; and then beginning with what is now the second stanza,

' 'Tis sad to think the days are gone;'

which, for the effect of the words, was preferable."

Mermaid's Song, in the same set, was founded on an Italian original, freely translated. This small volume of Poems was noticed in the *British Critic* of October 1802, with commendations, strong indeed, but not at all exaggerated; giving one or two specimens which amply justified the praise. Since Mrs. H. became a widow, she has lived in quiet retirement, though in London; consoled by her near relations and select friends, and mutually consoling them, in all the vicissitudes of life. It is probable that her pen has not been laid aside in this last period, but the fruits of its exertions have not yet been seen.

"Mrs. H.'s daughter, Lady Campbell, now the widow of General Sir James Campbell, has of late years been at once her chief care, and ultimately her chief consolation, as by her she was attended to the latest moment of her life. The decline of her health was very gradual, and her intellects were never impaired. By those who best knew her, she will be lamented, in proportion to the admiration and attachment which she could not fail to inspire; and it may be said with confidence, that she has not left a survivor in the world who can have either a right or a wish to detract the smallest particle from the commendations, here or elsewhere bestowed, upon her genius, her understanding, or her heart."

TO REV. RICHARD POLWHELE.

"DEAR SIR, 22, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, Feb. 12, 1821.

"On the receipt of your letter, I did not write to the Bishop of Exeter,* because I was aware that the meeting of Parliament, so speedily to follow, must bring him to town. He has come accordingly; but hitherto I have not been fortunate enough to see him. I shall, however, persevere, and when I succeed I will not fail to recommend you to his notice in the best manner that I can. I have known the Bishop well, from the time when he was appointed Head Master of Westminster, now many years past; and, though I cannot boast of particular interest with him, I think I must have as much as any person who has no other claim than that of an old acquaintance.

* * * * *

"I have not been at Lichfield since the beginning of

* Dr. W. Carey died Bishop of St. Asaph, September 13th, 1846, in his 77th year. See a memoir of him in *Gent. Mag.* 1846, vol. XXVI. New Series, p. 533, and his will in p. 661.

last June, and I shall not go again till the beginning of June next. Consequently I have not seen Bailye for near a twelvemonth; but I hear reasonably good accounts of him.

"We have just lost a very valuable member of our canonical fraternity in Dr. Outram, who died suddenly on Thursday last.* I wish you could supply his place; but that canonry is connected with a most populous living in Birmingham, which will make it no bed of roses for any one who succeeds to it. The Bishop of Lichfield is the sole and exclusive patron.

"I sincerely join in lamenting the insufficiency of your present livings, and the fruitless labour which you have had, in endeavouring to conciliate successive bishops. That the present bishop will be more attentive to your merits, is more than I will venture to promise;† but if he should not be, it will be by no means the fault of yours very truly,
ROBERT NARES."

"MY DEAR SIR,

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square,
May 5, 1821.

* * * * *

"The Royal Society of Literature is gradually gaining form and substance, and, I doubt not, will turn out a very beneficial institution.

"It will not be practicable, I fear, to obtain for you the nomination to be one of the Royal Associates, among whom the King's bounty is to be divided—indeed, I know it will not. But I have no doubt of your being named one of the Honorary Associates, among which class the patronage of the Society itself will be distributed, as soon as it becomes rich enough to patronise any persons. But as to that point, it is still in its infancy; though, if approved, it will rapidly acquire strength. The plan, so far as yet matured, I think excellent.

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours sincerely, with much regard,
ROBERT NARES."

TO J. B. NICHOLS, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Hart Street, May 8, 1821.

"I hope you will find an early place for the inclosed,‡

* The Rev. Edmund Outram, D.D. Public Orator of the University of Cambridge, and Rector of St. Philip's, Birmingham, died Feb. 8th, 1821. See memoirs of him in *Gent. Mag.* 1821, i. 184, 469.

† Bishop Carey presented Mr. Polwhele to the vicarage of St. Newlyn.

‡ A Review, it is believed, of "Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution; by William Davis Robinson," in *Gent. Mag.* May, 1821, p. 426.

the author being a particular friend of mine; though I assure you I have not, on that account, in any degree exaggerated the praise of his book, as you will find, if you read it.

"Yours truly, &c.

R. NARES."

TO JOHN NICHOLS, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

June 28, 1822.

"I received with pleasure your recent volume,* and am glad that you looked upon me as a certain purchaser.

"I wish I could have sent you mine, but it is Triphook's book,† and the copies allowed to me were few.

"Yours, very truly,

R. NARES.

"P.S. We are just leaving town."

TO J. B. NICHOLS, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Jan. 10, 1823.

"I thank you for reminding me that Gilbert Wakefield was the son of George, Vicar of Kingston; which you will see has much corroborated my previous conjecture.

"Yours truly,

R. NARES."

The preceding letter alludes to two communications to the Gentleman's Magazine by Mr. Nares, signed Investigator, which, as they are on interesting subjects, shall here be reprinted.

"MR. URBAN,

Jan. 4, 1823.

"That acute and indefatigable book-hunter, the late Rev. John Brand, could doubtless have furnished an amusing history of the manner in which his vast collection had been fattened by stall-feeding. He himself was not so fattened. To such a narrative I could add a mighty pretty supplement, having not only picked up at stalls very cheap books, of which I was in search, but, with still greater advantages, many excellent works, of which I had never heard, and probably should never have

* Vol. IV. of Literary Illustrations.

† Mr. Nares's "Glossary;" reviewed by the Rev. T. D. Fosbroke, in Gent. Mag. 1822, pp. 523, 614; the concluding paragraph is as follows: "Here we take our leave of a work which is exceedingly interesting, always learned, and often very curious. It supplies in a very satisfactory manner, as far as it goes, a great desideratum in our literature. The learning and recondite reading visible throughout the whole book confers the highest honour upon the author."

known at all, but for that mode of discovery. A slight inspection satisfied me of their nature and utility, and a further acquaintance has generally shown that I was right; and frequently that I had even under-rated them in my first hasty estimate. Were I to go over my small collection now, with that particular view, you might be furnished from it with no uninteresting morsel of bibliography.

“Stalls are not to be despised. Some suppose that, by means of priced catalogues, public book sales, and other ways, all books of any value are now too well known to be found in obscure corners. I deny it, and could give reasons for my dissent, were it worth while. But, granting it to be true with respect to the generality of books sought by curious collectors, how many curious or useful books are there, which no collector has yet cried up, no Patterson catalogued, no Sotheby or Evans knocked down?*

“But a truce to this for the present. I wish now to communicate to you a discovery, which I fancy I have made, respecting a book lately obtained from a stall. The book is neither ancient, nor perhaps very scarce, but it contains a collection of poems of more than common merit, to which no author’s name is annexed. I think I have discovered the author, and he deserves to be made known. The volume is a duodecimo, published in 1767, and entitled ‘Bagatelles, or Poetical Trifles.’ This is the half-title. The full title is as follows: ‘Bagatelles. In this collection is reprinted the fragment, or Allen and Ella, which (unknown to the author) appeared some years since under the title of Collin (sic) and Lucy.† To which is subjoined, a Journey to and Description of the Paraclete, near the city of Troyes in Champagne, where Abelard and Eloisa were buried.—*Nunc versus et cætera ludicra pono.*—Hor. All by the same hand. London: printed for Walkingame, Dodsley, &c.’

* True: one of the scarcest books relating to *Milton* was found by Mr. Brand on a stall; and a year or two ago an Italian novel, with *Shakspeare’s* autograph on the cover, now in Mr. B. Dockray’s possession.—J. M.

† “What Collin and Lucy is meant I know not. It cannot be Tickell’s beautiful ballad, which was published many years before, and besides is little like Allen and Ella. It is odd enough that Moore, the author of the *Gamester*, has two poems exactly resembling ‘The Lover and the Friend,’ and the *Song to his Heart*. Our author distinctly claims originality as to the first. The latter he does not notice.”

" This collection was so far noticed, that both you, Mr. Urban, and the Annual Register of the same year, cited at full length a song, beginning ' I said to my heart, in the way of discourse.' A very lively song it is, and was lately reprinted in the Sun, to which I sent it. Many other compositions of a similar kind are in the book, and other Poems of different kinds, but all in a good style of poetry. Among other things, appears the Prologue which Woodward spoke at Covent Garden, on his reappearance, after having been four years absent at Dublin. This Prologue, in the Gentleman's Magazine of the time (1762), and in some subsequent collections, is attributed to Woodward himself, who was never known as a poet; but here is claimed by the anonymous author. Here also are found the two inscriptions in Jonathan Tyers's Gardens, on a male and female skull, beginning ' Why start, the case is yours,' &c. which I have seen elsewhere; you, perhaps, Mr. Urban, can tell me where. Also some stanzas left in a Temple at Hagley, ' I ask'd the living and the dead,' &c. Of the poems I could send you several specimens, which would please both you and your readers, and will hereafter, if you desire it.*

" But who was the author? My conjecture is this: The dedication to ' Peter Vallete, esq.' is dated, ' Kingston-on-Thames, July 10, 1767.' From this indication I fix on the Vicar of Kingston, of that time; who was the Rev. George Wakefield, the father of the celebrated Gilbert Wakefield. He was presented to that living in 1766, and held it to his death, in February 1776. Gilbert, at the date of this book, was only eleven years of age, consequently was not likely to know any thing of his father's anonymous publication; nor does he appear to have known it afterwards. But he picked up the knowledge that his father had been poetical in his youth; for he says, in the first chapter of his own Life:

" ' My father, in his youth, had occasionally indulged his fancy in poetical effusions; one or two specimens of which came into my hands. A translation of Pope's *Eloisa* into Latin hexameters, done by him at Cambridge, I have heard Mr. Neville, a fellow of our college, speak of with approbation. This I never saw; but I will subjoin, for the amusement of the reader, without altering a

* " These we shall be glad to receive. EDIT."

single word, a translation of the fifth Ode of the first Book of Horace, which is not destitute of taste and spirit.’

“It certainly is not, as may be seen in Wakefield’s book. This ode itself does not appear in the *Bagatelles*, which would indeed be downright proof; but a very strong presumption arises from this, that *there are* several other translations from Horace, exactly in the same style and spirit. For instance, the 9th and 11th of book i. the 3d of book ii. the 1st and 7th of book iv. Now, though most of these are not in the same stanza as that quoted by his son, yet many of his own original poems are, and it seems to have been his favourite strain. As a further proof of his attention to Horace, he has given also an imitation of Sat. 9, b. i. The version of Ode 4, b. i. is indeed in a stanza of eight lines, very similar to that of Ode 5, b. i.

“Putting these things together, I think there can be little doubt that George Wakefield was the author. His motto declares that he then relinquished all such toys, which fully accounts for the little knowledge his son had on the subject. His *Bagatelles* were anonymous; and, as he died before Gilbert was of age, it is no wonder that he had not communicated the secret to him. The various merits of his little volume I cannot now discuss. But if you, Mr. Urban (and who so likely?), can throw any further light on this subject, we can go further into it another time.

“INVESTIGATOR.”

“MR. URBAN,

March 1, 1823.

“A few words more on the subject of George Wakefield. It is quite clear that he and Edward Moore produced very similar compositions. Which borrowed from the other, may not be so easy to decide. Wakefield outlived Moore, and therefore had the advantage of being able, without contradiction, to assert his own priority of claim. Each has a poem entitled, ‘The Lover and the Friend,’ and at the end of W.’s is placed this note:

“‘The original copy of this bears date previous to the late ingenious Mr. Moore’s production. And, as it was read to him, in an hour of intimacy, perhaps somebody prevailed upon him to write one similar.’

“Possibly Moore might think, that as W. had not yet printed any poems, he probably never would. The two

poems, however, have little in common, the chief resemblance being in the concluding stanza. Moore's is,

' Vain thought! tho' seas between us roll,
Thy love is rooted in my soul;
The vital blood that warms my heart,
With thy idea must depart;
And Death's decisive stroke must end
' At once the lover and the friend.'

Chalmers's Poets, XIV. p. 218.

" Wakefield's is this :

' Oh come, and we 'll together haste
O'er life's uncomfortable waste;
Bear the sharp thorn to find the rose,
And smile at transitory woes;
Keep the bright goal of Hope in view,
Nor look behind as others do,
Till Death, and only Death, shall end
At once the *lover* and the *friend*.'

" Excepting the trite and foolish conceit of the *thorn* and the *rose*, Wakefield's is evidently much superior, and he deserves the preference throughout the poem. We may suppose that Moore meant to take only the subject of his friend's effusion, but with unconscious recollection adopted his last line. The resemblance is somewhat closer in the two songs of ' I said to my heart.' But the author of ' Bagatelles ' still maintains the superiority. He begins,

' I said to my heart, in the way of discourse,
For we often confabulate ; Madam !
Will you never be soften'd ? and yield to the force,
Of beauty, wit, sense, and good nature of course,
When you know, and well know, who has had 'em ? '

" Moore, in the same measure, but a much more common stanza, writes thus :

' Thus I said to my heart, in a pet t'other day,
I had rather be hang'd than go moping this way ;
No throbbings, no wishes, your moments employ,
But you sleep in my breast, without motion or joy.'

" He then goes on about Chloe, recites his love for Thais, and ends with a protestation to Phyllis. All this is very flat. The other poet keeps up the dialogue with spirit, and makes his heart thus conclude it :

' Then cease to condemn me, or blame your best friend,
Hence know, and rely on me better ;
The moment I hear of the girl who can tend
To the bliss of your life, from beginning to end,
I'll burn, and not rest till you get her.'

Bagatelles, p. 25.

"The whole ballad is so full of poetic spirit, that I would have transcribed it entire, had you not once before printed it in your Miscellany; where those who are happy enough to possess the set may find it, in vol. XXXVII. p. 423.*—Wakefield has again employed a similar thought, and with good success. I will transcribe it for this place:

' When I ask my poor heart every morn
 (As I rise to salute the new day)
 Why, ah! why are you still so forlorn?
 I now thought ev'ry month would be May.

Fell ambition, I know, is no more,
 With a struggle that passion grew tame;
 And our vanities ever give o'er,
 In the moment we suffer for fame.

And can Love then obtrude on that breast,
 Where dull Care has been quarter'd so long?
 Do, come tell me, my heart, 'tis a test,
 And by that I can judge if I'm wrong.

Why, my vines are all promising fair,
 And my garden each product bestows;
 Nay, the lake gives fresh health and good air,
 While by labour I merit repose.

And what then can my poor bosom mean,
 That it languishes thus day by day?
 Yes, I guess, tho' I dare not explain,
 Ah, then, tell me, my heart, pr'ythee say.

"Why you want to call vineyards your own,
 And to plant on your family ground;
 Independents alone wear a crown,
 'Tis a kingdom you never have found."

Yes, to say that these forests are mine,
 Must be pleasure I cannot express;
 These my sheep, these my lambs, these my kine,
 'Tis a joy I am still left to guess.

Yet the day may once come, when, like you,
 I shall find some Mæcenæ in store,
 But alas! 'mongst the many, how few
 Who have feelings like my ——!

Then I'll seek one no further, but rest
 All on him whom my fortune has found!
 Why should I alone doubt being blest,
 When he blesses an universe round?

"What he gives, you may well call your own,
 And enjoy it in freedom's repose;
 For it comes as from Pity's soft throne,
 Heav'n grudges not what she bestows.

* "On again referring to the volume, it appears that two other poems from the 'Bagatelles' are there given. It was in the Annual Register for the same year, 1767, that I had seen the Author's 'Dialogue with his Heart.'

" Ah! then, where can the difference lie?
 For kind Nature is equal to all;
 Feed your sheep then beneath his kind eye,
 And obey the dear natural call."

Yes! tho' Nature but calls me in vain,
 She is ready and fond to obey;
 For a summons still greater I mean,
 And till then I in banishment stay.' P. 90.

" Yours, &c.

INVESTIGATOR."

TO J. B. NICHOLS, Esq.

" MY DEAR SIR, Hart Street, March, 1823.

" Can you answer me this question,—

" Who was the author of a 12mo volume of Latin Poems, printed for J. Gray, London, in 1729, under the title of 'Umbratii Cantuarii Poemata?'

" A Kentish man, of course; but I find no trace of the person in the preface, nor, as far as I have searched, in the poems.*

" They form a volume of 150 pages, very neatly printed.

" You may answer the query in the Magazine, if you can, and think proper.

" Yours truly, R. NARES.

" P.S. I am sorry to learn that my friend Mr. Urban is become nearly blind; pray give him my compliments."

TO the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

" MR. URBAN, Nov. 6, 1823.

" I must beg your assistance to resist the progress of an error (as I think it) which threatens to become established in our English literature. It relates to John Chalkhill, author of the poem of 'Thealma and Clearchus,' and of two Songs preserved in Walton's 'Complete Angler.' An attempt is now made to annihilate the said John, and to transfer the whole merit of his poetry to one who needs no addition to his fair fame, even his friend and editor, Izaak Walton.

" Mr. S. W. Singer, who published a very neat reprint of 'Thealma,' (1820) at the Chiswick-press, said very modestly, in a short Advertisement, 'I have sometimes been inclined to doubt whether Thealma and Clearchus might not be a youthful production of his (Walton's) own. This is merely a conjecture, but the pastoral feel-

* See Gent. Mag. 1823, i. 194.

ing which pervades the poem may give it some colour; and I do think that he had quite enough of the poet's imagination to have produced it.'

"Upon this, an unnamed writer in the 'Retrospective Review,' (vol. IV. p. 231,) has founded the following bold assertion. 'Mr. Singer was the first to question the authenticity of Walton's statement [concerning the author of the poem], and his researches satisfied him that Chalkhill was altogether a fictitious personage.' Unless this statement was drawn from a subsequent declaration of Mr. Singer, the result of further inquiry, it is contradicted by himself in the very Advertisement already quoted. For he there says, of the same poem, 'it is said to bear marks of being only an unrevised fragment, and this is the only circumstance, if true, that would militate against the supposition of its having been written by Walton.'

Now this circumstance does very strongly militate against it, for that it is a fragment, and not completely revised by its author, is evident; and Walton, who published it in the last year of his long life, would hardly have left it in that state, used as he was to the exercise of his pen, had it been a juvenile production of his own. Mr. Singer, therefore, does not seem, when he wrote his preface, to have been *satisfied* by his researches that Walton was the author. But the gentleman who conceived him to be so produces other arguments of his own.—'It is not easy to conceive, that a gentleman of his (Chalkhill's) taste and talents, who enjoyed the friendship of Spenser (as Walton asserted), should wholly escape the panegyrics or censures of his contemporaries, and the industrious researches of poetical biographers.'—Observe here, that the industry of such biographers never existed till the eighteenth century. He proceeds, 'Had he been more than a fictitious personage, honest Izaak would hardly have dismissed him with such a brief and unsatisfactory notice: the *narrative old man* would have treated us with some of the delightful garrulous details, in which he commemorated so many of his literary friends. The author of *Thealma*, the friend of Spenser, and a brother angler, certainly deserved, and would have received, a much more ample allowance of biographical gossip. The conclusion appears to us inevitable, that Chalkhill was merely a mere *nomme de guerre*, like Peter Pindar or Barry Cornwall.'

“The writer then admits some possibility of doubt whether Walton might be the author, but strongly expresses his own conviction that he was: a conclusion which he attempts to establish by arguments.

“The arguments, however, are specious, and have consequently convinced the Editor of a very recent and elegant edition of the ‘Complete Angler;’ whether Mr. Major, the publisher, or some friend for him. (P. xlix.) Thus the opinion gains fresh force. Yet it is, probably, quite false. The honest, guileless Izaak, was little likely to publish his own verses under a false name; which he did thirty years before he sent out ‘Thealma,’ if John Chalkhill meant himself; for the ‘Complete Angler,’ where Chalkhill’s two songs are given, was first published in 1655. As unlikely was he to crown such a fiction by a fictitious character of the supposed author, and to assert it for truth. ‘I have also this truth to say of the author, that he was in his time a man generally known and as well beloved; for he was humble and obliging in his behaviour, a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent; and indeed his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous. God send the story may meet with, or make all his readers like him.’ Could this be Walton writing of a non-entity, or of himself?

“Still more improbable is it (if more can be), that he should so bepraise the poem, if his own; saying that in it the reader ‘will find many hopes and fears finely painted, and feelingly expressed:’ and that it ‘will leave in him more sympathising and virtuous impressions than ten times so much time spent in impertinent, critical, and needless disputes about religion.’ This from the truly modest and humble Walton, who seemed not to know, or not to think of asserting, his own most undoubted merits! Impossible!

“But, to quit conjectures, what if the real John Chalkhill may yet be traced, as I think he may.

“In the south cloister of Winchester Cathedral is, or was very lately, a monument to a John Chalkhill, of that very period; a Fellow of Winchester College, whose character, as given in the inscription, singularly accords with part of that given by Walton.

“ ‘H. S. E.

“ ‘Joan. Chalkhill, A.M. hujus Coll’ii Annos 46 Socius, vir quoad vixit, Solitudine et Silentio, Temperantia et

Castitate, Orationibus et Eleemosynis, Contemplatione et Sanctimonia, Ascetis vel primitivis par; qui cum à parvulo in regnum cœlorum viam fecit, Octogenarius rapuit, 20 die Maij, 1679.*

"Now as Walton died at Winchester, in the prebendal house of his son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, which probably he had always been accustomed to visit, so attached was he to his daughter and her husband, he doubtless personally knew and much esteemed this Mr. Chalkhill; and knew of him all that he has expressed in his eulogy. Nor is it improbable that, in the records of the College at Winchester, more particulars of him may yet be discovered; which, if Dr. Nott would kindly examine, he would confer an additional favour upon the friends of English literature.

"The only objection that I perceive arises from the date (1678), subjoined to Walton's preface; that being the year previous to the death of Chalkhill, according to the monument. The probability is, that this date has no reference to the preface, which was most likely to be written near the time of the publication, in 1683. It might, therefore, only mark the time when the poem was put into Walton's hands by its author; being exactly a year before his death. Be this as it may, I think we have here a memorial of the real John Chalkhill.

"I have no wish to deny the poetical powers of Izaak Walton: his verses on the death of Dr. Donne, prove not only that he had them, but that he was not afraid to exhibit them with his name. He wrote also, and published, verses addressed to several poets; to G. Herbert, Alex. Brome, Shirley, Cartwright, and a few lines to be subjoined to the portrait of Donne. I think it also most probable that he wrote some of the anonymous songs in his Angler. But let him not be made answerable for a poem which he did not write; and for artifices of fiction, which he surely would have considered as nothing less than dishonest. Nor let a real man be annihilated, of whom more, perhaps, may yet be discovered. N."†

* "On the authority of a History of Winchester Cathedral, 2 vols. 12mo. published in 1773, and often, though erroneously, attributed to Thos. Walton, who published only a single small volume on that subject."—See Drake's Shakspeare, vol. I. p. 607, who refutes Nares's idea that John Chalkhill, Fellow of Worcester College, was the poet.—J. M.

† This letter seems to have settled the question. See a letter of Mr. John Major, in the same volume, p. 493.

TO J. B. NICHOLS, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Hart Street, Nov. 11, 1823.

"I sent you a paper lately on John Chalkhill,* which I hope you like, and will insert in your next, for I am impatient to contradict those who want to annihilate him.

"Can you help me to a copy of vol. V. of Atterbury's Correspondence. I have the four from the collection of my friend the late good Dean of Westminster, and did not know that a fifth had appeared till very lately. Of course I have much desire to obtain it, and if you can help me to it you will do me a great favour.

"My best regards attend Mr. Nichols, Sen. and I remain faithfully yours,
R. NARES."

"DEAR SIR,

Nov. 14, 1823.

"I thank you for sending the proof.† I have corrected some oversights of my own occasioned by hasty writing. Your press was very correct.

"I leave now an article for your Review, if you will accept it.‡

"Yours truly,

R. NARES.

"P.S. I am sorry the 5th of Atterbury is so difficult to be procured."

TO REV. RICHARD POLWHELE.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Lichfield, April 5, 1824.

"I will begin with good news, by telling you that on my arrival here, I find our friend Bailye§ in the highest health. He is creating a villa within two miles of this city—it is a beautiful spot—which occupation gives him amusement, exercise, air, and does him the greatest good imaginable. Mrs. Nares walked with me to the place this morning, and found him there, full of his improvements executed and projected. Nothing could be more prosperous. This is the man whom report dared to kill!

"The remainder of my communication will not be so pleasant; for I must awaken you from your golden dream

* The preceding communication.

† Of the preceding article on Chalkhill.

‡ Of Gleig's Letter to Sir Edward Knatchbull. See *Gent. Mag.* Nov. 1823, p. 446.

§ The Rev. Hugh Bailye, Canon of Lichfield, died June 9th, 1833. See *Gent. Mag.* vol. CIII. ii. 89, and thirty-eight letters of his to Mr. Polwhele in the same volume, pp. 101, 231, 411. See also other letters in Polwhele's "Reminiscences," i. 101, 131.

of one hundred guineas per annum, to tell you the truth, that your appointment at the Royal Society of Literature gives you honour only, for the present at least.

"The Honorary Associates form the class from which the Royal Associates, under patronage, must be elected. Their number is indefinite; but the others are at present limited to ten, which number is now full. The names of the persons chosen you will probably have seen in the papers. They are men of literary merit, whose circumstances require assistance. When the Society grows rich, should it do so, the intention is to have more Associates of the first class, under the patronage of the Society. But at present there are none, except those endowed by the munificence of his Majesty, our Founder. No access to this class, therefore, can be had but by means of vacancies made by death or resignation, which latter is not likely to happen. The election of these is vested in the Council of the Society.

"I am happy to say that the Society prospers well, considering that it is only in the first year of its establishment. The first anniversary will be on the 29th of this month.

"I shall send this under cover to Mr. Davies Gilbert, who will doubtless forward it to you with the first opportunity. I remain, dear Sir, very much yours,

"ROBERT NARES."

"MY DEAR SIR,

Dawlish, Sept. 10, 1824.

"You have done me a very unexpected honour in addressing a Poetical Epistle to me; * but it will be some time yet before I can estimate the value of the compliment, as we are returning home at a very slow pace. I doubt not, however, that the production will prove worthy of you, and much more than worthy of me.

"Our worthy President, the Bishop of St. David's,† is much more able to forward your Epistle to his Majesty, if he will undertake it. My own book (Glossary) was dedicated to his Majesty through the intervention of a friend; but I gained no approach in consequence.

"Yours very much,

ROBERT NARES."

* "An Epistle to Archdeacon Nares, 4to. 1824."

† Dr. Burgess, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. He died Feb. 19th, 1837. See *Literary Anecdotes*, VII. 55, 524; and a memoir of him in *Gent. Mag. New Series*, vol. VII. p. 538.

To J. B. NICHOLS, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Hart Street, Dec. 11, 1824.

"I send, for your Review, an account of a new translation of Terence,* by a friend and contemporary of mine at Westminster. I hope you will give it an early place, and will favour me with three or four copies, on slips, when printed off.

"Yours, very truly,

R. NARES."

Mr. Archdeacon NARES to the EDITOR of the
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.†

"SIR,

Oct. 14, 1825.

"Affectation and ignorance are always at work to corrupt language; and even when it has been raised to a good standard of purity, by the writings of men of genius and learning, the same perverse agents are still at work to introduce innovations or alterations. These spurious additions afford the first symptom of the decline of any language from purity, and ought to be watched and resisted. There is no power so likely to effect this purpose as the influence of periodical publications, among which the Gentleman's Magazine has long, very long, maintained a most respectable situation.

The affected term *isolated* was long ago strenuously opposed by a writer in the British Critic, as may be seen in Todd's Edition of Johnson's Dictionary; but the critic, whoever he was, did not recollect that Warburton had introduced it, as Todd proves by a quotation. Warburton, however, with all his power of mind, was far from writing a pure style; nor, if Lord Chesterfield be proved also to have used it, can that sufficiently defend the term, or its cognate verb *to isolate*. Mr. Todd, therefore, unites with the anonymous critic in condemning it as a most affected word. Nevertheless, though the British Critic pronounced that it was not English, and hoped that it never would be, it is much to be feared that, at the present day it is nearly, if not quite, established. So difficult is it to resist injudicious innovation.

Against another spurious word, you, Mr. Urban, must assist in defending us. This is the word *compete*; which,

* "Six Comedies of Terence; translated by the Rev. G. Sackville Cotter, M.A. formerly Captain of Westminster School, and an actor in three of the Comedies." 8vo. See the Review in Gent. Mag. Dec. 1824, p. 542.

† By some accident this letter never appeared in the Magazine.

though it is not defended by a single quotation in the latest edition of Johnson, nor even admitted at all, is now thrusting itself into notice in almost every new publication. The writers, I presume, consider it as an improvement, or as a novel elegance; but, as the language flourished to our days without it, we surely may reject the stranger. I think, but cannot prove, that it was first introduced from North Britain. I have remarked the following instances in very modern works. First in the *Retrospective Review* (a very excellent publication), vol. VII. p. 71. 'The man who could make a brazen head speak, might surely *compete* with the author of the milk of roses.' Again, in the new edition of Cibber's *Apology*, by Mr. Bellchambers, p. 272, 'This Harper was a just and spirited comedian, who had the honour to *compete* with Quin in Falstaff.' Thirdly, in the *Classical Journal* for June, 1825, p. 255, 'In grace and polish of manner, few of the later Roman writers can *compete* with him' [Calphurnius.]

"Now I contend that all these passages might be better expressed without this unauthorised, un-English, word.

"So much for affectation. But it required the aid of ignorance so to misapply a word, as the substantive *avocation* is now continually misused. 'An *avocation*, properly speaking, is that which calls a person off from his regular and chief occupation, or *vocation*.' It is correctly so distinguished in the letters of that very superior woman, Lady Hervey. 'But my occupations and *avocations* have lately been so many that I have not had time,' &c. Letter xxxi. p. 79. In the fragments of poor R. Bloomfield's writings, called his *Remains*, we have a strong instance of the improper use: 'Man neglects his proper *avocation*, agriculture, to go in search of black eyes and bloody noses, commonly called military glory,' vol. ii. p. 52. But Bloomfield is not answerable for this, as he quotes it from an obscure journal, the *Publicans' Newspaper*. But in the best reputed journals of the present day the same ignorant misapplication of the term may continually be seen. Why is this? Simply because *avocation* is a fine sounding word, much more shewy than business, employment, &c. But if a man's regular *calling* is to be termed his *avocation*, I would ask from what it calls him off? Yet such is the etymological and neces-

sary meaning of the word (composed of *a* from, and *voco* to call), that common sense requires it only to be used when there is a calling away from something that would otherwise be done.

“PRISCIAN.”

“MR. URBAN,

Bloomsbury, March 30, 1826.

“A very neat edition (being the sixth) of the exquisite ‘*Poemata*’ of Vinny Bourne, as Cowper affectionately calls him, has very recently issued from an Oxford press; concerning which I only regret that I had not known the editor and his intentions before the book appeared. I could have pointed out a few of the poems which were inadvertently inserted in the quarto edition of 1772, though not productions of Bourne; and I could have assigned them to the real authors. These notices I obtained on the authority of the venerable Dr. Lloyd, so long under-master of Westminster School, communicated to me by the late excellent Dean of Westminster, Dr. Vincent. I could also have furnished, from the same intelligence, an Epilogue to ‘*Terence’s Eunuch*,’ spoken at Westminster in 1746; and pointed out another Epilogue, spoken after the ‘*Phormio*,’ which is printed in Popham’s ‘*Selecta Poemata Anglorum*’ (vol. III. p. 9), but there erroneously called a Prologue. Either or both of these I will take an opportunity of sending to you, if you should wish to have them.* They will then be ready for any future edition, or may be added to this, on an additional half sheet; which, as there is already an Appendix of two leaves, may very easily be done.

“One of the poems, entitled ‘*Ad Tempus*’ (p. 196), is the property of Dr. Jortin, and appears in his ‘*Tracts*,’ vol. I. p. 14. The first stanza is different, and there are some omissions, but the composition in general is Jortin’s. This was not in the original editions of Bourne, but introduced by the editor of the quarto (whoever he was), as well as the other erroneous insertions. Another poem entitled ‘*Votum*,’ (p. 275) is also the property of Jortin, and is printed in his ‘*Tracts*,’ vol. I. p. 9. This and the former were both published by Jortin, in his ‘*Lusus Poetici*.’ These things, therefore, should be set right.

* Vincent Bourne’s “*Epilogus in Eunuchum Terentii* 1746, is printed in *Gent. Mag.* 1826, i. 450; and the “*Epilogus in Phormionem*” in 1826, ii. 231.

Bourne is rich enough in his own compositions to have no need of borrowing. The few others falsely attributed to him were written, I think, by contemporary Westminsterers; whose names are noted in my copy, from Dr. Lloyd's information.

"The new edition seems to be copied exactly from the quarto, except that two very admirable Letters, which there stand at the end, are here very properly prefixed, preceded only by such a sketch of the author's life as the very scanty materials now to be obtained, enabled the editor to supply.

* * * * *

" Aug 20, 1826.

"I am, however, inclined to think that a great part of "Epilogus in Phormionem"* is wanting; and that we have here only the beginning, and the final couplet. It was never the custom to have Epilogues so very short: and there is little in this, as it stands here, worthy the pen of Bourne.

"Of the poems falsely ascribed to Bourne, in the 4to. of 1772, that *In Miltonum*, p. 46, was written by Peter Keith, who acted Dorothea in *Ignoramus*, at Westminster, in 1730.

"*Rationes Boni et Mali*, &c. p. 209, were by Hill; probably Joshua Hill, elected to Oxford in 1738, with Abp. Markham.

"*Ad Tempus*, p. 224, by Jortin.

"*Camera obscura*, p. 246, by — George, of whom I know nothing more.

"*Laterna Megalographica*, p. 270, by Walter Titley, who afterwards left exhibitions to the School.

"*Sonus propagatur per Aera*, p. 274, by Dr. Caleb Hardinge, younger brother of Nicholas Hardinge, of whom see Nichols, *Lit. Anec.* vol. V. p. 338.

"*In obitum Decani Aldrich*, p. 286, by John Wigan, elected to Oxford in 1714, the same year that Vincent Bourne went to Cambridge.

"*Votum*, p. 314, by Jortin.

" Yours, &c. R. N."

" MR. URBAN,

Lichfield Close, Aug. 16, 1826.

"I need not relate to you the History of James Elphinston, the learned schoolmaster, whose forty years' correspondence with various eminent persons, Dr. Johnson

* See *Gent. Mag.* 1826, ii. 231.

among the rest, was published in six volumes 12mo. in 1791. He formed a new system of spelling, in hopes of making it agree with the sound, which certainly it does not at present. But the form of his orthography, or pseudography, was so disgusting and unintelligible, that it gained no favour, though recommended by the author in various elaborate volumes, and his correspondence remains as unknown to the world in general as if printed in a barbarous language. It is all printed according to his system, and is really unintelligible, without some study. But the six volumes contain many things of value. Four only, in fact, are correspondence; the fifth and sixth consist of poetry, English and Latin, by Mr. Elphinston and his friends. It is a relief when we come to the Latin, for that is printed as usual; but the English is a perpetual puzzle. It is *Greek* to the generality.

“The sixth volume opens with a poem in four books; the subject is education, which the author had studied theoretically and practically; and I think you will acknowledge, from the specimen I subjoin (translated into current English), that it is neither ill-conceived nor ill versified.

EDUCATION. BOOK I.

Of all the arts that honour human-kind,
The first must be the culture of the mind;
And of the subjects that our care employ,
The most momentous is the rising boy.

How then to form the infant head and heart,
To mould the outward with the inward part;
To trace young genius from its latent springs,
T' explore what each denies, and what it brings;
T' improve the powers, as Nature bids them play,
To make the passions own bland Reason's sway;
To rear the child to youth, the youth to man,
Be my advent'rous theme.* Behold the plan,
On which I form'd the great of ev'ry age,
Inspir'd the hero, and illum'd the sage;
On which a Samuel or a Cyrus rose;
Whence ev'ry art, and ev'ry science flows;
Paths which the sons of wisdom still have trod.
Hail, paths thrice honour'd by the Son of God!
Great Sire of all! send thy blest daughter down,
My mighty parent, and my sole renown,
Wisdom; my system and my song to guide,
And o'er Pædia's ev'ry son preside.

The natal day begins Tuition's plan:
For the first miniature commences man.
As from the cradle joy and sorrow flow,
Much to the tut'ress must the tutor owe:

* Pædia, or Education, is the speaker.

Nay much, ye maids, it boots how first ye bind ;
 And much, ye nurses, how ye mould the mind.
 Health the first care commands ; avoid excess
 Of heat or cold, of aliment or dress.
 But, O ye parents, save your charming boy,
 For yours it is to save or to destroy.
 Ye tender dames will ne'er deny the food
 That ev'ry dam dispenses to her brood.
 Shall instinct teach the parents' part to play,
 And reason God and nature disobey ?
 Has Nature pour'd her own nectareous tide
 But to sustain your pleasure or your pride ?
 Or can she substitute a foreign flood,
 To mingle noblest with ignoblest blood ?
 To form a changeling, or, in part or whole,
 A tainted body, and a sordid soul ?
 Health, trust me fair, attends on duty's call,
 'Tis Nature's rebel that is languor's thrall.
 But come, ye blest, ye real mothers, say,
 When on the milky mount the suckling lay,
 When your fond arms inclos'd the smiling boy,
 Did e'er your bosoms beat with such a joy ?
 Did ever Beauty's self appear so bright,
 Or Modesty afford so fine a sight ?
 Did e'er the Virgin blush in higher charms,
 Than with her Son and Saviour in her arms ?

" Thus much for a specimen. More another time, if
 you wish it, from Yours &c. R. N."

To J. B. NICHOLS, Esq.

" MY DEAR SIR,

Hart Street, Dec. 4, 1826.

" Your worthy father lived so long, in so general esteem and respect, that, making all allowance for the feelings of a good son, I cannot but think it a subject for your gratitude to the Almighty, that his departure hence was attended with so little of previous suffering or anxiety.

" Wishing you spirits to renew all your pursuits, and success in them, I remain very faithfully yours, &c.

" R. NARES."

" DEAR SIR,

Feb. 19, 1827.

" It may be of use to get the inclosed into the next Magazine, if it can be done with convenience.

" Yours truly,

R. NARES."

" MR. URBAN,

Feb. 20, 1827.

" The Rev. Joseph Blanco White, first known to the British public by his allusive names of *Leucadio Doblado*, prefixed to his valuable Letters on Spain, has since been

indefatigable in his endeavours to guard his adopted country (the country of his ancestors) from the snares and tyranny of Popery. In his 'Practical and internal Evidence against Catholicism,'* after describing the struggles and fluctuations of his own mind, in his perilous transition from inculcated error to discovered truth, he addressed the impartial among his former brethren, on the errors and abuses of their Church. In a tract of still more extensive utility, he has since addressed a warning to the lower classes of this country;† thereby demonstrating not only the sincerity but the disinterested character of his zeal for truth.‡ But it is not for the sake of eulogising that excellent man, much as he deserves eulogy, that I now take up the pen, but to revive the knowledge of a similar case, which occurred a century ago.

"About the year 1714, a Spanish priest, whose name was *Antonio Gavin*, being disgusted with the superstitions in which he had been educated, escaped to England in the disguise of an officer. He had been a secular priest in the city of Saragossa, and was there known as such to Lord Stanhope, and other English gentlemen. Arrived in London, and understanding that our Church would receive him, if his claim to orders in his own church could be established, and the sincerity of his conversion evinced, he applied to the Bishop of London for that purpose.

* "Reviewed in *Gent. Mag.* vol. XCII. ii. p. 446.

† "Entitled 'The Poor Man's Preservative against Popery.'

‡ "Having given away the copyright.—A hint or two on the subject of what is called the Catholic Question, I cannot refrain from copying from this tract.—'There is indeed no reason for either fear or suspicion, with regard to the Roman Catholics of these kingdoms, as long as both the Government and the Parliament remain purely Protestant; but I would not answer for the consequences, if the Pope, through his priests, could obtain an underhand influence in either.' P. 8.

"'Had I a voice that could be heard from north to south, and from east to west, in these islands, I would use it to warn every Protestant against the wiles of Rome; wiles and arts, indeed, of so subtle and disguised a nature, that I feel assured many of the freeborn Britons who are made the instruments and promoters of them, do not so much as dream of the snare into which they are trying to decoy their countrymen. Such as believe that Popery, if allowed to interfere with the laws of England, would not most steadily aim at the ruin of Protestantism, even at the plain risk of spreading the most rank infidelity, should be sent to learn the character of that religion where it prevails uncontrolled; where I have learnt it during five and twenty years in sincere submission, and for ten in secret rebellion.' P. 26.

"I have been told, and it is not improbable, that in some places endeavours have been made to persuade the common people that no such man as *Blanco White* exists, and that the whole is a mere fabrication."

Some temporary difficulty arose from the want of his letters of orders, which the fear of being detected in his flight had obliged him to leave behind. But Robinson, then Bishop of London, being convinced of the fact, by the testimony laid before him, accepted his renunciation of Popery, and reconciled him to the Church of England; giving him full licence to exercise the functions of a priest in his diocese. The Bishop's licence is given at large in one of his publications, and is thus expressed:

Licence.

“ ‘ Whereas the Rev. Mr. Antony Gavin was recommended to me by the Right Honourable Lord Stanhope, and by the same and other English gentlemen I was certified that the said Rev. Mr. Gavin was a secular Priest, and Master of Arts in the University of the city of Zaragosa, in the kingdom of Arragon in Spain, and that they knew him in the said city, and conversed with him several times; This is to certify, that the said Rev. Mr. Gavin, after having publicly and solemnly abjured the errors of the Romish Religion, and being thereupon reconciled to the Church of England, on the third day of January, 1715-16, he had then my leave to officiate, in the Spanish language, in the Chapel of Queen's-square, Westminster; and being now appointed Chaplain of his Majesty's ship the *Preston*, has my licence to preach in English, and to administer the Sacraments at home and abroad, in all the churches and chapels of my diocese.

“ ‘ Given under my hand in London the 13th of July, 1720.

(Signed)

JOHN LONDON.’

“ Thus, between the years 1715 and 1720, Gavin had so studied the English language, that he was then competent to officiate or preach in it, and to obtain the appointment of a chaplain in the British fleet. In the mean time he had published a Sermon in the Spanish language (in 1716), which he had preached in London, and dedicated it to his patron Lord Stanhope. This Sermon is still extant in the British Museum.

“ But a few years later he proved himself able to write a considerable work in English; for in 1725 he published a curious and important book, under the title of “ *A Master-key to Popery,*” which contains the fullest exposure of

the errors and practices which had disgusted him in the religion of Spain. It was followed by two other volumes in the ensuing year, pursuing the same subject. A fourth was promised, but does not seem to have appeared. Either the author died or the booksellers found that the public curiosity on the subject was satisfied for the time. The three volumes, however, were published in 1726, in a French translation, by a M. Janigon. The work, however, was so much noticed, that it proceeded rapidly to a third edition, each volume being dedicated to some great person; to the Princess of Wales, to Lord Carteret, and to the Archbishop of Armagh.

"To the first edition Gavin prefixed a tolerably ample preface, giving an account of himself, not so interesting, but apparently not less honest than that of his countryman who has lately followed his steps. This preface is preserved in the French translation, and was perhaps in the second edition; but is omitted in the third, which is that in my hands. The first is in the British Museum. The further account given by Gavin of himself, after having been chaplain in the Preston, is thus stated:

" 'The ship being put out of commission, and my Lord Stanhope being in Hanover with the King, I came over to Ireland, on the importunity of a friend, with a design to stay here till my Lord's return to England. But while I was thinking of going over again, I heard of my Lord's death, and having in him lost my best patron, I resolved to try in this kingdom whether I could find a settlement. After a few days, by the favour of his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Cashel, and the Rev. Dr. Percival, I got the curacy of Gowran, on which I resided almost eleven months, by the licence of the Lord Bishop of Ossory; who afterwards, upon my going to Cork, gave me his letters dimissory.' Pref. p. vi.

"It appears that he continued some time at Cork, beyond which I have not found any traces of him. It is probable that there he died. But his books still live, and may be consulted by the curious without difficulty. They contain most horrible narratives, the truth of which will perhaps be denied by those who are interested to deny them; but which agree too well with many concurring testimonies, to be doubted by those whose minds are open to fair evidence. That the writer was a man worthy to be believed, there is every appearance, in what we

know of his story; and though he was evidently a man of less talents and accomplishments than Mr. Blanco White, I see no reason to suspect that he was less sincere in his conversion, or less veracious in his narratives. Let others judge for themselves. The similarity of the two cases in many striking particulars induced me to recal to notice the almost forgotten Gavin, and to point out his *Master-key* as that which will unlock as much horror and abomination as that which opened the secret chamber of the formidable Blue-beard.

“ WICLIFFE.”

(*The same subject continued.*)

“ MR. URBAN,

“ Some time ago I sent you an account of the *Rev. Anthony Gavin*, a volunteer convert to the Protestant faith, of the same class (though not so distinguished by learning and abilities) as Mr. *Blanco White*. I should be sorry to have him forgotten again. For his book, entitled ‘*A Master-Key to Popery*,’ in 3 vols. 12mo. really deserves its name; and is an excellent Manual for Protestants, at this time, when so much fallacy is employed, so many jesuitical arts practised, to conceal the real deformities of that lamentably corrupt Christianity, which pretends to be the *Catholic Church*.

“ Among other matters which his book contains, well worthy of notice, is his demonstration against that grand instrument of priestly avarice, Purgatory. Gavin denies, with other Protestants, and on the same grounds, the existence of such a place of torment. But he reminds Protestants that it is no place for them. No, it is a peculiar favour granted to Catholics! All heretics (among whom we are the chief) and unbelievers, go straight to hell, without the *resting* place appointed for Catholics, from which prayers and money, or rather money and prayers, may release them. Yet to crown the absurdity, as well as falsehood of the thing, he shows, from the representation of the Popes themselves, that, however much *purgatory* may exist, it must be an empty space; there cannot be one soul in it. None go there but Roman Catholics, and for them so many days of pardon exist, so many indulgences are granted by the Popes, on various occasions, that it is not possible for any soul to be left there! His

mode of calculating this is curious, but very conclusive; because he makes the amplest allowance for every thing that can be stated against him.*

“ Having given these proofs, he thus winds up his argument :

“ ‘ So we may safely conclude, and with a Christian conscience say, that, if there is such a place as *purgatory*, it must be an *empty place*; or that it is impossible to find there any souls; or that the *Roman Catholics* take every year more souls out of it than can go into it: all which being against the evidence of natural reason and computation made, it is a dream, fiction,’ &c.

“ He expresses himself awkwardly, but his meaning is clear enough, and his demonstration undeniably sound.

“ On the subject of the worship of the Virgin, and other Saints, &c. he is very luminous. But, in fact, how do the Roman Catholics know that any one of these persons can hear their prayers; or make intercession for them, if they did hear? We do not know that any one of them is yet in heaven. Christ and his Apostles speak of one general day of judgment, when all shall appear before him. Yet their doctrine supposes that these multitudes of real or imaginary saints are already judged, and in the full enjoyment of their reward. On the Virgin, indeed, (of whose reception into heaven they have no evidence, except their own fable of her Assumption), on her, I say, they rely more than on Christ; since they apply to her (too often) as having the influence and even authority of a mother over her son! What is this but ‘a strong delusion,’ leading them ‘to believe a lie?’

“ WICLIFFE.”

The Rev. J. BLANCO WHITE.

The Rev. J. Blanco White, mentioned by Archdeacon Nares in the preceding letter, died May 20, 1841, and the following memoir of him appeared in the number for August :

“ May 20. Died at Greenbank, Liverpool, at the house of W. Rathbone, esq. in his 67th year, the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, B.D. and M.A. the author of *Doblado's Letters*, &c.

* See p. 103 of vol. I. 3d edit.

“ From the preface to this gentleman’s ‘ Evidence against Catholicism,’ we derive the following autobiographical details :

“ ‘ I am descended from an Irish family, whose attachment to the Roman Catholic religion was often proved by their endurance of the persecution which for a long period afflicted the members of their persuasion in Ireland. My grandfather was the eldest of three brothers, whose voluntary banishment from their native land rooted out my family from the county of Waterford. A considerable fortune enabled my ancestor to settle at Seville, where he was inscribed on the roll of the privileged gentry, and carried on extensive business as a merchant.

“ ‘ My father was the first of his kindred that married into a Spanish family, and his early habits of exalted piety made him choose a wife whom few can equal in religious sincerity.

“ At the age of fourteen, all the seeds of devotion, which had been assiduously sown in my heart, sprung up as it were spontaneously. The pious practices, which had hitherto been a task, were now the effect of my own choice. I became a constant attendant of the Congregation of the Oratory, where pious young men, intended for the church, generally had their spiritual directors. Dividing my time between study and devotion, I went through a course of philosophy and divinity at the university of Seville; at the end of which I received the Roman Catholic order of Subdeacon. By that time I had obtained the degrees of Master of Arts and Bachelor of Divinity. Being elected a Fellow of the College of St. Mary *a Jesu* of Seville, when I was not of sufficient standing for the superior degree of Licentiate of Divinity, which the fellowship required, I took that degree at Osuna, where the statutes demand no interval between these academical honours. A year had scarcely elapsed since I received priest’s orders, when, after a public examination, in competition with other candidates, I obtained the stall of *Magistral*, or Preacher, in the chapter of King’s Chaplains, at Seville. Placed so young in a situation which my predecessor had obtained after many years’ service as a vicar, in the same town, I conceived myself bound to devote my whole leisure to the study of religion. I need not say that I was fully conversant with the system of Catholic divinity; for I owed my preferment to a public

display of theological knowledge ; yet I wished to become acquainted with all kinds of works which might increase and perfect that knowledge.

“ My religious belief had hitherto been undisturbed ; but light clouds of doubt began now to pass over my mind, which the warmth of devotion soon dissipated, yet they would gather again and again with an increased darkness, which prayer could scarcely dispel. That immorality and levity are *always* the source of unbelief, the experience of my own case, and my intimate acquaintance with many others, enable me most positively to deny ; as to myself, I declare most solemnly that my rejection of Christianity took place at a period when my conscience could not reproach me with any open breach of duty but those committed several years before : that during the transition from religious belief to incredulity, the horror of sins against the faith deeply implanted by education in my soul, haunted me night and day ; and that I exerted all the powers of my mind to counteract the involuntary doubts which were daily acquiring an irresistible strength. In this distress I brought to remembrance all my arguments for the truth of the Christian Religion, which I had studied in the French Apologists ; I read other works of the same kind ; and having to preach to the Royal brigade of Carabineers who came to worship the body of St. Ferdinand, preserved in the King’s Chapel, I chose the subject of Infidelity, on which I delivered an elaborate discourse (which was published at Seville, at the expense of the brigade). But the fatal crisis was at hand. At the end of the year from the preaching of this sermon, —the confession is painful, indeed, yet due to Religion itself,—I was bordering on Atheism.”

“ The writer continues his affecting narrative with a picture of a mind struggling in the toils of infidelity, yet discharging his ministerial functions, with no choice in his own country but death or hypocrisy ;—desirous of flying from both, yet restrained by his affection for his parents. *Ten years* were passed in this insufferable state, till the approach of the French troops to Seville enabled him to tear himself from this mental bondage, though at the heavy cost of quitting for ever his country and all that he loved. He found an asylum in England ; and he proceeds with candour to relate the changes which operated upon his mind since his residence among us. The perusal

of Paley's Natural Theology appears to have rescued him from an atheistical bias; and he states, 'I had so long wandered from the Roman fold, that, when approaching the Church of England, both the absence of what had driven me from Catholicism, and the existence of all the other parts of that system, made me feel as if I were returning to the repaired home of my youth.'

"In 1814, Mr. White subscribed the Articles of the Church of England, and he 'retired to Oxford, not to procure admission into the university, but to live privately in that great seat of learning, devoting my time exclusively to the study of the Scriptures. I had resided a year in that place, when an English nobleman [we believe Lord Holland], who since he knew me in Spain has ever honoured me with his friendship, gave me the highest proof of his esteem by inviting me to become tutor to his son. I accepted the charge, which I discharged for two years to the best of my power.

" 'When I quitted my charge as tutor, I had begun a series of short lectures on religion, the first part of which I delivered to the young members of the family.' They were published at Oxford in 1817, with the title of 'Preparatory Observations on the Study of Religion, by a Clergyman of the Church of England.'

"In the same preface Mr. White relates his subsequent inclination towards Unitarianism, but which he at that time found 'a mighty work to little purpose;' and he adds that the work which mainly contributed to put an end to his trial, was Sumner's (the present Bishop of Chester) *Evidences of Christianity*.

"Mr. Blanco White became first distinguished as an author in this country by the publication of his 'Letters from Spain,' under the assumed name of Don Leucadio Doblado; a review of which will be seen in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Nov. 1822, p. 446.

"In 1825 he published his 'Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism, with occasional Strictures on Mr. Butler's Book of the Roman Catholic Church,' 8vo. and in the same year 'The Poor Man's Preservative against Popery,' 12mo.

"In 1826 the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him, by diploma, by the University of Oxford, 'in consideration of his eminent talents and learning; but more especially on account of those able and well-timed

publications, by which he has powerfully exposed the errors of the Church of Rome.’

“ He subsequently published *A Letter to Protestants converted from Romanism*. Oxford, 1827. 8vo.

“ *The Law of Anti-Religious Libel reconsidered*. Dublin, 1834. 8vo.

“ *Observations on Heresy and Orthodoxy*. 1835. 4to.

“ In the last named year his friends were grieved to find he had deserted the Church: a change which is recorded by ‘*A Discourse occasioned by the Rev. J. Blanco White’s profession of Unitarian Christianity*. By the Rev. Edward Tagart, [Unitarian] Minister of the Octagon Chapel, Norwich. 1835.’”

ARCHDEACON NARES to the Rev. RICHARD POLWHELE.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

1827.

* * * * *

“ I like your ‘*Constantinople*.’* It has much originality. The looseness of the versification is almost the only fault I find in it. But such a lax contexture is far preferable to the constrained or laboured stanza.

“ The first canto has some fine description; and so of the rest. But, what is an essential recommendation of the poem, canto after canto still carrying on the story, advances to the catastrophe very naturally. The second canto, containing the story of Theon and Calirrhoe, seems at first sight merely episodical; but its incidents are seen in the progress of the poem to accelerate the fate of the city or to facilitate its fall. In the third canto, the transition from Athens to Byzantium is more happy. It is founded, you say, on a real event in history:—some adventurers from Athens or Attica built the city of Byzantium more than 600 years before Christ. At the close of the fourth canto, I observe that, even through the temple, we are drawing nearer to the catastrophe. The fifth canto, likewise, helps us on by the discovery of the subterranean way to your conjurer Alashtar. Here I was startled at Calirrhoe a second time, rushing in, and obtruding herself on the conjurer or magician, as she had done on the emperor. On reflection, however, I was reconciled to the

* “ *The Fall of Constantinople, a Poem*.” In Polwhele’s “*Reminiscences*,” III. 87.

repetition, as it was natural that she should attempt to move Hell as well as Heaven in her behalf.

‘Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.’

“To have a right apprehension of your narrative, or rather to see the force and beauty of your various allusions to history, your readers must by all means look into Gibbon. Perhaps you had better quote the passages referred to.”

MEMOIR OF REV. JOHN HELLINS, F.R.S.

[*Communicated to the Gentleman's Magazine by Mr. Archdeacon Nares.*]

“Died, *March* 1827, the Rev. John Hellins, B.D. F.R.S., Vicar of Potterspury, in Northamptonshire.

“This distinguished member of the scientific world was, to use the words lately addressed to the Royal Society by their President, Mr. Davies Gilbert, ‘one of those extraordinary men who, deprived of early advantages, have elevated themselves, by the force of genius and of industry, to a level above most persons blessed with regular education.’ In 1787, he edited ‘The Young Algebraist's Companion.’ The first paper from his pen in the Philosophical Transactions, appears in 1780, being a ‘Theorem for computing Logarithms.’ In 1788 he published a quarto volume of ‘Mathematical Essays, on several subjects;’ and in 1802, in two vols. 4to. ‘Analytical Institutions, originally written in Italian, by Donna Maria Gaetana Agnesi.’ [Translated from the Italian by Mr. Colson.]

“Having adopted the clerical profession, Mr. Hellins was for some time curate of Constantine in Cornwall; and afterwards of Greens Norton, Northamptonshire; but in 1790 he was presented by Earl Bathurst to the vicarage of Potterspury in Northamptonshire. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1796, and in 1800 took the degree of B.D. at Trinity College, Cambridge.

“Mr. Hellins, continues the eulogium before quoted, ‘at one time computed for the Nautical Almanac. He afterwards assisted at Greenwich. And, what is now perhaps almost unknown, he furnished the late Mr. Windham with all the calculations and tables on which that gentleman brought forward his new military system, as

Minister of War, in 1806. Mr. Hellins applied himself with great industry to some of the most useful branches of pure mathematics. No less than nine communications from him appear in our 'Transactions;'—'On the summation of series.'—'On the conversion of slowly-converging series into others of swifter convergency.'—'On their application to computing of logarithms, and to the rectifying of circular arcs.'—'On the roots of equations.' And in 1798, 'On a method of computing with increased facility the planetary perturbations:' for the last he was honoured with your Copley medal.

"Retired to a small living in Northamptonshire, Mr. Hellins became a pattern of philosophical calmness and content.

'Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
His sober wishes never learn'd to stray.'

He seems to have said—

'Curtatis decimis, modicoque beatus agello,
Vitam secretè in rure quietus agam.'

"I have known Mr. Hellins for above forty years, and I can testify to his virtues. It once happened that, through the late Dr. Maskelyne, I had nearly obtained for him the Observatory at Dublin. The failure cannot, however, be lamented, since Brinkley was appointed in his stead.' Mr. Hellins also occasionally furnished Mathematical articles to the British Critic, from the year 1795 to 1814. The most remarkable of these are those on Mr. Wales's Method of finding the Longitude, vol. 6, p. 413. On Bishop Horsley's Mathematical Treatises, vol. 21, p. 272. On Donna Agnesi's Analytical Institutions, of which he superintended the publication, vol. 23, p. 143; vol. 24, p. 653; and vol. 25, p. 141. On Keith's Trigonometry, vol. 31, p. 489. On F. Baily's work on the Doctrine of Interest and Annuities, vol. 38, p. 622, and vol. 43, p. 502. When the first series of the British Critic closed, the connection of Mr. Hellins with the work is supposed to have ceased. Several minor articles, on scientific subjects, were written by him, which are not here specified.

"He married Miss Brock, a Devonshire lady, who survived him but a short time, and by whom he has left an only son."

To Rev. RICHARD POLWHELE.

"Lichfield, Aug. 29, 1827.

* * * *

"I have not at present anything in contemplation to suggest to you for the Royal Society of Literature, and all authors write best upon subjects suggested by their own minds. I hope you know your Archdeacon, Sheepshanks; if so, pray remember me to him when you have opportunity.

"Yours very truly, R. NARES."

To J. B. NICHOLS, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Oct. 16, 1827.

"I here send you the result of a late visit to Cambridge. If you print it I shall be glad to receive two or three separate copies, also to see a proof.

"Yours truly,

R. NARES."

"MR. URBAN,

Cambridge, Oct. 10, 1827.

"The magnificent additions and improvements lately made, or now in progress, at this famous University, present a subject of curiosity and interest to every liberal observer; and I, though, as you know, an Oxford man, have been viewing them with much satisfaction. You will, perhaps, be willing to receive a few remarks upon these efforts of art, from one who has no object in making them, but to give due credit where it seems to be deserved; and to criticise, if at all, only in the hope of suggesting further improvement, and bringing what is good still nearer to perfection.

"Of the new Court added to *Trinity College* (called King's Court), nothing can, I think, be said in the way of censure. It does honour, in all respects, to the judgment and taste of the architect, Mr. Wilkins. The communication with Neville's Court is ingeniously contrived, to unite convenience and variety with beauty; while the whole building exhibits a chaste specimen of collegiate architecture. The entrance from the Walks is very grand. Nor let it be objected, that the two gates within are not in the same line; this freedom being so consistent with the Gothic style, as rather to conceal than betray the newness of the structure. The merit of this consistency will be felt the more forcibly, by a mere peep into Neville's Court adjoining, the whole of which is a Grecian building united with one Gothic* side; and to increase the ab-

* "I use the term Gothic for convenience, though I do not approve it."

surdity, that side is less than half covered by a most unmeaning *skreen* of modern work. But the absurd contempt of the ecclesiastical style, which prevailed for the chief part of the 18th century, was carried so far as to produce inconsistencies of this kind in almost every antient building. The Gothic, chiefly because it was so called, was deemed so barbarous, as rather to be honoured than insulted by the intrusion of the Greek orders into its most venerable sanctuaries. This barbarous fear of barbarism has happily ceased, and the Gothic (as it is called) is acknowledged to have its peculiar beauties, and to deserve the study of the enlightened architect. That it has at length been studied, with some success, will be further seen in these remarks.*

"Proceed we now into Trumpington-street, to contemplate *Corpus Christi* (or Bene't), formerly the reproach of the University, now one of its fairest ornaments.

"A question might perhaps be raised, whether a new building, unconnected with others, should at this day be adapted to the Grecian or the modern antique style. But in an English University, where so much of fine old building remains, that neither can be nor ought to be metamorphosed, it cannot be objectionable to form new structures in a taste which, from its original predominance in these seats of learning, may fairly be considered as academical. On this plan, therefore, this new and elegant structure has been designed and executed. The architect is Mr. Wilkins, whose works in other colleges are here also noticed. It cannot, I think, be denied that he has studied the best examples of this style with good success; and has here embodied his knowledge in a manner that commands admiration. The front towards the street bears most resemblance to that of Oriel College in Oxford; but without minute imitation. Like a good poem, written in antiquated language, it has original beauties; and may indeed have been designed without a particular view to any example. Within the court, the eye is first attracted by the Chapel, which occupies the central situa-

* "This ignorant contempt of a species of architecture, for some purposes preferable to every other, is no where more disgracefully displayed than in the magnificent entrance court of this College. If they who rebuilt the Master's house and the rest of that side, desired a Grecian court, they should have pulled down the ancient part, and rebuilt the whole. That might have been fine, but the mixture of the two styles, as there exhibited, must always be offensive, so entirely different are they in character."

tion, presenting only its porch and west window to the view; the body receding inwards towards the east. The other principal parts of this Court, the Hall, the Library, and the Master's Lodgings, are well designed and placed; without too much of ornament, or too little, or any misapplied embellishments. More minute observations or description I leave to the *Cambridge Guides*; having no object at present, but to point out beauties, or to suggest improvements. But I cannot quit this renovated college without expressing my satisfaction that its famous collection of manuscripts is at length deposited in a room of noble proportions.* I trust they are also secured from fire by stone work or arches underneath.

"Nearly opposite to this College, but a little to the north, commence the great improvements of *King's*; where many shabby buildings have been removed to widen the street, and afford a proper approach. The same ingenious architect is here employed; but employed upon a much more difficult task. At Corpus he had only to form one consistent design, from his own conceptions; here he has to place his work in immediate contact with the most beautiful specimen existing of ancient art. Not to obscure any part of the matchless Chapel, a low skreen of architecture forms this new front, in the centre of which is a noble gate of entrance. That the general appearance of these parts is rich, beautiful, and adapted to the situation, is undeniable; and if the skreen were made a cloister (as Mr. W. is said to have planned it), all would so far be right. Perhaps, indeed, four small towers, surrounding the principal dome, would be better than the eight which are there, but this *may* admit of a doubt. But, passing through this gateway of the most highly ornamented Gothic, what object now immediately salutes the eye? Gibbs's heavy Doric building,† extending over all the opposite space! This is a fault or misfortune, which nothing less than utter destruction can remove. The happiest and purest modern Gothic would here be offensive; having to abut almost against that exquisite chapel, which nothing of inferior building should approach. To *gothicise* the present building (which has been proposed) would be a truly *gothic* proceeding; miserable in effect, and yet heavy in expense. At a cost not greatly

* "87 feet in length, 22 in width, and 25 in height.

† "Usually called the New Building, containing rooms for the Fellows.

exceeding this, the most magnificent result may be obtained.

“Levelling this incumbrance with the ground, and leaving an open area to the whole extent of the Clare Hall buildings, and the new south range of the College itself, the finest Court may be produced that any University can boast. The sublime edifice of the Henries will then be seen untouched in all its beauty, throughout its whole south side and western front. These objects being gained, a building fully equal in extent and accommodation to that which now offends, may be placed in a line with the termination of the Provost's Lodge and the opposite college, leaving still a decent space between the new apartments and the river. All this would of course be performed by the present architect, in perfect harmony with what he has already built; in which case imagination could hardly form a finer picture of human art.

“Oxonian as I am, I cannot but fervently wish that this plan may be adopted. It would certainly surpass any thing at present existing in Oxford. But looking to the glory of England at large, I can abate my natural, and I hope not culpable, preference for the place of my education. May it be done, and executed in the most perfect manner! Such is my sincere wish, and no small part of my motive for writing these remarks.

“The whole range of new buildings, containing, besides some private rooms, the Hall, the Library, and the Provost's house, is finely conceived; and, if the *right* plan be followed, will form the noblest side of a quadrangle that this country has yet seen. The interior of the Hall is of singular elegance and richness, fine in dimensions, and just in proportions. It exhibits, however, one fault so glaring, that how the artist could admit or overlook it, is not easily understood. A fine oriel window (as it is called) in the centre of one side,* instead of extending from the top to within *dado* height, or less, of the floor, is closed with stone-work for at least seven feet; so that the eye of the spectator, who expects naturally the light and airy effect of such a window, is checked and disappointed by meeting only a range of blank masonry. Among all the antient Halls no such example, I believe, can be found; and as this appears not to arise from any local necessity, it will, I trust, be remedied, when the

* Not quite its usual place.

architect shall have given it a second consideration. If any impediment to this alteration can exist, it must arise from the unusual position of the window, in the *middle* of the side, instead of towards one end, which seems to have been quite unnecessary. The pinnacle, or turret surmounting this window on the outside, I conceive to be also a fault, though not of much importance.

“ On the Library and the Provost’s Lodge I have no remark to offer. Their exterior is fine; the interior I did not inspect. But I could have wished, for the sake of the books, that no apartments had been formed under the Library; though precautions, to prevent the communication of fire, are said to have been made.

“ At *St. John’s* a vast undertaking is now in progress, to form a new Court, on the western side of the Cam. It is to be lamented that ground could not be obtained on the same side with the antient College, which might at the same time have added a noble ornament to the town. The present building will be visible only from the walks and road at the back of the Colleges; and the ground is so unfavourable, that the mere foundation is reported to have been made at a formidable expense.* But the appearance, when finished, will be truly grand. It will form a very large court, built of stone (I believe), and calculated to contain more than 100 sets of apartments. It will have a magnificent front towards the walks, and is to communicate with the present College by a bridge, which is to be so formed as to make part of a cloister, extending through the whole length of the southern front. The designs are very striking, and do great honour to the artist, Mr. Rickman, here first employed in this University. At present the walls do not rise more than three or four feet above the ground. The reported cost of the foundation will hardly seem extraordinary, when it is known that it stands entirely upon arches, which rest upon piles, driven deep into the solid ground below the swamp.

“ A small new Court at *Peter House* was begun in August 1825, by Mr. Brookes, who is said to be a member of the College. It is of a plain and neat Gothic style; and is built of so pale a brick, that it has nearly the effect of stone, of which only the decorations are composed. It contains 15 sets of apartments, and is called after the

* 20,000*l.*

name of the *Rev. Francis Gisborne*, formerly a Fellow of this house, whose donation occasioned it to be built.

"Such are the chief improvements and additions to the Colleges of this University, though there are few of them that have not more or less increased their buildings within a few years.

"Besides these, the chief novelty is the *Observatory*, a handsome building of the Doric order, from the designs of Mr. Mead. It is 160 feet in length, with a bold portico, supported by four Doric columns, beyond which rises a dome, made moveable, for the purposes of astronomical observation. The sides and wings are finished with plain pilasters upon a rustic wall. The building stands well, towards the St. Neot's road, about a mile from Cambridge. It reflects no little honour upon the University, that this necessary aid, to the most sublime of sciences, has been obtained by the gift of its Senate, and the subscriptions of its members. There can be little doubt, when we consider the general bias of study in Cambridge, that its Observatory will in time be equal in celebrity to any, either here or on the Continent.

"A warm admiration of the chief part of what I have been contemplating, joined to a modest hope of being able to suggest some little improvement, particularly in the grand works proceeding at King's College, has induced me to offer these remarks to the public. Far from viewing any of these things with a jealous or an envious eye, I rejoice in their progress and success. For while our two famous Universities only contend which shall give the best accommodation to students, or the best assistance to learning, I shall rejoice, and say with the old poet,

ἀγαθὴ δ' ἐπὶ ἡδὲ Βροτοῖσι.

"Yours, &c.

WOLSEIANUS."

"DEAR SIR,

Dec. 7, 1827.

"I shall be able to furnish you with a correct account of the late Mr. Planta, in time for this month; so do not seek for any other.

"Yours truly,

R. NARES.

"P.S. I add a trifle for the Magazine, if you like it."*

* Probably a Defence of the English Universities, signed "An Oxonian Graduate," p. 594.

Biographical Memoir of JOSEPH PLANTA, Esq. by Mr.
ARCHDEACON NARES.

"Dec. 3, 1827. Died, aged 83, Joseph Planta, Esq. Principal Librarian of the British Museum, which honourable and important office he had held for twenty-eight years.

"Mr. Planta was born in the Grisons in Switzerland, Feb. 21, 1744, being descended from a noble family in that country. His father, the Rev. Edward Planta, resided in England from the year 1752, as minister of the German Reformed Church in London; and under him Mr. Planta received the first part of his education. It was completed afterwards in foreign seminaries; at Utrecht, under the learned and well-known Professor Saxius * and others, for a short time, and at Göttingen. He also took early opportunities of visiting France and Italy, with a view to add the knowledge of those languages to that of German, which he already possessed. Being thus qualified for the diplomatic line, he gladly accepted the employment of Secretary to the British Minister at Brussels. In this line he would probably have proceeded with success, had not the early demise of his father, in 1773, recalled him to the care of his widowed mother and family. Mr. Planta, sen. had been honoured with the task of instructing Queen Charlotte in the Italian language; which probably facilitated the appointment of his son, soon after his death, to the office of Assistant Librarian in the British Museum, where in 1775 he was promoted to be one of the Under Librarians. In 1774 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and soon after, by the recommendation of the President (Sir John Pringle), was appointed to conduct the foreign correspondence of the Society. In 1776 he was chosen one of the ordinary Secretaries of the Society, on the death of Dr Maty; having already distinguished himself by a learned and curious memoir on the *Romansh* language, spoken in the Grisons. This, though a philological tract, received the peculiar honour of being inserted in the Transactions of the Society.† Strong reasons are there adduced by Mr. Planta for the opinion, that the *Romansh* was, at an early period, the general language of France, Italy, and Spain; from

* Author of the *Onomasticon*, who has affectionately mentioned him in vol. VI. of that useful work, at p. 344.

† "Vol. LXVI. p. 129. It was occasioned by the present made to the Society of a Bible in that language. A few copies were separately printed in 8vo. for the use of friends."

which the more modern dialects of those countries have been formed by gradual refinement. But the Grisons, unconquered and unrefined, continued still to use it, after the lapse of nine centuries. After this, by the resignation of Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Horsley, Mr. Planta became the senior Secretary; in which situation it was a part of his duty to draw up abstracts of all the communications made to the Society, to be read before the members attending their public meetings. This task he performed with the utmost accuracy and perspicuity for upwards of 20 years.

"In June 1778, Mr. Planta was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Atwood, a lady of no common merits and accomplishments, whose death, in 1821, proved the first interruption to his domestic happiness. In 1788, he was appointed Paymaster of Exchequer Bills, which office he held till his voluntary resignation of it, in 1811.

"On the death of Dr. Morton, in 1799, Mr. Planta was appointed by his Majesty to succeed him in the honourable office of Principal Librarian to the British Museum; and certainly a person more qualified to fill it with distinguished ability could not have been found. By his perfect knowledge of their respective languages, he was enabled to converse with all foreign visitors; and by the polished though unaffected urbanity of his manners could not fail to give satisfaction to every one. His very general knowledge enabled him to assist the researches of all scholars; while the excellence of his temper made his superintendence no less pleasing than it was judicious.

"When the Swiss Republics appeared to be finally extinguished by the incroachments of Buonaparte, Mr. Planta was induced by a laudable feeling for his native country to draw up a complete 'History of the Helvetic Confederacy,' from its origin, which was published in 1800, in two volumes 4to. It was compiled from the best authorities, but principally, as the preface avows, from the masterly work of Müller. Its accuracy and fidelity obtained for it a respectable share of public approbation, and it was reprinted in a second edition, in 1807, in three volumes 8vo. After the happy restoration of liberty to that country in 1815, Mr. Planta resumed his inquiries; and, from the best recent documents, drew up a short supplemental history, entitled, "A View of the Restoration of the Helvetic Confederacy, &c." This was separately published in 8vo. in 1821.

"Amidst his other occupations, however, Mr. Planta never remitted his labours for the Institution over which he presided. The former Catalogue of the Cottonian MSS. in the Museum by Dr. Smith, being found extremely defective, Mr. Planta went through the whole collection with the utmost care, and in 1802 gave to the public a new Catalogue in a large volume folio, which leaves nothing further to be wished. At length, as he found himself advancing in years, Mr. Planta successively resigned his other employments, retaining only his situation in the British Museum, which he ably filled to the end of his life; his powers of mind being less impaired than his bodily strength, even after he had passed his 80th year.

"Mr. Planta left no surviving offspring, except his son; whose studies he had anxiously superintended, while he gave him every advantage of the best public education. Nor was it a small addition to his happiness, that he lived to see this son advanced by fair and honourable exertions to distinguished offices under the Government.* We may say, in short, that few men have ever been more fortunate either in their marriage or its consequences.

"Mr. Planta was a regular churchman. His piety was sincere, though unostentatious; and his latter days were duly occupied in those meditations which best employ the close of our mortal existence. Amiable in all relations of life, he was eminently formed for friendship; of which many persons have had proofs, but no one such as were more gratifying or more valued, than were received by the writer of this hasty tribute to his worth."

To J. B. NICHOLS, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Hart-street, Dec. 18, 1828.

"The name of Dr. Buckeridge's second wife was *Slaney*; I am doubtful as to her Christian name. But if you write to the Rev. Henry White, Lichfield, he can give you every particular about all the Buckeridges, and Richard Wright, who was his intimate friend. Both the children of the Doctor were by the second wife, who still survives, and resides in Lichfield, in the house which Dr. B. had as Canon, but is now Mr. Lonsdale's.

"Yours truly, &c.

R. NARES."

* This letter was in answer to an inquiry relative to the family of the Rev. Theophilus Buckeridge. See a memoir and portrait of him in Harwood's edition of Erdeswick's Staffordshire.

To the Rev. RICHARD POLWHELE.

"MY DEAR SIR,

London, Jan. 17, 1829.

* * * * *

"Of the worthy Whitaker I knew very little personally, though we corresponded for some years. But it was all respecting the *British Critic*; and that connection had ceased before we met at all. You have given some good account of him in your '*Recollections*,'* and I am glad that you think of building a larger monument to his memory. I have been particularly pleased with your truly characteristic account of Randolph;† who, though a good, a learned, and a well-natured man in essentials, had the rudest and most repulsive manners that I ever witnessed in any one. These qualities detracted much from his popularity as a Bishop, though he was a valuable one.

"I congratulate you upon getting back to the possessions of your forefathers; and beg my best regards to your son Captain Polwhele, whom I well recollect to have met at the Royal Society Club, introduced by the President, Davies Gilbert.

"Farewell, and prosperity attend you for this and many years, wishes yours very truly, R. NARES."‡

Dr. DRAKE to Mr. NICHOLS.

Hadleigh, Suffolk, Aug. 6, 1818.

"Dr. Drake presents his compliments to Messrs. Nichols, and wishes to know whether they would have any objection to insert in the *Gentleman's Magazine* a critique on Dr. Drake's '*Shakspeare and his Times*,' from the pen of the Rev. Robert Nares, Archdeacon of Stafford? It appeared during the winter in the *Sun* newspaper; but Dr. Drake is desirous that it should obtain a place in a Miscellany§ calculated not only to insure it a more extended publicity, but a permanent station in the annals of literature; and he knows not where these objects can be better attained than in the highly-respectable pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*."

* Polwhele's "*Traditions and Recollections*," p. 613. See Mr. Polwhele's character of Mr. Whitaker in "*Literary Anecdotes*," vol. III. p. 101—106.

† See Polwhele's "*Traditions and Recollections*," p. 84, 661, &c.

‡ Mr. Polwhele adds as a remark upon this letter, "Mr. Nares was tutor to the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe (my contemporary at Christchurch): it was there I first knew his Lordship, and my much-revered friend. There, indeed, my acquaintance with Nares was very slight. Many years passed away before, through Whitaker, I was recommended to the Archdeacon as an auxiliary in the *British Critic*."

§ See *Gent. Mag.* vol. LXXXVIII. ii. pp. 241, 334.

EPITAPH ON MISS SUSAN PROBY,
Daughter of Rev. Dr. Proby, late Dean of Lichfield.
 From "ESSAYS" by the Rev. Mr. NARES.

" In youth's gay hour, in beauty's loveliest bloom,
 What friend shall smoothe the passage to the tomb?
 Sure faith, firm trust in Him who died to save,
 And humble hope that looks beyond the grave.
 These were thy guides, Susanna: thus upheld,
 Nor fear unnerv'd thy mind, nor anguish quell'd.

Ye fair and young! the strong example view;
 Her sufferings, and her patience, speak to you.
 Through four long years of pain, of lingering death,
 In various climes she drew uncertain breath;
 At length, her meek submission fully tried,
 She view'd her native shore, bless'd God, and died."

MEMOIR

OF

JOSEPH COOPER WALKER, ESQ. M.R.I.A.

A MEMOIR of Mr. J. C. Walker, written by a friendly pen, whilst he was yet a very young man, appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1787, p. 34; and it has been copied into the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. IX. p. 654. His death occurred on the 12th of April 1810; and the following memoir was inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine for that year.

"The loss of this accomplished scholar will be long and deeply deplored by all true votaries of science and the fine arts; but those only who have had the happiness to be included in the circle of his friends, can justly appreciate and duly regret the many virtues which dignified, and the numer-

ous graces which adorned his character. Never was there any man who united in a higher degree the accomplishments of the gentleman with the attainments of the scholar. His polished manners, his refined sentiments, his easy flow of wit, his classical taste, and his profound erudition, rendered his conversation as fascinating as it was instructive. The rare qualities of his heart procured for him the most devoted attachment of relatives and friends, the affectionate regards of all who knew him. A frame of peculiar delicacy incapacitated Mr. Walker for the exercise of an active profession, and early withdrew his mind from the busy bustle of the world, to the more congenial occupation of literary retirement. The intervals of exemption from pain and sickness, which are usually passed in languor or in pleasure, were by him devoted to the cultivation of those favourite departments of literature to which he was guided, not less by natural taste than by early association. To seek for that best of blessings—health, which his own climate denied him, Mr. W. was induced to travel. The ardent mind of this young enthusiast in the cause of letters, which had drunk deep from the classic fountains of antiquity, and had imbibed the most profound admiration for the heroes and the sages of old, regretted not his constitutional debility, but seized the occasion which invited him to that sacred theatre on which the greatest characters had figured, and the noblest works had been achieved. He visited Italy; he embraced with enthusiasm that nurse of arts and of arms; he trod with devotion her classic ground, consecrated by the ashes of heroes, and immortalized by the effusions of poets; he studied her language, he observed her customs and her manners; he admired the inimitable remains of ancient art, and mourned

over the monuments of modern degradation ; he conversed with her learned men ; he was enrolled in her academies, and became almost naturalized to the country. Mr. W.'s mind having taken this early direction, the study of Italian Literature became his favourite pursuit ; and, to his latest hour, continued to be his occupation and his solace. But, though thus attached to the literature of Italy, Mr. W. was not regardless of his native land. At a period when it is fashionable to be altogether English, this true patriot felt and avowed his ardent attachment to, and decided preference for, the country of his birth. The first fruits of his genius were offered on the altar of his country. He devoted the earliest efforts of his comprehensive mind to vindicate the injured character, and to enlighten the disputed history of Ireland. He dwelt with delight on her wild romantic scenery ; he loved the genius, the eccentric character of her children ; the native language of Ireland to his ears was full of harmony and force ; and the songs of her bards filled his patriotic soul with rapturous emotion. He was, indeed, an Irishman of Ireland's purest times. As a critic and an antiquary Mr. W. was equally distinguished. In his masterly delineation of the revival, progress, and perfection of the Italian Drama, the Muse of Italian Tragedy appears with new grace, attired in an English dress. As the restorer of the literary commerce between England and Italy, almost closed since the time of Milton, the name of Walker will be added to those of Roscoe and Mathias. The Essays on the customs and institutions of ancient Ireland are written in the true spirit of a native historian, and, as they are eminently useful to the antiquary, must be singularly interesting to every Irish breast. These, his earliest works (the offspring of his vigorous

mind, at a period when many young men are not yet emancipated from the tyranny of pupillage,) evince a maturity of judgment, a soundness of criticism, and a range of learning, which would not disgrace the name of the venerable Vallancey.

“ Mr. Walker returned from the Continent * little improved in health, but his mind stored with the treasures of observation. He soon retired from the turbulence of a city life to the tranquillity and pure air of his romantic villa under the mountains of Wicklow; in this lovely seclusion, where the sublime grandeur of the distant view is finely contrasted by the cultivated beauty of the nearer prospect, he found a situation at once favourable to his invalid state, and in unison with his taste and pursuits. Still a martyr to his constitutional malady,† he suffered it neither to sour the unchangeable sweetness of his temper, nor to relax the ardour with which he pursued his studies. Though enjoying his seclusion, he was not deprived of the pleasures of society: his solitude was enlivened by the occasional visits of friends, and his connexion with the world of letters was kept up by an extensive epistolary intercourse; the literary traveller interrupted his studies to admire the tasteful arrangement of his library, and enjoy the conversation of its elegant owner. This valuable collection of choice and rare books was, in part, the fruit of his travels and researches, and was enriched by many contributions from his learned friends; it was, in truth, an honourable monument of the taste and learning of its master.

“ In that liberality of sentiment, and in that polish of manners, which is the natural result of travel, and which an education entirely domestic

* Two Poems on Mr. Walker's return from Italy are printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for July 1796, pp. 596, 597.

† An acute asthma.

can seldom supply, as well also as in his literary pursuits, Mr. Walker resembled that accomplished nobleman the late Earl of Charlemont, whose friendship he enjoyed whilst living, and whose memory he cherished in death. By the side of this enlightened patriot he walked through the fertile fields of Italian literature, and the more thorny paths of controverted antiquities, until the death of that venerable patriot deprived Ireland of her truest friend and brightest ornament. Mr. Walker did not long survive; but, after a few years of mingled bodily pain and mental enjoyment, followed to the grave this associate of his literary labours."

The "Memoirs of Alessandro Tassoni" had been finished by Mr. J. C. Walker a short time previous to his decease, and were afterwards published in 1815 by his brother S. Walker, Esq. M.R.I.A. In the editor's Preface he reprints the preceding Memoir of his brother from the Gentleman's Magazine; and adds several letters to himself from his brother's friends,—Dr. Robert Anderson, Miss Anderson, the Rev. John Black, author of the "Life of Tasso," Sir Richard Clayton, of Adlington, and Robert Watson Wade, Esq. of London. All these letters are highly honourable to the character of Mr. Walker. Dr. Anderson observes: "Of Joseph Cooper Walker it may justly be said, that he was known to no one by whom his death has not been lamented; endeared as he was to me by his virtues, and the interchange of reciprocal amities, and much as I respected his attainments as a classical and polite scholar, I never desire to part with the remembrance of his loss. It is a satisfaction to me to think that the friend and brother of his heart is the faithful guardian and executor of his literary fame."

A Poem to the memory of Mr. Walker by his

friend the Rev. H. Boyd, consisting of 24 stanzas, is also printed in the editor's Preface; and this is followed by an extract from a Letter from Mr. Hayley to Mr. S. Walker, dated 28th May 1810. "I feel a melancholy delight in what you tell me of your fraternal intention to preserve the rural retreat and library of your amiable brother, as monuments sacred to his memory; and I shall feel particularly gratified, if the few hasty lines which arose spontaneously from my heart on the perusal of your letter, have any power to soothe the anguish of recent sorrow, that must press very heavily on the near and affectionate relatives of my departed friend! Forgive their imperfection, and receive them as a sincere though petty mark of my sympathy in your loss, and of the regard with which I am, dear Sir, yours, &c. W. H."

EPITAPH ON JOSEPH COOPER WALKER, ESQ.

"Of gentle manners, and a generous mind,
 Friendly to Science, and to Nature kind;
 Zealous to make the worth of others known,
 Yet often apt to underrate his own!
 Such WALKER liv'd, enjoying mental wealth,
 Tho' to retirement doom'd by failing health!
 Ye bards of Italy, and Erin, praise
 The liberal herald of your various lays!
 Endear'd to many, tho' he liv'd apart,
 So widely spread the virtues of his heart;
 Affection grew from letters that he penn'd,
 Those who ne'er saw the Man revere the Friend;
 And yet to meet him in those regions trust
 Where God appoints the union of the just.
 "W. H."

This epitaph is inscribed upon an urn in the library of St. Valeri; in which library it was Mr. S. Walker's intention to preserve religiously all his brother's collection of books. He then enumerates his literary friends, as follow: W. Hayley, Esq.,

Dr. John Black, Lord Woodhouselee, W. Marsden, Esq. F.R.S., T. Johnes, Esq., W. Roscoe, Esq., T. Pennant, Esq., J. Ritson, Rev. H. J. Todd, Dr. R. Anderson, Dr. David Irving, Mrs. C. Smith, J. Penn, Esq., Miss A. Bannerman, Eyles Irwin, Esq., W. Preston, Esq., Rev. E. Berwick, Rev. H. Boyd, T. J. Mathias, Esq., Rev. Dr. T. Zouch, Sir R. Clayton, Bart., Mrs. H. Tighe, Rev. W. Parr Greswell, Rev. W. Shepherd, Isaac Ambroke Eccles, E. Malone, Di Lingi Angeloni, Sig. Gaetano Polidori, Abate Melchior Cesarotti, Sig. Tomasano de Ocheda, Miss Susannah Watts, Miss Clara Reeve, Bp. Percy, J. Balfour, Esq., Rev. E. Ledwich, Gen. Vallancey, Miss Charlotte Brooke, Earl of Charlemont, Dr. Young, Bishop of Clonfert, R. Kirwan, Esq., Rev. Dr. Beaufort, Dr. Mervyn Archdall, Isaac Weld, Esq., Sir W. Ouseley, Horace Walpole, Dr. J. Aikin, Miss A. Plumtree, Rev. C. Dunster, Mr. Burrowes, Dr. C. Burney, Rt. Hon. W. B. Conyngham, F. Hardy, Esq., and J. Pinkerton. And more particularly two eminent noblemen, Philip Earl of Hardwicke and the Earl of Carlisle.

On the 14th of April, 1810, Mr. Walker was buried in the churchyard of St. Mary, Dublin, where the following epitaph was placed on his tomb:

“ Under this stone (and adjoining the grave of his revered father and mother) are deposited the mortal remains of JOSEPH COOPER WALKER, Esq. who departed this life at St. Valeri, co. Wicklow, on 12th April, 1810, in the 49th year of his age.

“ The gentleness of his manners and the purity of his heart endeared him to all who knew him. His accomplished mind placed him high in society; but his literary works are the best monument of his mental powers. His long-tried patience, under the affliction of sickness, was supported by Christian piety and confidence in his Creator. The sincere sorrow of a numerous circle of attached friends bespeaks the amiable qualities of his heart; and this humble memorial (placed on his grave by

his afflicted brother and sister) attests their grateful recollection of his fraternal affection, and of his many virtues.
M.DCCC.XII. S. W. J. W."

The following are the principal works of Mr. Walker :

1. Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards. 4to. 1787.

2. Historical Essay on the Dress of the ancient and modern Irish. To which is subjoined, a Memoir on the Armour and Weapons of the Irish. 4to. 1788.

3. Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy.

4. Historical and Critical Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy.

5. Memoirs of Tassoni, 12mo, published after his death by his brother Mr. S. Walker.

Several of his letters were published by Mr. Dawson Turner, in the Pinkerton Correspondence; some extracts of which, illustrative of Mr. Walker's own works, are reprinted in this collection. Some of Mr. Walker's letters are also to be found in the Correspondence of the celebrated Abate Cesarotti.

"Anecdotes of CAROLAN, the Irish Bard, and some of his Contemporaries; in a Letter from J. COOPER WALKER, Esq. to his Friend.*

"It is a fact well ascertained, that the fame of Carolan having reached the ears of an eminent Italian music-master in Dublin, he put his abilities to a severe test; and the issue of the trial convinced him how well-founded everything had been which was advanced in favour of our Irish Bard. The method he made use of was as follows:—He singled out an excellent piece of music, and highly in the style of the country which gave him birth: here and there he either altered or mutilated the piece; but, in such a manner, as that no one but a real judge could make a discovery. Carolan bestowed the

* From the Dublin Chronicle for July 1787, and thence copied into the Gentleman's Magazine for 1814.

deepest attention upon the performer while he played it, not knowing, however, that it was intended as a trial of his skill, and that the critical moment was at hand which was to determine his reputation for ever. He declared it was an admirable piece of music; but, to the astonishment of all present, said, very humourously, in his own language, *ta se air chois air bacaighe*; that is, here and there it limps and stumbles. He was prayed to rectify the errors, which he accordingly did; and the Italian no sooner saw the amendments, than he pronounced Carolan to be a true musical genius.

"In the beginning of the last century, the then Lord Mayo brought from Dublin a celebrated Italian performer to spend some time with him at his seat in the country. Carolan, who was at that time on a visit at his lordship's, found himself greatly neglected; and complained of it one day in the presence of the celebrated Geminiani. 'When you play in as masterly a manner as he does (replies his lordship), you shall not be overlooked.' Carolan wagered with the musician, that, though he was almost a total stranger to Italian music, yet he would follow him in any piece he played; and that he himself would afterwards play a voluntary in which the Italian should not follow him. The proposal was acceded to, and Carolan was victorious.

"Mr. O'Connor, in a letter to a friend, makes honourable mention of a piece of his sacred music. 'On Easter-day (says the amiable old man) I heard him play it at mass. He called the piece, Gloria in excelsis Deo; and he sung that hymn in Irish verses as he played. At the Lord's Prayer he stopped; and, after the priest ended it, he sang again, and played a piece, which he denominated, the Resurrection. His enthusiasm of devotion affected the whole congregation.'—'Le genie du musicien soumet l'univers entier à son art.'

"Charles Mac Cabe, the favourite friend and companion of our Bard, had some humour, which he used frequently to exercise on Carolan, generally availing himself, on such occasions, of his blindness. Of this I will give one instance: Mac Cabe, after an absence of some months from his friend, met him riding one day near his own house, attended by a boy; immediately winking at the boy, and totally altering his voice, he accosted Carolan as a stranger. In the course of conversation, the dissembler

insinuated, that he had come from Mac Cabe's neighbourhood; on which Carolan eagerly inquired, did he know one Charles Mac Cabe? I *once* knew him, replied Mac Cabe. How, *once*! What do you mean by that? says Carolan. I mean, answered the Wag, that this day se'night I was at his funeral, and few there were more grieved than I was, for he was my most intimate friend. Carolan, shocked and moved by this melancholy news, burst into a flood of tears: but, soon recovering from this paroxysm of grief, he began to lament that there was no friend near him to commit to writing a few thoughts which had just entered his mind. Mac Cabe offered to be his amanuensis, on which Carolan dictated a quibbling Epitaph, of which we have no translation.

"As soon as Carolan had finished the *impromptu*, Mac Cabe assumed his proper voice, and rallied the good-natured Bard, on giving him such a sincere proof of his affection.

"But the period was now approaching at which Carolan's feelings were to receive a violent shock. In the year 1733, the wife of his bosom was torn from him by the hand of Death. This melancholy event threw a gloom over his mind, which was never after entirely dissipated. As soon as the transports of his grief were a little subsided, he composed the following Monody.—For the benefit of the English Reader, I shall here give an elegant paraphrase of this Monody by a young Lady, whose name I am enjoined to conceal. With the modesty ever attendant on true merit, and with the sweet timidity natural to her sex, she shrinks from the public eye.

‘ CAROLAN’S MONODY ON THE DEATH OF MARY
MAC GUIRE.

‘ Were mine the choice of intellectual fame,
Of spellful song, and eloquence divine,
Painting’s sweet power, Philosophy’s pure flame,
And Homer’s lyre, and Ossian’s harp were mine,
The splendid arts of Erin, Greece, and Rome,
In MARY lost, would lose their wonted grace,
All would I give to snatch her from the tomb,
Again to fold her in my fond embrace.

‘ Desponding, sick, exhausted with my grief,
Awhile the founts of sorrow cease to flow,
In vain!—I rest not—sleep brings no relief;—
Cheerless, companionless, I wake to woe.

Nor birth nor beauty shall again allure,
Nor fortune win me to another Bride :

Alone I'll wander, and alone endure,
Till death restore me to my dear-one's side.

' Once every thought, and every scene was gay,
Friends, mirth, and music, all my hours employed—
Now doom'd to mourn my last sad years away,
My life a solitude !—my heart a void !
Alas the change !—to change again no more !
For every comfort is with MARY fled :
And ceaseless anguish shall her loss deplore,
Till age and sorrow join me with the dead.

' Adieu each gift of nature and of art,
That erst adorn'd me in life's early prime !
The cloudless temper, and the social heart,
The soul ethereal, and the flights sublime !
Thy loss, my MARY, chased them from my breast !
Thy sweetness cheers, thy judgment aids no more :—
The Muse deserts a heart with grief oppress—
And lost is every joy that charm'd before.'

" Carolan did not continue long in this vale of sorrow, after the departure of his beloved wife. While on a visit at the house of Mrs. Mac Dermot, of Alderford, in the co. Roscommon, he died in the month of March, 1738, in the 68th year of his age.*—He was interred in the parish church of Kilronan, in the diocese of Ardagh; but 'not a stone tells where he lies.'

" Mr. O'Connor, when in the neighbourhood of Kilronan, indulged himself in the melancholy pleasure of visiting the grave of his departed friend. 'I last Sunday (said he) paid a visit to poor Carolan's grave. It excited some melancholy feelings, and reminded me of my approaching dissolution: my feeble state convincing me that the thread of my life is between the shears.† May I make the proper use of this merciful suspension of the cut!'—And again, in another letter—'In my pensive mood at Kilronan, I stood over poor Carolan's grave,

* " If ever the Publick should testify a desire to be in possession of so great a treasure as a correct edition of all his compositions, you may, without hesitation, point out Mr. L. Hunt, of Boyle, in the co. Roscommon, as a proper object of choice, and as the fittest person to give universal satisfaction in this particular. At an early period of his life, this respectable character and valuable member of society gave specimens of an uncommon taste for musick, which it has been ever after his chief study to cultivate under the best masters, with all possible care and assiduity. A correct education, and a congenial turn of mind, qualify him in an eminent degree to sound the depth of Carolan's genius, to discover his real beauties, his native vigour, and his peculiar excellencies."

† " Comes the blind fury with abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life."—MILTON'S *Lycidas*.

covered with an heap of stones ; and I found his skull in a niche near the grave, perforated a little in the forehead, that it might be known by that mark.’

“ Though Carolan died universally lamented, he would have died unsung, had not the humble Muse of Mac Cabe poured a few elegiac strains over his cold remains. This faithful friend composed a short elegy on his death, which is evidently an effusion of unfeigned grief. Divested of meretricious ornaments, it is the picture of a mind torn with anguish. Though this Elegy will afford little pleasure to the fastidious reader, it will gratify the reader of sensibility to find it here.

“MARBHNA.

“ Rineas Imaointe, ad mheasas nàr chuis naìre,
Is mìn tin suaighe ò chailleas mo *chùl Bàire* ;
Nì'l pian, nì'l peanaid, nì'l gol nìos tromm chraìte
Nà eag na cearad, no scarradh na ccompànaigh ;
Mìle agus seacht cead bliadhain bhàn,
Hocht deag agus fiche,—an tiomlàn,
O teacht Chrìosta dhàr saoradh slàn,
Co Bas *Thoir dhealbhaigh U' Chearbhallain*.

“ It now remains to draw the character of Carolan. But this has been already done by Mr. O'Connor, with his usual elegance and energy ; and I shall here present the picture drawn by his masterly hand. It would be an unpardonable act of presumption and temerity to alter a feature in a portrait by a Lely or a Vandyck, a Rubens or a Reynolds.—‘ Very few have I ever known, who had a more vigorous mind, but a mind undisciplined, through the defect, or rather absence of cultivation. Absolutely the child of nature, he was governed by the indulgences, and, at times, by the caprices of that mother. His imagination, ever on the wing, was eccentric in its poetic flights: yet, as far as that faculty can be employed in the harmonic art, it was steady and collected. In the variety of his musical numbers, he knew how to make a selection, and seldom was contented with mediocrity. So happy, so elevated was he, in some of his compositions, that he excited the wonder, and obtained the approbation, of a great master, who never saw him ; I mean *Geminiani*.—He outstripped his predecessors in the three species of composition used among the Irish ; but he never omitted giving due praise to several of his countrymen who excelled before him in his art.—The Italian compositions he

preferred to all others: Vivaldi charmed him, and with Corelli he was enraptured. He spoke elegantly in his maternal language, but had advanced in years before he learned English: he delivered himself but indifferently in that language, and yet he did not like to be corrected in his solecisms. It need not be concealed, that he indulged in the use of spirituous liquors: this habit he thought, or pretended to think, added strength to the flights of his genius; but in justice it must be observed, that he was seldom surprised by intoxication. Constitutionally pious, he never omitted daily prayer, and fondly imagined himself inspired, when he composed some pieces of church music. This idea contributed to his devotion and thanksgivings. Gay from nature, and cheerful from habit, he was a pleasing member of society. And his talents and his morality procured him esteem and friends everywhere.'

"Carolan had seven children by his wife; six daughters and one son. His son, who had studied music, went to London, where he taught the Irish harp: but, before his departure, he published, by subscription, in 1747, a collection of his father's music, omitting some of his best pieces.

"Favourable circumstances and casual advantages often accelerate the progress of some to the temple of fame; while others move but slowly, and must patiently wait to remove every obstruction in their passage. An Addison, a Swift, and the other luminaries of the age in which they flourished, had an academical education: the first dawnings of their genius prejudiced a discerning public in their favour: they obtained the patronage of the great; and printing-presses were at all moments ready to spread reputations so susceptible of an increase. Far different was the fate of Carolan. His first entrance into the world (though below a state of affluence, yet a degree above poverty), together with a total privation of sight, with which he was struck at an early age, precluded many opportunities of improvement. The first dawnings of his genius were scarcely attended to; nay, the prejudices against a poor blind harper must be subdued and softened only by those superior powers which, late in life, he manifested, and which broke forth with such forcible resistance. The language, too, which he made use of, was so unfashionable, that, among the great, to speak or study it, was deemed a mark of vulgarity. Thus

was Carolan's merit, during his lifetime, confined within the narrow circle of his acquaintance; without the enlivening prospect, or single ray of hope, that his name, after his decease, should be held in veneration.

"If some particular circumstances, then, prevent our observing the great progress of intellectual illumination, the same observation will equally apply to the *stellæ minores*, which generally accompany that illumination. It is not my desire to assign too high a niche in the temple of fame to my favourite bard; but, from the specimens he has exhibited, I presume to give him the rank which, with the advantages of due cultivation, it is to be supposed, he *would have held*, rather than that which *he really occupied*.

"JAMES WHYTE, of Ballymote, co. Sligo, holds the same rank in the line of genius, with respect to his cotemporary Carolan, that the minor poets hold with regard to their superiors. Born with a rich vein of comic humour,* he possessed powers sufficient to turn (if possible) things the most serious into downright ridicule; but, his talent never having received a proper direction, he abandoned himself to the luxuriancy of his imagination. About twenty years ago his memory was fresh in the minds of many in the barony of Corran, in the county of Sligo. The story of a poor homely man (Cruighura bui O'Gallaghure), who was witness to the many calamities of Ireland after the battles of the Boyne and Aghrim, and which Whyte (who has often heard him boast, with a great share of vanity, of the wonders he had seen during the civil wars,) has framed, is a master-piece of humour not to be equalled perhaps by a Farquhar or a Sheridan. His descriptions of an entertainment and council held at Temple-house (the family seat of the Percevals, co. Sligo), may be considered as the *ne plus ultra* of all the subjects that the wit of man has ever devised, to excite and continue the loudest peals of laughter. A gentleman, in whose hands the salt of real humour has never lost an atom of its original flavour, has often repeated it to me; never, I must confess, without leaving the strongest desire upon my mind that he would, for my entertainment, renew the comic scene, and hold again and again so faithful and true a mirror up to nature.

* "Mr. O'Connor, speaking of Whyte, in a letter to a friend, says:—'He had a genius for comedy; and, had he been bred in the school of Molière, would have been one of the most celebrated comic poets of the age. Have you heard his funeral Elegy on the death of Captain Boswell? No ridicule, with a serious air, could be more happy.'"

"FIL O'FEIGHNY was another of the *stellæ minores*, who lived in the time of Carolan and Whyte. He seemed to have a talent for Irish odes : but, growing conscious too soon of whatever abilities he possessed, he sometimes stretched his strings beyond their natural tone. Many other instances could be produced in support of this hypothesis.

"The Ode intituled 'Tiagharna Mhaighe-eo' was composed by a poor dependent of a former Lord Mayo, whom he had taken, from motives of benevolence, under his roof and protection ; and whom the fear of continuing in his Lordship's disgrace, after having incurred his displeasure, incited to give birth to one of the finest productions, for sentiment and harmony, that ever did honour to any country. We have no other memorial of that composer's genius. Perhaps he was not conscious of the powers he possessed ; or, like many other eminent men, having attained the object of his wishes, and seeing himself in the enjoyment of competence and ease, he grew careless about fame, and neglected all the means of perpetuating his memory. Certain it is, that the 'Tiagharna Mhaighe-eo,' or, more properly speaking, the first sketches of it, were planned in the house of a respectable gentleman of the name of Finn, near Boyle, who served in the late wars of Ireland in the commission of a captain, and who proposed an attempt of this nature as the most effectual means of reconciliation with his offended patron. It is one of those compositions that please all men, of whatever age or condition ; and was, for the first time, played in Lord Mayo's hall, on Christmas Eve, where our penitent bard had concealed himself after night-fall, from an apprehension that the most humble advances would not soften his Lordship's resentment. He conjured him, by the birth of the Prince of Peace, to grant him forgiveness, in a strain of most natural pathos, which he accompanied with his harp.

"The flattering manner in which my correspondent has mentioned the Tiagharna Mhaighe-eo, must undoubtedly have awakened the reader's literary curiosity. But, were his curiosity to look round for gratification, it would probably be disappointed ; for this Ode (which, on the indisputable authority of Mr. O'Connor, I can assert, was composed by DAVID MURPHY, a retainer of the Mayo family,) has scarcely met the public eye. I will therefore

subjoin an English version of it, by the elegant translator of Carolan's Monody.

‘TIAGHARNA MHAIGHE-EO.

Translated by a Lady.

‘Inspiring fount of cheering wine!
Once more I see thee flow:
Help me to raise the lay divine,
Propitiate thy Mayo.
‘Mayo, whose valour sweeps the field,
And swells the trump of Fame;
May Heav’n’s high pow’r the champion shield!
And deathless be his name!
‘Of Glory’s sons thou glorious heir,
Thou branch of Honour’s root!
Desert me not, but bend thine ear,
Propitious to my suit.
‘O! bid thy exil’d bard return,
Too long from safety fled;
No more in absence let him mourn,
Till earth shall hide his head!
‘Shield of defence, and princely sway!
May He who rules the sky
Prolong on earth thy glorious day,
And every good supply!
‘O Judith fair! Susanna sweet!*
Mild eye, and bounteous hand!
With Pity’s prayer the Lion † meet,
With Beauty’s power command!’”

TO RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

“SIR,

Treasury Chambers, Dublin, July 9, 1787.

“I am happy to learn from my friend Mr. Ledwich, that you are now proceeding † on Ireland. As an admirer of your writings, and as one who has employed some of his leisure hours in making researches concerning the history and antiquities of this country, permit me to offer you my services. Be assured, Sir, I shall be happy in promoting your inquiries in this country to the utmost of my poor abilities.

“From the crude work which I published sometime since on the Irish Bards, I fear you will not derive much

* “Children of Lord Mayo.

† “The epithet of ‘Cœur de Lion’ was bestowed on Richard I. of England by the poets of his age. Vide Percy’s Essay on Anc. Eng. Min. p. 30.”

‡ In Mr. Gough’s edition of Camden’s Britannia.

information; however, it may at least serve to suggest to you inquiries on the subject. I am now collecting materials for an historical Essay on the Irish Dress, from the most unquestionable authorities, viz. the Brehon Laws, Irish Annals and Statutes, Sepulchral Monuments, &c. To this little work I hope to put the last hand in the course of the summer.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient,
humble servant,
J. C. WALKER."

"SIR,

Treasury Chambers, Dublin, Sept. 4, 1787.

"I am honoured with your polite favour of 27th July.

"Command me to the utmost of my poor abilities. You have a just claim on the services of all those who devote their leisure to the study of antiquities; they are under many obligations to you.

"I am happy to find you approve of my present undertaking. I am following the safest guides, and mean to illustrate with sepulchral figures, in humble imitation of your superb work. Did I not mean to publish in a few months, I would offer you the immediate use of the fruits of my researches. Give me leave to ask you, as a literary veteran, whether you would recommend it to me to publish at my own expense, or dispose of the MS. in London?

"I can only attribute to your politeness the flattering mention you are pleased to make of my former publication; it was the work of a very young man of various avocations, given 'in giddy haste' to the public eye. Though it has obtained for me academic honours on the Continent, how often have I wished it had never left my closet! at least, in its present crude state.

"The inclosed proposals will acquaint you with an undertaking to which, I am sure, you will wish success. Mr. Beauford (who is a particular friend of mine) is now on his tour of observation. Perhaps I may be able to prevail on him to afford you some aid. He has promised to keep a journal.

"I presume you are no stranger to the county histories of Smith, Harris, and Ferrar. A history of the county of Clare is in great forwardness. I shall endeavour to prevail with an ingenious friend of mine, who has a considerable property in the county of Galway, to draw up an account of its present state, which, if I succeed, I shall

communicate to you. From my learned friend Ledwich you may expect solid information.

"I observe your friend Nichols occasionally touches on Irish matters in his valuable Magazine. Please to assure him I should have great pleasure in promoting his inquiries.

"I have the honour to be, &c. JOSEPH C. WALKER."

"I have some reason to think, that Mr. Conyngham's Drawings will, ere long, be given to the public."

Mr. GOUGH to J. C. WALKER, Esq.

"SIR,

Enfield, Sept. 13, 1787.

"I take the earliest opportunity of acknowledging your obliging favour of the 4th inst. which was delivered to me this morning, and to thank you for the very liberal offer of assistance in my undertaking.

"If I knew how to reimburse you, or by what hands to make payment, I would beg to be set down for two copies of Mr. Beauford's Map. Before this, whose do you esteem the best general Map; and how are Mackenzie's Nautical Surveys esteemed?

"The best answer I can give you on the subject of your intended publication, is my own example. I ventured to publish the 'Sepulchral Monuments' at my own expense, but I dared not do so with the 'Britannia.' Aquatinta prints are more expensive than others because less productive. If you have seen Mr. Douglas's 'Nenia Britannica,' of which the plates are executed in aquatinta, by himself, in a masterly style, you will be confirmed in your partiality for that mode. If I may again quote myself, I should prefer engraving for sepulchral monuments. But so much depends on the style that it is difficult to decide.

"The county histories you mention I am possessed of, and shall be glad to add any new ones to them. I fear I cannot wait for Clare and Galway, and I should be sorry to forestal them.*

"Mr. Nichols desires to return his best acknowledgments for your attention to his inquiries, and will esteem himself honoured by such a correspondent.

"It will give me great pleasure to see Mr. Conyngham's drawings engraved.

* i. e. in the Britannia.

“What became of the Rev. Mr. Walter’s proposals, in 1774, for Observations on the North of Ireland? Could the Proposals themselves, with the print annexed, be obtained?”

“Your obedient servant,

R. GOUGH.”

MR. WALKER to RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

“SIR,

Treasury Chambers, Sept. 26, 1787.

“I am honoured with your favour of the 13th instant, for which, but particularly for the kind advice it contained, accept my warmest thanks.

“Inclosed I have the pleasure to send you two receipts for Beauford’s Map. Be not uneasy about reimbursing me. I shall direct Counsellor Marsden, or some other friend, to call on you or Mr. Nichols for the money.

“I have also the pleasure to inclose a list of drawings in the possession of my kinsman Cooper. Such of them as you would wish to have I shall get copied for you. As my little work is in great forwardness, I shall not offer you copies of any of the drawings with which I mean to illustrate it.

“In the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, which will probably appear in the beginning of November, you will find some valuable information with respect to the ancient state of Irish Literature; also a circumstantial account of the discovery of the Ogham Inscription in the mountains of Callan. And in less than six months, I have good reason to think, the press will eject the Brehon Laws which were found in the Sebright Collection.

“I shall here mention, *en passant*, that it is conjectured this country, as well as Italy, could once *boast* volcanoes, from the circumstance of several craters having been discovered on the tops of some of our mountains, and from the word *tiene*, or fire, being generally united with the names of those mountains.

“You inquire about the best general map of Ireland. Griennon’s four-sheet map is said to be the best, yet I would recommend Andrews’s to you. Bowles’s is a very bad map. I wish you could get a peep at Vallancey’s Military Survey, a copy of which is in his Majesty’s library. Wilson, in the second edition of his ‘Post Chaise Companion,’ has given an excellent little map of Ireland.

"Mackenzie's Nautical Surveys were well received here, yet are not allowed to be very correct, particularly with regard to the Northern Coast.

"Walker's Proposals I have never seen, but shall endeavour to obtain a copy for you. The work was never carried into execution.

"I presume you have seen 'Views in Dublin,' by Poole and Cash, and Milton's charming 'Views of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland.'

"Whenever you happen to visit the British Museum, I would recommend it to you to run your eye through the minutes of a Philosophical Society formerly held in Trinity College, Dublin, which Bishop Pococke presented to the Museum.*

"Either in this, or in my next, I shall send you Proposals for a 'Natural History of Ireland,' and for a new edition of 'Lodge's Peerage.'

"Be so good, Sir, as to make my best compliments to Mr. Nichols, and beg of him to command my services. Is the new edition of the Spectator gone to press yet? I hope he means to throw the notes into the end of each volume.

J. C. WALKER.

"Have you heard what is become of Wright's Papers?"

Mr. GOUGH to J. C. WALKER, Esq.

"SIR,

Oct. 24, 1787.

"I have the favour of yours of September 26, inclosing a number of proposals for interesting publications going forwards among you. I wish to give my countenance to them all, provided I may do it in my accustomed plan — of giving my name without paying a deposit. The reasons for this will be obvious, and I trust my word will find the same credit in Ireland as in England. If a folio plate could be composed of the eighteen round towers and Trim yellow steeple, from Mr. Cooper's drawings, I would gladly engrave it. The other views do not fall within the plan of my work.

"Grienon's and Andrews' maps of Ireland are new to me; but I shall inquire after them. In English County

* Minutes and Register of the Philosophical Society in Dublin from 1683 to 1687. MSS. Add. 4811 and 4812. See the contents described in Ayscough's Catalogue, p. 473. Of Bp. Pococke see Memoirs in Literary Anecdotes, II. pp. 157, 158.

Maps Andrews has not the reputation of correctness. Had you not mentioned other maps I should have followed Jefferys.

"I had the pleasure of a full view of Mr. Vallancey's Military Map when he first brought it over. Wilson's is in my copy of his 'Post Chaise Companion,' though not called the second edition.

"I take in Milton's Views, but have never seen those you mention in Dublin.

"Mr. Wright's* papers have eluded my strictest search. He lived in such retirement in the county of Durham that I could not get at him when I was there in his life-time.

"In what repute is Scale's Hibernian Atlas for surveys or description?

"Mr. Nichols informs me that the new edition of *The Spectator* is nearly finished, but on a small scale, and subject to future improvements.
R. GOUGH."

Mr. WALKER to RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"SIR,

Oct. 30, 1787.

"I am honoured with your favour of the 22^d instant, to which I shall reply, without waiting the arrival of your work, that any little information in my power to afford you may not reach you too late to be of service.

"Cooper thinks that the eighteen round towers and the yellow steeple of Trim may be comprised in one folio plate, and will immediately set about copying them for your use. He assures me that the engraving of the steeple which appeared in the *Gent. Mag.* some time since was very incorrect. His drawing, I am sure, is faithful.

"Grienon's map is not to be easily procured even here, else I would send you a copy. But his son is now preparing a new edition of it, on which he is determined to spare neither pains nor expense. Wilson's map is a good one. The second edition of his 'Post Chaise Companion' has, I presume, reached you ere this. In the Lambeth Library there are several inedited maps of this country, which I would recommend you to consult. Q. 20. 24. 28. 29. 32. 35. W. 304.—XX. XX. 91. XX. 135. M. M. M. 153. N. N. N. 87. Jefferys is by no means an unsafe guide. His errors are but few. But Scale's errors are

* Mr. Thomas Wright, of Biar's Green, near Brancepeth. Durham. In 1780 he had in MS. ready for the press, a "Journey through Ireland, with drawings of the antiquities, and a second volume of his "Louthiana." See Gough's *British Topography*, vol. II. p. 811.

innumerable. Several years since there was a map of Ireland, which I have never seen, published by one Placus in Amsterdam. This map contains the territories of the old septs or clans in Ireland in the sixteenth century. Colonel Vallancey's map of Killarney, taken from his Military Survey, I presume you have seen.

"I am extremely sorry you could not recover Wright's Travels. A good tour through this country is much wanted. I hope the ingenious Mr. Coxe,* who was lately here, visited this kingdom with a view to a tour. Though I dare say you are acquainted with every description of this country that the press has ejected, I shall take the liberty to remind you of a Tour by two English Gentlemen, published in 1748, Lond. 8vo.

"Vallancey's Vindication of the Ancient History of Ireland, constitutes the fifteenth number of Collect. de Reb. Hib. Nothing has been published since.

"The present Lord Kenmare, whose name is Brown, excludes himself from the House by continuing a Roman Catholic. His estate, which lies in the county Kerry, is very considerable. The Lake of Killarney is part.

"Soon as the sheets of your work arrive I shall do with them as you direct. Ledwich and Beauford can be of much service; I, of little. If a private hand offers I'll return the sheets; if not, I'll transcribe and transmit the observations. Do you mean to republish your Topography?

"Your most obedient, humble servant, J. C. WALKER.

"Do not spare me. Command me to the utmost of my power. Have you Harris's History of Dublin? Ruttty published an account of the Spas, &c. in the county of Dublin."

J. C. WALKER, Esq. to Bishop PERCY.

"MY LORD,

Oct. 30, 1787.

"I am honoured with your Lordship's favour of the 27th inst.

"As yet we are all in the dark with respect to the poor Duke of Rutland's successor. It is said there are five candidates, amongst whom the Duke of Northumberland is numbered. The moment I can speak with certainty on this subject, your Lordship shall hear from me. This

* Of Mr. Archdeacon Coxe see Literary Anecdotes, VIII. p. 76. vol. VII. 544. He died June 8, 1828. See account of him in Gent. Mag. vol. XCVIII. ii. p. 86.

cannot happen, I believe, before Thursday, for the messenger did not reach London till Saturday night. Adverse winds kept out the packet till Friday.

"We are also in the dark with respect to a funeral and public mourning. Nothing can be determined with regard to these matters till either the Bishop of Killala * or Col. Pochin arrives. The Gentlemen at large and of the Bedchamber, and all the officers in both Secretaries' offices, are in mourning.

"It is presumed that the body will not be brought to the Castle. It would not be decent to receive our new Chief Governor in 'the house of mourning.'

"It is said that the Duke was several days in the fever which proved fatal to him, before he would submit to medicine. Even after his appetite had quitted him, he continued to rely on violent exercise, and to reject every thing prescribed for him by his physicians.

"Mr. Warburton is not yet returned; nor has the Auditor General been successful.

"In looking over a list of MSS. the other day with a view to the name of Percy, I found mention of the following articles: 'Epistle to the Duke of Northumberland, concerning the state of Ireland, 8 May 1552, by Sir Th. Cusack. Sterne's MSS. Trin. Coll. Dub.' 'Letter from Chancellor of Ireland to Duke of Northumberland, relating to the present state of Ireland, ann. 6 Edw. VI. 1551. Harl. Lib.'

"I have the honour to be, &c. J. C. WALKER.

"There being no hope of the Duke on Tuesday, Sir John Parnell sailed for England that night.

"All business is at an end. The Council met, but found they had no power."

MR. WALKER TO RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Nov. 10, 1787.

"I was this morning favoured with your parcel, per Mr. Haffield. Soon after I received it I had a visit from my friend Archdall, whom you quote so often. He and I ran our eyes through the sheets in haste, and you will find our observations below. I shall forward the copies intended for Beauford and Ledwich. Apropos of Beauford—he is *not* a clergyman. Lest the press should be at a stand, and no

* Dr. John Law, subsequently promoted to the sees of Clonfert and Elphin. He died March 19, 1810. See Memoirs of him in Literary Anecdotes, vol. VIII. p. 395.

opportunity offering, I send you a much heavier letter than I wish to send. Inclosed you will find a letter from Ledwich, some observations of our venerable historian Ch. O'Connor (to whom I communicated the two first sheets), and a few trifling remarks of my own. O'Connor's remarks are marked with his name. To prevent future delays and expense, I would recommend it to you to have application made to one of the Secretaries of State to permit our packets to pass through the Secretary's office. I am sure Sir George Young (who is a literary man) would readily consent to this, and Edmund Burke could be easily prevailed upon to apply to him, if you are not acquainted with him yourself. Ponder on this.

"I shall consider those sheets further, and you shall hear from me again. In my next I shall take the liberty to consult you again on my little work. I have increased the number of my monumental figures, and have resolved on aquatinta. In my Appendix I shall give a Memoir on the Armour of the Irish, and on their Weapons. As the work, though not large, will be expensive, I must endeavour to agree with some London bookseller to take at least 150 copies on proper credit and the usual allowance. To whom should I apply? I cannot print more than 250 copies. I am thinking of printing on the same paper, and to match Grose on Armour, both quarto and octavo size. I write so rapidly, that I fear I am not either intelligible or legible.

"I am, &c.

J. C. WALKER.

"I say 250 copies, as aquatinta seldom yields a greater number of impressions. The drawings are all, I may say, originals. I shall give some indited Brehon Laws. In all perhaps 18 sheets."

"SIR,

"You inquire about 'Poynings' Law.' It was the 6th George I., not 'Poynings' Law, that was repealed.

"Of the old Countess of Dermond I am in possession of some curious particulars, and am promised more, all of which I intended to throw into the form of a Memoir.

"The map of the county of Clare is engraved, but not published. Of the map of Kerry I know nothing, save what is mentioned by Ferrar. But of the county of Kildare a map was long since published, of which, if you please, I shall purchase and send you a copy.

"In your account of Tipperary, you have forgotten the venerable Castle of Ardfinnan, which stands boldly on an eminence over the river Suire.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,
"J. C. WALKER."

"SIR,—Though you have received a letter from me since I was favoured with one from you, I think it necessary I should account for my silence. I have been in the country on the business of Government; besides, every moment I could spare from the duties of station was employed in attending printers, engravers, &c. &c.

"I have now the pleasure to send you a letter from Mr. Beauford, from whom I presume you may soon expect another, containing the three last sheets you sent me. Please to send the remaining sheets as soon as possible.

"Dr. Campbell has been indefatigable in your service. He has drawn up for your use an admirable Memoir on the Constitution of Ireland, in fact, the only regular account of the constitution that has ever been prepared. It will be a bright ornament to your work. He expects it will be printed exactly as it is written. Indeed, it will not admit of being more compressed. Soon as you send him a proof of the part he sent you, he will forward the remainder. I hope you mean to publish this spring.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
"J. C. WALKER."

Mr. GOUGH to J. C. WALKER, Esq.

"SIR,

Nov. 24, 1787.

"I have not that acquaintance with the Great which emboldens me to solicit the favour of their conveyance of my packets. Mr. Beauford promises much information, notwithstanding he seems laughed at for his etymologies, of which I cannot judge. Dr. Campbell has the sheets corrected concerning the Government. I wish you would give him a jog.

"You cannot apply to a worse person about a literary bargain. I never made one with a bookseller in my life. I print for myself, and if any bookseller chooses to give me my expenses and take the chance of sale, or after bearing my expenses fixes a price on the work, and tells me what discount he expects for publishing it—*voilà*

l'affaire faite en deux mots. It cannot be otherwise; for no man can tell what bargain to make either way before he sees the book or the MS.

"Your obliged, humble servant, R. GOUGH."

MR. WALKER to RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"SIR,

3 Dec. 1787.

"For the History of Limerick, I presume you consulted the second edition of Ferrar's work (1786). I shall, as you desire, spur Dr. Campbell. Beauford will not, I am sure, intentionally mislead; he is a man of truth as well as genius. I think you are justified in adopting the amazing discoveries in the Tipperary Bogs. I have seen several of the things described in 'Collect. de Reb. Hib.' At this moment I have a golden amulet found in the county of Wicklow in my possession, and also a large silver brooch, and one of mixed metal inlaid with elegant gold filigree work, both found in the county of Roscommon. The story of Brien's harp is questioned (see my 'Bards,' pp. 60, 164); do not then relate it with confidence. The existence of the harp is *unquestionable*. See Ledwich and Bryan on the Harp, in my Appendix. Send queries about the counties of Clare and Roscommon, and Galway, and they shall be answered. Ledwich will answer any you may send about Queen's County.

"Yours, &c.

J. C. WALKER."

"May 3, 1788.

* * * *

"At length I have escaped from the press.—My work has appeared here, and will soon, I hope, appear in London. I have printed only about 250 copies, about 50 of which I shall send to London. It has been a troublesome and expensive work.

"I am, Sir, &c.

J. C. WALKER."

"SIR,

June 26, 1788.

"On my return yesterday from a tour to the Giant's Causeway, I found your two favours of 23d May and 10th June.

"Here let me take occasion to observe, that you had better soften the passage in p. 565, respecting Tarah. That the accounts of our early historians concerning the triennial meetings on this hill are too splendid must be admitted; but that the Kings and Chieftains met there to discuss the affairs of the nation cannot be denied. For 'Major Vallancey,' in pp. 567 and 568, read 'Colonel Vallancey.' In p. 574, I could wish you would dilate a little more on the annual prizes given at Granard, and mention the name of Mr. Dungan. See "Irish Bards."

"Though I cannot spare many copies of my 'Irish Dress' for the London market, I am vexed that the parcel has not yet reached London. But no mode of conveyance has offered.

"The report of the burning mountain in the county of Antrim, that lately prevailed here, is totally without foundation.

"My ingenious young friend Ousley has retired to the country.

"Believe me to be, &c.

J. C. WALKER.

"Beg of Mr. Nichols to observe, that there is an error in the date of O. Cromwell's letter in the May Magazine, p. 379."

"DEAR SIR,

Sept. 9, 1788.

"I send with this, by your friend Mr. Burley, three sheets corrected by Mr. O'Connor, with some curious anecdotes of the O'Connor family prefixed. I believe I forgot to mention to you that Swords and Newry are the only potwollopping boroughs in Ireland.

* * * *

"I presume that my Essay on the Irish Dress is now in the hands of Elmsly. Inclosed you have Proposals for a work which I think will do this country some credit. Miss Brooke is daughter of the author of 'Gustavus Vasa,' and inherits no small portion of his genius; she is mistress of the Irish language. J. C. WALKER."

"DEAR SIR,

Sept. 20, 1788.

* * * *

"I subscribed for you to Miss Brooke, who is thankful for your name. You will find it a work of infinite merit.

"I am surprised about my 'Dress.' Though many months have elapsed since I sent it, I have not had a line from Elmsly. When any thing shall lead you to London,

will you do me the favour to call on him. He has a little packet for you.

"Yours sincerely,

J. C. WALKER."

TO BISHOP PERCY.

"MY LORD,

No. 1, Eccles-street, Sept. 16, 1788.

"My absence from home has prevented me from receiving and acknowledging your Lordship's obliging favour of the 10th inst. sooner.

"I think with your Lordship that the subject certainly deserved a better book.* It appears to have been drawn up so hastily and so carelessly, that I am not surprised it should abound in errors. Though little acquainted with the private history of Shenstone, I did myself detect some mistakes, particularly in what he says of your Lordship. Fond of the writings and character of Shenstone, I shall run my eye with great pleasure over the series of letters your Lordship is so good as to promise to permit me to peruse.

"A friend who has often heard me speak with rapture of some of Shenstone's little productions, has just sent me a copy of 'The Recollections' from London. I therefore request your Lordship will do me the favour to add the copy now in your possession to your collection.

"Accept my best and warmest thanks for White's Cicero.† Sleater sent me a copy, which I have added with pride and pleasure to my little collection.

"If your Lordship be an admirer of Ercilla's martial poem, I am sure you will be pleased to hear that Mr. Hoole is now translating it.‡ This I learned from Mr. Hayley, who at the same time observes (and communicate the observation to the ladies of your house), that 'Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle,' by Charlotte Smith, considering the situation of the author, is the most wonderful production he ever saw, and not inferior, in his opinion, to any book in that fascinating species of composition.

"It is whispered in the literary world, that Robertson's

* "Recollections of some particulars in the Life of W. Shenstone, in a series of Letters from an intimate friend of his (the Rev. R. Graves) to — Esq. 8vo. 1788." See Monthly Review, vol. LXXIX. p. 261; and Literary Anecdotes, vol. III. p. 134.

† "The Orations of Cicero against Caius Cornelius Verres, translated from the original by James White, esq. with Annotations. 4to. 1789." See Monthly Review, vol. LXXIX. 434.

‡ This translation never appeared. J. M.

'History of North America' will shortly go to press. I do not know whether or not this anecdote of 'Charles V.' ever reached your Lordship. When the late King of Prussia had read that celebrated work, he threw the 'History of Charles' into the fire, and ordered the 'State of Europe' to be splendidly bound.

"Ritson, who presumed to treat your Lordship, Dr. Warton, and several other eminent literary characters, so ungentlemanly, was lately in this city, where he spent a few days *incog*. He means to publish a 'Collection of Scottish Ballads' this winter.

"I have the honour to be, &c. J. C. WALKER."

Mr. WALKER to RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Dec. 21, 1788.

"I am glad to find that my 'Dress' has, at length, fallen into your hands, though, I fear, it will furnish you with little information, however painful the research might have been to me. My bookseller informs me, he has advertised and sold several copies of it, yet you seem to think it has not been advertised. Be so good as to beg of some friend to inquire into this matter.

"I am, &c.

J. C. WALKER.

"Did you ever see a print of Irish Dresses from an illuminated copy of Froissart, now in Oxford? I never did, but was informed that there is such a print."

Mr. GOUGH to J. C. WALKER, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Enfield, Jan. 12, 1789.

"I have your two last favours, with the remainder of the sheets; which, after a delay of a full twelvemonth, enables me to draw my great work to a conclusion. No endeavour, on my part, has been wanting to make the description of Ireland as complete as I could, and to see that country with more eyes than Mr. Camden is charged with having done. I should hope for the candour of the natives who may peruse it, and their further improvements in a future edition. I mean to send separate copies to my correspondents.

"My distance from town prevents my seeing any

newspapers, but I cannot learn that the 'Dress' has been advertised. I was much informed by your narrative, but either the monuments must be infinitely ruder than any I have seen in Great Britain, or the drawings fall short in the representations. I proceed very slowly with my second volume of 'Sepulchral Monuments.'

"Accept the best wishes of the season, though I hope you have it not so severe as it is with us; and my acknowledgments for the favour of your correspondence hitherto, and, believe me, it will be at all times acceptable to your obliged humble servant,

R. GOUGH."

Mr. WALKER to RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Dublin, Feb. 22, 1789.

"I observe my 'Irish Dress' has been reviewed with great candour and politeness in the 'English Review;' but in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' I was sorry, for the sake of that valuable Repository, to find it treated with great illiberality. The faults on which the reviewer fastened were below the notice of criticism. This you must have observed yourself, if you took the trouble to read the critique.*

"J. C. WALKER."

TO BISHOP PERCY.

"MY LORD,

Sept. 22, 1789.

"On my return I found your Lordship's favour. I would have done myself the honour to acknowledge it sooner, but I have been much indisposed. However, I have not been unmindful of your Lordship's directions. I have written at considerable length to Mr. Ritson, and, I think, have opened his eyes. In truth, I had little more to do than to transcribe your Lordship's letter, changing, as I proceeded, the second to the first person. With respect to alterations in orthography, Mr. Ritson had no right to find fault; for, in the preface to his 'English Songs,' he says, 'No liberties, beyond a *necessary modernisation* of the orthography, have been taken with the language of these antique compositions,' &c. &c.

"Having occasion to write to Mr. Hayley, I also took an opportunity to mention to him my having compared

* This able but severe critique was written by Mr. Gough himself. See Gent. Mag. vol. LVIII. p. 996.

some of the printed ballads of the 'Reliques' with the originals, and expressed my surprise at the fidelity of the press, if I may so express myself.

"Poor Hunter's indisposition has prevented me from consulting him respecting Shee, but as soon as he is recovered I shall call upon him and acquaint your Lordship with the result.

"Command me in any thing in which I can serve your Lordship.

"I have the honour to be, &c. J. C. WALKER."

"MY LORD,

Buxton, Nov. 7, 1789.

"A few days before my departure from Ireland, I took the liberty to acquaint your Lordship with my intended excursion, entreating, at the same time, to be honoured with your commands. Since my arrival here I have been favoured with a Letter from Mr. Ritson, in which there is the following passage: 'As a publication of uncommon elegance and poetical merit, I have always been, and still am, a warm admirer of Bishop Percy's 'Reliques.' And, though I have been persuaded that he has not, on every occasion, been so scrupulously attentive to his originals as I think the work required, I shall be very glad to find the idea unfounded, and readily confess that what you have been so obliging as to tell me about the folio MS. has in a great measure removed my prejudice on that head. The limits of a letter will not permit me to enter fully into the discussion of a question upon which, I believe, a good deal may be said. In the course of some prefatory matter to a book which ought to have come out two or three years ago, but which I hope to receive and have the pleasure of transmitting to you in a short time, you will perceive the grounds upon which I have ventured to doubt the authenticity, or at least the fidelity, of this celebrated publication.' He then questions the authenticity of 'The History of Han Kiou Chouan,' and concludes this part of the Letter with referring me to p. 259 in 'Love and Madness.' Thus have I, without a breach of confidence, opened Mr. Ritson's mind to your Lordship. My humble pen is at your Lordship's command if you should choose to employ it further on this occasion. On Friday next I intend to leave this, and hope to reach Dublin early in the next week.

* The Chinese Novel, published by Dr. Percy, 4 vols. 1761. See Quarterly Review, No. LXXXI. p. 114.—J. M.

"I made my tour to this town a classical one. In Anglesea I read Mason's 'Caractacus,' and recited Gray's 'Bard' on a rock that frowns 'o'er old Conway's foaming flood.' In the town of Conway I was so fortunate as to meet with a pupil of the celebrated Parry, whose performance set the Ode to which I have alluded in motion. He is an excellent performer, and did great justice to several tunes a thousand years old, with names enough to choke you, as Gray expresses it.

"There is now in this town a Mrs. Lacy, of Carlisle, who, on learning I was from Ireland, asked me if I knew your Lordship. Informing her I had that honour, she begged I would make her kindest wishes to your Lordship and family, particularly to Miss Percy, of whom she spoke in the warmest terms of praise.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

J. C. WALKER."

To the EDITOR of the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

"MR. URBAN,

Dublin, Aug. 20, 1790.

"I am much pleased with Edward Williams's Ode, imitated from the Gododin of Aneurin Gwaurdrydd, vol. LIX. p. 1035; and should be glad to see a memoir of Williams prefixed to his works; also, a particular account of the congress of bards, mentioned in J. D's Letter to Mr. Urban, p. 976. I think the literary society of Welsh gentlemen, formed in London, should take Williams under their protection, and supply him with such books as are best calculated to refine his taste. Let him enrich his fancy from the productions of his own bards.

"'Sullen,' vol. LX. p. 506, is certainly a better epithet for the bagpipe than 'woollen.' But see 'Hist. Memoirs of Irish Bards,' p. 76.

"J. Ussher,* the author of 'Clio,' vol. LX. p. 511, kept a school near Kensington Gravel Pits when he published that work, and died soon after its appearance. John Walker, who has since written on Elocution, was for a while his usher.

"I cannot think, with the editor of the late edition of the 'Spectator,' that the letters composing the word Clio were intended to mark the places where the several papers by Addison were written. I cannot suppose that he wan-

* Born 1720; died 1772. He wrote besides "Clio," "Introduction to the Theory of the Human Mind, 1771;" also, a "New System of Philosophy, 1764." A new edition of "Clio" was published by T. Mathew, 1809, 8vo.
—J. M.

dered about with a pen in his hand, writing a paper wherever he happened to sit down. For this we have no authority; yet this conjecture we find repeated several times throughout the work.

“For the next edition of the ‘Guardian’ take this anecdote: When the ‘Comparison between the Pastorals of Pope and Phillips’ appeared, Phillips was secretary to Primate Boulter, and then in Ireland. Dining one day with the officers of the Prerogative Court, the ‘Comparison’ became the subject of conversation, and Phillips said he knew it was written by Pope, adding, ‘I wonder why the little crooked bastard should attack me, who never offended him either in word or deed.’ This I had from a gentleman who was present. Phillips resided in Bolton-street, Addison on Arbor-hill. The houses of both are still standing.

“I think the ‘World’ ought to be re-published in the manner of the new edition of the ‘Spectator.’ Materials for notes could now be easily collected. I believe Mr. Walpole is now the only living author of that delightful work.

“I am sure all the admirers of the late amiable Henry Brooke will be pleased to hear that his daughter is about to publish a new edition of his works, corrected by his own MSS. and in which several inedited pieces will be given.

“Yours, &c.

J. C. WALKER.”

J. C. WALKER, Esq. to BISHOP PERCY.

“MY LORD,

Aug. 3, 1791.

“I was so fortunate as to assist at a ball given by the Elector of Mentz, at which were present the following remarkable personages:—King and Prince Royal of Prussia, Emperor and Empress, two brothers of the Emperor, Electors of Cologne, Treves, and Metz, Duke of Brunswick, Abbé Mory, General Lassé, &c. &c.

“I trust the health of Mrs. Percy is perfectly re-established. To her and the young ladies have the goodness to make my respectful compliments acceptable.”

“MY LORD,

Aug. 21, 1791.

“I learned, with much pleasure, that Mrs. Percy bore the passage well. The Bath waters have, I trust, improved her health; and I will not despair of seeing her return to Ireland, with her constitution perfectly repaired.

“I was grieved I had not the honour of seeing your Lordship before your departure; but I was unwilling to

intrude upon you while you were in the act of preparation. At such a time I know the visits of a friend can be dispensed with.

"I have put by, with much care, the books your Lordship was pleased to commit to my care; and have executed your Lordship's commissions.

"Dr. Ledwich considered himself as much honoured and much obliged by your Lordship's hints, and lamented he could not avail himself of them. He would be happy to converse with your Lordship on the subject on your return. His book is now complete, and looks extremely well.

"White had your name down as a subscriber to Grose's Ireland. Two numbers of that work have already appeared. I shall take care to keep good impressions for your Lordship. Mr. Gandon is preparing a model for Grose's monument. I shall soon, I hope, be able to give your Lordship an account of it.

"Poor Archdall* died suddenly the other day. Though no genius, he is a loss to the literary world: he was an admirable ferret. An elegant little eulogy on him by Dr. Ledwich, appeared in the Dublin Chronicle for 9th August. I believe his living will be given to Mr. Beresford, who was his curate.

"Dr. Ledwich has joined the Academy, and is now preparing Essays for our Transactions both on subjects of Polite Literature and Antiquity. He is at present employed on the language of the Greeks and Trojans, which he thinks were one and the same; at least he will not allow the language of Troy to have been any other than a dialect of the Greek.† In this he and my ingenious friend, Mr. Hardy, differ. Hardy, as your Lordship may recollect, founds his opinion on a passage in Æschylus, in which Clytemnestra is made to say, when Cassandra appears amongst the captives of Agamemnon, that she presumes she cannot speak the Greek language, and desires she may make her wishes known by signs. However, she does speak at length in Greek, and with fluency too. For this Mr. Hardy does not account; yet I think he might have accounted for it, and in a manner too that would

* "In Scotland, in his 65th year, Rev. Mervyn Archdall, M.A. a member of the Royal Irish Academy, author of the '*Monasticon Hibernicum*,' 1786, 4to. (of which see vol. LVI. p. 973), and editor of the new edition of Lodge's *Peerage*, 1790, in 7 vols. 8vo. (see vol. LX. p. 142)."—*Gent. Mag.* 1791, p. 780.

† See Bryant's *Mythology*, vol. V. p. 86, on this subject.—J. M.

have strengthened his argument. When the Chorus express their surprise at the fluency with which Cassandra speaks their language, she declares that she is indebted to Apollo for her knowledge of it. Now your Lordship knows that the gift of prophecy was generally accompanied with the gift of tongues; and that, therefore, Cassandra may be supposed to have spoken the language—not of Troy, but of inspiration.

“Nothing new in the literary way has lately appeared here; nor does the political world afford me a topic for my letter.

“We are all now engaged with Mrs. Smith’s new novel of ‘Celestina.’ It is certainly a work of no common merit. The sonnets are charming. I have heard much of ‘Hermione,’ but have not yet read it. I am told Lord Camden extols it to the skies.

“Colonel Vallancey has been so good as to desire me to make any use I please of the MS. Tour in Ireland.* I shall, therefore, I think, transcribe and publish it, since your Lordship deems it not unworthy the public eye. But I believe I shall confine myself to the Irish part, and modernise the orthography. However, your Lordship’s advice shall govern me.

“But if a plan which I have at present in agitation should be carried into execution, I must for a while suspend all my literary schemes. The plan I allude to is a trip to the Continent during the winter-months. It is my wish to sail in October or November for Bordeaux, and pass through Avignon to Marseilles, whence I would cross in a felucca to Naples. From Naples I would return through Rome, Florence, Venice, Geneva, and Paris. Thus I should see the most interesting part of the Continent, and render an essential service to my constitution. But I am not yet sure that it will be in my power to put my scheme into practice. In the mean time, I shall travel in imagination,—a cheap, expeditious, and pleasant mode.

“Lord Charlemont, I presume, still remains at Bath. I have the pleasure to hear frequently from his family that his Lordship continues well, and that Lady Elizabeth is receiving benefit from the waters. Perhaps you would have the goodness to make my respects acceptable to his Lordship; and at the same time tell him, that I understand the Court of Russia has presented our Academy

* See hereafter, p. 734.

with a Greek translation of Virgil. His Lordship too would, I am sure, be pleased to hear that Mr. Graydon, who is just returned from the Continent, has brought with him a large collection of fossils for the Academy.

"It is reported that Mr. Stratford is to be barrack-master of Dublin; and that other branches of that family are immediately to share the favour of Government.

"If your Lordship should be induced to visit Bristol, I hope you will endeavour to see Mrs. Yearsley, and the Maid of the Hay-stack; nor ought you to forget the mother and sister of the unfortunate Chatterton. I am told Mrs. Yearsley is a remarkably fine reader.

"I will transcribe for the Misses Percys some lines attributed to the widow of the late Col. St. George, which are now handing about here, and much admired. They were occasioned by Mrs. Gunning's pamphlet, and begin thus :—

' Here is the *Note*,
That nobody wrote.
Here is the *Groom* that nobody sent
To carry the *Note*
That nobody wrote.
Here is *Minnifie Gunning*,
Who in her great cunning,
The *Groom* to prevent
From going where sent,
To carry the *Note*, &c.
Here is *Ma'am Bowen*,
To whom it was owing
That *Minnifie Gunning*
Exerted her cunning,
The *Groom*, &c.
Here is the *Maiden* all forlorn,
Who now by her friends is tatter'd and torn,
But chief by *Ma'am Bowen*,
To whom it was owing, &c. &c.
Here are two *Marquises* shy of the horn,
Who flew from the *Maiden* all forlorn,
Who now by her friends is tatter'd, &c. &c.
Here are two *Dukes*,
Whose stern rebukes
Frighten'd two *Marquises* shy of the horn,
Who flew from the *Maiden*, &c. &c.
And here is a *General* somewhat too bold,
Whose head was too hot, tho' his heart was too cold,
Who made himself single before it was meet,
Turn'd his wife and his daughter both into the street
To please two *Dukes*,
Whose stern rebukes, &c. &c.'

"I beg your Lordship will have the goodness to communicate this poem, with my respects, to your ladies.

"I have the honour to be, &c. J. C. WALKER."

"MY LORD,

Dublin, Eccles-street, 14 Sept. 1791.

"I am much obliged and much honoured by your Lordship's valuable favour of the 29th ult. The information which it contained concerning Miss Gunning and the King of France was (to me) new and interesting. I trust that a little time will brighten the characters of both.

"The translation of Virgil,* as your Lordship supposes, is in *modern* Greek. As yet I have not seen it.

"At length Mr. Berwick and I have prevailed on the ingenious and unfortunate Mr. Boyd to publish his original poems by subscription. I am sure I need not recommend him to your Lordship's protection. Inclosed you have a few copies of his Proposals. I have the honour to inclose also a little engraving designed and executed in Dublin, and which I think does honour to Ireland. The engraver's name is Mulvany.

"I presume I need not tell your Lordship that Mr. Ritson is editor of 'Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry.' He is now preparing a collection of Scottish Songs for the press.

"A report prevailed here lately, that Mr. Paine had visited Dublin a few weeks since. I do believe he passed hastily and secretly through it to the North of Ireland. By the bye, it may not, perhaps, be known to your Lordship, that Paine's Life, said to be written by Mr. Oldys, was the production of George Chalmers. This I have from good authority.

"Mr. Kirwen is just returned from Shane's Castle, where he met Mrs. O'Neil, and was charmed with her. She is lately returned from Portugal in perfect health.

"I am delighted to find that Lord Charlemont is so well. His family expect him home next month. If he be still in Bath, might I presume to impose on your Lordship the trouble of making my respects acceptable to him.

"I was (induced) again to visit Delville, and discovered treasures in it which escaped your Lordship's notice. In one of the recesses in the garden I found the original portraits of Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Sikins, and Mrs. Grierson. If I were not about to leave the kingdom, I would certainly

* In 1796 appeared, in two volumes folio, a Greek translation of Virgil, studio et labore Eugenii Bulgaris, printed at St. Petersburg; but it is not in modern Greek. It was published at the expense of Prince Potemkin. See Coxe's Travels in Poland, vol. III. p. 326, and Walpole's Memoir relating to European and Asiatic Turkey, 4to, 1817, p. 200.—J. M.

get them copied. But I am deeply engaged in making preparation for my intended tour. In the course of a fortnight or three weeks I hope to depart, and pursue the route which I mentioned in my former letter. I hope I need not inform your Lordship that you would make me happy by commanding my services. Might I presume to hope that your Lordship would honour me with a few recommendatory letters? I am now grieved that I did not take the liberty of begging of either you or Lord Charlemont to make me known to Sir Wm. Hamilton, while he was at Bath. Such an introduction would have been of infinite service to me at Naples.

"Perhaps I may be tempted, when at Naples, to Sicily. If my health permits, few objects of curiosity shall escape my notice that do not lie very wide of my route.

* * * *

"Believe me to be, my Lord, with great respect, your Lordship's faithful, much obliged, and most obedient humble servant,
JOSEPH C. WALKER."

Bishop PERCY to Mr. WALKER.

"DEAR SIR,

Bath, Sept. 24, 1791.

"Returning last night from a circuit of amusement (which Mrs. Percy's convalescence has enabled me and her daughters to take,) through Cheltenham, Oxford, London and Windsor, during the last three weeks, I found your letter of the 14th instant, which had come in my absence, and from its contents am apprehensive this may not arrive before your departure on your intended tour. Should this come to hand in time, I flatter myself that, on its being shown to Mr. Byres* at Rome, that ingenious gentleman will recollect the name of Dr. Percy, who has had the pleasure of seeing him at Northumberland House, when he most obligingly interested himself in procuring such valuable antiques for the late Duke of Northumberland (our common friend), and also old Italian Romances for me; and that you will present to him my best respects, who I am persuaded will kindly interest himself in directing you, as a friend of mine, to see every

* James Byres, esq. architect, was the great English antiquary at Rome in these days, as Gavin Hamilton was afterwards. In 1779 he proposed to publish, by subscription, "The Etruscan Antiquities of Corneto, the ancient Tarquinii" (see *Gent. Mag.* 1779, p. 288). Mr. Byres at one time possessed the Portland Vase, which he parted with to Sir W. Hamilton. His profile is given in Mr. T. Windus's "Description of the Portland Vase," p. 101.

thing, deserving the attention of a man of literature and taste, to the best advantage, in that metropolis of the world.

"I will not fail to mention to your friend Lord Charlemont that part of your letter which concerns his Lordship, and have no doubt but he will make similar exertions in your favour. We met at Oxford last week, and I brought him and the Bodleian Librarian, Mr. Price, acquainted; who made him very happy by showing him some genuine specimens of the handwriting of Milton, by which his Lordship is confirmed that the signature and MS. notes in his *Lycophron** are the undoubted writing of our Epic Bard.

"I am thankful for the Proposals for Boyd's Poems which you sent me, and will not be inattentive to him.

"With every good wish for your agreeable tour, perfect health, and safe return, I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

"THO. DROMORE.

"P.S. I have not the happiness to be acquainted with Sir William Hamilton, or I would have written to him. I presume I need not inform you that Mr. Byers is the Pope's Antiquary at Rome. If you should go to Geneva, have the goodness to present my respects to Monsieur Mallet, whose 'Introduction to the History of Denmark' I translated many years ago; and whom I consider as one of the best historians in the French language of the present age."

J. C. WALKER, Esq. to Bishop PERCY.

"MY LORD,

Frankfort, 25th July, 1792.

"Had I known your address in England, I would have done myself the honour, long ere this, to have written to your Lordship: but I could not learn it from my friend Mr. Caldwell (to whom I applied), nor could I conjecture where a letter might find you. This, I presume, will find you in Ireland. I think you proposed to return either in July or August.

"Availing myself of the letter with which your Lordship favoured me from Bath, I went in quest of Mr. Byers, the day after my arrival in Rome, but was grieved to learn that he had departed not long before for Scotland. I am sure it will please your Lordship to hear,

* See before, in this volume, p. 55, &c.

that Mr. Byers has realised a capital fortune, with which he has retired to his native country. His nephew (Mr. Moir) has succeeded him both as a *banker* and an *anti-quario*; for he, like Mr. Jenkins (the *Pallet* of Fielding) united both characters. His success having raised him enemies amongst the Romans, satire seized upon him, and dragged him on the stage. In the Comedy of 'Il Calzolago Inglese,' he is introduced in a very unamiable light, under the name of *Roastbeef*. This comedy does not abound either in wit or humour, but it contains some severe truths with regard to the English. The author, in allusion to the extreme ignorance of some of our countrymen who make the grand tour, makes his hero (an English shoemaker, who assumes in Rome the title of an English lord) say, that 'the Amphitheatre will be a fine building, when finished.'

"I have much reason to regret that the shortness of my stay (only one day and a half) at Geneva, would not allow me to make an excursion to the rural retreat of your learned and ingenious friend M. Mallet. Soon after my arrival I communicated to him in a billet your complimentary message, and received in return the following polite letter:—

"'J'ai un véritable regret de n'avoir pas été informé plutôt qu'un ami du respectable Evêque de Dromore étoit à Genève. Je lui serois allé offrir avec empressement mes services, et l'aurois prié de me recommander à son souvenir, dont je serois toujours très flatté. S'il étoit possible que Mons. Walker prolonge son séjour ici jusques à vendredi, je lui serois forte obligé de me faire l'honneur de venir déjeuner avec moi à ma campagne demain, et de me procurer ainsi l'occasion de faire sa connoissance, et de m'entretenir de son digne ami. Si je ne puis esperer faveur, je lui demande au moins celle de lui presenter mes respects, et en même tems les 2 volumes, que j'ai l'honneur de lui envoyer, C'est one nouvelle édition, très augmentée et corrigée, de l'ouvrage qu'il a bien voulu traduire. L'édition entière est de 9 volumes; mais je n'ose prier M. Walker de se charger d'un si grand embarras. M. le Dr. Percy voudra bien m'indiquer quelque voye de lui faire parvenir les 7 autres volumes, s'il les désire. Je les tiendrai à ses ordres.'

"Unfortunately I did not receive this letter until the

gates of Geneva were about to be closed ; so that it was impossible to send for the remaining volumes, of which I should most cheerfully have undertaken the charge. But I left a letter for M. Mallet, pointing out a method of sending them, and, at the same time, begged of a friend in Geneva to assist him in forwarding them to my address either in Paris or London. So that I do not despair of having the honour to present your Lordship with the whole set on my arrival in Dublin.

"Italy has been so often described, that my pen can add nothing to your Lordship's knowledge of that country. I will therefore only observe, that my time passed delightfully there. Honoured with the notice of some of the Roman nobility, I was admitted to the full enjoyment of the society of Rome. But from the conversation of the Romans there is neither pleasure nor profit to be derived. They neither read nor think. Love and music ingross all their time, and, of course, all their conversation turns upon those subjects. However, a man fond of the subjects of antiquities can never suffer from *ennui* at Rome.

"But in the house of Sir William Hamilton at Naples, I enjoyed a great deal of mental pleasure. Sir William possesses a large fund of deep and elegant information, and Lady H. is a being of a superior order. I considered myself as very fortunate at Naples, in witnessing an irruption of Vesuvius. The stream of lava which issued from the crater was, at least, two miles in extent ; and appeared from the Mole of Naples, through the shades of night, a river of liquid fire. In defiance of all danger, I ascended to that part of the mountain called the Platform, and thrust my stick into the running lava. In my ascent I met the hermit of the mountain, and was invited by him to his cell. He spread his 'frugal fare,' before me, and, while I partook of it, related the adventures of his many-coloured life. He had passed thirty-two years in travel, and during that time had visited all the principal cities of Europe, which he seemed to have viewed with the eye of a philosopher. You will naturally suppose, my Lord, that in the course of the relation of my venerable host, the charming tales of 'The Hermit of Warkworth,' and 'The Hermit' of Goldsmith, often occurred to me.

"Having enjoyed the ceremonies of the holy-week at Rome, the Carnivals of Rome and Naples, and the Feast

of the Ascension at Venice, and having bent before the high shrine of the Virgin at Loretto, I proceeded through Milan to Turin, where I prepared for my Alpine tour, which I commenced at Yvery. As the Glaciers were not open, and as I was desirous of seeing them, even at a distance, I determined to pass the Great Saint Bernard, a passage of great danger and fatigue. As this route is impassable for carriages, I was obliged to perform it on mule-back; often riding on the brinks of tremendous precipices, in paths too narrow to admit me to alight. I was surprised and delighted to find in the very region of snow, where the mercury stood at 21, a convent of Franciscan Friars. By those hospitable fathers I was invited to a blazing hearth, and a table covered with cold meats, dried fruits, and generous wine. Having passed a delicious hour there, I began to descend, and in about three hours reached a romantic valley, which, in the course of the following day, led me back to the Lake of Geneva. Passing along the borders of this lake, I was captivated with the romantic charms of Vevay (the retreat of Ludlow), and resolved to pass two or three weeks there; and, perhaps, there are few weeks in my life on which I shall reflect with more pleasure than on those which passed at Vevay. Here, amidst a beauteous landscape, and among a people of easy and elegant manners, I enjoyed the varied pleasures of retirement and society. I found the ladies of Vevay possessed of more elegant and general information than almost any other ladies with whom I have conversed; they are not only acquainted with the best French authors, but have read all the best productions of Italy and England; nay, they often discussed with me points of English history, and adorned their conversation with quotations from the Spectator. But this extensive information is not peculiar to the ladies of Vevay: the Swiss ladies in general are equally well informed; they are, besides, attentive to their domestic duties, neat and plain in their dress, and extremely rigid in their moral conduct. This character, however, will not always hold with regard to the Roman Catholic Cantons. There the women read less, devote more time to the toilet, and cast an amorous glance on every man they meet. Such are the unhappy effects of that too-indulgent religion throughout the whole continent. I speak from attentive observation.

“When I left Vevay, I wandered along the borders of

the Lake to Lausanne and Geneva. At Lausanne I visited the house of Gibbon. It is large and finely situated, and commands a considerable extent of the lake, the barren mountains of Savoy, and the gloomy rocks of Meillerie. From Geneva you will naturally suppose I made an excursion to Ferney. Except the *chamber-à-coucher* of Voltaire, the whole house has suffered an alteration: *that* remains in the state in which he left it, with the addition of an urn containing his heart. On this urn is inscribed, '*Son esprit est partout, son cœur est ici.*' But I have hardly left myself room to add that I have the honour to be, your Lordship's faithful, much obliged, and most obedient, humble servant,

J. C. WALKER."

"MY LORD,

Castle of Aclair, 6 Jan. 1793.

"Presuming that some authentic information concerning the *Defenders* may be acceptable to your Lordship, I sit down in order to acquaint you with their late proceedings in this neighbourhood.

"A few nights since, about nine o'clock, twenty fellows, armed with guns and half drunk, entered this castle, and demanded the firearms of Mr. Blacker, the proprietor. No resistance was made, but some reluctance to comply with the demand was shewn by Mr. Blacker and three gentlemen who were on a visit to him. Immediately the Defenders cocked and presented their firearms, threatening instant death, and Mr. Blacker, you may suppose, no longer hesitated to deliver up his guns. One gun, however, they returned, saying, they would not take that, as *they knew his heart was in it.* Before they retired, they begged something to drink, and whiskey and ale being produced, they desired the gentlemen to drink first; 'then we shall be sure,' said they, 'that there is no poison in it.' They conducted themselves pretty much in the same manner at Mr. Owen's and Mr. Hamlin's, two families who have since fled. But they refused to take the gun of Mr. Fairtlough, curate of this parish, saying, that they would have nothing to do with the Church; however, they took the guns both of the Rev. Mr. Little and the Rev. Mr. Gibson, and even visited the latter twice. When Mr. Fairtlough offered them his gun, they said, 'we must take it, because our oath obliges us to do so, but here it is for you again,' assigning the reason given above for returning

it. Mr. A. M'Clintock, being prepared for their coming, refused them admission, and returned their fire. One, it is believed, was killed, and several wounded. Although no resistance was intended at Mr. Sherrard's, an agent of the Primate, the windows of the house were shattered, because they were not immediately admitted. After ransacking the house, they attempted one of the maids. The ruffian from whose arms she escaped struck at her with a hanger, which was broken to pieces on the bannister. She showed me the mark.

"I presume your Lordship is not unacquainted with the engagement at Carricknacross; but, as the newspapers do not always adhere to truth, I shall relate such particulars as have come to my knowledge. On this occasion the Defenders did not, as usual, wait for the mantle of night to cover them; a body of not less than 600 entered the town early in the evening, headed by two men well-mounted and armed with pistols and carbines. As they entered, they demanded Mr. Steel, an active magistrate of that town; but Mr. Steel, taught to expect them, had marched out of the town with twelve soldiers to a neighbouring bridge, which he presumed they would have passed. A corporal's guard of six men, that remained in the town, immediately turned out. This guard was soon after joined by Mr. Steel's party, and a brisk fire on both sides commenced; but the Defenders were soon discomfited. Their flight was as precipitate as their defiance had been bold. Two of their body were actually killed, several were wounded, and ten made prisoners; happily, not even one of the soldiers was wounded. Two slugs passed through the hat of Mr. Steel, but did him no other injury. This was the last large body of them that appeared. On Christmas Eve several hundred of them were assembled on the road between Drogheda and Dunleer, huzzaing and calling for the army, which was expected that night from Dublin.

"The Speaker* is taking a very active part in quelling those rioters. He passes almost all his nights in riding about the country, attended by a troop of horse. The other night he was fired at by a fellow from a ditch, but happily escaped. He has converted his house at Collen into a barrack for the officers on duty there, and has an

* Rt. Hon. John Foster, late Lord Oriel. He died Aug. 16, 1828. See a memoir of him in *Gent. Mag.* vol. XCVIII. ii. 271.

open table for them at the Temple. A few days since he called a meeting of the principal landholders of the County at Dunleer, but he could only prevail on a few of them to sign the Resolutions which he drew up. The Roman Catholics desired a little time to consider them. They have since had a meeting for that purpose; but their resolutions have not transpired. It is therefore concluded that the Defenders are not without friends of property. When the Defenders are asked what it is they are seeking, they answer, that they think each family ought to have, at least, ten acres for its support. They say something too about the Articles of Limerick, yet do not seem perfectly acquainted with them.

"At such a time nothing but business, your Lordship will naturally suppose, could have led me into this part of the country. On Wednesday it is my intention to return to Dublin, where I should be happy to find a letter from your Lordship, acquainting me with the perfect recovery of Mrs. Percy.

"I have the honour to be, my lord, with great respect, your Lordship's faithful, much obliged, and most obedient humble servant,
J. C. WALKER."

"MY LORD,

Tuesday.*

"I am, as your Lordship may suppose, very anxious to see the passage in Mr. Ritson's book to which your Lordship alluded yesterday. Receiving my copy of that work at a moment when I was too much occupied to read it, and knowing Lady Charlotte Rawdon wished to see it, I sent it to her Ladyship without even opening it. I am, however, in daily expectation of it. But, in the mean time, I should be much obliged to your Lordship for a loan of your copy.

"At what time I replied to Mr. Ritson's queries concerning Scottish music, and prevailed with Mr. Boyd to afford his assistance, I cannot now recollect; nor can I, at present, lay my hand on Mr. Ritson's letters of that period. I can only say, that soon after he opened a

* This letter was written to the Bishop of Dromore when in Dublin in the Spring of 1794.

correspondence with me in 1789 (a correspondence unsolicited on my part), he applied to me for such information regarding the subject on which he was then employed as I could furnish, and I did not deny him my aid. Hurt, however, at the asperity and injustice with which he treated your Lordship, I ventured to step forth as your champion, and, if I did not absolutely conquer, I, at least, obtained concessions. This will appear from the following extracts from Mr. Ritson's letters. In a letter, dated 4th Nov. 1789, he says, 'As a publication of uncommon elegance and poetical merit I have always been, and still am, a warm admirer of Bishop Percy's *Reliques*. And though I have been persuaded that he has not, on every occasion, been so scrupulously attentive to his originals as I think the work required, I shall be very glad to find the idea unfounded, and readily confess that what you have been so obliging as to tell me about the folio MS. has in a great measure removed my prejudice on that head.' In a letter, dated 1st January 1790, he resumes the subject,—'I cannot say that my prejudices against Bishop Percy's celebrated publication, which I on many accounts very much admire, are entirely removed. The information you have so obligingly communicated has certainly done a good deal; it has established the existence of his famous folio MS., of which, begging his Lordship's pardon, I had presumed to doubt. The circumstance mentioned by the Bishop, of his being at so considerable a distance from the press is indisputably a sufficient excuse for even more than the mere errors of impression. But you will perceive the justice of confining this excuse to the first edition.' Again, in Nov. 1792, he writes, 'In case there should be a second edition of my 'Ancient Songs' I will certainly notice what Mr. Shenstone has said of Bp. Percy's folio MS., but that is all. Your friendship for the possessor may naturally enough induce you to see what concerns him in a more favourable light than suits my purpose.' In consequence of my having written angrily to him, on seeing a passage expressing a doubt of the existence of the MS. in the preface to his 'Ancient Songs,' he thus exculpates himself:—'You do me great injustice to suppose, for a moment, that I consider Mr. Shenstone's testimony as more respectable than or any way preferable to yours. The words of my preface are:—"This MS. no other

writer (not person) pretends to have seen." Now it would be impossible, or at least absurd, to accept any *but* a writer, i. e. one whose testimony has appeared in print. But it is not the mere existence of the MS. that I dispute; of that I have long had satisfactory assurance. Whether it will, on a careful examination, justify the use Bishop Percy has or pretends to have made of it is a perfectly distinct question. This Dr. Johnson, who had seen it, did not, &c.' Does it appear from these extracts that I have acted a lukewarm part on the occasion? I laboured to convince him of the existence of the MS., and I succeeded. More I could not do. To convince him (though I firmly believe it myself) that your Lordship's brilliant fancy had not dropped some (unacknowledged) flowers amongst the Reliques, I must be able to speak from the authority of 'a careful examination.' And until I can do that he must be permitted to doubt my assertions. His manner of expressing his doubts is certainly reprehensible. But there are other authors of great respectability of character not less scurrilous than Mr. Ritson. I do not mean to defend Mr. Ritson. I have censured his manner, not only to others but to himself.

"If Mr. Ritson, in the warmth of gratitude for any little service I may have formerly rendered him, has made handsome mention of me in his last work, am I to blame? I did not offer myself a candidate for a niche. Thinking I might be of service to him, Mr. Ritson early applied to me for assistance; and my love of letters, and in particular of the subjects on which he was employed, would not allow me to deny it to him. Does that reflect on my moral character? With his moral character I had nothing to do. I observed he was peevish, and I endeavoured to soften his asperity; I saw his prejudices against the Editor of the 'Reliques' were strong, and I endeavoured to subdue them. Nor is Mr. Ritson the only person with whom my friendship for the Editor has been active. Not many weeks since I tried to undeceive (at Bristol) Mr. Catcott, the friend of the unfortunate Chatterton. But there is no one living who has a stronger claim on my poor services than your Lordship, and I trust that ingratitude is not an ingredient in my composition. J. C. WALKER."

J. C. WALKER, Esq. to Mr. PINKERTON.

Bath, Nov. 16, 1794.

"Shortly after I was honoured with your favour of the 8th ult. I set out for Ireland, but was seized at Chester with a severe illness, which so materially injured my health, that my physicians thought it necessary I should retire for a while to this mild climate.

"Your approbation of my publications is very flattering. But I am sorry they have not a better claim to the praises your politeness has induced you to bestow on them. Some claim they have to your indulgence, for they were the productions of (almost) a boy. Several years have elapsed since they first appeared, and I am still a young man.

"You do me much honour by desiring my correspondence. I should be proud and happy to cultivate yours; but, from my inability to make an adequate return, I do not feel myself authorised to solicit such a favour. I can only say that I shall always have great pleasure in promoting any literary inquiries you may wish to make in Ireland.

"It is to be regretted that Mr. Ledwich does not continue his literary and antiquarian pursuits; but I trust he will resume them. He is a man of genius and deep erudition: literature has many obligations to him. The last publication he acknowledged, appeared in the fourth volume of the 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy;' but in the first volume of the 'Anthologia Hibernica,' there are some ingenious little essays by him which he has not publicly owned.

"My 'Essay on the Rise and Progress of Gardening in Ireland' appeared in the fourth volume of the 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.' If one of the few copies which I had worked off for my friends should remain, I shall do myself the honour to send it to you on my return to Ireland.

"I shall have great pleasure in sending you occasionally any work of merit that may appear on the subject of Irish antiquities. On that subject nothing has appeared of late. I think with you that some bookseller in London ought to be appointed to sell Irish productions. Elmsly is employed by the Irish Academy, and was once employed by me. General Vallancey and Miss Brooke (whose 'Relics of Irish Poetry' I presume you have seen) employed the Robinsons."

J. C. WALKER, Esq. to Bishop PERCY.

"MY LORD,

St. Valeri, Bray, 7th March 1797.

"Your Lordship's obliging favour of yesterday has found me in my bed, to which I have been confined some days, and from which I write these hasty lines. This I hope will apologise for my not acknowledging sooner your Lordship's letter of the 3d inst.

"I lament sincerely the melancholy fate of poor Dr. Hamilton* and Mrs. Waller; and wish from my soul that the arm of power may reach not only the assassins, but the instigators.

"The capture of the Spanish ships is a capital stroke.

"I shall embrace with pleasure the earliest opportunity of sending your Lordship Hayley's 'Life of Milton.' Of Roscoe I am in no immediate want; I therefore beg you may read it at your perfect leisure and convenience.

"Your nephew has chosen a very curious subject, and will I am sure treat it as it deserves. To trace to its source a fabric of verse to which we owe so much intellectual pleasure, is an inquiry of the most interesting kind. Lord Surrey, you say, was the first who attempted blank verse in English. Who stimulated him to make the attempt? Certainly not the French. Perhaps, then, it was the Italians, of whose writings he was a warm admirer. I wish your nephew would push his ingenious inquiries into this field of conjecture. If he should discover his author imitating, even in a few instances, the various *versi sciolti* of the Italians, he may venture to conclude that their writings were the models upon which he formed himself. Long before the time of Surrey, as your Lordship knows, blank verse prevailed amongst the Italians. So early as the year 1524, Trissino ventured, with a happy boldness, to introduce *verso sciolto* in his 'Sofonisba,' the first regular tragedy in the Italian language. 'Egli fu che primo introdusse in componimenti lunghi (says Maffei) *il verso*

* The Rev. Dr. W. Hamilton, rector of Fanet, co. Donegal, and formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and Mrs. Waller, were murdered March 2, 1797, at the house of the Rev. Dr. Sharon. Full particulars of these cruel murders will be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1797, p. 180; and also a good biographical account of Dr. Hamilton. His publications were, "Letters on the Coast of the County of Antrim." "An Account of Experiments for determining the Temperature of the Earth's Surface in Ireland," published in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy for 1788. "Letters on the French Revolution." "A Memoir on the Church of Ireland," appeared in the Royal Irish Academy's Transactions after his death.

sciolto, del che non potrà mai sapergli grado a bastanza la nostra lingua, essendo certissimo, che quanto graziosa è la rima nelle cose liriche, altrettanto necessario parebbe l'abbandonarla, ove in componimenti lunghi, e gravi altri volesse emulare la perfezione de' Latini versi, e de' Greci.' I will confess, my Lord, that the various measures into which our early dramatic poets occasionally run, often remind me of the *verso sciolto* of the Italians, which is not always confined to the stately step and regular measure of what is by us denominated blank verse. And perhaps it may yet appear that the Literature of England has more obligations to Italy than we seem willing to allow. In the times of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, Italian Literature was unquestionably more universally cultivated in England than it is at present. Of this it would be easy to adduce proofs. Nor would it, I think, be difficult to prove that Shakspeare was well acquainted with the language and literature of Italy. Proud of his natural, we are labouring to strip him of his meretricious charms. But while we allow him genius, do not let us deny him learning.

"I have said that Lord Surrey certainly did not borrow from the French the idea of clothing his thoughts in blank verse. His good taste would not allow him to imitate a bad example. That blank verse was used by any French writers of note before, or about the time of Lord Surrey, I cannot at this moment determine; but of this we may rest assured, that at no period would French blank verse be likely to induce imitation, so unfriendly to that measure is the genius of the language. But let us hear Voltaire on this subject in his celebrated Letter to the Marquis Maffei: — 'J'aurois souhaité pouvoir, à l'exemple des Italiens et des Anglois, employer l'heureuse facilité des *vers blancs*, et je me suis souvenu plus d'une fois de ce passage du Rucellai :

'Tu sai pur ché l'immagin della voce,
Che risponde da i sassi ov' Eco alberga,
Sempre nimica fu del nostro regno,
E fu inventrice delle prime rime.'

Mais je me suis aperçu, et j'ai dit, il y a longtems, qu'une telle tentative n'auroit jamais de succès en France, et qu'il y auroit beaucoup plus de foiblesse que de force, à éluder un joug qu'ont porté les auteurs de tant d'ouvrages qui dureront autant que la nation Française.'

"But if the Italians did not first teach our poets the melodious flow of blank verse, they certainly taught them the painful restriction of the *sonnet*. As this is a subject which has never employed my thoughts, I am, I fear, displaying great ignorance upon it. Pardon this intrusion on your time, and believe me, &c. J. C. WALKER."

[The first part of this Letter is wanting, and its date is not known.]

* * * * *

"*Reliques*, 5th edit. vol. III. p. 269. 'The Birth of St. George.' Gibbon's History of St. George is perhaps the most satisfactory that has yet been published. Vide 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' vol. iv. p. 111—115.

"P. 94, vol. i. 'Robin pulled forth an Irish knife.' Probably the *Skein* is alluded to in this passage. Vide 'Memoir on the Armour and Weapons of the Irish,' p. 119.

"I am sorry to observe that 'L'Amour et Glycere' is omitted.

"Having dipped a little into your Lordship's copy of the first edition of Shakespear, I am confirmed in an opinion which I have long entertained, that the original text is not *always* improved by the alterations of modern Commentators. I have only, however, collated two passages with the text of Dr. Johnson, but in those I found that the alterations, instead of improving the sense, had made nonsense of it.

"Measure for Measure.

"Act 1, sc. 1. 'Since I am *put* to know,' in the first edition, is good sense, as must appear to any one who will read the whole passage with attention. But 'since I am *not* to know,' as altered by Johnson,* is absolute nonsense.

"As You Like It.

"Act 1, sc. 1. '*Staies* me here at home.' This has been altered by Johnson to '*Sties* me here at home.' The sense does not authorise this alteration. Shakespear simply meant, he *keeps* me here at home. Orlando was

* Johnson's alteration is not retained, or even mentioned, in Reed's Shakspeare, edit. 1803.—J. M.

at liberty to range; he could not therefore be said to be kept in a *sty*.*

“Learned Commentators view
In Shakespear more than Shakespear knew.”

“In delineation of national character, perhaps Shakespear is without a rival. This is, I think, most strikingly evident in Sc. 3, Act 2, of Henry the Fifth. I do not recollect (and I have not the book by me) whether or not Mr. Malone has made any observation on the Irish character in this scene—if not, I think he might add a note to this purpose.

“Dr. Campbell, in his ‘Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland,’ p. 283, observes, ‘As to the personal courage of the individuals of this country (Ireland), I have never heard it disputed. National reflection rather brands it with a hardihood of spirit. Shakespear, who of all men had the deepest insight into human nature, has left us a portrait of the Irish character in this line, as like as if they had sat for the picture but yesterday. The likeness is so very striking that I cannot refrain from giving an extract.’ The Doctor then transcribes the scene to which I have alluded. But he has omitted to observe, that the vulgar Irish at this day, as well as in the days of Shakespear, are in the habit of swearing by *the hand*. *Da lamha mo chardais criost*, i. e. *by the hand of my gossip*, is now a prevailing oath in Ireland. We find Carolan using it. ‘Hist. Mem. of Irish Bards,’ App. p. 69.

“I think the anecdote of the relation of Shakespear who lived at Drogheda, given in the ‘Anthol. Hib.’ not undeserving the notice of Mr. Malone. I can vouch the authenticity of the anecdote.

“If your friend Dr. Warton is about to publish an edition of Pope’s Works, he ought, perhaps, to be reminded that Metastasio, in his ‘Letters,’ makes handsome mention of a translation of the ‘Essay on Man,’ printed at Turin in 1768. The title runs thus, ‘L’Uomo Saggi di Filosofia Morale di Alessandro Pope. Volgarrizzati dal Conte Giuseppe Maria Ferrero di Lavriano.’ The only copy of this translation that I have seen I bought at Turin, and it is now in my possession. Of the ‘Rape of the Lock,’ there is also an Italian translation,

* “Styes,” or “Sties,” in Warburton, has been adopted by Johnson, and not disapproved by Steevens.—J. M.

which I likewise possess. It is in the second volume of 'Prose e Poesie del Signor Abate Antonio Conti.' To this translation are prefixed 'Osservazioni su la materia e l'artificio del Poema.'

"I should be happy to hear that Dr. Burney's 'Memoirs of Metastasio' are gone to press. And I should be likewise rejoiced to find that he means to add to his valuable 'History of Music' a volume on the very interesting subject of 'National Music.' If he omitted, during his tour in Italy, to collect the Dances peculiar to the different States, I should have great pleasure in sending him a copy of the collection which I made. I suppose he did not forget to remark at Bologna the different musical instruments which lie at the feet of St. Cecilia, in Raffaele's celebrated picture.

"But I am intruding too long upon your Lordship. Pardon me, and believe me to be, with great respect, your Lordship's faithful, much obliged, and most obedient, humble servant,

J. C. WALKER.

"P.S. Have the goodness to make my best compliments acceptable to Mrs. and the Miss Percy's."

J. C. WALKER, Esq. to Mr. PINKERTON.

St. Valeri, Bray, March 13, 1797.

* * * *

"You are so good as to inquire after my little work: it is in great forwardness. In the course of a few weeks I shall begin the fair transcript. Ouseley has made a bargain with a bookseller for me. I am obliged to Cadell for *not* acceding to my very moderate terms. I have since considerably extended my acquaintance with Italian literature, and received satisfactory answers to several interrogatories which I sent to Italy.

"As soon as I have dismissed my 'Memoir,' I shall prepare for the press a manuscript journal in my possession of a very sensible traveller, who made a tour of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, in 1634. Your learned and ingenious friend, the Bishop of Dromore, read the manuscript, and urged the publication.*

* See before, p. 715.

* * *

"Poor Lord Orford! English literature has lost in him one of its most elegant ornaments. I hope some friend will give us memoirs of his life in the manner of 'Mason's Memoirs of Gray.' His letters are charming. He honoured me with a few, which I esteem highly. His friend Lord Charlemont and I exerted ourselves to prevent the publication of his 'Mysterious Mother' in Dublin. Failing in this attempt, I attended the work through the press, and am happy in being able to say that the Dublin edition is one of the most correct editions of that incomparable drama.

"I date from a sweet little place which I have taken in the county of Wicklow. At the foot of my lawn, three small rivers unite, and flow in one large body through a romantic valley to the sea. From the windows of my study I enjoy a peep into the Dargle; and two majestic mountains form the back-ground of the picture; but, should you ever visit Ireland, I hope you will afford me an opportunity of pointing out those beauties to you on the spot. Rest assured you have no friend in the Island of Saints who would be happier in seeing you."

J. C. WALKER, Esq. to Bishop PERCY.

"MY LORD,

St. Valeri, Bray, March 20, 1797.

"I fear your Lordship did not read with sufficient indulgence the few hasty lines which I wrote from my bed, without the assistance of books, on a subject I had not considered. Of Lord Surrey's Poems I am not possessed; nor did I know that it was acknowledged he had borrowed from Trissino the first idea of blank verse. It is true he might have taken that measure from him, as the 'Sofonisba' was published so early as 1524. But Trissino was not the first Italian poet who wrote in 'verso sciolto'; he was only the first who introduced it into long compositions. "Egli fu che primo introdusse (says Maffei) in componimenti lunghi il verso sciolto." The novels of Boccaccio, and the productions of several other prose writers of that period, are sprinkled with versi sciolti. And Crescimbeni observes that the famous 'Cantico del Sole' of San Francisco of Assisi, a holy poet who flourished in the

beginning of the thirteenth century, was written in that measure. It is therefore bestowing an unmerited honour on Trissino to attribute to him the invention of Italian blank verse. Even his friend Rucellai might dispute the palm with him; for the '*Rosmunda*,' which is in that measure, was represented before Leo X. in 1516, though it was not printed till 1525. Now the '*Sofonisba*' did not appear till 1524, and the epic poem of '*L'Italia Liberata*' was not, according to Trissino's own confession, even begun before 1525. Milton, who was intimately acquainted with Italian literature, probably followed the example set by Trissino, in his '*Italia Liberata*,' which first appeared in 1547, and by Oliviero in his '*Alamanna*,' 1567. But these examples could not have been followed by Lord Surrey if he died in 1537. It may therefore be presumed that the '*Sofonisba*' of Trissino, or the '*Rosmunda*' of Rucellai, suggested to his Lordship the idea of blank verse; and having learned to clothe the effusions of his fancy in that measure, he applied it to heroic poetry. Or, is it not still more probable that '*L'Iliade et l'Odissea di Omero tradotte dall' original Greco, in verso sciolto, dall' Abate Antonmaria Salvini*. In Firenze, 1523,*' were the examples which he followed? Of blank verse applied 'to heroic Poem,' several instances besides those already mentioned, might have fallen under the observation of Milton. I shall enumerate a few.

" '*L'Odissea, tradotta da Girolamo Baccelli*. Fir. 1582.'

" '*Lucano delle Guerre Civili, tradotto in verso sciolto da Giolio Morici*. Ravenna, 1587.'

" '*L'Eneide di Virgilio, tradotta da Annibal Caro*. In Treviso, 1603.'

" Indeed almost all the classic poets were translated into Italian blank verse, by various hands, between 1520 and 1630, though Barretti, whose knowledge of Italian literature was, I believe, more superficial than is generally imagined, asserts that the example set by Trissino was followed by very few, and the measure he used generally despised. Besides translations, several admired original productions in verso sciolto appeared after the death of the father of Italian tragedy.

" At what period the French first used blank verse I cannot determine. But it is probable they were late in

* The Bishop has added a Note on this: " *Salvinis Odissea, in blank verse, 1529. A false date; probably 1723.*"

employing a measure to which the nature of their language is so unfriendly. That they have compositions in blank verse cannot, however, be denied.

"Almost destitute of books, like your Lordship, for I am as yet unsettled, I am perhaps again displaying great ignorance on a subject which, to be treated properly, requires deep research. I shall therefore waive it for the present.

"From Hayley's 'Life of Milton,' I did not expect your Lordship would draw much information on the subject in question. But his friend Cowper will, I presume, treat it at length.

"I have disposed of the inclosure in the manner your Lordship desired. I cannot at present recollect whether or not the circumstance you allude to, be mentioned in Mr. Irwin's Voyage, but I shall embrace the earliest opportunity of consulting the work.

"Of the particulars of Lord Surrey's Life I know little more than what is given in the 'Noble Authors;' but, if my memory does not deceive me, his mistress was a lady of the FitzGerald family. Perhaps there are some papers in the Leinster family that would throw light upon the subject.

"If it be possible, at this distant day, to follow Lord Surrey in his Travels, perhaps he might be traced to Vincenza. If he could be found there associating with Trissino and Rucellai, his adoption of blank verse might be easily accounted for. As he seems to have formed himself upon the Italian model, all his Poems should be carefully compared with the productions of the Italian poets who flourished at the same time.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

J. C. WALKER.

"P. S. I have written to Major Ouseley for the particulars you desire, and shall beg leave to trouble your Lordship to forward the Letter."

"MY LORD,

St. Valeri, Bray, 25th March, 1797.

"As I cannot find amongst the Italian poets of the 16th century a translator of the name of Antonmaria Salvini; and as the Antonmaria Salvini who translated Addison's 'Cato' translated also several of the Greek

and Latin Classics, I am still of opinion that the compiler of the Catalogue is in error. But we do not stand in need of Salvini's assistance on this occasion. Let us therefore dismiss him.

"When I found your Lordship asserting that Lord Surrey borrowed from G. G. Trissino that species of metre which we call *blank verse*, and the Italians *verso sciolto*, I gave up the subject in despair. But since you have in your last letter opened a new field of conjecture to me, I shall beg leave to range in it for a few moments.

"To Lord Surrey is generally attributed the invention of English blank verse; but it still remains to inquire whence, or from whom he borrowed the idea. To Trissino it is thought he is indebted for it. From Trissino he certainly might have borrowed that species of metre; but there existed, at the same period, other Italian writers who also might have taught him to reject rhyme, and 'draw out the sense variously from one verse into another.' Besides the 'Sofonisba' of Trissino, the following productions in *verso sciolto* (all of which now lie before me), had appeared prior to or were published during Lord Surrey's visit to Italy:

"'La Rosmunda. Tr. di G. Ruccellai. Fir. 1525.'

"'L'Antigone. Tr. di Luigi Alamanni. Ven. 1532.'

"'L'Epitalamio di Catullo nelle Nozze di Peleo edi Teti, tradotto da Lod. Dolce. 1538.'

"From these productions he might have learned to reduce his own language to the measure of blank verse—but who taught him to apply it 'to heroic poem?' 'L'Italia Liberata' did not appear till 1547, the year in which Lord Surrey died; and the 'Alamanna' was not published till 1567. Here a difficulty seems to occur. Let us endeavour to surmount it. In 1556 appeared in Florence, 'Tutte l'opere di Virgilia, tradotte in versi sciolti da diversi Autori e raccolte da Lodovico Domenichi.' This collection or compilation, however, Lord Surrey could not have seen, for he was not then in existence; but he might have seen, in detached publications, some of the pieces of which it is composed. Amongst the translators whom Domenichi laid under contribution, I find the following—Aless. Sansedoni, Ipolito de Medici, Fr. Maria Molza, Bernardino Borghesi, Bart. Carli, Aldrob. Cerretani, and Alessandro Piccolomini. Now in 1540, 'I sei primi Libri dell' Eneide di Virgilio, tradotti e dedicati a

più illustri ed onorate Donne (Sanesi),’ by the very writers whom I have just enumerated, appeared in Venice. This compilation therefore formed part of Domenichi’s; and this publication might have been seen by Lord Surrey, as he lived seven years after its appearance. But as Ipolito de’ Medici died in 1535, and Fr. M. Molza in 1540, it is probable that their respective translations of the *Æneid* had been published by themselves, or during their lives; so that Lord Surrey could not have wanted an Italian example of blank verse applied to ‘heroic poem.’ I will not, however, positively deny, that the example which he followed was *not* set him by the Spaniards. But from his long residence in Italy, and his love of Italian literature, I am rather inclined to think that he borrowed from the writers of that enchanting country, the model which he imitated.

“If your Lordship can get access to Tiraboschi, consult him on the subject of ‘verso sciolto.’ The work is very scarce, but Lord Charlemont, I know, has a copy. I ordered a copy from London sometime ago, but it is not yet arrived. I now regret that when I formerly consulted that work, my inquiries did not embrace *verso sciolto*.

“Permit me now to repeat what I mentioned in a former letter, that the steps most likely to lead to certainty on this occasion, are

“1. A discovery of the Literati with whom Lord Surrey chiefly associated in Italy.

“2. A careful comparison of his poetical compositions with those of his Italian contemporaries.

“If your Lordship should extend your inquiries to the origin of blank verse in Spain, as well as in England, you will probably find that the Italians led the way to that species of metre in both countries. I think it very likely that ‘*La Ulyssea*’ was preceded by the following translations of Homer:

“‘*L’Iliade d’Omero, tradotta in Lingua Italiana da Paolo Badessa. In Padova, per Grazioso Percasino, 1564.*’ In quarto. Blank verse. Five books only.

“‘*L’Odissea, tradotta in volgar Fiorentino (blank verse) da Girolamo Baccelli. Firenze, presso il Sermatelli. 1582.*’ 8vo.

“In the Riccardi Library at Florence, are preserved the seven first books of the *Iliad*, translated by Gir. Bac-

celli. It was from this library that Mr. Roscoe drew some of the materials for his work.

"As I have not a copy of Chaucer here, the sample of his blank verse was very acceptable to me. Thus I find that the father of English poetry was also the inventor of English blank verse. Lord Surrey, like Tressino, was only the first to employ it 'in longer works.' Chaucer probably took the hint from his contemporaries Dante and Boccaccio. With Dante we know he was personally acquainted. Here a new field of inquiry is opened. The more I consider the subject the more curious I find it. I am sure your Lordship will treat it in the manner it deserves.

"Of the origin of French blank verse I cannot speak with certainty. But I presume the French were not late in following the example set by the Spaniards and Italians. I have not, however, any books here that can throw light on the subject. I recollect to have seen some modern (French) compositions in blank verse, though I cannot at this moment name them.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord, with great respect, your Lordship's faithful, much obliged, and most obedient, humble servant,
J. C. WALKER."

"MY LORD, St. Valeri, Bray, Sunday Morn. April 2, 1797.

"I have just received a letter from Major Ouseley. My memory has deceived me. The poem of which he is possessed is a curious original poem of the Earl of Essex, written while he was confined in the Tower.

"My friend Mr. Marsden, of the Admiralty, has just sent me his very curious 'Catalogue of Dictionaries, Vocabularies, Grammars, and Alphabets,' of which I find only sixty copies were printed. He has not forgotten your Lordship's 'Reliques.'

"Poor Mr. Pinkerton has lost his youngest child. Lord Meath* was extremely ill last night, but is better this morning. More of the shirt, &c. has been extracted.

"I remain, &c.

J. C. WALKER."

* William ninth earl of Meath was a young man of great worth and some abilities. He fell a martyr to the influence of false honour, in a duel with Mr. Gore; and died May 21, 1797. See *Gent. Mag.* vol. LXVII. p. 529.

"MY LORD,

St. Valeri, Bray, 20th May 1797.

"I have just received the inclosed. When you have read it, have the goodness to return it, that I may not only answer it, but show it to some *unbelievers*. I am happy that Catcott is undeceived. It was a wise step. I am not without hopes of being able to convince some unbelievers in the authenticity of *Han Kiou Chouan*.

"If your Lordship should go to Bristol, I wish you would call on Catcott, and prevent his taking any harsh steps against Sir R. Chambers. He may be found in the Public Library from ten till three o'clock every day. He has a large collection of papers respecting the Controversy,* which I am sure he would have great pleasure in showing you.

"Let me now express a hope that your Lordship arrived safe, and found Mrs. Isted and her family well.

"The aspect of the political world here is not less gloomy than when you left us; indeed the spirit of sedition seems spreading; it has even reached the borders of this county. I shuddered as I read the Report of the Secret Committee. I remember Tone† in college, where he was considered as a lad of great promise. He would probably have risen to eminence at the bar, if his mind had not taken a political turn. Marrying early and imprudently, he became embarrassed and *desperate*. And he is now an exile, covered with infamy. His father was a coachmaker.

"I presume your Lordship has seen Dr. Hussey's Pastoral Letter—a most dangerous production.

"Poor Dr. Hamilton's widow is now an inhabitant of Bray. That she should abandon the North is not to be wondered at.

"As your Lordship will probably expect some literary news from me, I shall transcribe a passage from a letter which I have just received from Dr. Browne:—'I am very busy, when not employed in the Courts, in Parliament, or in College, in preparing for the press, Lectures on Civil and Ecclesiastical Law, read by me as Professor in the University.'

"When it shall suit your convenience have the good-

* The Chatterton, or Rowley controversy.

† Theobald Wolfe Tone, one of the chief rebels in Ireland. He was tried and sentenced to be hung, but contrived to cut his own throat. See *Gent. Mag.* vol. LXVIII. pp. 1084, 1075; LXIX. 28, 193.

ness to indulge me with a few lines, and you will infinitely oblige your Lordship's faithful humble servant,

"JOSEPH C. WALKER.

"Have the goodness to make my best compliments acceptable to Mrs. and Miss Percy, and Mrs. Isted. I am told Memoirs of Sir J. Reynolds have appeared. May we not expect Memoirs of Lord Orford and Mr. Mason?"

"MY LORD,

St. Valeri, Bray, 6th June, 1797.

"I am just honoured with your Lordship's favour of the 1st inst.

"As my object in opening a temporary correspondence with Mr. Catcott was merely to set him right in regard to the manner in which the papers of Chatterton were lost, my answer to his letter was very short. The cavil (if it was intended as such) at your Lordship's statement, I thought so much beneath my notice that I was silent on that subject. Nor did I say more respecting your Lordship than this, or something to this purpose,—that if he had the honor to know your Lordship as well as I do, he would have thought an *eclaircissement* totally unnecessary.

"I shall, as your Lordship seems to wish, take no further part in regard to the Chinese Novel. My friend Mr. Irwin's testimony to its authenticity I have already communicated. Till the publication of 'Love and Madness,'* there were, I believe, few unbelievers.

"Possessed, through the kindness of a friend, of the first edition of the 'Italia Liberata' (a book of great scarcity), I find it was printed in 1547 and 1548; that is, the nine first books in May 1547, and the remainder in November 1548. So that if Lord Surrey died in 1545, he could not have learned to employ blank verse in 'heroic poem,' from Trissino. I am, therefore, still of opinion, that the translation of Virgil which I mentioned to your Lordship, probably gave Lord Surrey the hint.

"This kingdom is less disturbed than it was: however, it is still in an unpleasant state, indeed, an alarming one. We are as yet pretty quiet in this neighbourhood. Last Sunday night a pike was found near my garden, but nothing has happened since. In the neighbourhood of

* A novel by the Rev. Sir Herbert Croft, containing an account of Chatterton, and Hackman and Miss Ray.—J. M.

poor Boyd things do not wear so good an aspect. He says in a letter which I received from him this day, 'Murders and robberies are so frequent here, that it is no novelty to hear of a dead body or two being found within a few miles of this place in a morning.' I therefore think your Lordship's absence at this time enviable. I would by no means recommend it to you to hasten home.

"I am happy to find that Mrs. Isted and her family are well. Have the goodness to make my best compliments acceptable to her, and to Mrs. and Miss Percy and your nephew; and believe me to be, my Lord,

"Yours, &c.

JOSEPH C. WALKER.

"P. S. If I can be in any way useful to your Lordship in this kingdom, I hope you will do me the honour to employ me."

J. C. WALKER, Esq. to Mr. PINKERTON.

"June 27, 1797.

"I have, I fear, too long omitted to thank you for Manso's *Life of Tasso*.

* * * *

"I wish we had some satisfactory notices of Manso himself. We know too little of that accomplished nobleman. I believe I have made the first attempt at ascertaining the site of the villa near Naples in which he received Tasso and Milton. What I have collected on this subject will appear in my *Memoir on Italian Tragedy*, if the work itself should ever appear.

"Having finished Machiavelli, I engaged in Guicciardini, and found him an historian of the first order. I am now deep in Tiraboschi, a writer of great research and good taste. His *life of Testi* I have not yet been able to procure; but I have begged of Major Ouseley to have a sharp look-out for a copy. Tiraboschi is very severe on a great favourite of mine, l'Abbé de Sade.

"You say that the first place amongst the lyric poets of Italy is due to Petrarch; the second to Testi. I cheerfully subscribe to your opinion; and I am surprised that a writer of so much merit should be neglected. You, however, have made him known in England; and to know him is to admire him. Indeed Italian literature

has many obligations to the author of 'Heron's Letters.*' They abound too in what I admire, but rarely find—original thinking. Amongst their warmest admirers in this country is Lord Charlemont, a nobleman of extensive learning and refined taste. He is the Manso of Ireland."

J. C. WALKER to Bishop PERCY.

"MY LORD,

St. Valeri, Bray, 8th July, 1797.

"Presuming your Lordship is still employed on the origin of English blank verse, I shall beg leave to trouble you with a passage from a translation, in *verso sciolto*, of the 4th book of the *Æneid*, which was made by Lodovico Martelli, who died in 1527:

' Subito per la gran città di Libia
Va discorrendo l'importuna fama.
Fama è un mal di cui null' altra pria
Per continuo moto si fa grande:
Piccola in prima, e paventosa, e poscia,
Arditamente su per l'aer poggia,
E'n terra i passi muove, e'l capo in alto
Fra le nugole eccelse asconde e posa, &c.'

"When this translation first appeared I cannot say with certainty, probably in the *Rime del Martelli* in 1533; for in a re-publication of this work in 1548, the title page sets forth, 'aggiuntovi il IV. di Virgilio tradotto dal medesimo.' If my conjecture be well founded, Martelli's translation might have met the observation of Lord Surrey, and inspired him with the idea of attempting blank verse. But if his Lordship's translation was not executed before 1540, it may be safely presumed that he saw *I sei primi libri dell' Eneide*, printed in Venice that year.

"It must, I am sure, have surprised your Lordship as much as it did me, that Dr. Johnson's curiosity never tempted him to look into Lord Surrey's translation of Virgil. The Earl of Surrey (says he, in his Life of Milton,) *is said* to have translated one of Virgil's books without rhyme.

"In your Memoirs of Lord Surrey your Lordship will, I presume, give some account of the origin of the English sonnet, of which the writings of that ingenious nobleman is said to afford the earliest specimen. In consider-

* Heron's Letters by Pinkerton. See on this work a note by Steevens, in Shakspeare, edit. Reed, vol. XIX. p. 314; and some severe lines in Cowper's Letters, vol. II. p. 41, justly deserved.—J. M.

ing Lord Surrey's sonnets it must have struck your Lordship, that in some of them he admits more than two rhymes into the two quatrains, and that there is one in which the same rhyme runs on through the fourteen lines.

"As I have sought in vain for Sir Edward Sherburne's translation of three of Seneca's tragedies, allow me to trouble your Lordship to turn to the preface (if you happen to have the book by you), and inform me if he mentions the Italian translation of those tragedies by Lod. Dolce. Pardon this liberty, and believe me to be, &c.

"J. C. WALKER."

"MY LORD,

St. Valeri, Bray, 25th Aug. 1797.

"I am honoured with your Lordship's favour of the 12th inst. and can venture to assure you that my brother had much pleasure in forwarding your billet to Dromore. I beg your Lordship may not hesitate to make use of his privilege whenever you may have occasion to do so.

"As your Lordship is pleased to invite me to resume the subject of *verso sciolto*, I shall do so. Of the two books of Virgil, translated into blank verse by Lord Surrey, his Lordship might have seen Italian translations in the same metre. In a former letter I mentioned to your Lordship that Lodovico Martelli, who died in 1533, translated the fourth book into *verso sciolto*. And I have since discovered that Ippolito de' Medici, natural son of Giuliano de' Medici, translated the second book into the same measure, and published it anonymously at Rome, *apud Antonium Bladum*, in 1538. As the nature of a little work on which I am at present employed naturally leads to an inquiry into the origin of *verso sciolto*, I shall not fail to acquaint your Lordship with any further discoveries I may make, which may seem likely to promote your Lordship's inquiry.

"In regard to the origin of the Sonnet I must, I fear, have expressed myself obscurely; for it was to the *English* not the *Italian* sonnet I intended to direct your Lordship's notice. The origin of the Italian sonnet has been in a great degree determined long since by Francesco Redi, and has been lately traced with great ingenuity and elegance by Mr. Roscoe. But the origin of the English sonnet still, I believe, remains a subject for investigation.

* There is no Preface to Sherburne's Seneca, only a Dedication, and Life of Seneca. Nor any mention of Lod. Dolce.—J. M.

If Lord Surrey was not the first, I believe he was one of the earliest *fabricators* of the English sonnet.

"The great rarity of Lord Surrey's translation of Virgil was unknown to me until mentioned by your Lordship. When Lord Orford enumerates with the works of Lord Surrey 'one book of Virgil,' I always thought he was giving the title of a book which he had seen; but when Johnson says, 'the Earl of Surrey is said to have translated one of Virgil's books without rhyme,' I concluded he was speaking, with his usual carelessness, of a work which he would not take the trouble to consult. But I am delighted to find that your Lordship's nephew means to put the public into possession of a literary treasure which might otherwise have remained for ever in concealment.

"On consulting Dr. Johnson's 'History of the English Language,' I find he does not deny Lord Surrey the honour of inventing English blank verse; nor does he attribute its invention to him. He only gives a composition in blank verse of the same age, 'which is (he says) the oldest I have found.'

"I have the honour to be, &c.

J. C. WALKER."

"MY LORD,

St. Valeri, Bray, March 14, 1798.

"It is a little unfortunate that my exertions to promote your Lordship's inquiries should not be seen in their true light, or even indulgently read.

"In one of your Lordship's former letters, you seem to doubt whether Lord Surrey or the fair Geraldine be mentioned by Holinshed. Happening to have the book by me, I went patiently through every page of the Irish part, and reported what I found, presuming, at the same time, to offer such conjectures as occurred to me. Yet this your Lordship is pleased to call 'banter and badinage.' Excuse me when I say that *zeal* and *ignorance* would have been better epithets; for my report was an effusion of one certainly—perhaps of both.

"I have ventured to predict that some future historian of the house of Medici will dispel the clouds which now hang over the fair Geraldine. Perhaps it will yet be found that this is not a 'fancy built on nothing firm.' That the fair Geraldine was the daughter of an Irish Earl, Lord

Surrey declares; that that Earl was a Fitzgerald, is believed; and that the lady in question resided some time in Florence, is not denied. But the lady has not yet been *identified*. 'The question is,' says Lord Orford, 'whether the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, or her sister Lady Cicely, was the fair Geraldine: I should think the former.' His reasons for thinking so are ingenious, but his proofs are only presumptive. When the true Florimel was placed by the false, the latter vanished into nothing. Perhaps a Geraldine may yet be found in that part of the private history of the house of Medici which still remains to be unfolded; at whose appearance the lady whom we have been so long admiring may melt into air.* Many circumstances, not less extraordinary, have been discovered in the *Recordi* of old Cosmo, which Mr. Roscoe dragged into light from the obscurity of the Laurentian library. But I have done with the subject: nor shall I resume that of *verso sciolto*. I thought, and still think, that Lord Surrey did not borrow from Trissino the fabric of verse into which he translated Virgil; and what I thought I took the liberty of communicating to your Lordship.

"The author of the *Orange* is not known; nor is it likely that he will avow himself, lest he should be *called out* by some of the persons with whose characters he makes so free. There is so much inflammable matter in the composition of an Irishman, that he is apt to take fire at the slightest attack on his character.

"Mr. O'Connor's papers have disclosed secrets that may probably save the kingdom from the demon of democracy. My brother informs me his troop attended five coaches full of prisoners to the Custom House on Monday. As yet I have not heard all the names of the conspirators. Dr. Mc'Nevin, Oliver Bond, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Pryme, Mr. Douling, Mr. Sweetman, are amongst the principal. The pursuit is now very hot after Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who is supposed to be concealed in this part of the country. Poor Lady Emily was searched, and some important papers found in her possession; and it is said, that the whole plan of the intended attack on Dublin was found in the handwriting of Lord Edward; however, this, and some other circumstances which I have related, may not

* See the Memoir prefixed to the Aldine edition of Lord Surrey's Poems, 12mo. 1831, pp. xx, xxi; and Dr. Nott's edition of Lord Surrey.

be true, for the reports which now fly about the kingdom are perpetually jarring. It is said, a bill of attainder is immediately to be brought into Parliament. What dreadful times! There is now a system of assassination in this kingdom. No man's life, however guarded his conduct, can be valued at twelve hours' purchase. All the horrors of the secret tribunal are revived. I have the honour to remain, your Lordship's obedient humble servant,

"J. C. WALKER."

"MY LORD,

St. Valeri, Bray, 20th March, 1798.

"I hope your Lordship has received a letter in which I expressed my regret at your neither seeing in their true light my efforts to promote your ingenious inquiries, nor reading with indulgence my report of those inquiries. The oftener I peruse the letter which gave birth to mine, the more I feel hurt at its contents. 'Another time you must not presume quite so much on my ignorance.' Your ignorance of what? permit me to ask. Surely I could not suppose your Lordship unacquainted with the sonnet to which I alluded. I have a very imperfect recollection of the letter which seems to have excited your Lordship's displeasure; but I believe it contained little more than a hasty report of a research in Holinshed, with the conjecture to which it gave rise. I found that Gerald FitzGerald (an Irish nobleman) had held a high employment in the court of Florence; that, after some time, he returned to his native country, and at an advanced age died, either in England or in Ireland, I forget which. Now it occurred to me, that if that Gerald FitzGerald had a daughter, she might have been the fair Geraldine, of whom (we learn from the sonnet in question before it was altered by Lord Orford),

'Fair Florence was sometyne her ancient seate.'

I did not then nor do I now insist on any thing. I had considered the subject slightly, and had not then (nor have I now) the books necessary to pursue the inquiry; above all I wanted those infallible guides, dates; the only guides on which in such inquiries we can safely rely. But I have done with the subject. Nor shall I again presume to meddle in any of your Lordship's literary concerns. On

the present occasion my zeal produced displeasure; on a former it incurred reproach.

"Since I wrote last, nothing new in regard to the traitors has occurred. The result of the examination before the Privy Council is kept a profound secret; but it is presumed that proofs sufficient to establish their guilt have been found. A report prevailed for a while, and was then contradicted, that a commission appointing Counsellor Sampson Lieutenant General of the rebel army was found; but I believe it is certain that Counsellor Emmett took an affecting leave of his wife, and expressed apprehensions of their never meeting again. Lord Edward has escaped, and his unfortunate lady has retired to Castle-town.

"This part of the country is as yet quiet; but I fear that the flame which is at present smothered will at length burst out. Government, however, are indefatigable and energetic, therefore we should not despair.

"My health, after which your Lordship is pleased to inquire, is, thank God, amended, but far from being perfectly re-established. Though it would not allow me to spend any part of the winter in town, it has, however, permitted me to bring to a conclusion a long and laborious work.

"A brother academician who passed yesterday with me, informed me that Dr. Young lately submitted to the Academy a most ingenious paper on the subject of colours.

"I have the honour to remain, &c. J. C. WALKER."

J. C. WALKER, Esq. to Mr. PINKERTON.

"May 12, 1798.

"You cannot conceive, nor I express, the pleasure which the perusal of your 'History of Scotland' has afforded me. The plan is admirable, and the execution equal to the plan. You have attained the object at which you aimed: you have rendered the work 'so complete a model of modern history, so perspicuous, interesting, various, animating, and elegant, as to merit general approbation.' Your style has all the strength and beauty of Gibbon's, without any of its obscurity. Your characters are drawn with the masterly pencil of Tacitus; and your retrospects are pictures, in which we occasionally discover the minuteness of Teniers, the grace of Raffaele, and the

sublimity of Michael Angelo. In a word, you stand unrivalled among modern historians;* and your plan is infinitely superior to that of any of the historians of ancient Greece and Rome; nor are you, in my opinion, inferior to any of them in the execution. Proceed, my dear Sir, in the path into which you have struck with so happy a boldness; and, while laurels are showered on your head, the applause of every lover of elegant literature and historic truth will vibrate on your ear."

"December 2, 1798.

"An opportunity just occurring of sending you a few lines, I avail myself of it to offer you my warmest thanks for the pleasure which I derived from the perusal of your 'Rimes.' I read them eagerly, and can truly say they answered in the fullest manner my expectations, which were, indeed, very high. You seem, in fact, (to borrow an expression of your own,) 'to have attained the genuine texture of lyric thought and style.' You have all the fire of Pindar, with Gray's happy choice of expression. Your 'Ode on Enthusiasm' hurried me out of this world; and your pathetic tale of 'Adelaide' melted me to tears. I lament that the limitation of my time will not allow me to point out some of the beauties with which I was particularly struck. But you would be little gratified by the praise of a man who has proved himself so indifferent a poet in the few versions which I have given of the specimens in my 'Memoirs,' of which, I presume, you have got a copy ere this.

"A thousand thanks for your portrait. Though I only saw you once, and for a few minutes, I will venture to pronounce it extremely like.

"Since I read your 'Rimes,' I am more anxious than ever for the appearance of your play. Have you sent it to Mr. Hayley? Have you read Preston's little Essay on Lyric Poetry in his works? I think it would please you. He is a very ingenious man: I know him well. I am much pleased with the critical works of Mr. Penn, which I lately met with."

* This lavish praise of Pinkerton by Mr. Walker, justifies the opinion of the writer who says, "Walker, as a critic, is so profuse and indiscriminating in his eulogy, as to render him a very uncertain and treacherous guide." Quarterly Review, No. XCVII. p. 75.—J. M.—Mr. Walker is slightly spoken of by Dr. Ledwich, in a letter to Bishop Percy, Oct. 24, 1802, as a "holiday scholar."

" Jan. 19, 1799.

* * *

"As my object was merely Italian tragedy, I did not give as much attention as I ought to the rise of the dramatic art in Italy; but, since I was favoured with your last letter, I have considered that subject deeply, and find I could with ease make my Introduction the most curious and not least interesting part of my work. If, therefore, Harding should think that he would be able to get off a second edition of my 'Memoir,' I shall re-write the Introduction, and not only avail myself of the strictures of such friends as yourself on the body of the work, but exert myself to the utmost to obtain further information."

" Feb. 26, 1799.

* * *

"In consequence of your hint, I am now employed on an Essay on the Revival of the Dramatic Art in Italy. It will extend from the earliest period to the time of Trissino. I shall spare no pains to render this little work at least satisfactory. I am almost daily adding something to my 'Memoir on Italian Tragedy,' and am now and then receiving liberal communications from my friends."

" St. Valeri, June 1, 1799.

* * *

"I was much gratified by the very liberal critique on my 'Memoir' which appeared in the 'British Critic' for April, and shall gladly avail myself of the hints suggested, and cheerfully correct the errors pointed out by the reviewer. *Rôle*, though sometimes used, is not strictly English, and shall therefore be altered; but I fear that I shall not be able to find in English an equivalent of equal conciseness for *Scenes à Machine*. I think, with the reviewer, that all the important quotations should have been translated; and I now regret that I did not do what might have been so easily done.

"I have sketched out an Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy, which (if I should finish it to my mind) I shall probably publish about September or October next. To this I have some idea of subjoining (by way of preparation for a second edition) additions and corrections to my 'Memoir,' with versions of all the untranslated speci-

mens, some of which my friend Boyd has promised to undertake. Favour me with your opinion on this plan."

" June 24, 1799.

" I am favoured with yours of 14th instant. I lament most sincerely poor Tassie.* In his death the elegant arts have suffered a great loss.

" I this day saw in the possession of Valance, a bookseller here, a large collection of books which belonged to the late Rev. James Johnstone,† editor and translator of several curious Northern tracts. If you are still an admirer of the literature of the North, I shall be happy in purchasing for you any books in that way in poor Johnstone's collection you may point out. The sooner you acquaint me with your wishes on this subject the better, lest some of the lovers of Northern literature in this city should get the start of us. I shall not disclose this literary secret to any of my friends here till I hear from you. I found Valance in the very act of unpacking the books.

" I think with you that our inventions were getting tame and vapid. But the German inventions, in my opinion, bear a strong resemblance to the ravings of a man in a fever. The flights of Shakspeare, Milton, and Ariosto, are divine: they are the effusions of a fine frenzy. Ariosto was a miracle of genius. I almost adore him."

" St. Valeri, Dec. 1, 1799.

" If you happen to have a copy of the comedies of the fair German nun, Hroswitha,‡ might I beg of you to transcribe the passage (if it be not too long) in which the vision of the cross that appears to Gallicanus is described? It is in the comedy which bears his name. I do not believe there is a copy of these comedies in this kingdom. Is there not some account of them subjoined to the last edition of the ' Essay on Old Maids?'

" My ' Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy ' is in great forwardness. I am rich in materials: besides a large collection of *rappresentazioni*, I have got the

* James Tassie, the eminent gem-engraver: see a memoir of him in the Literary Anecdotes, vol. III. p. 217; see also vol. VII. pp. 411, 687.

† He translated and edited the Death-song of Lodbrok, 12mo. See before, p. 157.

‡ A nun of Gandersheim in Lower Saxony, who wrote some Latin comedies in imitation of Terence, at the close of the tenth century. They afford the earliest specimen of dramatic composition, and have been twice printed, in 1501 and again in 1707. See Warton's Hist. Engl. Poetry, vol. II. p. 18, ed. 1840.—F. M.

'Timone,' 'Calandra,' and several other comedies written before 1500. Nor am I without hopes of a fresh accession. As you are acquainted with the nature of my undertaking, may I beg an occasional hint?

"As I can now supply several deficiencies in my 'Memoir,' I am meditating a Supplement. I have got the 'Sofonisba' of Galleotto del Caretto, the 'Tullia' of Martelli, the 'Marianna' of Dolce, and several other scarce and curious pieces, which should have been more fully noticed. The three pieces, however, which I have just enumerated, belong to a friend; so that I cannot boast of them as constituting part of my collection.

"Though the times are not favourable for literature, I trust you are not idle. If history be still your favourite, I hope you have some great work on the anvil. The history of your own country has still claims upon you.

"I wish you would take up some brilliant period in the literary history of Spain, and pour a flood of light upon it. We know too little of the literature of that country. Is there much in Southey's 'Letters on Spain and Portugal?' As yet, that work has not reached me. Is it known who wrote 'Letters from an English Traveller in Spain, in 1778, on the Origin and Progress of Poetry in that Kingdom?'"* Is the author of the 'Letters on Spanish Literature' in the Monthly Magazine known? By the by, that is one of the best conducted Magazines in England: it is particularly acceptable to a recluse like me, who wishes to know something of the state of literary affairs on the Continent. On the subject of antiquities, I still continue to draw information from my old friend, Urban."

"Eccles Street, Dublin, Aug. 26, 1806.

"Till I saw your name in the monthly list, I was ignorant of your return. I sincerely rejoice at your being restored to your family, with whom I hope you will long enjoy uninterrupted happiness.

"I took the liberty to address a few lines to you at Paris on the subject of my 'Irish Bards.' But I have as yet to learn whether or not the French translation of that work, on which your friend was then employed, has appeared. I have been informed that the Memoir on Italian Tragedy has been translated into French; but I am not sure that the information was correct.

* Written by Mr. Dillon.

"During your absence, I published a little 'Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy.' If you have read that imperfect work, might I beg to be favoured with your candid remarks on it? Do not spare me."

"St. Valeri, Bray, Ireland, Oct. 2, 1806.

* * *

"I am truly grateful for the trouble which you kindly took in regard to my 'Irish Bards.' I think Mr. Edgeworth told me that he had seen a French translation in Paris. Yet I cannot procure a copy in any of the booksellers' shops in London. I have begged of Dulau to write to Paris on the subject, and at the same time to order a copy of the French translation of the 'Memoir on Italian Tragedy,' if such a publication exists. If Dulau should fail, I shall perhaps take the liberty to avail myself of your kind offer. I believe I mentioned to you that an Italian nobleman at Milan has undertaken a translation into Italian of the 'Memoir on Italian Tragedy.'

"If you have not already procured a copy of my little 'Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy,' I beg you will honour me with your acceptance of the copy for which I inclose an order. I shall anxiously expect your remarks on that imperfect work. You will find I have attempted to do what you long since recommended to me to undertake.

* * *

"I am much pleased with Lord Holland's 'Life of Lope de Vega.' It is enriched with some excellent dramatic criticism, and will, I hope, assist in rendering Spanish literature fashionable.

"I expect to derive much pleasure and information from Mr. Irving's 'Life of George Buchanan.' His 'Lives of the Scottish Poets' (of which he was so good as to send me a copy) I think an excellent work—it is curious and interesting. Dr. Ledwich thinks highly of the author's learning."

Mr. PINKERTON to Mr. WALKER.

"January 15, 1807.

"My large volumes of Geography occupied me so much that I had no time to write. I read with great pleasure your 'Essay on the Italian Drama;' but allow

me to observe a radical fault. There are no great masses, no striking divisions, no epochs; so that the attention is bewildered, and the memory has no pause. *Arrangement* is the first quality of a good book; and it is proper to form a *skeleton* or analysis, before putting pen to paper in the composition. The notes are often disjointed and desultory.

"Excuse these few remarks of a friend and well wisher."

J. C. WALKER, Esq. to Mr. PINKERTON.

"January 22, 1807.

"I consider your kind favour of the 15th inst. as the strongest proof you could give me of sincere friendship. As such I accept it, and am grateful for it. I must confess, however, that I am sorry that a work undertaken chiefly at your suggestion should not be so fortunate as to meet with your approbation. Should it ever reach a second edition, I shall hope, by attending to your excellent hints, to render it less unworthy the subject. In order to this, it would be necessary to enlarge my plan, and not to confine myself to a particular period, but to trace the history of the Italian stage from infancy to maturity. In the work in question, I have only (if I may so express myself) played about the cradle of the Italian drama. I have merely noticed its first feeble efforts to speak—the imperfect accents of childhood. My specimens and remarks are therefore confined to the earliest attempts. I could, it is true, have noticed many more dramas, which might be said to fall within the narrow limits of my plan; but I was unwilling to weary, and perhaps disgust, the generality of readers. I promised a slight Essay, and have kept my word.

"Your idea that an author should form a skeleton of his intended work before putting pen to paper in the composition, I think a most excellent one. Should I ever engage in another work, you will find your hint has not been thrown away. Something of what you recommend was attempted on the present occasion. The previous arrangement in my mind was such as the subject seemed to suggest. I determined to divide the work into sections, allotting to each respectively the different species of drama which appeared at the revival of the art in Italy, and devoting some of the concluding sections to the patrons of the art, and to the academies instituted for

promotion. This was the plan which occurred to me at the time. I will not say it was the best, but it was the best I could devise. Should I determine hereafter to give the work a new form, I shall beg leave to consult you, my kind friend.

"Allow me now to avail myself of your kind offer in a former letter. If you can with perfect convenience procure me the French translations of 'Irish Bards,' 'Memoir on Italian Tragedy,' and 'Essay on the Revival of the Drama,' I shall most thankfully reimburse you the expense. It would be obliging me exceedingly. I am sorry that it was not in my power to afford you any assistance in your great geographical undertaking. But our public libraries do not, I fear, contain any materials that would have been of use to you. If my memory does not deceive me, there are in our college library some old maps of the time of Elizabeth, by one Jobson, but they are poor things."

J. C. WALKER, Esq. to Mr. O. REES.

"DEAR SIR,

St. Valeri, Ireland, May 2, 1807.

"Mr. Roscoe informed me several months since, that an Italian nobleman at Milan had undertaken to translate my 'Memoirs on Italian Tragedy.'" Has the translation reached London yet? Have you seen a French translation of that work, or of the 'Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy,' or of the 'Memoirs of the Irish Bards?' Mr. Edgeworth informed me that he had seen a French translation of the latter juvenile work at Paris. Yet I have never been able to procure a copy.

"I was lately indulged by a friend with a loan of the two first volumes of 'Censura Literaria,' which afforded me so much pleasure that I now regret that I did not subscribe to the work. I think the plan excellent; and the execution does much credit to Mr. Brydges. Every lover of elegant literature must feel obliged to him. As a literary antiquary he seems to be indefatigable, and as a critic and biographer he displays admirable talents. I sincerely hope he may be encouraged to proceed with his undertaking. I understand he has commenced, or means to commence, a new series on a new plan. Will his new plan embrace very scarce works in the French, Spanish,

and Italian languages, which have some connection with English literature? If you are personally acquainted with Mr. Brydges, might I beg of you to ask him whether any of the Egerton family ever resided at Handford in Cheshire?

"I have a correct list of the Strawberry-hill publications by the late Mr. Henry Quin; do you think it would be acceptable to Mr. Brydges, or his friend Mr. Park?"

"Believe me, dear Sir, &c.

J. C. WALKER."

J. C. WALKER, Esq. to Rev. Mr. BOYD, Dromore House.

"MY DEAR SIR,

St. Valeri, Bray, 29th Nov. 1804.

"Your obliging favour of the 4th inst. found me extremely ill; a violent fever had just then commenced. After being confined above a fortnight to bed, I was at length permitted to rise; but I have not yet quitted the bed-side. I write, as you may perceive, with a very feeble hand; but I will no longer postpone my grateful acknowledgment for the Bishop of Dromore's most acceptable gift. His Lordship's goodness towards me has been invariable ever since he first honoured me with his notice. Of this goodness I shall ever entertain a grateful sense; please to assure his Lordship of this; and at the same time be so good as to offer my warmest thanks for the Ode.* As yet that poem has not reached me. It lies, I am told, at my brother's, waiting the first safe hand. Your letter was duly forwarded. I am, you may suppose, extremely anxious to see any attempt to do justice to the various merits of a writer whom I so highly admire, and a friend whom I so warmly esteem, as the Bishop of Dromore.

"The account which you give me of the state of the Bishop's eyes distresses me deeply. I will not, however, despair of the sight being saved. May God preserve it! I shall anxiously expect a favourable account. Make every kind wish acceptable from me to his Lordship, and believe me to be, &c.

J. C. WALKER.

"I am almost ashamed to send this scrawl. But I flatter myself you will read it with indulgence. It is my first attempt at a letter since the commencement of my illness."

* Miss Stewart's. See before, p. 126.

[The following remarks on the preceding letter were dictated by Bishop Percy.]

“Oct. 22, 1810.

“After the very strong expressions of respect and regard for the Bishop of Dromore, so ostentatiously displayed in Mr. Walker’s letter to Mr. Boyd, Nov. 29, 1804, would it be thought credible that immediately after, in the following spring of 1805, Mr. Walker, in his ‘Essay on the Origin of Romantic Fabling in Ireland,’ which was read before the Royal Irish Academy, June 10, 1805, should call the reader’s attention, and in effect hold up to his approbation, Ritson’s scurrilous and abusive attack on the Bishop in the following note at the bottom of his page: ‘Vide Ritson’s Dissertation on Romance and Minstrelsy, prefixed to Ancient English Metrical Romances, vol. I.’ —He then adds, ‘See also the elegant and *accurate* Mr. Ellis’s Historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the English Poetry and Language, prefixed to Specimens of the Early English Poets.’

“Here, if he had been disposed to do justice to the Bishop of Dromore, he might have thrown in a few lines in his vindication from Ritson’s abuse, more especially as Dr. Percy’s Essay on Metrical Romances, printed in the *Reliques*, &c. gave the first mention of the subject in any English publication; and whoever peruses Mr. Walker’s letters in 1788–9, must conclude he would have been anxious to seize such an opportunity. Mr. Walker’s pointed reference here to the abuse of Dr. Percy of course was highly censured by every impartial person that observed it, and especially all the Bishop’s friends did not fail to express the highest indignation at such perfidious conduct. Among these it must be concluded none would take a deeper interest than Mr. Boyd, who himself had given the Bishop the letter written to him by Mr. Walker, and being much in his confidence, and often his visitant, must have been present at the frequent censure of Mr. Walker’s duplicity, and have strongly concurred in the same. How much, therefore, must the Bishop have been surprised, when, after Mr. Walker’s death, he saw in a Belfast newspaper a poem to his memory, written by that gentleman,* holding up his character to the highest admira-

* Mr. Boyd’s Lines to the memory of Mr. Walker are preserved in the Editor’s Preface to the “Memoirs of Tassoni.” See p. 685.

tion, wherein, among other very peculiar sentiments, he speaks of Sir William Jones as the intimate friend of Mr. Walker, in the following lines :

‘ Time was when thou could’st chide the lingering sail
Which the kind billet from thy Jones* delay’d,
Or mark’d the swain slow winding up the vale,
With news from Allerton’s† Pierian shade.

‘ But now thou meet’st thy Jones in light array’d,
Joining the chorus of the blest on high,
Or bent o’er Allerton’s Pierian shade,
Behold’st thy Roscoe bright’ning for the sky.’

“ On the Bishop’s expressing to Mr. Boyd how little he could have expected that any friend of his, who had seen how perfidiously Mr. Walker had dealt with the Bishop, should load him with such unqualified praise, Mr. Boyd excused himself by declaring that he had entirely forgot Mr. Walker’s injurious treatment of the Bishop, and that he had formerly conferred some favours on himself. This he stated in a letter, to which the Bishop replied.”

* “ Sir William Jones, whom Mr. Boyd styles in his Address to the memory of Walker, ‘ thy Jones, &c. &c.’ as if they had been most intimate friends ; whereas in the publication of Sir William’s Correspondence, he appears to have been so little acquainted with Mr. Walker, that he did not even correctly know his name ; for the letter which Mr. Walker had artfully extorted from him is addressed only to *Joseph Cowper, Esq.* See *Memoirs of Sir William Jones*, by Lord Teignmouth, vol. ii. p. 143.”

† “ Seat of William Roscoe, Esq.”

REV. THOMAS CAMPBELL, LL.D.

THE Rev. Thomas Campbell, LL.D. was born on the 4th of May, 1733, at Glack, in the county of Tyrone, the residence of the Archdeacon of Armagh. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Moses Campbell, many years curate of that Archdeaconry, and afterwards Rector of the parish of Killeshill, a living to which a brother of Dr. Campbell's was inducted in 1790.

Dr. Campbell was an inhabitant of the North of Ireland, having the good rectory of Clones, near the estate of his friend Lord Dacre, in the county of Monaghan. He was also Chancellor of St. Macartin's, Clogher.

He was a friend of the celebrated Dr. Johnson; and his name occasionally occurs in Boswell's Life. He was also a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. That lady gives an account of Dr. Campbell in a letter to Johnson, in which we catch a glimpse of his manner and character:—

“We have a flashy friend here (at Bath) already, who is much your adorer. I wonder how you will like *him*? An Irishman he is; very handsome, very hot-headed, loud and lively, and sure to be a favourite with you, he tells us, for he can live with a man of ever so odd a temper. *My Master* laughs, but likes him; and it diverts me to think what you will do when he professes that he would clean shoes for you; that he would shed his blood for you; with twenty more extravagant flights:—and you say, *I flatter!* Upon *my honour*, Sir, and, *indeed now*, as Dr. Campbell's phrase is, I am but

a twitter to him.”—May 6, 1776. Dr. Johnson, in answer, May 18, 1776, replies: “Who can be this new friend of mine?”

It appears that Dr. Campbell dined with Dr. Johnson at Mr. Dilly’s table, April 5, 1775, where he had been introduced by Boswell, having seen Dr. Campbell at Mr. Thrale’s, and been told that he had come to England chiefly to see Dr. Johnson, for whom he entertained the highest veneration. On Boswell afterwards mentioning this to Johnson at Mr. T. Davies’s table, the Doctor seemed angry at the observation.

“Why, you know, Sir,” said Davies, “there came a man from Spain to see Livy;* and Corelli came to England to see Purcell,† and when he heard that he was dead, went directly back to Italy.”

JOHNSON.—“I should not have wished to be dead to disappoint Campbell, had he been so foolish as you represent him; but I should have wished him to have been a hundred miles off.”

“This was apparently perverse; and I do believe it was not his real way of thinking; he could not but like a man who came so far to see him. He laughed with some complacency, when I told him Campbell’s odd expression to me concerning him: ‘That having seen such a man was a thing to talk of a century hence,’ as if he could live so long.”‡

On the 10th of April Dr. Johnson dined at General Oglethorpe’s with Mr. Langton and Dr. Campbell, whom the General had given Boswell leave to bring with him.

“This learned gentleman was thus gratified with a very high intellectual feast, by not only being in company with Dr. Johnson, but with General Ogle-

* *Epist. lib. ii. ep. 3.*

† “Mr. Davies was here mistaken, Corelli was never in England.”
BURNES.

‡ Boswell’s *Life of Johnson*. Croker’s 8vo edit. iii. 217.

thorpe, who had been so long a celebrated name both at home and abroad.”*

On the 8th of May Boswell dined with Dr. Johnson at Mr. Thrale’s, where he met Dr. Campbell.†

In May 1777, in a letter to Charles O’Conor, Esq. Dr. Johnson speaks of “having had the pleasure of conversing with Dr. Campbell about Mr. O’Conor’s character and literary undertaking.”‡

Another interview took place between Dr. Johnson and Dr. Campbell, the particulars of which were thus communicated to Boswell:—

“Sitting with Dr. Johnson one morning alone, he asked me if I had known Dr. Madden, who was author of the premium scheme in Ireland? On my answering in the affirmative, and also that I had for some years lived in his neighbourhood, &c. he begged of me, that when I returned to Ireland I would endeavour to procure for him a poem of Dr. Madden’s, called ‘Boulter’s Monument.’ The reason (said he) why I wish for it is this: when Dr. Madden came to London, he submitted that work to my castigation; and I remember I blotted out a great many lines, and might have blotted many more, without making the poem worse. However, the Doctor was very thankful, and very generous, for he gave me ten guineas, which was to me, at that time, a great sum.”§

The following extract from Dr. Campbell’s “*Strictures on the History of Ireland*,” exhibits a view of his political principles, in contrast with those of Dr. Johnson. He is speaking of Henry the Second’s supposed right to Ireland by virtue of “conquest.”

* Boswell’s *Life of Johnson*, Croker’s 8vo. edit. III. p. 225.

† Ibid. p. 224.

‡ Ibid. p. 476.

§ Ibid. I. 307.

“ Yet this right of conquest was vehemently urged against me by Dr. Johnson, in a conversation I once held with him respecting the affairs of this country. The conversation appeared to my dear friend Dr. Watkinson (to whom I repeated it, within an hour or two after it passed), so extraordinary, that he gave me pen, ink, and paper to set it down immediately; for, says he, it deserves to be recorded, as a test of his political principles. I therefore give it here with the less reluctance, as upon the whole it discovers the original rectitude of a warm heart, biassed by national prejudices. But first let me premise a circumstance or two.

“ Having spent the winter of the year 1777 in London, I had been honoured (and it is my pride to acknowledge it) with his familiarity and friendship. I had not seen him from that time till the 11th of June 1781, when I went to pay him a morning visit. I found him alone, and nothing but mutual inquiries respecting mutual friends had passed, when Baretti came in. Baretti, more curious than the Doctor, soon asked me, if the *disturbances* in Ireland were over. The question, I own, surprised me, as I had left all things quiet, and was not at first altogether aware of the tendency of his question. I therefore in return asked what disturbances he meant; for that I had heard of none. What, said he, have you not been in arms? To which I answered categorically, Yes; and many bodies of men continue so to be. And do not you call this *disturbance*? rejoined Baretti. No! said I, the Irish volunteers have demeaned themselves very peaceably, and, instead of disturbing the repose of the country, have contributed most effectually to preserve its peace. The laws were never so well executed as since the volunteers arose. The Irish are, I own, a turbulent people, and in many places, whenever they before could, they have resisted even a justice of peace's warrant; but this is now all over; the people, even the rudest of them, are every where amenable to law. You have heard of part of our country being infested with a banditti called White-boys; but now *we* hear nothing of them in Ireland, but as a tale that is told. Mr. Baretti, you have received wrong impressions of these Irish volunteers; you conceive them to be the dross and dregs of our country; but undeceive yourself, the reverse is the truth; they are composed of the most affluent and respectable inhabitants of the king-

dom, from the knights of the shire to the most trusty freeholders in each parish. You are acquainted with English opulence, and know how distasteful it would be to Englishmen of condition, or even farmers, to serve as militia-men; but take off your eyes from this gorgeous scene, and behold a poor nation, not habituated to the conveniencies of life, and you may understand why the lowest man who serves in the volunteer ranks is, somehow, exalted above those who do not. To be a volunteer in Ireland is an object of ambition, and that ambition is principally checked by the poverty of the people. For, however strange it may appear to you, he must have been, for Ireland, a man in easy circumstances who could afford to be a volunteer. The honour is attended with more expense than even some of them are able to bear: a handsome uniform, accoutrements, field-days, &c. are all attended with great costs and charges to them. Yet as they are, nevertheless, the most rich, most civilized, and respectable members of the community at large, and of the several parishes to which they belong, you cannot suspect that they would be the people most prone to raise disturbances in their country. On the contrary, the fact is, that a decency, a sobriety, a principle of honour is already visible where it was not before to be seen.

“Dr. Johnson, who all this while sat silent, but with a very attentive ear to what passed—and much more then passed than I set down—at length turned to me with an apparent indignation which I had never before experienced from him—‘What! sir, don’t you call it disturbance to oppose legal government with arms in your hands, and compel it to make laws in your favour? Sir, I call it rebellion, as much as the rebellions in Scotland.’ ‘Doctor,’ said I, ‘I am exceedingly sorry to hear that declaration fall from you, whom I always considered as a friend, sometimes partial, to Ireland: but this I can say, that we have always considered ourselves as amongst the most loyal of his Majesty’s subjects, at the same time that, though obliged to submit, we have always denied allegiance to the supremacy of a British Parliament. We have a separate and distinct legislature of our own, and that we have never discovered any inclination to resist.’ ‘Sir,’ says the Doctor, ‘you do owe allegiance to an English Parliament, for you are a conquered nation; and had I been minister I would have made you submit to it—I

would have done as Cromwell did, I would have burned your cities, and roasted you in the flames.' After this explosion, I perhaps warmly replied—'Doctor! your advice to treat the Americans in that manner has not succeeded altogether to your wishes—the times are altered.' To which he replied, 'Sir, you say truly that the times are altered; for power is now no where; our government is a government of influence, but not of power. Yet had we treated the Americans as we ought, and as they deserved, we should have at once razed all their towns, and let them enjoy their forests. But (in a jocular way repeating what he before said) when we should have roasted the Americans as rebels, we only whipped them as children; and we did not succeed, because my advice was not taken.'

"As arguments would but have enraged him again, I let him now settle into perfect calmness; when, after a long pause, he, with a smile, said: 'Though I hold the Irish to be rebels, I do not think them altogether wrong; but you know that you compelled our Parliament, by force of arms, to pass an act in your favour, and that I call rebellion: though what you claimed ought to have been granted, as you say, yet the mode of requisition was rebellious.' 'Well, Doctor,' said I, 'let me ask you, do you think that Ireland would have recovered her usurped right by any other means?' To which he candidly answered, 'I believe she would not: however, a wise government should not grant even a claim of justice, if an attempt is made to extort it by force.' We had some more conversation on the same subject, till at length it came to this issue—'Why, Sir, I do not know but I might have acted as you did, had I been an Irishman, but I speak as an Englishman.*'"

This conversation will form no inappropriate addition to a future edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

Dr. Campbell first published, without his name, "An Account of the South of Ireland, in a series of Letters to John Watkinson, M.D. Dublin, 1778;" and the letters are supposed to be written by an English traveller.

In 1780 he published a "Sermon preached in the

* Campbell's *Strictures on History of Ireland*, p. 334.

church of St. Andrew, Dublin, on the 6th of February, in aid of a charitable fund for the support of twelve boys and eight girls." The Monthly Review speaks of the Discourse (from Matt. v. 48,) as "ingenious and sensible." (LXII. 414.)

In 1789, he published "Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland; from the most ancient Times till the Introduction of the Roman Ritual, and the Establishment of Papal Supremacy by Henry II. King of England."* To this he appended, "An Historical Sketch of the Institution and Government of Ireland, from the most early period down to the year 1783." Dublin, 8vo. This was originally drawn up for the use of Mr. Gough, and printed in Vol. III. of his edition of "Camden's Britannia." This Essay Mr. Gough acknowledges in his Preface, and designates it as "an excellent, comprehensive view of the government of that kingdom, from the earliest times to the latest revolution in it."

Of the first part of this work the Monthly Reviewers† observe:—"It is the commendable, because honest, intention of this performance (which is in a great degree controversial) to reclaim the Irish from the vanity of boasting a descent from particular ancestors, of too remote an antiquity to be warranted by authentic documents, or even by probability; and to fix the history of Ireland on the sure ground of credibility confirmed by records."

In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1790, p. 318, are some commendatory remarks on Dr. Campbell's "Strictures," by a correspondent who signs

* Dr. Ledwich, in a Letter to Bp. Percy, Oct. 24, 1802, says, "Campbell was my intimate friend for thirty years. His 'Strictures' are an hasty performance. The booksellers wanted a new edition; but there are too many things rash and unfounded, to correct which would injure the reputation of the man I very much esteemed." See p. 826.

† Vol. I. New Series, p. 150.

K. T.; and in the same volume is a very able review and digest of the work, written by Mr. Gough (pp. 333 to 337).

"One stroke of Dr. Campbell's discerning pen (says Mr. Gough) does away with all the visionary lumber that modern antiquaries have heaped up, round, and upon the foundation of Stanishurst, Giraldus Cambrensis, Usher, Ware, Lloyd, and Spenser."

The "Historical Sketch" was reprinted from Mr. Gough's Camden, with a supplement of what was there wanting; and a hope was held out by Dr. Campbell of a republication of it with *slow* haste; and for which he solicited his friends to correct such errors as might have escaped him; but, we believe, no other edition was ever published.

"His letters to Bishop Percy illustrate some other circumstances connected with his literary history, such as his controversy with General Vallancey, his assistance to Bishop Percy in the Life of Goldsmith, &c. The notices of Dr. Campbell are very scanty; who, judging from his writings and his correspondence, was a man of good sense and considerable talent."*

Dr. Campbell died on the 20th of June 1795, aged 62.† It is believed that he was never married. He had a niece living with him in 1791. His eldest nephew was in 1810 about to embark from the Cape of Good Hope (where he had resided two years) for New South Wales. His next nephew was the Rev. Charles Campbell, who resided in 1810 at Newry, in Ireland.

* These remarks are suggested by a letter of Sir F. Madden, who, in 1832, communicated to the Gentleman's Magazine four letters of Dr. Campbell to Bishop Percy, which are incorporated in this collection.

† His death is not recorded in the Gentleman's Magazine; but it is remarkable, that on the same day, June 20, 1795, occurs the death of Robert Campbell, esq. at his seat at Fulmer, Bucks.

LETTERS

BETWEEN DR. CAMPBELL AND BISHOP PERCY.

Dr. THOMAS CAMPBELL to Bishop PERCY.

“MY LORD, No. 5, Anne-street, Dublin, Feb. 27, 1787.

“I told you that I had put Mr. Pinkerton’s inquiry into such a train that I had almost every hope of giving him satisfaction; but the sequel will show how far I have been disappointed. The Librarian of the College, wishing to further our research in the most liberal manner, sent for a Mr. Flanigan, a student of Trinity College, Dublin, and greatest adept he knew of in the Irish language, that gentleman being, as you probably know, employed by the Royal Academy in copying Irish manuscripts; but, alas! his knowledge failed in making out the dates in the *text* of those venerable parchments, the Annals of Tigernac and Inisfall, or Innisfallen. (N.B. not *Inisfail*!) Inisfail is a name for Ireland at large: Inisfall is an island in the county of Kerry, where the monastery stood, whence originated the famous Annals. And unfortunately there is a chasm or hiatus *valde deflendus* at the period of the reign of Brudi, of whom no mention is made in this copy. But it is to be observed, that on the margin of this copy is a regular notation of chronological dates, in our common figures, by a modern hand, from which it appears, to my unlearned eye, that the above chasm extends from the year 577 to 590.

“Thus far we go on sure grounds: now, it is to be further observed, that in the ‘Annals of Tigernac’ there is a similar notation of chronology in the margin; and opposite to the account of Brudi Mac Milochon is the following marginal note:—‘584. Brudeus ob^t. Ult. Annal.’

“On this I remark, that it should from hence seem that the date of Brudi’s death in the Annals of Ulster, to which the writer of that note refers, is a year later than in the translation which Mr. Pinkerton has seen in the British Museum. It is then natural for Mr. Pinkerton to expect that I should have referred to the Annals of Ulster to clear up this doubt; and I did so: but the copy in Trinity College, Dublin, has no marginal notes that we could make out; and the text, as to the dates, was, like that of Tigernac and Inisfallen, not intelligible to Mr. Flanigan.

"Upon the whole, my Lord, here is a certain degree of authority in favour of *three* out of those *four* years which pressed Mr. Pinkerton's accuracy with difficulty in his *punctum fixum*, or great epoch. As it was found so difficult to come nearer to the death of Brudi, your Lordship and he will easily see how vain it would be for me to attempt any inquiry into more minute dates. But I must add, that I have heard that the best copy of the Annals of Ulster is in the Library of Oxford; and whether an inquiry would reward Mr. Pinkerton's pains I dare not so much as guess.

"I am heartily vexed that I could not be of more service to Mr. Pinkerton, as I am persuaded he is divested of those fond prejudices which have disfigured the writings of some gentlemen of his country and my own.

"I am, &c.

THO. CAMPBELL."

"MY LORD,

Clones, Aug. 27, 1787.

I last week sent to my brother in Newry Mr. Pinkerton's last publication, and very learned it is, to be delivered to you *from the author*. Indeed, my Lord, I should have apologised to you for not returning to Dublin as soon as I promised after Easter, to finish the sketch I showed to you; and yet perhaps it is better as it is; though I must confess that the article which I intended to reprobate was of all others most urged against me in certain companies, both at Paris and London. However, my delay in the country was occasioned by my building a gallery in my church, towards which and other repairs I had contributed 50*l.* on condition that the parish would raise 100*l.* The 100*l.* was expended, and the Easter vestry expressed a wish that the gallery should be built forthwith; and in such circumstances I could not think of leaving the country till this engagement was fulfilled, which could not have been executed for double the sum which remained in my hands if I had not superintended it myself. And this, I trust, you will not consider as a *pitiful* apology.

"I must not here omit observing to your Lordship, that in the beginning of July I met your friend (and now let me call him mine) Mr. Blakeway, at the English coffee house on the Pont Neuf. It was a meeting greatly to my comfort and satisfaction, for I found in this worthy man such a coincidence of opinions relative to Paris, &c.

with my own, as confirmed me for a while in a disgust to the place: so much so, that, though I had not been there a week (he had been much longer), we had agreed to leave Paris together in a day or two, provided his friend from Shrewsbury (with whom and his wife he travelled) was not so well recovered of a violent fit of the gout as to return then; but he recovered so as to travel, and I was left in Paris, to my own silent mortification that I thus lost the opportunity of such an enlightened fellow traveller. But I since learned a French proverb, *Toute chose a le bon et le mal*; the force of which I quickly experienced; for a few days brought me acquainted with some of the French, who by-the-bye spoke English (and French I could neither speak, nor understand when spoken), whose manners were so pleasing, and their sentiments at once so just and so refined, that their engaging society unfixed all my disgusts, and removed all those prejudices which I had taken up from a hasty view of trivial things: so that when I left Paris I left it with regret, bemoaning my sad fate that I did not understand (or rather speak) the language of a people who know the value of words so well, and whose peculiar felicity it seems to be *savoir vivre*. But I so often found myself in the *De Tristibus*—

Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non intelligor illis,

that, after balancing my accounts of pleasures and pains, I was enabled to depart, after spending but a few days more than I at first intended in this city of the Graces, fully resolved never more to pass a censure from a transient view of persons or things. My Lord, at the *Opera Italien* I found a strong argument for an early education. There I saw near a hundred children of both sexes introduced, *dancing*; and there I learned that the King gives pensions to such as excel, or meet with accidents, or become superannuated. So that there is at once a college for dancers and an hospital for their invalids. And yet these people, notwithstanding the cross from the Franks (as I take it), are originally *Celts*; to which race, as you will see, Mr. Pinkerton allows not one good quality (not very philosophically, in my poor opinion); but he denies that the body of the French nation is *Celtic*; but persuaded I am, from the looks of the people, that they are mostly of the old Celtic race; for of a very different aspect they are from either the Germans or Normans. But, happily for your Lordship, my sheet is scribbled, and I want room to

express how much I am your Lordship's most humble servant,
 THO. CAMPBELL."

"MY LORD,

Clones, Oct. 25th, 1787.

"It flatters me not a little that your Lordship should be at the trouble to copy even a sentence of my bagatelle, even to Mr. Blakeway, for whom I entertain the highest sentiments of respect, and I might add affection, for truly he is an amiable man. But what will he think of my fickleness in becoming all at once such a proselyte to French manners? Yet persuaded I am he would acquit me if he had been but half an hour in company with a lady (and she was rather elderly) to whom I was introduced in Paris. You may judge almost from a single sentence of hers, which I cannot help repeating to your Lordship, the kind of woman she was. But I must first observe, that she professed infinite esteem for the English nation. I have, says she, spent much time in England, and there is nothing I would not do to serve one of the country, for they are the best of human creatures, *such as your human creatures are*. She knew Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Carter, Miss Reynolds, &c. and had Pope and even Shakspeare at her finger ends. After visiting her two or three times, she said to me one day, after trespassing against a certain etiquette she had recommended in respect to my paying regular morning visits—and upon my excusing myself by saying that two or three priests had called upon me to conduct me through Paris (and by-the-bye I found them useful in that line, as the Paris servants are such varlets), she exclaimed, 'Good God, Signior Anglois, keep company with priests!—why, if you keep company with priests, nobody will keep company with you. Priests! the poorest creatures in the world, creatures who know nothing but a point here or a point there, and no matter whether the point be here or there, for it is worth nothing in itself; but then Irish priests! the foolishhest of all priests, *the very Swisses of theology*.' Now, my Lord, this last sentence is very comprehensive, considering the character of the Swiss in Paris. But no more of Paris.

"I am entirely to thank you for Mr. Pinkerton's being at the trouble to find me out in London, and, were it not for those prejudices which overpower him, he would be much to my taste, for his learning is solid, and he is, what few bookish men are, very communicative. We

dined together more than once; and when I blundered, I always excused myself by being a *Celt*.*

"I did not so much as know that Madam Piozzi was in London (for my stay was very short) till a day or two before I left it, when I heard that, seeing Mr. Murphy in some shop, she stopped her carriage to upbraid him for not calling to see her; which fault he soon corrected.

"And now, my Lord, let me congratulate this poor country of mine for the part you have taken in the Royal Academy. You have redeemed it from a new degree of contempt, into which it must have sunk, if its corporation of literati were to be responsible for those crude effusions which some of its members write with much more facility than I can read them. Your letter has set me upon a track, which, with a digression perhaps here and there, will enable me sufficiently to expose the inconsistencies of our 'Collectanea' scribes. I purpose, for the Dublin Chronicle, a slight sketch or summary view of the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland, down to the establishment of our National Church on the foundation upon which it now stands. This, if I could execute it as I conceive it, *sed videmus quid deceat non assequimur*, would be the best mode of answering (without seeming to answer) both Papists and Presbyterians.

"My Lord, I am safe enough in communicating this my intention to you, which, if the author were known, might in some measure defeat my purpose. But I am not without hopes of profiting by it; because I trust that, if I fail, either in omission or commission, your goodness will give me the hint in time, so as to correct what may be amiss or supply what is wanting. And if, after this thing shall have run through the Chronicle, it should be deemed worthy of being collected in one focus, it may be wrought up into a better form, and enabled to stand the severity of public scrutiny, which I am persuaded it will meet with. For, as you have observed, the learned Colonel† has written his fourteenth volume by way of anticipation. And I can assure you, that Charles O'Conor, Esq. had another book ready for the press (as Byrne his bookseller, and Mr. Ryan his confidant, both told me), in answer to two Sections of an Analysis of the Antiquities

* This alludes to Mr. Pinkerton's "Dissertation on the Origin of the Scythians and Goths," 8vo. 1787; a work, it is said, that received the praise of Professor Porson.—J. M.

† Colonel Vallancey.

of Ireland, which I got printed (as I could find no writer able to copy my wretched scrawl), but never published, nor even thought of publishing, till I published the whole, which was to contain five sections, by way of Introduction to that History of the Revolutions of Ireland which I meditate; and when Mr. O'Connor was told that the above-mentioned two sections had never been published, he sent me his compliments that, from what I had published, he expected nothing derogatory to the honour of Ireland, or words to that effect, and that under this impression he would hold his hand—but if—

“But I tire your Lordship.

“I am, with infinite respect, your Lordship's most dutiful and humble servant,
THO. CAMPBELL.”

Dr. THOMAS CAMPBELL to Mr. PINKERTON.

“No. 28, Dame-street, Dublin, Feb. 6, 1788.

“I have been but a few days in this town, and have not had time to inquire for Burke's ‘*Hibernia Dominicana*,’ which I am pretty certain of getting for you, though I never saw the book; but I despair of getting the ‘*Trias Thaumaturga* :’ however, my diligence shall not be wanting in looking out for it. This intelligence should, in its natural course, come to you, by reflection, from our excellent Bishop of Dromore; but I could not lose a minute to renew my intercourse with you; and, in particular, I beg that you will put me on your list of subscribers for your ‘*Lives of the Scottish Saints*,’ which, the Bishop has written to me (for I have not seen him since I saw you), you are preparing upon Hearne's plan. Mr. Ledwich (Edward) F.A.S. desires also to be a subscriber.

“I should by this night's post send to you, in compliance with the Bishop's desire, a newspaper, in which is a continuation of a ‘*Slight Sketch of the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland*,’ only that I disagree very much with the Bishop as to its merit; for, in good truth, I do not deem it worthy your perusal; and I fear that your lyncean eye might discern some *Celtic* nonsense in it. However, if it should in future appear to me worthy your notice, I shall send you some of the papers (especially when I shall be certain that a newspaper sent to London in an open cover will cost you but a penny), wherein the names of M'Pherson and Pinkerton may be introduced.

"You must know the origin of this matter:—on my leaving London I went to Beaconsfield,* where the hospitable owner entered very cordially into my plan, which I partly communicated to you, of writing the History of the Revolutions of Ireland, &c. so as to give the *spirit* rather than the *letter* of our melancholy Annals. He advised me to be as brief as possible upon every thing antecedent to Henry II.; and, in full conviction of the force of his advice, I have been, since I saw you, weeding out certain ecclesiastical and literary documents there interspersed, and have thrown them into the present newspaper form, so as to be arranged in a better form, and in a book or pamphlet, if they should meet any decent share of approbation, which the Bishop's partiality encourages me to hope for. Mr. Burke, however, did not content himself with giving me good advice: he gave me also his very valuable collection of manuscripts relative to Ireland, no less than *four folio volumes*, of which I have already considerably availed myself. I have reason to believe the Bishop has wrote to you lately, though I am ashamed to say I have not yet answered his letter."

Dr. THOMAS CAMPBELL to the Bishop of DROMORE.

"MY LORD,

No. 28, Dacre-street, Feb. 20, 1788.

"I received your letter (which, by-the-bye, has not a little intoxicated my weak head) when I was packing up for Dublin, where I was but three days when I was attacked by such a cold as obliged me to call in the faculty. I have however, wrote to Mr. Pinkerton,† and begged him to put me down, and Mr. Ledwich, as subscribers to his work. I told him that it would be hard to get the 'Trias Thaumaturga,'‡ but gave him hopes of 'Burke's Dominicana.'§ I long to see your Lordship, and to know whether I have gone too far respecting Colonel V. [Vallancey] as

* The seat of Edmund Burke, esq.

† See the preceding letter.

‡ "Triadis Thaumaturgæ, sive Divorum Patricii, Columbæ, et Brigidæ, Hiberniæ Sanctorum, Acta," folio. Lovan. 1647; by John Colgan, an Irish friar mendicant, and lecturer of divinity at Louvaine.—F. M.

§ "Hibernia Dominicana, sive Historia Provinciæ Hiberniæ Ordinis Prædicatorum, per Tho. de Burgo [Bishop of Ossory], 4to. Col. Agripp. 1762." The Supplement to this work, printed in 1772, is of extreme rarity. A copy is in the library of the British Museum.—F. M.

some people tell me I have, and whether I have, in other matters, gone astray; for I am now, knowingly and wittingly, beginning to deviate, as the tenth century affords so little matter.

"I am sorry to tell you, *quod propius ad nos*, that Mr. Grattan's speech,* however it is censured by some, has made deep impressions. Mr. Leslie, of Glaslough, whose son is Sheriff of Monaghan, tells me that a meeting is to be held in Monaghan next Friday, in order to consider of said speech, and give it efficacy there. This, you see, is but a beginning of what you will probably hear more of, before the assizes are over. Were I not so subject to despair, I would freely declare my opinion that a good compromise should be thought of, as soon as possible. Grattan has perseverance, and that perseverance has never failed of success in questions where there was less prospect of success than in this, where every man's interest and prejudice is in his favour. Government, to be sure, may stifle this business for some sessions, but in the interim the fire will be kindling, till it mounts into such a blaze, as will not be in their power, perhaps not in their inclination, to extinguish. The quære then is,—would it not be better to make decent terms, whilst the country is as yet quiet? Forgive, my Lord, these crude conceptions, but time will open, perhaps, a brighter prospect; which to my view was never yet so clouded. But I write from mere feeling, and I hope my fears are groundless. I am, &c.

"THO. CAMPBELL."

"MY LORD,

Clones, Dec. 15, 1788.

"My last was written under the impression of fear. Mr. Grattan's speech, and a consequent call from the sheriff of this county to give effect to his scheme (if any he had), operated, I remember, on me as the hovering kite does upon the small birds, when he is going to souse upon them. But I now begin to hope that I was under a false alarm. However, my opinion of that gentleman has always been the same, and therefore I had (I own to you) inserted a stricture on another part of his conduct, towards the conclusion of the inclosed sketch; which, upon mature de-

* On the 14th Feb. 1788, on a motion for a Committee to inquire into the state of Tithes. Printed in the Collection of Grattan's Speeches, vol. ii. p. 27, 8vo. 1822.—F. M.

liberation, I blotted out, reserving such reflections for our "History of the Revolutions of Ireland."*

"These sheets were drawn up last spring, at the pressing instance of Mr. Gough, who limited me to a month (though I got this only last week). At that time I had not a single book in Dublin, and but few of my papers; which circumstance I observe, not as an apology for its obvious imperfections, but as it afforded me another specimen of the liberality of our Celtic antiquaries. Mr. Archdall, author of the *Monasticon*,† and librarian to Mr. Burton Conyngham, refused me the loan of the most common books (some of which I had duplicates of in the country), though formerly not only his own library, but Mr. Conyngham's, were, through him, as open to me as my own.

"Were I sure of meeting your Lordship in Dublin, about the meeting of Parliament, I should trouble you no further with deciphering my scrawl, but, like others, who, having received one favour, think themselves entitled to two, and so on, I cannot refrain from begging your advice on the present occasion. I have a notion of republishing 'Jerneus'‡ in a volume, next spring, after revising and correcting it; and I mean to throw it into sections, support doubtful points with notes and authorities, and, upon the whole, illustrate and enlarge it by additions, after having expunged a great deal. The interval between St. Patrick and Henry II., making a period of about 700 years, appears to me in itself complete, though I would call it the obscure period. I know that times are divided into the unknown, the fabulous, and historical; but Ireland is in almost every thing particular; and this period, though not unmixed with fable, has a certain portion of certainty, which, though it may not be strictly called historical, it may fairly be called the obscure period. Indeed, whatever light dawns upon it, arises from the ecclesiastical quarter, and

* This work does not appear ever to have been published, although part of it was printed at the time of Dr. Campbell's death, in 1795. See Pinkerton's *Correspondence*, vol. I. p. 390.—F. M.

† "*Monasticon Hibernicum, or a History of the Abbeys, &c. in Ireland*," by Mervyn Archdall, A.M. 4to. Dublin, 1736.—F. M.

‡ "In the new evening paper, called the *Dublin Chronicle*, appeared lately some strictures on the *Ancient Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*, which you should by all means see. They first appeared under the signature of Jerneus in the *Dublin Chronicle* for December 24th, and again December 27th."—Letter from Bp. Percy to Mr. Pinkerton, Jan. 16, 1788. See Pinkerton's *Correspondence*, vol. I. p. 390.—F. M.

therefore I more willingly accorded with Edmund Burke's idea of taking little notice, in my *civil* history, of the times antecedent to the English Revolution. So that this meditated republication might in some measure serve as a preliminary to my *magnum opus*. The title purposed for this little work is 'Memoirs (for I dare not call it even Sketch) of the Religion and Letters (or Literature) of Ireland, from the Introduction of Christianity in the Fifth Century to the Establishment of Papal Supremacy, and conformity to the Roman Ritual, in the Twelfth.'^{*} Now, my Lord, the question is, do you think, from what you have seen, that this subject can be made of sufficient importance for republication? I have been also thinking of adding, in the same volume, this same inclosed Sketch, purged of its errors and fortified with notes, and an appendix, stating *ab origine* the revenues of Ireland, in order to remove whatever is there advanced which may seem paradoxical respecting the sufficiency of the hereditary revenue for the support of the establishments. This, my Lord, I conceive to be a cardinal point; for the expediency of a Union can never become popular in Ireland, till the nation is convinced that a King of England has resources sufficient for governing Ireland, without any new aids from his Parliament here; as his predecessors have more than once done. The sanction of popular consent, and the mode of collecting the revenues, is all that makes our Parliaments *ostensibly* necessary. I hope your Lordship will not suspect that I mean to deprive you of your peerage. No. But I have been long of opinion that the Protestant Ascendancy (in so few hands) is very insecure and precarious, till a thorough incorporation of the islands is effected.

"I am, &c.

THO. CAMPBELL."

"MY LORD,

Clones, March 29, 1790.

"I should forfeit all credit with you were I to profess that my gratitude to your Lordship is increased by the success of your powerful representations to my Lord Primate in my brother's favour. He, poor man, expresses the same sentiment to me in a Letter received at the same

^{*} This publication appeared under the title of "Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland," &c. See p. 765.

time with your favour, in answer to mine, respecting the warm and generous part you had taken in his behalf, adding that it was his only hope, for that his Hope's anchor at the Newry Canal had found no bottom. It multiplies the magnitude of my pleasure upon this occasion that we owe no obligations but to your Lordship and my Lord Primate.

"I am, for ever, your slave, THO. CAMPBELL."

* MY LORD,

Clones, April 6, 1790.

"I am sorry to hear that Mr. Hudson has declared to the Collector of Newry, that he will rather stand another *shot* than give up a better parish for a worse; for Tamlaght he places at only 150*l.* a-year. However, he may possibly write in another language to you and my Lord Primate. As you have done so much, I trust you will bring it to a happy issue, so that Tamlaght may be given to my brother.

"I heard yesterday that Dr. Paul's curate has abdicated his curacy, having left his wife, and gone off with her servant, &c. If your Lordship is acquainted with Dr. Paul, he would be glad your friend were to be his curate, and might probably let him have the use of his house to live in, as the country might not supply any so comfortable place to lodge in.

* * *

"And now that our Easter business is in all respects concluded to the perfect satisfaction of my own parish, I turn with greater ease of mind to Goldsmith. I told you I had sketched out a sort of exordium to the Life; and I have been ruminating whether I should conclude that exordium by mentioning the part you have taken, and the number of copies that Nichols is to give. This I wished to offer (with others) as a motive and apology for my own undertaking it. Your name must be introduced, where you took the hints from his own mouth; and the world must know,—I mean it will find out,—whence the materials come. I therefore submit it to you now, whether it will not be best to make this acknowledgment at setting out. It will procure the work a more favourable reading, and will give me more credit. I trust it shall be conducted in such a manner as not to make you blush; but it will be

always in your own power to expunge or add till it can be wrought into some shape that will no way disgust you.

"I am your Lordship's most humble and dutiful servant,

THO. CAMPBELL.

"Bishop of Dromore, Dublin."

"MY LORD,

May 20, 1790.

"Among the newspaper scraps I find an imperfect one from 'Goldsmith's present State of Learning in Europe,' which leads me to his conversation with Gaubius in Leyden, and would, if entire, be very material in other respects; as both the beginning and ending of the extract is wanting, it has excited my curiosity so much that I must see the work, for what I have seen leads to some very important reflections. I beg you may send the book if you have it, or can get it.

THO. CAMPBELL.

"Bishop of Dromore, Dublin."

"MY LORD,

Killyvan, June 16, 1790.

"Your letter has indeed contributed greatly to my satisfaction, as his Grace's appointment must also to that of my brother; and I hope he had got to Dublin time enough to thank your Lordship, in person, for that most friendly part you have taken in his behalf. The death of Dr. Lyon, which I see in the papers, makes a vacancy of Killeshill, the very parish my father died in possession of, and which I am told is now worth near 400*l.* a-year. Whether Mr. Hudson would get or take this parish I cannot presume to say; but, if such an arrangement should take place, it might, in future, make an opening for my brother at Forkhill, as at first intended, and therefore I mention the thing to your Lordship, for your consideration, especially as you have already interested yourself, with such successful zeal, in his service.

"Goldsmith's Life goes on without much interruption, though I am now deep in mortar, and employ masons by the day (in order that it may be executed in the best manner) in the building of my church, of which I take upon me to be architect and overseer. And at intervals I retire from this employment, sometimes vexatious enough, to write a paragraph as a recreation. N.B. The site of the church is but two or three hundred yards from my house.

"I have *him* now in London, and am endeavouring to recollect your first visit to him, when the loan, or repayment, of the chamber-pot of coals was asked, but I have defended him as well as I could against the attacks of Sir John Hawkins; and, unless you disapprove of my meddling with the knight, I shall, after allowing him due praise for that store of anecdotes he has collected, endeavour to appreciate their value; which appears to me greatly diminished by his manner of relating them, and indeed by his indiscreet choice of them,—very few of them having any relation to the Life of Johnson.

"I have the first volume of Goldsmith and would be glad to have the second, for, *in truth* (as he used to say), I have never yet read a line of his dramatic works; and as his sister says one thing and Mr. Walker says another about the incident which gave the hint to 'She stoops to Conquer,' I must see it; and I must observe that almost every thing I read of his gives me some new hint. The 'Review of Polite Literature' has been already of great use, but there are some sentiments in it which I hope to see altered in his manuscript notes, and therefore long for a sight of them; and if your Lordship will be so obliging to bring the book with you, not only to Armagh but to Caledon, on the 29th, I shall, please God, go for it myself early in the morning, so as not in the smallest degree to interrupt your Lordship's business. One thing, however, I could wish, if it met your approbation, that I had before me some hints respecting the affair of Goldsmith and Perrot: it may, without giving offence, be related; at least so as to embellish the work, by showing more of Goldsmith's character, which he himself has fairly drawn: 'fond of enjoying the present, careless of the future; his sentiments those of a man of sense, his actions those of a fool; of fortitude able to stand unmoved at the bursting of an earthquake, yet of sensibility to be affected by the breaking of a tea-cup.'

"I shall take care to write to my Lord Primate at the Hot-wells, where I hope he is not worse than usual, as we have had it reported here; but I know how little regard is to be paid to such reports. Mr. Allen tells me that the Bishop of Clogher* is wonderfully recovered at Bath.

* Dr. John Hotham. He died at Bath, Nov. 4, 1795. See an account of him in *Gent. Mag.* vol. LXXV. p. 972.

"May your Lordship and family enjoy long life and good health, is the prayer of your most devoted and humble servant,
THO. CAMPBELL."

"MY LORD,

June 30, 1790.

"I was exceedingly concerned at the occasion which broke in upon your plan of going to Armagh, &c. but am happy to find that Mrs. Percy is recovering. I must still be your debtor even in gratitude for the interest you take in my brother's behalf. Killeshill given to him, or even to Mr. Hudson, would be a most desirable arrangement. I rejoice to hear that the Primate is so well, for we had reports here that he was extremely ill. But Rumour is a cruel being, and delights in putting people to death.

"Your anecdotes will embellish my pages highly, and your picture of 'Green Arbour-court'* shall be closely copied; as to the rest, my account of your visit to him there was almost verbatim, from my recollection of your words, what you have set down in your last. But could there be any harm in letting the world know who the visitant was? without the circumstance of the dignity of the guest, the contrast will be in a great measure lost, and the matter will lose its grand authority as to the fact. But in this as every thing else, your wish shall be a command.† The anecdote of Johnson I had recollected, but had forgot that it was at Goldsmith's you were to sup. The story of the *valet de chambre* will, as Lord Bristol says, pin the basket of his absurdities; and really we may have a hamper full of them.

"One thing in chronology I cannot settle. The 'Traveller' was first published in 1764, and the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' I guess, in 1766. Now, according to some accounts before me, Goldsmith had wrote for Newbery in the 'Ledger,' and elsewhere, some years before; yet, from Dr. Johnson's taking the 'Vicar of, &c.' to Newbery, &c. one must conclude it to have been otherwise: yet, as far as I could arrange these and other of his publications, in point of time, I went on the information that he became connected with Newbery soon after his separation from Griffiths. These and such like things, I well know, 'are not as deep as a well, nor yet as wide as a church door,'

* Where Goldsmith lived for some time. A view of the house is given in the European Magazine.

† This passage is printed in Prior's Life of Goldsmith, vol. I. p. 325.

but one would wish to be either accurate, or say nothing about the order of time.

"Having mentioned Griffiths, I will confess to you that the circumstance of him and his wife (I mean their altering and interpolating Goldsmith's criticisms on books for the Review) puzzles me. It is one of the most valuable anecdotes before me, and my conscience bids me report it, but my fears whisper to me that all the Reviews will abuse me for so doing. But *who's afraid?** Yes, I am; but it is that I am tormenting you.

"I am your Lordship's most dutiful servant,

"THO. CAMPBELL.

"P.S. Your sketch of Sir Richard Perrot will come in as an episode towards the conclusion, with good effect; but there, neither that nor any thing that can sully shall appear as coming from you. Having Parnell's 'Life,' I shall return yours safe, and shall be obliged by the dramatic pieces you purpose sending by my brother.

"Bishop of Dromore, Dublin."

"MY LORD,

July 23, 1790.

"I went last Saturday to Aghnacloy, where I met my brother after his induction into Killeshill by Archdeacon Friend, and the next day I went with him to hear him read his assent and consent, &c.; and from all the circumstances we could gather, the value of the parish must exceed our expectations, and, if well managed, may not fall much short of the value it was rated at in Mr. Upton's letter to your Lordship. The glebe is very extensive, double at least of what I supposed it to have been; for, though my father had it surveyed, I had either forgot or had never learned its measurement; nor could my brother, with all his industry, during the three or four days he passed there, ascertain it with any degree of exactness,—so close do all concerned conceal these matters! I mention these matters to you with a full persuasion, that your hearing the parish is likely to turn out so well will give your Lordship more pleasure than any effort I could make to express my gratitude for all that happiness which the things of this world could have added to either of us.

"I am, my Lord, your most dutiful servant,

"THO. CAMPBELL.

"Bishop of Dromore, Merrion-street, Dublin."

* This passage is copied in Prior's Life of Goldsmith, I. 222.

"MY LORD,

Aug. 3, 1790.

"I beg pardon for not having acknowledged the receipt of your second volume of Goldsmith, which you were so good as to leave with my brother; and I thank you most heartily for your amendment of my inscription—the insertion of *Dei* was indispensable.

"You ask me what I think of the fifth volume of the 'Collectanea?*' I really think the Colonel is angry, and that *furor iræ brevis est*. As to 'Nostradamus' (which, by-the-bye, was written by Dr. Wilson, in imitation of Voltaire's ridicule of Rousseau), I suppose the Colonel gave it as a remnant of antiquity, for it is old as the morocco coin, and perhaps as old as the Yola Sorg.

"Ledwich (i. e. Otho) writes me word, that he and (Veritas) Beauford are preparing a pamphlet, which they say is to be laughable; against which side the laugh may rise, is to me (I own it) problematical. They talk of London for the publication, but I have told them that nothing of the kind will be attended to there. Dublin is the only spot where the 'Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis' is known, except to some twenty readers, and they have no muscles for a laugh.

"This same church keeps me so engaged, that I can think of nothing else; almost every workman and labourer I pay by anticipation, or beforehand, as they call it. I have not written a line for Goldsmith † this month and more, yet I meditate another Life, viz. a Vallanciad, or the life and actions, sentiments and opinions of Colonel Collectaneus, &c. who died of an atramental frenzy, July the —, 1790, after suffering excruciating agonies of mind, since the — of August, 1789.

"The sinking of my ink in this paper proves me literally to be atramental, as the Colonel says I am. But no character can be deep enough to express how much I am devoted to your Lordship.

"THO. CAMPBELL."

* In the Appendix to the fifth volume of Vallancey's *Collectanea* were some acrimonious remarks on the writings of Dr. Campbell, and a reprint of a letter addressed to the *Hibernian Journal*, May 13, 1778, signed *Nostradamus Hibernicus*, in ridicule of Dr. C.'s "*Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland*," 8vo. 1777.—F. M.

† See note to the next letter.—F. M.

"MY LORD,

Sept. 9, 1790.

"Just returned from the visitation at Clogher, I sit down to thank you for your Sermon. Your character of the Irish is so just, that if I ever come to that part of the History of Ireland, where it should be introduced, or, in other words, to the present times, it shall be adopted. Apropos! at Clogher I received a long anonymous letter from London, directed to me there at large, which, after paying some compliments, and finding some faults with the 'Strictures,' gives me some counsel respecting that same history which I meditate.

"The writer of the review in Sleater's paper (of whom you inquire), is, I believe, Mr. Ledwich, author of the Antiquities of Ireland, published monthly. That my opinion coincides with your Lordship's, I am at once proud and sorry to say—proud of agreeing with you in sentiment, but sorry that the writer is so industrious to make V—y [Valancey] a man of consequence. That unfortunate Review is neither conducted with the temper, method, or judgment of scholarship. My idea was merely, in what I mentioned to your Lordship, to give, by juxtaposition, the contradictions of the Collectanea, and those risible absurdities (if absurdities were not too dull for ridicule) with which it abounds above any farrago I have met with. But this would be a task of penance, for who could read over again what I have read?—But I must do him (i. e. V—y) justice; he does not say that 'Nostradamus Hibernicus' is antique; it was only my awkwardness of expression that conveyed the idea. However, Dr. Hales, who was here with me last week, when I received your Lordship's last favour, assures me that it was not Dr. Wilson, as I supposed, who wrote that really witty paper, but another of the Fellows, who had the principal hand in 'Pranceriana.'

"As to Goldsmith, of which you inquire, and concerning which Maurice Goldsmith has been inquiring, it is in such a state, that I think I could finish the remainder *currente prelo*.* My greatest difficulty now is to have it transcribed so as that your Lordship could cast an eye over it.

* The work here alluded to was evidently a MS. Life of Goldsmith, and apparently the same (with some alterations) prefixed to the edition of Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works, in 4 vols. 8vo. Lond. 1801, to which the Bishop of Dromore refers in a letter to Mr. Nichols, printed in the "Illustrations," vol. VI. p. 584, and says, it had been compiled under his direction.—F. M.

I have tried one or two country schoolmasters, but, though they can write, they cannot read—my writing. I am sorry to hear that Mrs. Percy's illness leaves you still undecided as to your time of setting out for England. I should have strained a point to deliver you all the papers there; and, above all, that I might be enabled to make such alterations and amendments as your better judgment might point out. I have made large quotations here and there, from Goldsmith's own works, and have ventured to draw a parallel between Addison's 'Letter from Italy' and that part of 'The Traveller' which refers to it. I have also defended Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village' upon the facts and principles of Dr. Price, and have run the risk of censure for digression in drawing some political consequences respecting this my poor native country, and have mounted my hobby-horse in recommending an Union. But, my Lord, if I have digressed, and so transgressed, I am ready to kiss the rod:

'Audebo quæcunque parum splendoris habebant,
Et sine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur,
Scripta movere loco, quamvis invita recedant.'

"You gave me hopes that you would draw up a sketch of what you would wish should appear respecting Sir Richard Perrot, &c.

"I met Archdeacon Friend in the morning of the visitation at Clogher. He told me that Mr. Moore was so satisfied at the offers he made (at the meeting of which I once wrote to you), that he takes no part in the business; but I did not find at Aughnacloy, as I passed, that matters were as settled as I could wish. I gave the Primate's message to my brother.

"I am, &c.

THO. CAMPBELL."

"MY LORD,

Sept. 22, 1790.

"I feel from woful experience that we Celts can hardly give a direct answer. But lest I should not have room to give one even now, I set it down that at page 338, vol. V. Collectanea, you may find 'Nostradamus Hibernicus,' a paper which, I own to your Lordship, made me wince about fourteen years ago. Its being of so old a date, made me

say that I supposed the Colonel * gave it as a remnant of antiquity.

"I am, my Lord, your most dutiful and grateful servant,
THO. CAMPBELL."

"Bishop of Dromore, Dublin."

"MY LORD,

Killyvan, Aug. 13, 1791.

* * * * *

"I wish, above all things, that I could make an excursion to England before winter, as you are so obliging to propose it, but many obstacles interpose to prevent it, some of which I shall enumerate. Clogher visitation is not till next month, and I have not yet seen my Bishop † since his return from England.

"The steeple of my church (to be executed with hewn stone) would probably be bungled in the execution (as was the case with that part of the church done in my late absence in Dublin), and a room which I have added to my cabin, since I saw your Lordship, would run the same risk, as I am my own architect. But these things I consider as comparatively trifles. The insurmountable obstacle is this: I have yet finally to settle an account of my guardianship of an unfortunate nephew, before my Lord Chancellor, in the beginning of next term. In order to do this, I was summoned to Dublin soon after I left Dromore, and what might have been done in a day, the litigiousness of the heir apparent (who attempted to prove the young man insane) prevented me from doing in three weeks, so many forms, of which not even my attorney knew any thing, being necessary to be complied with; so that, after long delay, I was forced to petition the Chancellor for longer time, which he granted till next term. This being the plain state of my case, your Lordship's goodness will see that I cannot bend my sails for England before November. Then I shall take with me all the documents respecting Goldsmith, and shall, please God, be in London early in November; and, indeed, I did not suppose it was your intention to be there before that time, nor am I without hopes that this delay of mine will not be any inconvenience to your Lordship.

"I am, my Lord, your most dutiful and devoted servant,
THO. CAMPBELL.

* Colonel Vallancey.

† Bp. Hotham. See p. 779.

"P.S. You have probably seen the marriage of Dr. Hales in the prints, but, perhaps, you have not heard that both his sisters are gone to America; the elder to be married to a lawyer there (high in station), with whom there was a long and mutual attachment, and, as the mountain could not come to Mahomet, Mahomet goes to the mountain.

"Bishop of Dromore, Bath."

"MY LORD,

Killyvan, Jan. 5, 1792.

"I set out from this house in the beginning of last November for Dublin, that I might settle that account, which I mentioned to your Lordship in my last, early in the term, and from thence proceed to Bath, as I expected to do; but it was the beginning of December before I got that matter accomplished (if accomplished it yet be), and then the weather was so bad, and the accounts of it still worse from Wales, that, as Christmas was fast approaching, I thought it best to return to my duty at home; and fortunate it was that I did so, for my assistant, poor man, had got such a fall, leading his horse down an icy declivity, that he was disabled from going to church on Christmas Day. But, as I have still a form to go through in the next Term, it cannot be earlier than February that I can flatter myself with the hopes of seeing your Lordship. This, however, I trust, will be time enough for your expectations; as I never got that notice of the time you would wish, of which I at once hoped and feared the receipt of. But if I have any predilection for any particular time it would be that I could with most convenience to myself be absent from hence in the spring months, during which anything that is to be done, with regard to Goldsmith's life, may be done in London.

"Your Lordship has, no doubt, heard somewhat of the machinations of the Roman Catholics. I wish I had room to tell you all I know, or at least think I know, of this matter. This, however, I may say, that six editions at least of the 'Declaration of the Catholic Society of Dublin,' in quarto, were distributed gratis before I left Dublin, and innumerable sheets of the 'Declaration of the United Societies of Dublin and Belfast.' Yet how were these fabricated? by two or three young lawyers and as

many physicians, who have not yet got into practice. So that, instead of these Declarations being the work of any Society whatever, they were only finessing instruments of these young men to form Societies; and many thousands of the Declarations were distributed before any Society was formed (and persuaded I am that the Belfast Society does not at this day consist of more than some half dozen, who throw up their sweaty caps, &c.) The Society of Dublin did become numerous, and (I do not know why) boasted that the Secretary* was their friend, and so to the Castle they went with a memorial of grievances; but they were desired to disavow their Declarations, at which they demurred, and required time, &c. &c. However, this, it is said, alarmed the Castle, but I cannot believe their information was so bad; but certainly the Secretary sailed the next day for England.

"Since I returned to the country, I see in the papers a very moderate address from the principal Catholic nobles and gentlemen of the kingdom, disavowing the 'Dublin and Belfast Declarations,' &c., so that any panic that might have been struck by those bold *humbuggers* (for I know no word so strong as that low one to characterise them) is pretty well over. One thing seems very astonishing, that all the Irish newspapers of any credit are against Government; it is not so in England. But I can say no more, but that I am for ever yours,

"THO. CAMPBELL.

"Bishop of Dromore, Bath."

"MY LORD, No. 13, High-street, Dublin, Feb. 3d, 1792.

"I take the first minute I could get of acknowledging the honour of your letter, which I received the post before I left the country, in hopes of receiving your Lordship's commands for getting those packets, of which you speak, before I set out for London; where I have promised (please God) to be about the middle of this month, having business of some importance with an Irish nobleman there, who is about selling some lands in my parish, &c.

"It is with unspeakable pleasure that I hear of Mrs. Percy's receiving such advantage from the Bath waters;

* Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinson. He died Sept. 5, 1794, in his 79th year. See an account of him in *Gent. Mag.* vol. LXIV. 866.

and, as her recovery depends so much on the continuance of them, it is not to be expected that you can attend to anything in London before April. Now, my Lord, might not I be doing something in March, so far as printing off the first sheets, and sending the proofs to you at Bath? which may be easily done. The truth is, that I have not opened those papers since I left Dromore, leaving whatever alterations are to be further made for the immediate press copy, with which I could wish to furnish the printer, not altogether, but as he shall want it; so that while I am inserting such circumstances as seem rightly stated by Boswell, and writing it out fair, the printer may be going on with the beginning, in which you think no alterations, but such as you have noted, need be made; and let it not surprise you to be told, that with all my diligence I cannot get a copy of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* in this great city. The only one I ever saw is now in the printer's hand; and they say a new edition is to be out in a few days.

"My surprise on coming to town was not a little respecting the Roman Catholic business, especially in regard to young Burke, who, as far as I yet hear, has injured the Catholic cause exceedingly, even in the opinion of the Catholics; were I to repeat the assertions (which I universally hear) he has made, you would say it was impossible, and that I was credulous. He has puffed those ignorant people with vain hopes, and he has thrown out such menaces as have disgusted every member of either House with whom I have the honour of conversing. The Presbyterian ministers are now beginning to think that they have already gone too far, and I hear that there is to be a meeting of them soon, to blot out those impressions which may have been made by the general meeting of the inhabitants of Belfast.

"The Archbishop of Dublin was taken ill last Sunday in Peter's Church, but is well again. Every body rejoices at hearing that the Primate* is so well. I wish to hear from your Lordship as soon as you conveniently can, that I may bring the packets you mention.

"I am, my Lord, your most dutiful servant,

"THO. CAMPBELL.

"Bishop of Dromore, Bath."

* Dr. Robinson, Lord Rokeby. See before, pp. 453, 456.

“ Clones, June 12, 1793.

“ MY GOOD LORD AND BEST FRIEND,

“ It was with more pleasure than I can express, that I received the favourable accounts of Mrs. Percy's health and of your return to Ireland, which stands so much in need of such inhabitants; not that things appear to me in so gloomy a light as they did some time ago, but such universal ignorance in our people is a deplorable consideration. The steps which Parliament, thanks to our good King, took this session, had wonderfully damped, though not extinguished, that cursed democratic rage, when the Militia Act (or rather indeed, I should say, the misconceptions respecting it) blew up the covered embers into a blaze. I shall speak only of the county in which I dwell, and persuaded I am, that, had it not been for insurance offices which were set up, first at half a guinea a-head, and now at 5*s.* 5*d.*, that the country would be in such commotion that all our military would find it difficult to quell; they, the military, are harassed as it is; in a small village within a mile of my door, the sub-governors were on Saturday last attended by two troops of horse and three companies of foot; and yesterday, at Clones, by a like number. This shows you the feelings of the common people, whose consternation at the apprehension of the ballot, and of course of being torn away from their wives and children, I can compare to nothing but the trepidation of small birds under the kite hovering over them. When I have said thus much, I (who, however sanguine in other respects, cannot be violent in party) must add, that the throwing the burden of protecting property upon the poor, who had little or none, appears to me not altogether discreet. The Act, it is true, gave full powers to the sub-governors to choose, for the ballot, the most substantial men of each county—but instead of doing this they have leaned to favour the rich freeholders—for reasons you must see—and by this means doubly exasperated the poor, who are always mutinous. I can give you a strong case. I had been at great pains to hold vestries, in compliance with the late Act, for exempting the lower class from hearth-money, and I had in my pocket exemptions for near 600 persons; but a person thus exempted is not exempted, by the Act, from serving in the militia, unless the exempt from hearth-money would swear that they had three children. I pleaded the spirit of the Act, and because the wretches did not come

forward to take the oath, my pleadings, though minister of the parish and sub-governor, did not avail, so I confess to you that I withdrew from acting as sub-governor; in this, possibly, your Lordship will blame me, but I have my justification in this: since there are two ways of executing or construing a law, why not do it in the manner most conducive to the peace and happiness of the country? Now there were two ways here. But by the time you come over, I trust that all will be quiet. And now to sweeten my mind with thoughts more agreeable. I am glad to find that you have brought the affair of Goldsmith to so good an issue—but, alas! poor Maurice.* He is to receive no comfort from your Lordship's labours in his behalf. He departed from a miserable life early last winter, and luckily has left no children; but he has left a widow, and 'faith a very nice one, who called on me one of the few days I spent in Dublin after Christmas, so that you will not want claimants.

"I am, my Lord, your most devoted servant,

"THO. CAMPBELL."

"Bishop of Dromore, 20, South Audley-street, London."

"MY LORD,

Clones, Sept. 16, 1793.

"My brother acquaints me that he had lately another instance of your Lordship's friendly communications. Nothing could give me so much delight as to have the honour of waiting on you at Dromore. He, poor man, is, I understand, though not from himself, fully employed; for, contrary to my pressing instances, he undertook the setting of his own tithes. The consequence has been, that he has not yet received sufficient to pay his curate; and as to his glebe (a very fine one of above 300 acres) the tenants have held over, and some of them have been twice ejected, as I hear, (for he is unwilling to speak or write on the subject to me,) and, at present, he is only in hopes of any profits. His very bills to attorneys, &c., I know, cost immensely; for once he was obliged to call upon me for £100; which in his life he never did before.

That I am not altogether idle the inclosed will intimate. My Sermon will be a very long one, and, I suppose, very tedious, if not displeasing to some, for, contrary to my original intention, it has taken a political direction, in

* Maurice Goldsmith was a plain unlettered man. He came to London in 1771, and administered to Dr. Goldsmith's effects. He died, it appears above, at the latter end of 1792. See *Prior's Life of Goldsmith*, II. 526.

opposition to that foolish and wicked doctrine of the equality of men and their rights.

"It was with great satisfaction I learned from Dr. Dui-
genan, at our Visitation, that you looked exceedingly
well. But, what surprised me, he did not like the Bishop *
of Cloyne's charge ; and of all our clergy there not one of
them had ever so much as heard of it.

"I am, with everlasting attachment, your Lordship's
most humble servant, THOS. CAMPBELL."

"MY LORD,

Clones, April 16, 1795.

"I mentioned to you (pretty circumstantially) the
affair which happened in my parish on the 16th of
February last, and gave you what appeared to me the
occasion of it. But, the same spirit every where pre-
vailing, things are rapidly approaching to (what I have
been long prepared for) the totally withholding the pay-
ment of tithes ; the only point in which Catholics and
Protestants will ever unite ; and it would surprise you to
find, that, notwithstanding the sword may be said to be
literally drawn between those parties, they, in all their
public notices, beg of each other, that, however hostile
they may be in other respects, they may be firmly
united in resisting the payment of tithes. But, to be
more particular ; my worthy neighbour, Mr. Roper, having
been obliged, for two or three years past, to live at Bath
(where he lately buried his wife), and having given a good
bargain of his tithes to a farmer, the profits became an
object of envy to a justice of peace in his parish, who
had no income that I know of but his half-pay : he was,
however agent to his uncle's (Mr. E. Madden) relict, who
holds a large manor under the college. This man, feeling
the pulse of the times, called the tenants of the manor
together, nominated a committee of them, and desired
them to meet in the popish chapel, to collect a list of
their grievances that he might have them redressed. They
accordingly met ; and the first remedy they hit upon was
to post up notices in all quarters of the manor, threatening
to burn the houses of any juror who should, at their
next manor court, adjudge any tithe to be due. The
consequence of which was that the jurors, as soon as
appointed, added to their usual oath, that they would not
take any tithe cause whatever into consideration. The

* Dr. Bennet. See p. 65.

next remedy devised was to beat the proctors sent out with processes for the assizes most unmercifully, tear all their processes, tramp them under foot, and threaten them with death if they came again. Apropos! your Lordship must observe that these acts of outrage are generally perpetrated by strangers, so that the proctors either cannot (or will not) swear examinations against the parties. These things being so, Mr. Roper has been obliged to take the tithe securities into his own hands; hoping that, from the love they once professed towards him, they would not refuse to pay himself. Well! the day before yesterday, this good man sent out printed advertisements among them (but observe, that now the whole parish is in the same combination,) letting them know that he had parted with the obnoxious tithe-farmer, and hoped they would pay himself; but that was never their intention, as they manifested by tearing every stitch of clothes off his messenger, cutting off his hair, and beating him severely. Nor did they stop here; a party of them were going to throw him down from a high bridge, when he was relieved by another party of more humanity,—threatening, however, that, if he came again, instead of the hair they would cut off the head.

“In my own and the next parish to me (both bordering on Clones) they have obliged the proctors who served processes to tear the processes themselves; and these dogs (who are all of the same inclining) thought they got cheaply off, and will make no prosecution of the offending parties, under pretext that they do not know their persons.

“Now, my Lord, as rights are now to be decided by the logic of Kings, I think we have the worst of the argument, for the King cannot spare us troops; yet, if we listen to the orations in Parliament, we should believe we have 40,000 men. We have drawn up a memorial to the Provost and Fellows, in hope they may take the hint of refusing renewals of this manor, the agent of which has fomented this contumacy. This contagion is spreading on all sides. A very large body of troops should be stationed in this quarter. Apropos! I laid before the late Secretary a plan for a barrack to be built, and offered a site, but I never heard more of the matter; and what will troops soon avail, if they are to be billeted in the country where the infection rages? Will they not soon lose the spirit of the corps, and become one with the

mass? I ask, what lost the King of France his crown and his head? The defection of the army. Our reformers lean upon the army as their future friends. I shall say nothing of the militia, for they are all honourable men. But, truly, I begin to console myself under that malady which so much alarmed me when in Dublin,—as I would not wish long to survive my means of existence. But I am always croaking; forgive, therefore, the effusions of your most devoted and humble servant,

“THO. CAMPBELL.”

“MY LORD,

Clones, April 22, 1795.

“I do not mean to pester you with letters, but there is a fact stated in the inclosed which I think my superiors ought to know; for wrong measures generally proceed from want of just information; and, as far as I see and know, falsehood was never more abundant than at present. If you listen to Dr. Mac Nevin and the Dublin orators, you are to suppose that all the Protestants of Ireland are at present under a paroxysm of zeal for the emancipation of their Catholic brethren; and indeed Lord Fitzwilliam and his court appear to have been under the same impression; but of all the positions that ever impudence advanced or credulity swallowed, this is the most monstrous. What! when we have seen the sword actually drawn by those parties against each other, in so many places, in Armagh, in Louth, in Meath, in Cavan, in Monaghan (I enumerate only as far as I am acquainted)! O, my Lord, fire and water will sooner amalgamate into one mass than the Protestants and Papists of Ireland. When I have used this language to a certain Privy Councillor high in place, he has said to me, ‘But, my dear Campbell, how can all this be, when I see so many addresses and applications at the Castle of a directly contrary tendency?’ But what are the speculative addresses of Belfast and elsewhere to the body of the Protestants of Ireland? Besides, such addresses were not made out of love to the Papists, but to alarm England, that it might be more disposed to remove certain political and commercial restraints; and now the same alarm-bell is rung in the ears of Government by the Papists, and it is given out, that if Mr. Grattan’s (the Irish Marat) bill do not pass there will be a general insurrection; but if there be an insurrection more than of the

vilest of the Dublin mob I am a poor politician indeed. No, no; nor will the nocturnal depredations in the country parts be either more or less than at present. You know that my fears have long bordered on timidity; but, though I feared robbery, murder, associations against tithe, &c. I never suspected a general insurrection could take place on any contingency but that of a French invasion (N.B. at the Cavan assizes it was proved, that one article of the Defenders' oath was to assist the French). In that case, indeed, I am persuaded that the country is so organised by their committees that there might be a general rising; but, in the matter of their religious rights, they dare not appear in arms professedly for that purpose, at least in Ulster. As the ground of my persuasion, I relate you two facts. The peace (if peace it may be called) of the county Cavan is at this moment preserved in the following manner:—The Presbyterians (comparatively few in number) take it in their turns to watch in certain numbers in certain places every night, to raise an alarm if the Defenders should appear in force, and to mark the houses where they issue from. This has more restored quiet there than the Dublin militia. These Presbyterians are stigmatised by the name of Scotch, and are so dreaded by the Papists, that fifty of them would chase five hundred; they have killed many Papists, and declare that they will neither give quarter nor take prisoners. The other fact I allude to, you can only see the force of from observing that those transactions of the county of Cavan are of notoriety in the spot I live in; and you may remember the representation I gave you in Kildare Street, of the vast concourse in my own parish in February last. This and other circumstances alarmed the Presbyterians (viz. Monaghan Scotch) of my parish, and they held an assembly in one of their meeting-houses, whilst I was in Dublin, in order to do as they did in Cavan; which has so terrified the Papists, that now you would not hear a mouse stirring. Yet these Papists, these Presbyterians, and our own hearers, pray each other, in all their notices set up, to unite in the point of tithes.

“If your Lordship thought it proper, I wish you would speak to the Provost, if you are in habits of intimacy with him; or if you are not, to speak to the Primate to apply to him, to attend to the memorial which Mr. Roper * will

* See before, pp. 791, 792.

present to him some day this week. The Provost is so quiet a man, that perhaps he might not talk to the tenants of the College manor in a tone firm enough; and it will require some strong measure to shake the resolutions of an interested party, who have made tools of the people (ever born to be duped) on this occasion.

"I am your Lordship's most dutiful servant,

"THO. CAMPBELL."

Rev. CHARLES CAMPBELL to Bishop PERCY.

"MY LORD,

Newry, Feb. 19, 1810.

"I was favoured with your note of yesterday, and in consequence of it waited on the postmaster this day in order to obtain the information you wish, relative to the forms of prayer for the Fast-day. He told me they go free to your Register at Dromore under the frank of the Secretary General in Dublin, but, being sent back from Dromore to this place under different covers and in subdivisions, they come under the denomination of private parcels, and are consequently liable to the postage. As therefore he does not feel himself authorised to dispense with the postage, he requests you will give directions to have the forms of prayer delivered to the guard of the mail-carts in Dromore, who will have directions from him to bring them here free, and they shall be distributed free of all charges to the clergy of the different parishes adjoining.

"I return your Lordship many thanks for your kind offer of your services in obtaining for me an adequate supply for this place. Owing, however, to your Lordship's application to the King's Printer several years ago, I am regularly supplied, though not abundantly enough for so extensive a congregation, yet I believe as amply as other towns of the same size. The number sent on this occasion (received on Friday last free of postage) was sixty forms of prayer, and two proclamations.

"Your Lordship is perfectly correct in thinking my uncle's death took place previous to the measure of Union, the necessity and advantage of which he contends for in his 'Philosophical Survey;' he died on the 20th of June 1795.

"My eldest brother, of whom you are so good to inquire, was (when I last heard from him about a month

ago) just embarking from the Cape of Good Hope (where he had been nearly two years) for New South Wales in New Holland, with strong recommendation from Lord Caledon to Colonel M'Quarrie, who is the Governor of that settlement, and who, with his regiment, the 73d, touched at the Cape in their passage out. My brother was to accompany him, having the promise of any civil employment which that place affords. He had a situation in a Government Bank, established by Lord Caledon; but, as his Lordship's patronage is very restricted, the appointments to all civil employments being disposed of by the Government at home, and as he was thus precluded from the hope of further advancement there, he formed the determination of trying his fortune at the other settlement. His health had been much impaired during his stay at the Cape, but it was perfectly re-established at the time he wrote.

"If there is anything I can do for your Lordship in this place, I shall feel much pleasure in your communicating it to me.

"I remain, your Lordship's very obliged and dutiful servant,
CHS. CAMPBELL."

"MY LORD,

Newry, Feb. 28, 1810.

"I return you many thanks for your very kind and acceptable communication relative to the flourishing state of the colony at Botany Bay, and for your good wishes for the success and prosperity of my brother who is gone there.

"My uncle's birth was on the 4th May 1733, and the place of his nativity was Glack, in the county of Tyrone, now the residence of the Archdeacon of Armagh. His death having taken place on the 20th June 1795, he was of course 62 years of age. He was eldest son of the Rev. Moses Campbell, many years curate of the archdeaconry of Armagh, and afterwards rector of the parish of Killishill.

"Any further information which you might wish to obtain relative to his writings, or his future progress through life, within my knowledge, shall be with great pleasure communicated to your Lordship.

"With sincere wishes for a long continuance of your Lordship's health, I remain, &c.
C. CAMPBELL."

LETTERS

BETWEEN DR. CAMPBELL AND RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

LORD DACRE to RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

“SIR,

Belhouse,* June 17, 1783.

“I was the other day favoured with your obliging letter, and take the first opportunity of making you my acknowledgments for it. As to the inconsiderable informations I have been able to offer you for your new edition of the ‘Britannia,’ you overrate me; such as they are, however, they are much at your service, to do with them what you please. It will be different in regard to what assistance, with respect to Ireland, Dr. Campbell may furnish, if his leisure permits him to do it; as he is more knowing in the antiquities and particularities of that kingdom than most of its best-informed natives; and I shall be happy therefore if, as he seems inclined, he will set himself heartily to this business. He has already, though without putting his name to it, published an excellent account of the South of Ireland. It is entitled, ‘A Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland, in a Series of Letters to John Watkinson, M.D. Dublin, 1778;’ and the letters are supposed as written by an English Traveller. This work is well worth your perusal. The Doctor himself, however, is an inhabitant of the North of Ireland, having a good rectory near my estate in the county of Monaghan. I shall take the first opportunity of availing myself of the permission you give me to peruse the first volume of your ‘Britannia,’ for which I beg you to accept my thanks; and am, with much regard, Sir, your obedient humble servant, DACRE.”

RICHARD GOUGH, Esq. to LORD DACRE.

“MY LORD,

* * * * *

“I take this earliest opportunity of expressing my obligation to you, both for your own notes, and for the assistance which Dr. Campbell now holds out to that part of my plan which is more immediately within his department. * * *

R. GOUGH.”

* Bellhouse, near Romford, now the seat of Sir Thomas Lennard, Bart. In the stables of this mansion is a large vacant stall, where, it is said, the palfrey of Queen Elizabeth stood, when she came there to review the troops at Tilbury.—J. M.

LORD DACRE to RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"SIR,

"I have received real pleasure to-day, by a letter of Dr. Campbell's from Ireland, who is so well qualified to be effectually serviceable to you in your account of that kingdom. I had indeed almost despaired of hearing again from him, but his letter too plainly indicates the cause of his silence. I send it you inclosed, to show that his goodwill has not been wanting.

"Your most obedient, humble servant, DACRE."

"SIR,

Belhouse, Jan. 7, 1784.

"I have by this post had the satisfaction to receive a part of those notes relating to Ireland which Dr. Campbell is so kind as to furnish us with. I say *us*, because in his letter to me, which accompanied them, he says that he sends them *me* for *you*; and in the conclusion adds, that if myself, or *you*, should favour him with a letter, he would better know what form of writing to adopt—whether as Notes or Appendix. I therefore certainly think, if you will permit me to say so, that, on all accounts, a few lines from you to him, without delay, would be very proper. In that case, you must direct to the Rev. Dr. Campbell, No. 34, Kildare-street, Dublin. Upon recollection, I will inclose you a frank. One part of his letter to me I must not omit, it is this: 'My mode of writing may not perhaps please Mr. Gough; for I cannot help making some reflections as I go along, for which perhaps he would not choose to be responsible. However, if any thing of that kind occurs, I would rather he should use my name than suppress those ideas, which I, as an Irishman, might think necessary to be inserted. My first note on the article Dublin is one of this sort, and others of a different kind will occur: several on the article Monaghan, which I have almost finished. If this my mode of observation be pleasing to Mr. Gough, I shall give something in the same way on Fermanagh, Tyrone, and Derry. I shall send Fermanagh and Monaghan in a post or two. I hope what I have sent may not miscarry, as I have no copy.' In regard to the Doctor's reflections, I think you need not have any apprehensions; for, even by the letter which I have before me, his candour and dispassionateness in regard to political matters

appear in the strongest light, as well as his good will to England, though, in the right sense of the word, a good patriot as to his own country : which indeed answers to the character he bears for worthiness and disinterestedness.

"Your most humble servant, Dacre."

RICHARD GOUGH, Esq. to Dr. THOMAS CAMPBELL.

"REV. SIR,

Enfield, Jan. 10, 1784.

"By favour of our common friend Lord Dacre, I am enabled to take an early opportunity to return you my acknowledgments for the attention you were pleased to pay to my proposed edition of Camden's 'Britannia.' My plan is, to give a new translation of the original Latin, and then to annex to each county all the information I can procure. For this purpose your notes are well calculated; and, when I have printed the several articles, I propose submitting them to your correction. I am only apprehensive it may be a considerable time before I arrive at this part, which is, indeed, the conclusion of my work; for I have yet hardly got through the first volume of Bishop Gibson's edition. This leisure, however, will not be without its advantages to me, as it will enable my friends to put their thoughts together more completely, and give me perpetual improvement for the work. Presuming you are not unacquainted with Mr. Vallancey, I take the liberty of troubling you with the inclosed to him; and am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

R. GOUGH."

"SIR,

Enfield, Jan. 20, 1788.

"When I had the pleasure of seeing you here last July you expressed an inclination to assist me in drawing up an account of the Government of Ireland, since the time of Camden to the present.

"Having transmitted to you some time ago that part of the 'Britannia' which relates to the subject without receiving your answer on it, I now send you all I can collect on the article, and shall be much obliged to you for any alterations or improvement of this account, or for an entire new one. I have done my best. You have had six months to consider the subject in. I cannot allow above one more. I am, Sir, &c.

R. GOUGH."

Dr. CAMPBELL to RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

" Dublin, 28, Dame-street, Feb. 9, 1788.

" The receipt of a letter from Mr. Gough could not but give me great pleasure; yet it came, like the cup of love, mixed with pain, to reflect that he had transmitted to me a part of the 'Britannia,' and that it did not reach me; for from the day I parted from Mr. Gough at Enfield I never heard a syllable upon the subject till this very day that I received his letter, with four pages of the work, left at my lodging, by I do not know whom. I have not been five days in Dublin, and, except the month after I saw you, I have been a close resident in my parish; where I should have found leisure sufficient at least to have undertaken a sketch of the alterations in Irish Government, or constitution, since the days of Camden, but, as even your last letter has come so late to hand, above half the month is elapsed which you say is the longest time you can now wait for anything on the subject. But, though not a criminal in this affair, I shall, like a criminal, beg a reprieve for a longer time; and I am persuaded I shall be able to give you something on the subject much more perfect than anything to be found in the 'Philosophical Survey' at least; for I shall venture to make free with that work. And I tell you plainly, that I should be sorry, at this time of day, to be responsible for many opinions to be found in that work; for remember, it was written a dozen years ago, though since printed, when some points were not as maturely considered as they have been since. The book was undertaken merely to recommend toleration in Ireland, and a more liberal communication of commercial and political privileges in England; and so far the book was not without its use; for since that time, from a happy concurrence of circumstances, a wonderful revolution in both respects has taken place. However, still consider that it is supposed to be written by an Englishman (for what could be more absurd than for an Irishman, professedly, to write his travels in his own country; though perhaps some may think that absurdity is congenial with the Irish character); and being thus supposed to be written by a stranger, and in a light, airy manner, it was hoped that its errors might be more venial.

" I observe you do the 'Philosophical Survey' the honour to use it in proof that the forts called Danish were not peculiar to that people; but I assure you that

the author has since found documents sufficient to make him change his opinion; and I inclose you a newspaper, and will inclose them to you regularly (as they will cost you but a penny each), in which you will find that matter placed on another footing, in the course of correspondence with the *Dublin Chronicle*, by Jerneus; and therefore, and for many other reasons (which this large sheet of paper I have chosen for its size would not contain), I could wish that, if it be possible, you would suspend this part of your publication but a few weeks, and for what I send you I shall venture to pledge my name at full length, a liberty I have never yet taken with the public except in the line of my profession as a preacher.

“ In the article of the Round Towers, you very truly say, that the author of the ‘*Philosophical Survey*’ is rather unfortunate in his argument for their Phœnician origin, &c. &c. Unfortunate indeed! but be assured that the writer has long abandoned all those Eastern ideas, which he rashly conceived, from his personal respect for a certain writer, whose adherence to them, and Celtic nonsense (as Pinkerton truly calls it), has brought him into as much contempt on this side of the Channel as on yours. This affair of the round towers you will see discussed by Jerneus. There are some strictures, too, on the Brehon laws, which, if I have them in Dublin, as I think I have, I shall transmit you. And you may, if you think it worth a little trouble, send me the sheets, or rather pages (inclosed in a cover open at both ends), in which the changes of the Irish Constitution shall be inserted, that upon a revision they may appear more perfect.

“ There are several documents respecting our antiquities and history, which my good friend Edmund Burke put me in possession of (consisting of no less than four folios in manuscript) since I saw you; which have enabled me to proceed with greater facility in that History of the Revolutions of Ireland which I mentioned to you that I was preparing; and I now think of giving you a Sketch of the Irish Constitution, from Roderic O’Conor to George the Third. Adieu.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

“ P.S. Since I sealed this letter I have read over that part of your pages which refers to the Constitution of this country, and I will be plain to tell you, that it is such a jumble of times and circumstances as would disgrace so

fine a work as yours, upon the whole, is. I therefore entreat and implore you to wait but for a few weeks, and I assure you, upon the honour of a man and the credit of a writer, that, were it not that I have not a single book upon the subject in Dublin, I would not delay you even a minute beyond the term you have prescribed (and perhaps I shall accomplish it even in that), in giving you a sketch of the Irish Constitution, at sight of which both you and I would be sorry for having resorted to the 'Philosophical Survey.'"

Mr. GOUGH to Rev. Dr. CAMPBELL.

"SIR,

Feb. 1788.

"I have the favour of yours of the 9th inst. and am not a little surprised to find that the sheets on the Irish Government, which Mr. Nichols assured me were forwarded to you about the time you were supposed to have been returned from Paris to Ireland, had not reached you.

"I gladly grant you a respite, provided you do not exceed a month from the time you receive this to the time you return the sheets with the improvements. You will not forget that you stood engaged to favour me with them from the time I had the pleasure of seeing you here; that, therefore, you had near nine months to draw them up, and that only for want of them was I reduced to put together the *jumble* you complain of. I shall not hesitate to sacrifice it to your second and maturer thoughts, regretting that I had not your guidance through the course of a work which I wish to render as perfect as the most judicious antiquary of the kind can enable me to make it.

"If I err in describing this distant part, it is merely for want of guides; my correspondents in Ireland, Messrs. Walker, Ledwich, and Beauford, having hitherto sent me little more than corrections of press errors, which are beneath their notice. In hopes of hearing from you at your early leisure, I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

R. GOUGH."

Dr. CAMPBELL to RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"SIR,

No. 28, Dame-street, Feb. 20, 1788.

"Notwithstanding an illness since I wrote last to you, and though I had not a book on the subject in Dublin, I inclose you by this post part of a sketch (not half finished),

to show you I have not been quite idle, and I have no doubt that I shall be able to finish the remaining and important part within less than the month from this day, provided my health recovers, as it now begins to do. Had I not been certain that you had totally forgot my offer of writing something on this subject, I should have considered myself pledged; but I now do, and I assure you that I have refused to preach no less than two charity sermons before May next, merely that I have more leisure to serve your work, which deserves every assistance from literary men, and for which they should hold themselves indebted to your zeal and liberality in the cause of literature.

"You will, perhaps, be surprised that I have taken up the 'Irish Constitution' so early; but be assured that no account of the English settlement in Ireland can be fully understood without knowing somewhat of the preceding times. I have been as concise as possible; and the remainder, which I suppose will not be more than as much more, will give, I expect, a very competent idea of our constitution, and, at the same time, from the fact of our increased revenues and other documents, show the progress of our civilization, &c.

"My present opinion is, that the place for this essay is at page 483 (after the cross line), instead of the extracts from the 'Philosophical Survey,' &c. which should be expunged. N.B. You observe that I called it a *jumble*. I therefore beg of you to turn to page 484, where, after citing the English Act, whereby the Irish Constitution was restored in 1783, it is said (from a book written in 1776), 'If this kingdom ever had a constitution, it has been long lost,' &c. This I only observe to show you my reason for using that *coarse* word; and I could point to other inaccuracies; but no matter. These, I trust, will be now rectified, by substituting a clear statement from the beginning in a continued series down to 1783, when our Constitution was put on its present footing: that this may be executed with all accuracy, I am getting in all the parliamentary journals; and, unless you object to the length of this essay, I trust you will have nothing else to complain of; as you see I am for reprobating all our chimeras of antiquity, and for considering the nation originally as it was, in a very rude (I may say barbarous) state; and it was the more necessary to go so far back, that the con-

trast with the benefits of English laws and government may be the more conspicuous. All which I shall endeavour to inculcate with all possible brevity in the subsequent part.

"If you approve of what I now send you, I should be glad it were printed off in the place I mention, and the proof sent to me soon, that it may be corrected and made as perfect as possible, by either notes or additions, if wanting; for I never can see the faults of what I write so well as when they are printed.

"N.B. I inclose you a newspaper, with an account of 'Patrick's Purgatory,' which may be useful in the article 'Dunagal.' Adieu! THO. CAMPBELL."

Mr. GOUGH to Dr. CAMPBELL.

"SIR,

Feb. 25, 1788.

"I am favoured with yours of the 20th instant, followed by two packets on the state of the Irish Government; and have only to regret, that, as the sheets were forwarded to you by Mr. J. C. Walker, of Treasury Chambers, he did not inform you that he had received from me a mode of conveying sheets to me without the enormous expense of postage, which I hope you will learn in time for the remainder of the communications. I will put it forthwith to press, having no time to lose, and forward it to you. Excuse this brevity, therefore; and, with many thanks for so much as you have done for me, I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

R. GOUGH."

Dr. CAMPBELL to RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

March 3, 1788.

"In the course of a week I hope to send you the remainder of this 'Sketch'; what I now send I have little doubt you will approve of, for I fancy as much matter is condensed into it as ever was comprised in so many words; and I trust you will perceive that what I sent you before was a necessary preliminary to see the nature of the English *conquest* and government, &c.; and all together will, I flatter myself, give a more complete view of the revolutions of the Irish Constitution than has yet appeared; for it is in fact the skeleton of that history which I mean to

publish. I am only in pain that these inclosures could not be sent free, but I thought it safer to send them by post than wait for private hands, who are not so punctual always. I beg you may send me the proof sheets in the same way, for were they to cost me pounds instead of shillings I would pay it with pleasure, rather than detain you an hour; therefore, as soon as you can get a proof, I hope you will send it, and I shall in a single sheet mark the errors (and not send the proof back), that there may be no further expense to you.

"N.B. Your account of 'Bishops' is faulty. Cloyne is in the jurisdiction of *Cashel*, not of Tuam; but these are matters I do not enter into. Adieu!

"THO. CAMPBELL."

"Dublin, No. 28, Dame-street, April 11, 1788.

"Dr. Campbell presents his compliments to Mr. Gough, and assures him that the latter part of the 'Sketch of the History of the Irish Constitution' has been ready, at much about the time to which Mr. Gough limited him, and should have been transmitted, only that the Doctor waited to see those sheets which he was told were composed. As he has heard nothing of them, he begins to think that Mr. Gough does not mean to use them; if so, the Doctor requests that his manuscript may be returned."

"April 15, 1788.

"I am sorry that my last was sent in the manner it was, i. e. without being post-paid; had your letter come a day sooner it should have been otherwise, and our communications shall, as you say, be in future upon the terms you prescribe. I was not acquainted with your correspondents in Ireland; but Ireland, at your distance, subtends but a small angle in the eye of an Englishman. I have given myself much trouble and some expense for the credit of that part of your publication which relates to that country, and I was sorry to hear that the expense of not four ounces (and I find the expense is but two shillings an ounce) could be considered as enormous, at the time that I expected to pay in like manner for your transmissions. I began to suppose that my labours were as heavy as those of any other of your correspondents; but I have been candid with you, as to the 'Philosophical

Survey;’ I therefore request that you may adopt the inclosed account of the Round Towers, p. 482, and expunge the last paragraph respecting Rath.

“Anxious as you can be about whatever relates to Ireland, I long to see how what I have sent you is disposed of, for I can assure you that my friends value it more than
T. CAMPBELL.”

“SIR,

April 28th, 1788.

“As I was persuaded your limiting me to a month implied your intention of publishing earlier than I now find you do, I concluded you had gone on with your work without waiting for my Essay on its Government, &c. and therefore I wrote for the copy which, I conceived, could be of no use to you; but Mr. Walker, to whose acquaintance I must heartily thank you for having introduced me, has given me the proof sheets. I could have wished that the press corrector had compared them with the copy, and then many errors would have been done away, so that I could have corrected more important mistakes. One of these occurs in the third paragraph of page 485, where by applying to *John* what is said of Richard I. strange falsehood in fact is produced, but this I have supplied. There is another of a different sort at the 8th paragraph of page 484. That paragraph seems to have been intentionally mutilated, on account of the sentiment it conveyed. Now, my dear Sir, I have taken some pains to compress as much information as possible into so small a bulk, and I have given my name (*i. e.* my literary credit) by way of responsibility for these my sentiments, or rather indeed for the authenticity of the facts conveyed; and therefore I begged of Mr. Walker to mention to you that *all* or *none* should be suppressed. You must observe how dispassionately I have treated this subject. I have reprobated our idle systems of antiquity, and have combated Mr. Molyneux where I found him wrong—for *Tros Tyriusve fuerit nullo discrimine habeo*. I therefore must insist upon it that there be no suppressions in the remaining part of the ‘Sketch.’ As to the 8th paragraph, now printed off, I am willing to acquiesce, as it will read as well by connecting it immediately with the 9th, so that they both make one paragraph. But, for the future, I trust you will order that no little politician about the

press shall stifle facts, or even reflections upon them. Your liberality will not, I trust, impute this either to the fondness of an author or the native warmth of an Irishman. I am aware of both, and am not ignorant that Ireland is not an enlightened country, and I wish that we were all as the English are; but that some individuals of this poor country may know as much of the real facts of its story as those who despise us so much that they will not be at the trouble to know the truth, I am persuaded you will allow.

"Upon perusing the whole of this 'Sketch,' I trust you will see with what an impartial hand it is drawn, and that nothing more can be left out than what has been already rejected by the writer. I pointed out to you the inconsistencies of the passages which had been collected in the first sheets you sent me. And for the reputation of so great and valuable a publication, as I suppose your Camden will prove, I was in a great hurry to give you something like a system which might bear the test of criticism—but let it not be prejudged by your composers of the press! I hope I have not said too much on this subject, and therefore only add that I shall be exceedingly obliged to you for sending back, as soon as possible, to Mr. Walker, the sheets now corrected, that I may revise them. I go to the country in a day or two, and have given my direction (to Mr. Walker) near Clones.

"I am your most humble servant,

"THO. CAMPBELL.

"P.S. The sheets which you sent before Christmas last to the care of Mr. Hall, Basinghall Street, I only received last week."

RICHARD GOUGH, Esq. to DR. CAMPBELL.

"SIR,

May 3, 1788. •

"Your letter of April 28, received this morning, convinces me of the difficulty of our coming to a clear understanding of each other. When I limited you to a month, I certainly meant that it was impossible for me to proceed with printing when two sheets of my work were detained at the press for the Memoir. Had you sent it to me complete, by the mode of conveyance I pointed out, all difficulty would have been removed, and the whole worked off two months ago. But what perplexes me

still more is the charge of mutilation and alteration which you bring against my composers; and by implication against myself. The MS. remaining in my hands has been carefully compared with the printed copy by Mr. Ouseley (who brings this letter), and he will tell you there are no material variations, and those only press errors.

"In what you call the third paragraph of page 485, no mention is made of John or Richard; the eighth paragraph in page 484 was in the MS. exactly as printed. You have yourself struck out five lines, which, as far as I can read them, run thus, after the three printed ones :

"It would have afforded a singular spectacle in human nature to have seen such a promptitude in favour of laws utterly unknown as these; but it was not in the reign of Edward that they began to see these advantages; and, though that prince wished to gratify them in this, he was overruled by the English settlers, who rather wished to make a conquest of them than a coalition in theirs."

"If this is the paragraph you refer to, the mutilation is Dr. Campbell's, not mine. Another misconception conveyed in your letter implies that it is too late to make any alteration in my sheets containing the memoir, whereas they were sent to you for the express purpose of altering them as you pleased, and have been kept waiting all this while; nor are they yet arrived from you. The moment they come I will attend to the corrections. I hope this will be sufficient to convince you that not a single alteration or omission has been made in the paper, and that you will do me the justice on your part to explain yourself more fully in a future letter."

"SIR,

July 2, 1788.

"I am sorry to importune you so frequently, but, as I am persuaded you do not mean to leave your observations on the Government of Ireland incomplete, I trouble you with this one letter more, to beg the favour of you to forward the remainder the first opportunity by the channel of conveyance which I have so often pointed out to you.

"I hope you have received my letter of May 3, by Mr. Ouseley, who, I understand, is arrived in Dublin, and since that the copies of the two fair sheets of the Observa-

tions, and that Mr. Ouseley has explained matters to your satisfaction, for your obedient humble servant,

"R. GOUGH."

"SIR,

Enfield, June 4, 1789.

"Having at length published the new edition of Camden's 'Britannia,' which is so much indebted to you for your particular department, allow me to present you with the whole of it relative to IRELAND.

"I hope you received the copies you desired of the Essay on its Government; and I beg to subscribe myself,

"Your obliged humble servant, R. GOUGH."

MEMOIR

OF

REV. EDWARD LEDWICH, LL.D., F.S.A.

THE Rev. Edward Ledwich, LL.D., F.S.A. of London and Edinburgh, and Member of most of the distinguished literary societies of Europe, was a learned and industrious antiquary and topographer. He was a native of Ireland, and Fellow of Trinity college, Dublin, Vicar of Aghaboe in Queen's County, Secretary to the Committee of Antiquaries of the Royal Irish Academy; and formerly a resident at Oldglas, Durrow. In 1789 Mr. Gough acknowledged his obligations to Mr. Ledwich, and other curious gentlemen of Ireland, for valuable assistance in his edition of Camden's "Britannia."

In 1790 this learned and elegant Antiquary published a most valuable volume, entitled "Anti-

quities of Ireland," and which came out in numbers, containing a large collection of entertaining and instructive essays on the remoter antiquities of that island. He opened his work with supporting the *Scandinavian* origin of the Irish, herein differing from their vulgar national tales concerning Noah's grand-daughters Partholanus and Milesius, but grounding what he advanced on the succession of writers from Camden to Warton. For having called in question the legendary history of St. Patrick, which he invalidated as a fiction invented long after the time when he is said to have lived, besides critically examining the several works ascribed to him, and other tales of the dark ages, he was attacked by some Antiquaries of the Roman Catholic persuasion, who allowed their bigoted attachment to their religion to supersede what had been obtained by indefatigable research. This opposition was predicted by Mr. Gough, when reviewing the work in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, on its first appearance (see vol. LX. p. 150).

The "Antiquities of Ireland" were well spoken of in all the principal Reviews. Besides Mr. Gough's notice of it in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (see vol. LX. p. 150 ; vol. XCII. p. 636, *et seq.*) it was commended by the *Analytical Review* for May 1792 ; the *Critical Review* for August 1792, and in the Appendix ; and in the *Monthly Review* for May and June 1793. The latter Review observes :

"When we meet with a professed Antiquary, who is at the same time a man of general learning, cultivated taste, liberality of sentiment, and a correct and elegant writer, we accompany him in his literary and scientific excursions with ease and peculiar satisfaction. Such a man, such a writer, is Mr. Ledwich ; whose entertaining and instructive performance we now, with sincere pleasure, introduce to our readers."

An improved edition, with additions and corrections, of "The Antiquities of Ireland," was published by the author in 1804, headed by a numerous and respectable list of Subscribers, and dedicated to the Earl of Upper Ossory. The Preface will inform the reader of the contents of the work :

"The public sentiment in favour of the first edition of these Essays, expressed in the respectable literary journals at the time of their publication, encouraged the Author to prepare a second, with considerable additions and corrections. Most of the additions have already appeared in the works of the different learned societies of which he has the honour to be a member.

"That on the origin of Saxon and Gothic architecture requires perhaps some apology for its introduction here; though the subject seems to be not unconnected with the beautiful specimens of these styles still remaining in this kingdom.

"The history of Kilkenny is an attempt to trace the beginning and progress of an Irish city of some celebrity; and contains, probably, some memorials that may interest curiosity. Was this plan generally adopted, materials would be collected, valuable to future historians and antiquaries. The few topographical antiquities at the end were printed and published before the Author undertook to complete Grose's 'Antiquities of Ireland,' of which that amiable and excellent antiquary lived to write but seven pages.

"The view of society and manners in ancient Ireland is, with little variation, the same as that of the most polished nations of modern Europe in remote periods. England, the bulwark of the civilized world, can behold without emotion or *mauvaise honte* her mental and political degradation at the arrival of the Romans, and smile with contempt at the flattering fables of Geoffry of Monmouth.

"Scotland, celebrated for talents and accomplishments, and rivalling her illustrious sister in her glorious career, assumes no pride from Bardic tales, or the pages of Hector Boethius. No longer is the wild romance of Geoffry Keating the heraldic registry of the Irish nation; its learning, its valour, and fame are recorded in the more

during monuments of true history. When Hibernians compare their present with their former condition; their just and equal laws with those that were uncertain and capricious; the happy security of peace with the miseries of barbarous manners, their hearts must overflow with gratitude to the Author of such blessings; nor will they deny their obligations to the fostering care of Britain, the happy instrument for conferring them.

"In a work embracing such a variety of topics errors will be found; the learned and candid can best estimate the difficulty of avoiding them, and the degree of indulgence they are entitled to. The Author declines hackneyed apologies; in their place he begs leave to conclude with a line of an eminent poet:

"*En adsum! et veniam, confessus crimina, posco.*"

When the late celebrated Captain Grose went to Dublin for the purpose of completing his noble design "to illustrate the Antiquities of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland," he formed an acquaintance with this gentleman, urged by the above-mentioned excellent specimen of his consanguinity in authorship. Upon his death, which shortly followed, Dr. Ledwich, at the request of the publisher, became the editor of "The Antiquities of Ireland," in two volumes, 4to.; and with great liberality, and the utmost success, engaged in the laudable design of completing what his predecessor had begun, but did not live to carry it on to any considerable extent. The first volume of this valuable work came out in 1794, and the second in 1796.

The Preface to this valuable work, although it is generally known as Grose's Antiquities of Ireland,* will unfold how large a share belonged to Dr. Ledwich.

* The plate of Drumcondra Church in the first volume of this work is particularly interesting, as on the 18th of May 1791 were deposited there the remains of Francis Grose, Esq. The figure of Captain Grose there given is placed on his own grave. He is standing with his back to the spectator. "His mental endowments and social qualities had long procured him the admiration of the public, and endeared him to a numerous circle of friends. The

"After having so lately experienced indulgence and favour from the public, it is with reluctance and diffidence I again obtrude myself on their notice; a few words, however, seem necessary to explain my connection with this work, and the manner in which it is executed. When the late Captain Grose had finished the *Antiquities of England, Wales, and Scotland*, he turned his eyes to Ireland, who seemed to invite him to her hospitable shore, to save from impending oblivion her mouldering monuments, and to unite her, as she ever should be, in closest association with the British Isles. The Captain arrived in Dublin in May 1791, with the fairest prospect of completing the noblest literary design attempted in this century. As I had then just published a large *Collection of Essays on the remoter antiquities of Ireland*, he naturally sought my acquaintance on his coming to this city. His good sense, easy manners, and sportive hilarity, always made an instantaneous and decisive impression in his favour; I confess I was pleased and flattered by his application, and permitted him to draw freely on the little stores I possessed. But, alas! death closed all our pleasing hopes before the end of the month, and left the world to lament the loss of the eminent abilities and social qualities of this amiable and excellent man.

"The worthy and spirited publisher,* who has also paid the great debt of nature, immediately solicited my aid to carry on the work, Captain Grose having written and printed but seven pages of *Descriptions*. He reminded me of the promise I had made to his deceased friend, and stated the large sums he had already expended in paper and engravings, and that it would be no small instance of patriotism to stand forward on this occasion. I acquiesced, although, besides the fatal interruption which this engagement gave to the *History of Ireland*, on the plan of Dr.

idea of illustrating the history and antiquities of the British Isles by existing monuments was noble and magnificent; while it shewed the vast capacity of his mind, the execution of it demonstrated that talents like his were only adequate to so arduous an undertaking. The lovers of the fine arts in Ireland, with a generosity becoming a brave and enlightened people, are about to erect a monument to his memory, and an account of his life and writings is preparing for the public.

'Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.'

"E. LEDWICH."

* Mr. Samuel Hooper. See *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. III. pp. 645, 658; vol. VIII. pp. 588, 637, 696, 723.

Henry's History of England, in which I had made some progress, I was well aware of the difficulty of the undertaking. Ireland, the seat of turbulence and discord for five centuries, and attached to barbarous municipal laws and usages, which occasioned a perpetual fluctuation of property, preserved, except imperfect traditions, but few memorials of her ecclesiastical and military structures; those that survived the ruins of time and internal convulsions being sparingly scattered in worm-eaten records, and on the pages of history. The labour of collecting these was greater than those who have not made the experiment will believe; and after all, for the reasons assigned, the result was by no means satisfactory. I speak particularly of the history of our castles. Imperfect as these accounts are, they will be found of some value to the antiquary and historian, while they open an untrodden path to future and more successful inquirers.

"In the introduction to the Pagan and Monastic Antiquities, I have, in a great measure, abridged what I before gave in the Essays, because my most careful researches supplied nothing more apposite or authentic; the Introduction to the Military Antiquities never before appeared. Prefixed to the succeeding volume will be an historical account of our ancient architecture and sepulchral monuments. To conclude, I beg leave to join my most grateful acknowledgments with those of the publisher to the Right Honourable William Conyngham, who, with unexampled munificence, generosity, and patriotism, bestowed his noble collection of drawings for the use of this work, and at the same time indulged me with free access to his magnificent library, abounding in valuable MSS. and books on this subject. The following beautiful views are the truest panegyric on his taste and love of the arts.

'Ante oculos interque manus sunt omnia vestras.'

VIRGIL.

"EDWARD LEDWICH."

In the same year that the second volume of the above national work was published, he produced a judicious, informing, and interesting work, in imitation of the Scotch clergy, who, under the encouragement of Sir John Sinclair, conducted their statistical inquiries with such success in

their own country. It was entitled, "A Statistical Account of the parish of Aghaboe, in the Queen's County," 1796, 8vo. (see *Gent Mag.* vol. LXVI., p. 1101.)

Besides the above works, he contributed to the volumes of the *Archæologia*, a "Dissertation on the Religion of the Druids," inserted in vol. VII. p. 303; and "Observations on our own ancient Churches," vol. VIII. p. 165 to 194.*

He contributed to the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, "A Dissertation on a Passage in the sixth Iliad of Homer." Vol. IV. p. 3.—"Observations on the Romantic History of Ireland." *Ibid.* p. 21.—"Arguments to shew that the Saxon style had an Eastern origin." *Ibid.* vol. III. p. 60.

"In the first volume of the '*Anthologia Hibernica*' there are some ingenious essays by him which he has not publicly owned. He is a man of genius and deep erudition: literature has many obligations to him." †

Mr. Ledwich was a member of a little society for investigating the antiquities of Ireland, at the head of which was the Right Hon. Wm. B. Conyngham, Teller of the Exchequer at Dublin; but which was dissolved, it is said, in consequence of the free pleasantry with which Mr. Ledwich treated certain reveries circulated among them, and occasionally alluded to in his *Antiquities of Ireland*.

Dr. Ledwich died at his house in York-street, Dublin, August 8, 1823, in his 84th year. He left a large family. One of his daughters married Mr. Counsellor Ridgway; and another married Robert Mitford, Esq. a relative of Lord Redesdale.

* Some remarks on Mr. Ledwich's paper on the Crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, by the Rev. S. Denne, are in *Archæologia*, vol. X. p. 41. See also *Literary Illustrations*, vol. VI. p. 718.

† Mr. J. C. Walker to Mr. Pinkerton, Nov. 16, 1794. See *Pinkerton's Correspondence*, vol. I. p. 363.

CORRESPONDENCE

OF DR. LEDWICH WITH BISHOP PERCY.

"MY LORD,

Tuesday Evening, 1795.

"I take the liberty of inclosing a proof of the *Anthologia*, wherein I have presumed to mention your Lordship. Be so good as to correct what you dislike, and return it this evening for the press.

"The person to whom I gave verbal arguments against '*Scrutator*,' has as yet done nothing. I myself have been labouring from five every morning on the Introduction to the second volume of *Grose*.

"Clinch, the author of '*Freemasonry*,' is one of the most extraordinary geniuses I ever knew. I had him with me all this morning; his knowledge of Greek is unrivalled; and of every other branch of Literature, beyond conception in a man not thirty.

"E. LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

York-street, June 25, 1799.

"Your Lordship is acquainted with Mr. Stott of Dro-more; a man, I am told, of some talents, and in the cambric line. I have a son whom I wish to put to the linen business, and with whom I am willing to give 200*l.* as an apprentice fee, and no more; probably Mr. Stott could inform your Lordship of an industrious, careful, and saving master, under whom he might not only learn the business but economy. The boy is about 16.

"E. LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

York-street, June 29, 1799.

"I am told that in an edition of *Faulkner* printed for the country, and to-night's post, there are accounts of four or five of the French Directory dismissed through the Jacobin faction in France, now predominant. And, also, that the Allies have penetrated into Dauphiné. I hope these things are true.

"I am your Lordship's very faithful and obliged servant,

E. LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

July 13, 1799.

"I beg leave to congratulate you on the good news which a postscript in *Faulkner's* conveys this night to

every loyal subject, the defeat of M'Donald, and a confutation of the lie of the French having landed troops in Italy.

"However, as yet matters are not quite clear, and the infernal Jacobins here still keep up their spirits, and give artificial ones to their *élèves*.

"You have, my dear Lord, done me more real kindness by your obliging interference about my son than I have received for five-and-thirty years of hard labour in the Church of Ireland. I look for no preferment; I will accept of none; but I will state why I have been passed over in a Preface to four volumes 8vo. of my Works, which I meditate. I will likewise freely say, why the first ecclesiastical honours were not conferred on your Lordship. Unless suddenly called away, I will leave a permanent memorial of my love and esteem for your Lordship.

"E. LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

York Street, July 18, 1799.

"It was never my intention, however incorrectly I might have expressed myself, to mention your Lordship by name in any future publication of mine: a thousand reasons occur to prevent a prudent man from holding his friend up to public notice, let his merits be ever so striking and conspicuous. I hope education and refinement will never be carried so far as to make one say, he has been well treated when he has been severely injured, or extinguish those passions implanted in the human breast for wise purposes. Thank God! I have had warm feelings: I shall always endeavour to control, but never annihilate them.

"Mr. Jonas Stott received me in that cordial manner which your Lordship would wish, and promised me every aid. I was not aware of the difficulty of the business, or I never should have involved your Lordship in so much trouble: perhaps a little perseverance may bring it to a happy termination. Let the event be what it may, I shall ever retain a grateful sense of your goodness.

"Sir Richard Musgrave,* whom I see, and to whom I

* Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart. of Turin, co. Waterford. He died April 6, 1818. See an account of him in *Gent. Mag.* vol. LXXXVIII. i. 381. He published, "*Letters on the present situation of Public Affairs*," 1794, 8vo. "*Considerations on the present state of England and France*," 8vo, 1796.—"*Short View of the political situation of the Northern Powers*," 1801, 8vo.—"*Memoir of the different Rebellions in Ireland, from the arrival of the*

lend books, is writing hard, and I am confident will produce a valuable work: his engravings of maps and portraits will greatly enhance its value.

"Mrs. Ledwich begs her respectful compliments, with your Lordship's very faithful servant, E. LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

York-street, July 23, 1799.

"I am at length relieved from the anxiety of settling my son, and the uneasiness I felt for all your kind and obliging trouble, by having procured him a good situation about three miles from Strabane.

"I certainly should have preferred the county of Down manufacture to that of Derry; however, every thing depends on his own exertions, let him be placed wherever he may. I give 200 guineas.

"I have the pleasure to inform your Lordship that a match for one of my daughters with an ingenious and sensible lawyer, and in good business, has every probability of being soon concluded. However these operations may deprive me of considerable sums, they add unspeakably to mine and Mrs. Ledwich's happiness.

"I do not know whether your Lordship has recollected, during your residence at Dromore, to inquire about the old Irish spoken in the recesses of the Mourne mountains; it is a curious subject.

"I am, my Lord, your Lordship's faithful servant,

"E. LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

York-street, 6th August 1799.

"Among the numberless instances of your Lordship's kind regards, I reckon your congratulations on the settlement of my son and daughter; the first has already gone to his master, and the other will probably soon remove to a new and excellent house in Harcourt-street.

"The Antiquary is also obliged to your Lordship for the pains you have taken to ascertain, and indeed to place beyond doubt, the reality of Round Towers being originally Belfries. I had traced the general opinion of their being so for 542 years; the appearances at Downpatrick are decisive of that opinion, and are easily accounted for. The northern pirates plundered and burnt the town of

English; with a particular detail of that which broke out in 1798," 1801, 4to; 2d edition, with an Appendix, 1801; 3d edition, 1802, 2 vols. 8vo.—
 "Observations on the Reply of Dr. Caulfield," 8vo. 1802.—"Observations on Dr. Drumgoole's Speech at the Catholic Board, Dec. 8, 1813," 1814, 8vo.

Down in 940, 942, 988, and 1015. (Archdall's Monast. p. 113.) The Round Tower at Brechin was built in 990. (Pinkerton's Scotland, vol. ii. p. 268.) I have shown that our towers were in erection at the time of the Scottish one, probably a century earlier, and much later; therefore, the Down Round Tower might very well have been constructed on the wall of the abbey destroyed by the Northern invaders. It is extremely gratifying to be able historically, and of course satisfactorily, to account for these remote matters, without indulging wild conjectures, the offspring of weak intellects and indigested learning.

"I had written so far, when your Lordship's uncommonly kind second letter arrived. It is a poor and inexpressive representation of our feelings to say that Mrs. Ledwich and I shall never forget your Lordship's goodness. I was the less anxious to accompany my son, as a cousin of his had served his time to the same master, and reported most favourably of him; besides, as he was to continue but a month or two, and I personally knew Mr. Lindsay, I esteemed it the less necessary to go down, especially as the weather has been incessantly wet and relaxing, and so continues. My daughter is not yet married, but every preliminary is arranged, and we only wait to get papers from lawyers.

* * * * *

"I am grieved to inform you of a most severe loss sustained by poor Joe Walker, by the burning of his house last week. His aged father was unfortunately the author of it, and is since dead, having been, I suppose, greatly injured by the fire. His loss is very considerable, particularly in books. Between your Lordship and me, I lent him by mortgage 600*l*. on that same house, which he still owes me.

"Have the goodness, my Lord, to accept Mrs. Ledwich's sincere and lively gratitude, with that of your Lordship's very faithful servant,
E. LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

York-street, Aug. 1799.

"I beg leave to return the inclosed,* with many thanks. It will make no incurious addition to the Essay on the Round Towers.

"I lament that your Lordship's influence does not extend over the mountains of Mourne, as I am sure it would

* The following Letter of Mr. Dubourdein.

call forth some curious particulars respecting the language and manners of the natives.

"The writers in the ages of Elizabeth and James I. speaking of the inhabitants of the counties of Down and Antrim, call a part of them 'Red-shanks.' On looking into Camden, I see a foolish etymology, that they were so called from Rheuda, leader of a Scottish colony. Red-shanks are two Anglo-Saxon words, and *reuda*, or rather *riagha*, is Irish, and means the conqueror or subduer. *Ruadh* is also valiant and strong. But *ruadh* also denotes in Irish, red; and the Danes say, *eg rioda*,—I make red. But what shall we do with 'shanks?' Here Camden, and every writer who depend on and stretch etymologies farther than they will bear, must endanger his credit.

"I find a very good writer, who dedicates his 'History of Great Britain' to Henry, son of the elder James, constantly discriminating between the Irish, Scots, and Red-shanks: the latter were Picts. In his translations from Claudian, the 'Scriptores panegyrici,' and others where Picti are used, he interprets by 'Red-shanks.' Lewis is the author of this work.

"Your Lordship knows very well, that Pictish was a dialect of the Scandinavian; it therefore cannot be wondered at that Celtic should be unknown in the settlement of the Red-shanks, for the latter, more warlike and improved, drove the timorous Celts to remoter parts.

"On what occasion, at what time, and from what circumstance the Picts got the soubriquet of Red-shanks I have not discovered; but Lewis, who was a man of learning, saw clearly that the Picts, who were Lowland Scots, were not the same race as the Scots of the Highlands, for they spoke different languages; nor were they Irish, for they inhabited a different isle. Perhaps your Lordship's extensive reading may enable you to throw light on this subject. I apprehend the unintelligible language of the mountains of Mourne may be very old Irish, from the natives being driven there, or a good remains of the Pictish, said to be long extinct. I wish something could be done as to inquiry.

"It is confidently said Lord Cornwallis has been sent for from his tour, as the French are coming.

"I am your Lordship's very faithful servant,

"E. LEDWICH."

JOHN DUBOURDEIN to Bishop PERCY.

"MY LORD,

Annahilt, June 20, 1799.

"In compliance with your Lordship's desire, I sit down to relate, as well as I can at this distance of time, what I saw in 1790, immediately after the demolition of the Round Tower which stood adjoining the ruins of the old Abbey of Downpatrick. Happening to go into the church-yard just as the foundation of the Round Tower was cleared away, I observed underneath the tower part of a wall, evidently a continuation of the wall of the old cathedral or abbey. It immediately struck me that the Round Tower must have been built upon the ruins of part of the cathedral; Mr. Lilly, the architect, who was present, had the same idea, who likewise pointed out to me the continuation of a wall in the same line considerably further. I find that it was likewise seen by several other persons, as the circumstance happened during the spring assizes.—I have drawn the underneath sketch, which I think is nearly the situation of the different foundations.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient humble servant, JOHN DUBOURDEIN."

Dr. LEDWICH to Bishop PERCY.

"MY LORD,

York-street, Aug. 14, 1802.

"I am just returned from a long journey to the county of Derry, where I went to take possession of a small estate, under a decree of Chancery. I wished frequently I could have made it any way convenient personally to have thanked your Lordship for all your kindness. If I should go down next year, I will pay my respects at Dromore.

"On arriving in the city, every one asked me whether I had seen the valuable Irish antiques. I immediately went to De Landre, a goldsmith in Skinner-row, and there indeed I was astonished at the solid ponderous mass of gold and silver, valued at 800*l*. I suppose 600*l*. of it is in gold. There is a solid ingot of silver, run rough from the melting-pot, of about two pounds weight, with a rude relieve mark, as is on pigs of lead; neither letters or any thing like them. The rest of the silver is as rude, but flatted, of the thickness of a common plate, and the breadth of an iron hoop, cut off, and made into circles of about six or seven inches diameter; these have rude indents, significant of nothing, with sandy surfaces, clearly from the melting pot and table on which they were run.

The gold was found with the silver. Now, from the obvious appearance of the silver ingot and silver rings, I lay it down as almost certain that they are the production of a country where gold and silver mines abound.

"The gold are elliptical circles, and ornaments for the wrists, a small hand hardly going through them; some are quite plain; others (suppose on the top of the wrist) are flat, and better than an inch wide, and with a beaded moulding and a zigzag or chevron ornament. They singly are of considerable weight, and, as three are soldered together, they must be too heavy, and the wearers must, to speak with Shakspeare, 'sit state-statues only.'

"If possible I will get drawings of these things for you. Vallancey for once coincides with me, that they are ornaments for the wrists.

"The person who sold them to De Landre either knew not or would not tell from whom he got them, or exactly where found. However, De Landre did say to me that they came carelessly in the boot of a coach from Connaught. I believe no reliance can be placed on any report. Certainly no mine has been discovered to supply such a solid mass of gold and silver; whether they came into this isle by pirates, shipwreck, or other unknown means, cannot now be ascertained. There are no marks by letters, date, workmanship, &c. to supply data to proceed in any investigation. The only datum, in my mind, is the rude and rough state of the silver, and the gold being found with it. If any thing further should occur to gratify curiosity, I shall not fail to communicate it; and am, my Lord, your Lordship's very obliged and faithful servant,

"E. LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

York-street, 28th Aug. 1802.

"I am just honoured with yours, and am happy to tell your Lordship and the very ingenious and respectable Dr. Anderson, that yesterday Mr. Beauford, who gave a paper in my 'Antiquities' on Irish Music, put into my hands a MS. with this title, 'Notes, Critical, Historical, and Explanatory, of the Poems of Ossian, as published by James Macpherson, Esq. compared with the original Erse and Irish Poems. By William Beauford, A.M.' These notes in MS. make forty-eight quarto pages, with 'A Map of the scene of action described in the 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th books of Fingal.' Also, another 'Map of

the scene of action described in the 1st, 2d, and part of the 5th and 6th books of Fingal, and the death of Cuchullin.' Also, 'A Plan of the Hill and Isle of Allain, county of Kildare, the scene of action of Temora.'

"There are two drawings: Cloch-morket, a rocking-stone, on the hill of Skrine, county Sligo; and Cloch-glas, a stone circle on the lands of Tyrrego, in same county; these to make one plate. Another plate has also two drawings: Cuchullin's grave, a stone circle, twenty-seven feet diameter, on the strand of Tyrrego bay; and Oscar's tomb and Bran's cave at Allain. These five plates are beautifully executed, and are given to illustrate the poems. I say executed as to the manual part, for, not having seen the originals, I by no means vouch for them.

"I shall take the liberty (perhaps an indelicate one) of transcribing a few lines from Mr. Beauford's introduction to his notes for your Lordship's and Dr. Anderson's satisfaction.

"In respect to the origin and era of these old Ballads, they are rather from Caledonia than Ireland; nor was the supposed author, by birth, an Irishman; for, according to the annals of Tigernach and Ulster, Oisín M'Óisgar was a chief of Angus in Argyle, and slain in the year 650, being active against the Picts. He was much celebrated by the bards in his own and subsequent ages, but it is not certain that the old chieftain was either a poet or musician. Erse poems, however, under his name, were brought to Ireland by the Erse Bonaghts, serving under the O'Nials. New versions of these oral ballads, with considerable additions and improvements, were made by Torno Egis, a celebrated bard, whose family flourished, according to the annals of Tigernac, about the year 1426. Collections of the poems attributed to Ossian, but composed by Torno Egis, their real author, were made by the Bardic College of Erris, in the county Mayo, early in the sixteenth century.'

"He then gives the names or titles of these collections, and adds 'that numbers of these were carried into the Highlands and Western Isles by the returning Bonaghts; in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and became the original of those poems found there.'

"These extracts will give you some idea of the author's sentiments. Though Mr. Beauford has been, for above five-and-twenty years, my very worthy and ingenious

friend, yet I owe too much to honour and my own reputation to dissemble my opinion of these notes.

“ Mr. Beauford, for instance, commenting on the name Ullin, says, ‘ Ullin, by Mr. Macpherson, is made to signify all the north of Ireland, but in the Irish poems and MSS. it signifies only the county Down.’ Here passages from the original should have been produced to prove it. The same short reference to the Erse poems is constantly made. Let Mr. Beauford’s authority be ever so respectable, he never will satisfy the judicious antiquary without Irish and Erse citations. I have not seen him to inquire whether he could supply these; if he can, Mr. Macpherson’s own compositions, his imitations and translations, will each appear prominent from Mr. Beauford’s notes. Whether I am correct in this idea, your Lordship and Dr. Anderson are best able to determine.

“ Mr. Beauford has opened a correspondence with Mr. Morrison of Perth, a spirited publisher, to whom, if encouraged, he intends sending these notes for a new edition of Ossian; therefore your Lordship and Dr. Anderson will see, that what I have written is in profound confidence. I understand he expects for the MS. and five drawings twenty guineas; they are certainly extremely curious, and give quite a new view of the poems and Mr. Macpherson’s operations.

“ It would have given me real pleasure to be able to assist Dr. Anderson’s inquiries from my collections, but unfortunately I have nothing in that line. If your Lordship will have the goodness to express to him my happiness at seeing him in York Street, if he visits our city, I shall acknowledge it as a singular favour.

“ Vallancey’s ungentlemanlike treatment of every writer dissenting from him, and his monstrous absurdities, induced me to twit him a little under the signature of Otho, in Dr. Campbell’s ‘ *Strictures*,’* in a jocular way. Mr. Beauford was more serious, under the signature of Veritas.

“ The gorget metamorphosed into the Urim and Thummim, is to be found in the thirteenth number of the ‘ *Collectanea*,’ by Vallancey, with the certificate of Heideck, a Jewish Rabbi, in London.

“ In all the statistical accounts he has most impertinently foisted in his nonsense.

* See p. 765.

"I entreat your Lordship to present my respectful compliments to Dr. Anderson, and I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's obliged and faithful servant,

"EDWARD LEDWICH."

"York-street, 6th Oct. 1802.

"It was a pleasant circumstance, my Lord, to receive your favour and a letter from Dr. Anderson by the same post, as it enables me to say that the Doctor had a remarkably fine passage of thirty hours to Saltcoats. He very warmly expresses his sense of your kind attentions, and the friendly and hospitable treatment he met with from your friends.

"Your Lordship, who had the pleasure of his company and conversation for some time, must certainly be a better judge of his talents and accomplishments than I can be from a transient intercourse. I remember I touched on some points of critical and classical learning, and I thought I perceived they were not familiar to him. The proof of the contrary, and to which you refer me, I at present cannot avail myself of, as the inclosed proposal will evince.

"My health has been shaken very much within this month, not from any chronic infirmity or disorder, but from long wet and moist weather, which has superinduced a listlessness and debility in literary exertions. This happens unfortunately at present; for, though I have an overflow of materials, I can compose nothing. I flatter myself that by the aid of Dr. Percival I am somewhat better.

"Dr. Anderson has desired Mr. Beauford to draw on Mundell and Sons for £20, for his 'Essay on Ossian.' The Doctor unfortunately did not see Mr. Beauford, so that the credit of his Essay rests on me. This I very sensibly feel, and I must beg leave, as some exoneration from such responsibility, to remind your Lordship that, as a man of truth and honour, I wrote you very freely my sentiments, which I presume you communicated to the Doctor. If the Essay should not be satisfactory, I am far from being instrumental in improperly serving my friend, and in such an event I hope I may be permitted to appeal to your Lordship and my letter. Before the Essay is sent, honour me with your sentiments for my conduct.

"Dr. Ryan * desires I may present his respects to your

* See before, p. 183.

Lordship, and inform you that he has left his work with me, very handsomely bound. I could but slightly look over it, and it appears to be laboriously collected and well arranged, and to contain some valuable information. He certainly has uncommon merit, as by his publications and other attentions he has created a permanent fund for the sick poor of his parish of £60 a-year.

“ Mr. Caldwell is returned from England.

“ Mrs. Ledwich, with the utmost gratitude, acknowledges your kind remembrance of Master Thomas ; and I am, my Lord, very faithfully your obedient servant,

“ E. LEDWICH.”

“ MY LORD,

York-street, Oct. 24, 1802.

“ I should have given some account of Dr. Anderson, but I knew Joe Walker superseded the necessity of my troubling you. However, I beg to offer my best thanks for the favour of the Doctor's acquaintance, whom I found a very intelligent and correct man. He dined with me, and every polite attention I paid him. His literary talents are considerable, but, in a short intercourse, I could not discover much genius or very profound learning ; probably I am mistaken. I certainly never will form my judgment from the report of such holiday scholars as Joe Walker ; and I hope he has not formed his opinion of the literature of the country from some trifling specimens he met here.

“ The extract from Merula, which you wish, should have been most cheerfully transcribed, but I have disposed of that, with nearly 4000 volumes, having no room even for my children. I begin to feel their loss, as I have an intention to give a new edition of my ‘Antiquities.’ Campbell's ‘Strictures’ are scarce. I have a person on the inquiry. Campbell was my particular friend for near 30 years. His ‘Strictures*’ are a hasty performance. I pointed out some hundreds of necessary corrections ; and one day, from twelve till we went to dinner, I spent in authenticating what I objected to ; had he lived, I am sure he would have new-written the whole. The booksellers are about a new edition, and beg my assistance ; this I would willingly give, but there are too many things rash and unfounded to correct, which would injure the reputation of the man I very much esteemed.

* See p. 765.

"Sir Richard* has as yet relinquished the defence of his History. I hope it will not be—*hæ nuge in seria ducunt*.

"I am, my Lord, very truly your faithful servant,

"E. LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

York-street, Jan. 12, 1803.

"Sincerely wishing you, my Lord, and family, many happy returns of the season, permit me to congratulate you on the safe delivery of Mrs. Meade, announced in the papers.

"During term I have been deeply engaged in the courts of law, and when they were up, my 'Antiquities' went to press; so that I have been, and am likely for some time to be, in a perpetual hurry.

"I stated to Dr. Anderson my thoughts on Mr. Beauford's Essay; have heard nothing since, and hope it has dropped.

"Sir Richard* has been near two months in the country, and not yet returned. He has been called on by one Hay, whose brother or relation, I believe, was hanged in Wexford, and I understand he has replied in the Evening Post, but I have not seen it. I suppose he will remain till the Waterford Special Assizes are over, and will certainly pick up some curious anecdotes.

"I have not been able to get Campbell's 'Strictures,' but am on the look out. Dr. Ryan's book† is here above a month, waiting your messenger. It is extremely well spoken of both here and in England, and deservedly; as it supplies one capital desideratum in support of Christianity—its influence on mankind clearly above that of any other religion. The corrections and additions are very considerable, so as almost to make it a new work.

"When I come to detail our early Christianity, it would be highly valuable to be able to produce any remains of Pelagius, which your Lordship supposed to exist in the library of Mr. Brownlow. I would most willingly pay for a large extract, such as I could point out, and for a fac-simile of the writing. Perhaps some neighbouring clergyman would undertake the trouble, and accept the gratuity. It would be creditable to all parties, and an important addition to the 'Antiquities.'

* Musgrave. See p. 818.

† See pp. 185, 825.

I hear Dr. Beaufort, who published a Map and Memoir of Ireland, is, in concert with his son in law, Mr. Edgeworth, about an Irish Camden, and has received encouragement in London for an improved account of Ireland. From Beaufort's abilities and time of life, I have but a poor opinion of the execution. That the Edgeworths can scribble a great deal on nothing there are abundant proofs.

"Master Thomas presents his most dutiful respects, as does Mrs. Ledwich, with, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's faithful and obliged servant,

"E. LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

York-street, Feb. 3, 1803.

"I would have sooner answered your last favour, and acknowledged with infinite gratitude your very kind invitation, but I wished to give you satisfaction, and to see with certainty what might be expected from Mr. Brownlow's MS.

"Marius Mercator, contemporary with St. Austin, was the bitter opponent of Pelagius and his dogmas. The Jesuit Garner published his work at Paris in 1673, and therein collected from Jerome, Austin, Orosius, and Genadius every thing he could find about Pelagius and his heresy; and, besides numerous extracts from the foregoing authors, he has inserted the following only complete works of the heresiarch extant.

"*'Libellus de Fide.'*

"*'De Institutione Virginis.'*

"*'Expositiones in Epistolas Apostoli.'*

"If the widely-extended Society of Jesuits, and the libraries on the Continent, supplied nothing more than what has been given by Garner, I despair of finding any thing new at Lurgan.* The MS. there probably contains some of the foregoing tracts.

"But, my Lord, I am no further concerned with Pelagius, who was a British monk, than as he was connected with Celestius, an Hibernian, and his bosom friend; and in Garner I find many anecdotes respecting him, which will make a pretty article in the Literary History. So that your Lordship perceives into what unnecessary trouble I would have fallen for want of proper consideration; for, in fact, had I the Lurgan MS. I could not introduce it. It might do for an Academy Essay.

* The seat of Mr. Brownlow. See p. 827.

"What excited a wish, at first, was a desire to acquire some knowledge of the pursuits of Irish literati in the middle ages, and of Celestius. Garner satisfies me fully as to the last, and the former I must make out as well as I can. If the genealogy of the MS. could be traced to any monastery, or its age ascertained, and that it was written in Ireland, it might be a matter of curiosity to mention it.

"We are going on but slowly with the 'Antiquities,' having printed not more than about eight quarto sheets; but I have now set two presses at work. The Analytical Review observed the want of connection in the Essays, and very truly; but he did not know that, in a novel undertaking, to continue one subject too long would infallibly pall the public appetite. However, I have at present attended to connection, and as much as possible made one Essay hang as a link from the foregoing. Here are the Essays printed:—

"1. 'On the Romantic History of Ireland.'

"2. 'Ancient Notices respecting Ireland, and of the Name of the Isle.'

"3. 'Of the Colonization of Ireland.'

"4. 'Of the Druids and their Religion.'

"5. 'Of the Pagan State of Ireland, and its Remains.'

"6. 'Of the Introduction of Christianity, and of St. Patrick.'

"7. 'Anecdotes of Early Christianity in Ireland.'

"8. 'Of the Origin and Progress of Monachism.'

"9. 'Of the Culdees and Monaincha.'

"The corrections and additions make it almost a new work. Without great injury to the printer, I could not be absent one day.

"Mrs. L. is equally grateful with me for your Lordship's goodness, and we both join in lamenting most sincerely the state of Mrs. Percy's health, which, from what Dr. Anderson told us, we hoped was re-established. The unceasing wet weather has occasioned a morbid atmosphere, and sickness has been general through the kingdom. We, thank God, have escaped tolerably well. I am, my Lord, your very faithful and obliged servant,

"E. LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

Feb. 23, 1803.

"It is with great concern I inform you of the death of our little infant, Thomas, aged sixteen months. He first

was greatly distressed by teeth ; next he got an epidemic catarrh ; and on these the whooping cough. It is no wonder he sunk. His mother is inconsolable, and I myself am bending under accumulated afflictions. It is no small alleviation of the poignancy of my feelings, to sit down and write a few lines to your Lordship.

“ Usher, Primord. p. 964, quotes the legendary life of St. Mocoemog, in which is told the coming of St. Colman to the city of Connor, in Ulster, and then into the region of Meath, where he met Onial, Columba, and Kanic : that Columba addressed Onial and Edus Flan, Prince of Meath, to give Colman some good land, whereon to construct a monastery. ‘ Let him,’ says Onial, ‘ select any place in my territories.’ Edus Flan pointed out a situation, Linalli, which Colman accepted, and there he settled and there died, A.D. 610. He was born A.D. 516.

“ Usher, p. 1065, says, ‘ Colman, Bishop of Dromore, sprung from the Ardes ; he was instructed by Caylan, Abbat of Nendrum, and studied divinity under St. Albeus, and, by the advice of Macnys, Bishop of Connor, founded a monastery on the banks of the river Loch, *ripâ fluminis Locha construxit monasterium.*

“ Usher, p. 1126, only relates his birth above.

“ He was called Colman Elo, from the abbey he built in the territory of Eile O’Carrol, or King’s County. Eile is alius, to distinguish it from others ; and Landelo has been changed into Linalli, a church at present in the united parish of Balliboy, King’s County, and service is performed there now.

“ All the foregoing seems to me legendary, and of no authority.

“ As to the MS. I have compared the letters, and the mixing Greek and Latin together, and the writing Latin in Greek characters and Latin in Irish characters, with specimens in Montfaucon, Astle, and others, and find such modes were common in the eighth and ninth centuries. In one of Usher’s Irish Epistles (Syllog. epist. p. 38,) we find ‘ imo ad *doxam ovoparis cyrii.*’ Again, ‘ *cata evangelicæ experimentum auctoritatis.*’

“ As the Greek letters in the MS. are those called uncial or square, it is a further confirmation that they are of the age above stated. The life of St. Patrick might afford some light as to the age, unless it is in a more recent hand. It might also illustrate some obscure parts in his biography, and enable us to see how it differs from Pro-

bus, Joceline, Jonas, and other writers concerning our saint.

"On the whole, a Memoir or Remarks on this subject, drawn up by your Lordship's skilful hand, would be a very acceptable present to the Society of London Antiquaries. Most cheerfully will I supply from our libraries here whatever might be wanting. The title—'Argumentum Pelagii in Epist. ad Rom.'—is very interesting, and proves that his heresy was propagated here; and the necessity of sending Gallic Bishops here to extirpate it will be apparent. I wish there was any thing about Celestius.

"After all, the history of the MS. should be traced; though this is not easy, from our revolutions.

"E. LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

York-street, April 28, 1803.

"I was much concerned to hear from Sir Richard Musgrave that your Lordship was affected with the prevalent epidemic. As he informs me, it has created a complaint in your eyes, the disorder is more manageable, and I hope will be of short continuance. People who pretend to great wisdom laugh at one who thinks it possesses some quality of the plague; and yet from its universality there are grounds to believe so. I do not mean an Eastern plague, or its infectious pustules, but such a morbid state of the atmosphere that attacks every one. I know of no one in a most numerous acquaintance who has escaped; one or other of my family have been ill above six weeks, and not all perfectly recovered as yet.

"I have just received the inclosed from worthy Dr. Anderson, who desires it may be sent you, as you were a correspondent of Mr. M'Gouan's.

"I have just looked over Hay's History of the Rebellion.* It is really a low gossiping production, an obstinate and sedulous perversion of truth, without one new anecdote. He himself is the hero of his own tale. The cloven feet he carefully conceals; not a word of United Irishmen, their organizations, their directory, and their connection with our enemies. Not a word of the designs,

* Edward Hay, esq. M.R.I.A. published "History of the Insurrection of the County of Wexford in 1798; including an Account of the Transactions preceding that Event, and an Appendix," 1803, 8vo.—"Report of a Speech delivered by John Keagh, esq. at a Meeting of the Catholics in Dublin," 1807, 8vo.—"Debates in both Houses of Parliament, April 1812, on the Roman Catholic Question," 1813, 8vo.

the landing, and progress of the French here, or of their capture; hardly a word of the rebel priests; all, all arose from Protestant persecution, whippings, &c. constantly making the effect the cause. E. LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

York-street, Sept. 13, 1803.

"I dined the other day with the Bishop of Elphin,* who very feelingly mentioned the complaint in your eyes, which I hope by this time is entirely removed. Every information of what is going forward here is detailed in the papers, but they are not allowed any longer to give the trials, because they dwelt very much on the prisoners' foolish defence by *alibis*, and thereby excited doubts of the justice of conviction; nor were they full enough on the evidence on behalf of the prosecution. My son-in-law, Counsellor Ridgeway, has been engaged by Government to take the trials in short hand, and he is publishing them, as he did the State Trials in the last Rebellion. These will disclose many curious facts and horrible machinations.

"Never were a ministry so blindfolded as Mr. Addington's, by the ignorant, incapable, and contemptible functionaries in this country; and yet that miserable wretch Marsden† is continued in office amidst universal execration. Things have mended since Wickham‡ came over. We trembled at a visit from Lord Cornwallis; not ten yeomen would appear in the ranks then, where thousands now are found. Rely on it this country never will be preserved but by the yeomen; not one instance of the want of fidelity or courage can be produced against them.

"We much fear Lord Cathcart is a holiday General. Fox and Marsden are *par nobile fratrum*.

"They are very busy at the College Library, putting up the Fagel collection; and really the mind is so agitated by the present situation of the country, as makes it impossible to apply seriously to literary studies. The moment a calm succeeds this storm, I will carefully attend to Pelagius, and the hints you were so good as to communicate.

"I have printed 300 pages; there are about 250 more: as things have turned out, the delay is of no consequence. Sir Richard Musgrave is busy criticising Plowden;§ had

* Dr. John Law. See p. 703.

† Alexander Marsden, esq. was under Secretary of State, Civil Department.

‡ See p. 840.

§ Francis Plowden, esq. LL.D. was formerly a distinguished member of the English Chancery Bar, and author of the History of Ireland, and

he begun early in life, he would have been the author of 500 folios.

"Great numbers are emigrating to England, and drawing money from the funds at immense loss. The exchange is above 20 per cent. and the difference between Irish and English money 8*l.* 15*s.* per cent., so that a person loses 30 per cent. The reason I know this is, that Mrs. Ledwich had a notion of going with some ladies to Chester for the winter, but has declined it for the present, and your Lordship's example has much influenced her.

"E. LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

York-street, Sept. 23, 1803.

"I esteem it a particular favour (under your present indisposition, which I hope will be soon removed) to receive a line from your Lordship. The papers detail the political circumstances of the country, so that to dwell on them is quite unnecessary.

"Emmett's declaration that there were no persons of rank or respectability concerned with him, has in a great measure appeased the public uneasiness; and his explicit abjuration of French politics and French connection, has excited pity in most people, and, it is hoped, will tend to weaken the attachment of even the common people to such faithless and plundering allies.

"He was assisted in his devotions by Mr. Gamble, the ordinary of Newgate, and Mr. Grant, the minister of Clondalkin, in which Kilmainham Gaol is situated; and from these he received the sacrament. He told them that it was generally believed that rebels and innovators had no religion; that for himself he was a Christian, and would give them every proof of being so. This circumstance of his dying a Protestant has rendered his name odious among the Papists, who load him with obloquy. This same circumstance unfortunately gives a handle to them to vindicate their loyalty, by showing that in this and the last rebellion Protestants were the principal conspirators. The argument, though popular with them, is weak; for there are a few enthusiasts and bad men of every profession: let them look to the incalculable bands of yeomen, and say whether loyalty and patriotism are not the characteristics of Protestants.

numerous other works. He died at Paris, at an advanced age, in 1829. See a full account of him and his various publications, in *Gent. Mag.* for April 1829, p. 374.

"Miss Curran* was supposed to have an intimate correspondence with Emmett,† and one of her letters to Emmett, it is said, appears in the trial. Though her papers were seized, yet nothing material was found. Counsellor Plunket ‡ was one of the Crown lawyers; he made a very good oration in speaking to evidence; but it was quite unnecessary, as Emmett's counsel declined speaking, by his desire. Plunket pressed to speak, which was thought very ungenerous in him, as in early life he was almost an inmate in old Emmett's family, and through their means was assisted in getting forward into the world.

"Of 3500*l.* left Emmett by his father, he expended 2500*l.* in his visionary schemes. Government, it is said, have a book, in which the names of subscribers and the sums are entered. This must discover the extent and bottom of the conspiracy. I think we have done with rebellions, unless the French land, when I have no doubt but sad doings will follow.

"It is a happy thing for the country that Government sees its peace can only be secured by severity. It was so since the English landed here in 1169, and will ever be so.

"I made the inquiry your Lordship wished about Mr. Caldwell; he is in the county of Wicklow, at Bray, and is in health.
E. LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

York-street, Dec. 5, 1803.

"Mrs. L. and I beg leave to express our best acknowledgments to you and Mrs. Percy for your very handsome present; it came safe and in perfect good order: after feasting on it, we drank with sincerity health and many happy days to our kind friends.

"I read in the Review the villainous and scurrilous production of Ritson; nothing but insanity could make him violate every rule of decorum, or advance gross falsehoods; for, after your leaving the MS. with a London bookseller to be inspected by the public, every idea of imposition must vanish.

"Sir Richard Musgrave is indefatigable; he is the author

* Sarah, daughter of the Right Honourable J. P. Curran, afterwards married to Major Sturgeon, died about 1820. She is the heroine of a popular song by Moore, and a touching tale by Washington Irving.

† Robert Emmett, Esq. was convicted of High Treason, for attempting to seize the Castle of Dublin, and executed Sept. 20, 1803. See *Gent. Mag.* LXXXIII. pp. 876, 973.

‡ William Conyngham Plunket was born in 1764, and after passing through various gradations of legal honours, was raised to the barony of Plunket in 1847. He is still living.

of the Notes to Scully, and the Letters of Crito in Faulkner's Journal, and is preparing an admirable answer to Plowden's infamous work.* I solemnly declare, in my opinion, both Church and State are more indebted to Sir Richard than to any other individual.

"Baron Smith's† pamphlet is excellent, and universally read. He is well trained by the Union, and has great facility in running off such things.

"The circumstance of the titular Bishop is very consolatory at present, and I hope is sincere; but their doctrines allow such latitude, that one must not give implicit faith to their professions. The oaths of clergy and laity in Wexford, a few days previous to the burst, cannot be forgotten. Reynolds, parish priest of Castledermot, gave from the altar a most bitter philippic against rebellion and the French; and yet this man sent confidential persons after the congregation to desire them not to deliver their pikes, or attend to what he delivered.

"There are about 430 pages of the 'Antiquities' printed, and little more than 100 remain; most of the plates are worked off. It is a large and expensive work, and the price very inadequate. Mundell and Sons would have given something handsome for the copy, and good Dr. Anderson would have been friendly, but my mind would have been uneasy had I not the revisal of the sheets. It is fortunate I am able to get on so far; for I have got a complaint in my head, which portends something either apoplectic or paralytic. Dr. Percival recommended a blister on my head, which I have had some time, but it has not removed the complaint. In every other respect, thank God, I am in perfect health.

"Sir Richard dines with me on the 7th, when I shall be happy to communicate your Lordship's recollection of him, and his failure in paying his visit.

"Government have justly deserved and received every degree of approbation for their activity and steadiness, notwithstanding Cobbett's licentious strictures. So far are the disaffected from exciting terror here, they themselves are thoroughly terrified.

"The frost has set in here intensely. If the French do not hasten, they will be bound up in Holland.

* See p. 833.

† Hon. Sir Wm. Cusack Smith, Bart. LL.D., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., Second Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. He died Aug. 21, 1836. See an account of him and his numerous writings in *Gent. Mag.* vol. VI. p. 539.

"This family joins in most respectful good wishes with,
my Lord, your very faithful servant, E. LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

York-street, 15 Dec. 1803.

"Accept my sincerest gratitude for the very friendly interest you take in my health, and for your excellent hint. Issues have ever been esteemed the best Macrobian prescription. I have known them to prolong life. There is seldom any congestion in the head, but a distension of the ventricles of the brain; the bursting of these, as well as those of the heart, is instant death. I am, thank God, something better. I find much depends on regimen.

"I was by no means inattentive to your reference to Nicolson on the Culdees, but on no grounds could it be supported; nor can it relate to dress. The Bishop here, as on many occasions, indulged his fancy, and made out an etymology from the vulgar and corrupt pronunciation of the word Culdee. Giraldus Cambrensis calls the Culdees Colidei and Cœlibes, and assures us they were *deum religiosissime servientes*. This perfectly agrees with Toland's derivation of the name—Ceili-de, the espoused of God; with Shaw, in his History of Murray, and O'Brien, in his Irish Dictionary, under the word Ceile, servant; not to mention Hector Boethius and Buchanan. Lesley, in his History of Scotland, calls them—Dei cultores; Culdei nostrâ vulgari linguâ dicti. So that no writer before or after Nicolson entertained his idea: I could not therefore resign my reason, and these authorities, to the learned Prelate's whimsies.

"Besides, he shewed no great knowledge of primitive monkery, when he supposed any part of the monkish dress was black. The Greek fathers use a particular word, λευκειμων, which denoted the white dress with which the two angels were clad, and who were, as they said, seen sitting with the body of our Lord in the tomb. This was also applied to monks, and called the angelical dress. The same fathers declare that Elias instituted monkery, and he was clad in the melote, explained by Hesychius and others to be a *pellis ovina*,—a sheep skin. It was made so as to cover the head,—Καὶ ἐπεκαλύψε το προσωπον αυτου εν τη μηλωτη αυτου. (1 Kings, xix. 13.) This was the constant habit of the Egyptian monks, which was strictly followed by the European for many ages, and by those of Ireland, as mentioned by Bede, in his Life of St. Cuthbert.

"Civilization introduced the alb in the place of the melote, and it became the constant monkish dress. Lanfranc complains, that both monks and laics in monasteries wore the alb. In *cœnobiis monachorum etiam laici cum albis induuntur*.

"The colobium without sleeves, according to Cassian and St. Ambrose, was white.

"The only remaining part of the monkish dress was the cucullus or cowl, which in 448 covered the head and barely reached the neck, as then described by Joh. Cassian. He does not mention the colour, but there is no reason to suppose it differed from the melote.

"These, my Lord, are some of the grounds on which I rejected Nicolson's idle guess. I formerly was more full, but these only remain on my memory, of the proofs which convinced me. Consider the simplicity of the ages of primitive Christianity in these islands, when piety and not show was only attended to; when they indulged the latter, they nearly lost the former.

"It is the constant error of superficial antiquaries to catch at resemblances in sounds, and make facts from etymologies; whereas the true antiquary will seek for information from the customs and manners of the age, and from contemporary writers. E. LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

York Street, Dec. 5, 1804.

I beg leave to assure you, that it is with the most tender and sincere regret I learn your inability at present to correspond personally with your friends. Though little consolation can be derived from the poet's '*Solamen miseris socios,*' &c.—yet recourse is almost constantly had to it, at least, to show that none are exempted from the ills incident, indeed inseparable, from human existence. I have been all summer in the country, and on my return to town I had a violent rheumatic complaint in my head, which obliged me to send for Dr. Percival; in a short time after I was alarmed by a spitting of blood, and I have had a second return of it. Happily it is not from the lungs, or its termination must be fatal. I am, thank God, recovering.

"I never failed, whenever I saw Sir Richard Musgrave, anxiously to inquire about your Lordship's health.

"The evidence respecting the Round Tower at Downpatrick did not occur to me, or I certainly should have noticed it, with particular compliments to the eccentric

General.* Your Lordship must know, that he has undertaken the superintendence of all the statistical accounts printed at the expense of the Dublin Society, and that through him the authors receive their money; of course he has them and their works completely subject to his control, nor has he in any instance omitted to take advantage of this by foisting in his ravings wherever he could; and what is singular, not one author, out of I believe a dozen, has had spirit to reprobate publicly such improper conduct.

"But—'haud moriemur inulti.'—He has, in the third number of the Edinburgh Review, been so severely handled, that any other man but himself would never appear before the public.

"Nor has Mr. Davies's Celtic Antiquities fared better. The Scotch are excellent anatomists: and they never showed more skill and judgment than in dissecting both Vallancey and Davies. Your Lordship knows, and no one better, that wild hypotheses, conjectures, and etymologies, are very far from real antiquities. I think Mr. King, the celebrated writer on Ancient English Castles, in his work, 'Munimenta Antiqua,' is very little short of Vallancey or Davies, when he talks of Median castles in England in the remotest ages, with many equally absurd whimsies. His confounding the original Druidic dogmas with the Gothic, many ages posterior, shows very little judgment or discrimination. Your Lordship has done a great deal on that subject, and I flatter myself I have added some illustrations which did not occur to you; and yet all the late scribblers on antiquities call every thing Druidic.

"I am too far advanced in life, and of health too delicate, or I fancy I should be able to set this point for ever at rest in an Hibernia Danica,—which I have long thought of; but—deficiunt, pater optime, vires.

"The British Critic for September and October has spoken favourably of the second edition of the Antiquities. The Analytical, Critical, and Monthly, declared their opinion before. I fear the Scotch anatomist.

"EDWARD LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

York-street, April 16, 1805.

"I am very happy to hear from your Lordship, and flatter myself that you enjoy, unless in one respect, tolerable health. I was really delighted with the very polite

* Vallancey.

and handsome compliments paid you by Lord Strangford in his poems of Camoens, a very ingenious and elegant little work. How estimable soever this production may be, I should be sorry to see the Troubadour or Petrarchian ages revived, marked as they are by a romantic softness and effeminacy, ill-suited, I hope, to the bold and manly spirit of Britons. I always was afraid of too much refinement, and its sure consequences.

"I have never seen but once or twice the European Magazine, nor is it to be found in Dublin. Vallancey's waking dreams are so universally reprobated, and, indeed, so contemptible, that they require no aid to hand them into oblivion—mole ruit sua.

"The account of the Downpatrick Round Tower did not occur to my recollection, or I certainly would have introduced it. I believe enough is said to give a tolerable idea of the age and use of such structures.

"Our domestic literature is at a very low ebb, indeed, when we cannot support a decent Magazine; this will prove the taste of the times. Our Academy is on the wane, and will never improve while the supercilious sons of Alma Mater rule there.

"Sir Richard Musgrave is indefatigable in withstanding the Catholic Claims, and his lucubrations are endless. He is really clever in that kind of writing; it wholly occupies his thoughts and time. He is very well.

"Your Lordship, no doubt, has got a pamphlet, said to be written by the Bishop of Meath,* signed Melancthon; there are many excellent things in it.

"As to myself, I have many things, but unable, from years and domestic avocations, to bring them to perfection. The little credit I have got I am unwilling to lose by venturing among the shoals and rocks of antiquarian investigations. At 66 years of age, I should think of emigrating to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. I enjoy, thank God! perfect health, as does my family, who desire their most affectionate respects.

"EDWARD LEDWICH."

"MY LORD,

York-street, 16 Aug. 1806.

"It is with the most heartfelt satisfaction that I received from your Lordship the pleasing account of

* Dr. Thomas Lewis O'Beirne. He died Feb. 15, 1823, in his 76th year. Of this eminent prelate a good memoir appeared in *Gent. Mag.* vol. XCIII. p. 276.

yours and Mrs. Percy's good health. The kind regrets you express at not seeing my daughter and her husband, Mr. Robert Mitford, is a continuation of the same sincere friendship which I have experienced from your Lordship for many years.

"Mr. Mitford's father and Lord Redesdale's father, I think, were brothers;* they are certainly nearly related. Mr. Mitford's father lives at Mitford, near Morpeth, whither he and my daughter are gone. Mr. Mitford was Secretary to the Commissioners of Inquiry here, Deputy Privy Seal, and Assistant Secretary of State, the whole making up a considerable income. The first of these employments was soon to determine; this, Mr. Wickham,† one of the Lords of the Treasury and his steady friend, knew, and therefore applied to Lord Grenville to appoint him one of the ten Inspectors of Public Accounts, lately established by Act of Parliament, which was done. He was to be in London before the 15th of next month, to enter on his office. He and my daughter would have been very happy to have waited on your Lordship and Mrs. Percy, had they not two young children, one but four months old, which she is nursing. He is one of the best of sons; he was hastening to see his aged parents before he settled in London; without doing this he would have been miserable. He expected to see his brother, John Mitford, at Belfast, who commands the revenue cruiser the Buckingham, and who, as your Lordship observes, is a tolerable poet. He has collected his verses, and was offered by a London bookseller 200*l.* for the copyright. He had also an intention of composing a Life of Lord Nelson, under whom he served a long time.

* This was not the case: they were distant cousins. Mr. Robert Mitford belonged to the elder branch of the Mitford family; Lord Redesdale and his elder brother the historian of Greece to the youngest. 1st branch, Bertram Mitford, of Mitford Castle. 2d branch, Rev. John Mitford, of Benhall, Suffolk. 3d branch, William Mitford, of Pittshill, Sussex. 4th and last branch, as above. The whole Mitford family are included in these four branches and the offshoots.—J. M.

† The Hon. W. Wickham, D.C.L. was the eldest son of Henry Wickham, of Cottingley, co. York, esq. Colonel of the 1st Foot Guards, by Elizabeth, dau. and heir of the Rev. W. Lamplugh, of Cottingley, vicar of Dewsbury. He was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Swiss Cantons, in 1794; Under Secretary of State for the Home Department in 1798; Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States from 1797 to 1801; Secretary of State for Ireland from 1802 to 1804; sworn a Privy Councillor June 13, 1802; and a Lord of the Treasury from Feb. 1806 to March 1807. He died at Brighton, Oct. 22, 1841, aged 79. See *Gent. Mag.* vol. XV. p. 314.

"I believe it is three years since I withdrew myself from the Academy, and ceased all connexion there. They were a rude, uncivilized assembly, communicating neither amusement or information: they have fallen into decrepitude before they attained maturity. By what I can collect from Preston and others, I think the continuance of this Society is doubtful.

"Let these things be as they may, I shall, in concert with Sir Richard Musgrave, pay every attention to your Lordship's wishes.

"Though my health, thank God, has been good, I yet thought it prudent to endeavour to preserve it so, and therefore I purchased a villa at Dundrum, within three miles of the city; it consists of a handsome lodge, gardens, and fourteen acres of meadow ground. There I have constantly resided since the end of last March, but seldom visiting my house in York-street.

"I have not heard that Mr. Barnard is going to the Cape; he got from Lord Hardwicke the place of Clerk of the Quit Rents, about 500*l.* a-year; most people admired he was not better provided for. His father died insolvent; his creditors will receive but a few shillings in the pound.

"As to Irish literature, it is nearly in a torpid state. My time of life, and a large family, have long prevented any little exertions of mine. Having got some little credit, as the inclosed will show, (pardon, my Lord, the vanity,) I was fearful of trying again the fiery ordeal of criticism. There have been 2300 copies of the 'Antiquities' sold, and I am correcting and improving a copy for another edition, if I should live any time.

"As to St. Patrick, Mr. Kirwan tells me he has frequently urged the members of Maynooth College to vindicate the existence and honour of their patron saint. O'Halloran declared he would do it; but, after fourteen or fifteen years, they still find it a crabbed business. The fact is, the Irish Popish clergy are not scholars, and of course not antiquaries.

"Your Lordship and Mrs. Percy will have the goodness to accept mine and Mrs. Ledwich's unfeigned thanks for your kind invitation to Dromore house. With six children of different ages about me, we could hardly be absent from them a day; at the same time we are very sensible what real pleasure and happiness we lose by declining so highly polished and cultivated a society.

"With the most ardent and sincere good wishes for your Lordship's and Mrs. Percy's long life and health, in which Mrs. Ledwich most cordially joins,

"I remain your Lordship's very faithful servant,

"EDWARD LEDWICH.

"Since I wrote the foregoing, Mr. Carr,* in his 'Stranger in Ireland,' has paid some compliments to me and my daughter Ridgeway."

"MY LORD,

Feb. 14, 1807.

"I beg leave to assure your Lordship, that it was not want but an excess of feeling that prevented my condoling with your Lordship on a late melancholy event.† I was happy to learn from Mr. Boyd, that you bore this dispensation of Providence with (what I might have been assured of) Christian resignation.

"I have not been very well for some time past, and am preparing to go to my country lodge, in the vicinity of this city, where I always find my health improved.

"Sir Richard has returned after a four months' absence. He is really much mended in point of health and looks.

"The country has sustained a great loss in the death of Counsellor Preston.‡ He got wet going to Court, and sat for some hours in that state, got a fever, and died in about eight days. Dr. Anderson told me, he was the best classical scholar he met in Ireland. I have had many proofs to confirm that judgment. Indeed no further evidence is necessary than his dissertations and notes to Apollonius Rhodius. He was a man of various accomplishments, which he advantageously displayed on many occasions. He has left a large family of seven children, with a small property, I hear, of about 300*l.* a-year. He married a daughter of the present Lord Carbery, who succeeded his brother, the late Lord, in the title.

"I beg to inform your Lordship that I am preparing a third edition of my 'Antiquities,' with a prospect of dedicating it to the King. It is to be published in London, I hope in a different style from what appeared here. There have been 2200 of the former impressions sold, so that I fear a third, though there will be additions and corrections, may overstock the market.

* Sir John Carr, the well-known Tourist. He died 1832. See a memoir of him in *Gent. Mag.* vol. CII. II. 182.

† The death of Mrs. Percy. See p. 68.

‡ See p. 174.

"My friend Mr. Beauford, who wrote on Irish music in my 'Antiquities,' has sent me a MS. to read with this title, 'The History of Ireland, from the earliest accounts to the arrival of the English; drawn from the most ancient Irish and Danish MSS. and other authentic documents.'

"I have not read the work, and therefore can give no opinion of it. I dipped a little here and there, and find he has pillaged me, as well as Gordon.

"I am, my Lord, wishing you sincerely many happy days, in which Mrs. Ledwich and family beg to join, your Lordship's very faithful servant,

"E. LEDWICH."

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN DR. LEDWICH AND RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

RICHARD GOUGH, Esq. to DR. LEDWICH.

"SIR,

Enfield, March 21, 1787.

"I am encouraged by your polite offer by Mr. Norris, to solicit your assistance in that part of 'Camden's Britannia' which relates to Ireland.

"What I propose in the new edition is to make the most correct and latest additions to those of Bishop Gibson, as far as matter-of-fact observations go, without giving out any particular hypotheses. The changes of property and succession of titles, or creation of new ones, the progress of commerce, the advancement of manufactures, and the improvement of the natural face of the country by agriculture, drainage, navigation, canals, planting, inclosing: these are all within my plan. You will easily see, by casting your eye over Ireland in the old editions, what is wanting, and how much may be added.

"Ireland is a copious field of investigation, and owes much to you, among other curious inquirers into its ancient monuments. A particular account of these, whether newly discovered or otherwise, with those of later ages, are the proper improvements of such a work as Mr. Camden began. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

RICHARD GOUGH.

"P. S. I wrote to you to a similar purpose on the 25th of September last."

DR. LEDWICH TO RICHARD GOUGH, ESQ.

"SIR, Oldglas, Durrow, Ireland, March 22, 1787.

"You cannot but think it extraordinary that I should not before this have acknowledged your favour of the 25th of September last, but I assure you I did not receive it till yesterday, owing to my having changed my residence from one part of my parish (which is nine miles long) to another, and, consequently, my post town. In general our posts are very regular, and eight or ten days bring a letter to or from London.

"I have the same good wishes for the success of the great work you are engaged in, and the same inclination to assist you, as when I wrote to Mr. Norris; because I thought then, and now, that there are few men in England so adequate to the undertaking; consequently, that every lover of the history and antiquities of his country was called on to supply such aid as was in his power.

"I had in the year 1779 issued proposals for a History of the Queen's County, in which I reside, and expected no greater emolument by the subscription than to be enabled to pay for a map and engravings; but either the poverty of the country, or the want of civilization, soon put an end to my hopes, and of course to my exertions; however, I had made some collections and drawings, which I shall look out and digest for you, as they must be a real addition to your work, very little having been done by topographers as to this county. It is also probable I may send you some valuable drawings of other objects.

"By the late post-office arrangements in both kingdoms, the conveyance of these matters is attended with heavy expenses; I therefore take the liberty of recommending it to you to apply to Mr. Marsden,* a member of our Society, whose relations are in the mercantile line in Dublin, to assist you in transmitting or receiving papers. I shall direct to you under an envelope to Mr. Marsden, and you may to me thus:—'Rev. Mr. L., Oldglas, Durrow, Ireland, to the care of J. C. Walker, Esq. Treasury, Dublin, Ireland;' with an outside cover thus:—'J. C. Walker, Esq. Treasury, Dublin, Ireland.' This is the gentleman who has published 'Memoirs of the Irish

* William Marsden, esq. D.C.L., F.R.S. and Secretary to the Admiralty, died Oct. 6, 1837, in his 82d year. Of this learned member of the Antiquarian, Asiatic, and other Societies, a good account will be found in *Gent. Mag.* for Feb. 1839, p. 212.

Bards,' and a constant correspondent of Mr. Marsden. From his situation he has opportunities of sending and receiving papers, and is my particular friend.

"You will be so good as to inform me what progress you have made at press; and your sending me a sheet or two, particularly exhibiting your improvements, must, to me, be an useful exemplar.

"I congratulate you on your 'Sepulchral Monuments,' which I have seen: it is a capital work. When I can spare a little money I shall become a purchaser of that, as well as of Langbek's 'Scriptores Danici.' Favour me with your sentiments of the latter, and its price in London.

"Wishing you health and years for the completion of your excellent literary designs, I remain, Sir, &c.

"EDWARD LEDWICH.

"You must have observed, that I reject every hypothesis, your Orientalisms and your Oghams, in my antiquarian studies: for bantering the latter Vallancey would expel me human society, and has really used me very ill in his 12th 'Collectanea' and 'Vindication;' but *haud moriemur inulti*."

RICHARD GOUGH, Esq. to Dr. LEDWICH.

"SIR,

Enfield, June 11, 1787.

"I should certainly have sooner acknowledged your favour of March 22 last, had I not waited till I could send you some specimens of my plan in some of the first sheets of Ireland. But I have been near a twelvemonth compiling the account of Scotland, and have not finished it yet; so that, should the like delay attend me in Ireland, my patience and spirits will be exhausted before publication.

"Your paper of Observations on Ancient Churches has been printed in vol. VIII. of Archæologia, and a few separate copies are reserved for you.

"My method is to print first a new translation of Mr. Camden's Account, and to annex to it, in form of Additions to each county, whatever I can collect from modern authorities.

"I shall send you the whole of Ireland together, or as much as I can, as soon as I have got through Scotland, and the press is at liberty to compose it. You will then make what corrections, remarks, or additions you please; and whatever drawings of Druidical or other monuments,

plans of camps, and elevations or bird's-eye views of ancient monuments, you intend to favour me with will be very acceptable; and the sooner they are sent the better, on account of the length of time that may be required to engrave them. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

“R. GOUGH.”

Dr. LEDWICH to R. GOUGH, Esq.

“SIR, Oldglas, Durrow, Ireland, June 24, 1787.

“I received yours of the 11th instant, by Mr. Walker. I am very well apprised of the importance of your engagements, and how little leisure you possess for complimentary epistles. I lament with you the inattention and delays of your Scotch correspondents, and sincerely hope you may not experience a similar conduct from those in this kingdom.

“Your plan seems to me an exceedingly good one; all we fear is, an unreasonable caution in extending it; for two folio volumes will not contain the valuable materials that may be had.

“Your sending the sheets of Ireland to me, together or separately, is judicious, as I shall then see what has been done, and what I can supply. It will save me much unnecessary writing, and you trouble, by my properly and correctly arranging such additions as I am able to make. When I have done what I can, I shall endeavour to prevail on a poor but learned friend to look over the work. He is an assistant to a country school; his name Beauford.* Some of his papers you must have perused in the Collectanea, particularly his Topography. The principal aid he can give is in drawings: in some other things he may be useful. I think a letter to him through me, with a compliment of a copy of the work, or such other recompence as he shall think reasonable, will engage him. I am but about twenty miles from him, and we frequently visit.

“At the same time you will be glad to know my sentiments of him, which, in confidence, I communicate for your direction.

“He has not had a regular education, and is but indifferently furnished with Greek and Latin. He has a good

* Mr. A. Beauford, M.R.I.A. of Athy, assisted Mr. Gough in his “Britannia,” with his pen and pencil, and received the thanks of the modern Camden.

knowledge of French, and a superficial one of Irish. He has few books; consequently what he draws from his own stores must be, in a great measure, conjectural. Sometimes he guesses right, but, in general, it is not safe, without further examination, to depend on him.

"These hints are sufficient. My respect for you and for the cause of learning, induces me to give them thus early to obviate errors; otherwise he is one of the worthiest beings existing, and my particular friend these many years. The drawings I inclose you are,

"1. The Statue of St. Edan, otherwise called Moëg or Moedoc.

"2. Timahoe, Queen's County.

"3. Castle of Ley, Queen's County.

"4. Castle of Ballyadams, Queen's County.

"5. Sliabh Guth, or Church Mountain, county Wicklow.

"6. Castle of Rathsallagh, County of Wicklow.

"7. Reliques at Cashel.

"If I can procure more they shall be sent. Mr. Joseph Walker's brother, and cousin (Mr. Austin Cooper), can supply you with many valuable drawings; but your particular application should be to Mr. Conyngham, Teller of our Exchequer, who has the finest collection, made by excellent artists, any where to be found.* By all means endeavour to acquire some of them, as the more originals you give the more valuable must be the work. But I must take the liberty, *entre nous*, of cautioning you about Colonel Vallancey's drawings. On reflection, I believe you will not adopt his whimsical, and, indeed, absurd explanations of the most common things. For instance, is it not laughable to find him persuading Heideck, a Jewish Rabbi, in *Collectanea*, No. 13, p. 5, that an officer's gorget, made about a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago, was exactly the same as the high priest's Urim and Thummim. In short, all his other profound investigations are equally ridiculous, and at some future time *will be* ridiculed.

"At the same time he can be useful to you, and especially if you can get from him a rock-inscription discovered on a mountain in the county of Waterford, which I have not seen, but apprehend to be Danish. It must be very curious.

EDWARD LEDWICH."

* See vol. VI. p. 429.

"SIR,

Oldglas, Durrow, Ireland, July 14, 1787.

"I lost not a moment in answering your last favour of the 11th of June, and inclosed my letter, and some drawings, in a packet directed to the care of Mr. Walker, who tells me they were to sail the 9th instant. Mr. Marsden's information respecting the absence of Mr. Walker from Dublin is not accurate; perhaps he may make a little tour or excursion, *sanitatis gratia*, but his office keeps him almost perpetually at home. You perceive, by this remark, that yours of the 30th ult. came safe to me.

"Among a wide circle of learned and ingenious men I have the honour of knowing Dr. Campbell, who is an excellent scholar, a man of abilities and extensive information; such an assistant must be exceedingly valuable. I am happy to say, that our ideas of Irish antiquities perfectly synchronise and symbolise. He can acquaint you with what I cannot, "the alteration in the Government, Laws," &c.: of this subject I think he is a good master. In removing my books I lost Gibson's Camden, and could not get another but the old edition of 1695.

"Archdall's Monasticon has great merit, and may be relied on.

"The natural history of this kingdom has been shamefully neglected. A taste for this study seems to be getting up; witness Mr. Hamilton's Tour to the Giant's Causeway, and proposals for a Natural History by Wilson, a bookseller in Dublin, who, I hear, will attempt botany, mineralogy, and zoology. If Cleghorn would apply to Dr. Hill, botany professor in the college, and to the said Mr. Hamilton, a fellow; and if he will get for you Dr. Ellis's collections in this way, made by a society in Dublin a few years ago, you will make a tolerable figure. If this cannot be done, I know of no other resource but recurring to Boate and Molyneux, Threlkeld's Botany, and Keogh's Zoology, together with what Smith has done in his natural histories; these thrown into the Linnean method, and modernised with Linnean names, must do. Berkenhout will also be useful to you on this subject. Your own reading will supply every defect in his nomenclature.

"The assertions of Irish historians and antiquaries relative to the colonization of Scotland never appeared to me rational. It outrages the common sense and common conduct of mankind to bring inhabitants into Scotland

circuitously when it could be done directly. I think it therefore better for you to state the opinions of the writers of both nations, and leave it *in medio*; let each reader and nation retain what they like.

"Expressly to promote your views I waited this week on Mr. Beauford, and am not a little pleased to inform you that he will second them. I hinted to him that I expected you would address him through me, and that you, I was sure, would consider his warmly interesting himself in your work not only as a matter of favour but obligation.

"If you admitted dissertations illustrative of the history and antiquities of Ireland by way of Supplement or Appendix, I would send you what would make about 200 folio pages. They are as original as such things can be, and in the style of my essays in the *Archæologia*. I smile myself when I say to you,—*ex pede Herculem*.

"I am, Sir, with best wishes for your health and success, your most obedient servant, EDWARD LEDWICH."

"SIR,

Oldglas, Durrow, Sept. 18, 1787.

"I lost not a moment in conveying your letter to Mr. Beauford, and in giving him your address. I have no doubt but, as originally a Briton, and by engraftment an Anglo-Hibernian, as I am, he will further your plan to the utmost of his abilities. I have urged Mr. Walker and his cousin Mr. Austin Cooper to assist you. In short, Sir, I wish to see Camden what his work ought, and I am sure will be in your hands, a capital performance. Materials there are enough, and no one knows better how to arrange them. I therefore entreat you, for one, not to abridge or condense too much, as that will absolutely defeat the public expectation, and finally injure your sale. Where matter and information are ample people will purchase; where they are not, old Gibson will be reprinted, and still sell. It is on principle I wish you success, and will give any little assistance in my power; if you will not admire my complaisance, you must have some esteem for my veracity and candour.

"In my opinion the lovers of antiquity would consider themselves highly obliged by an additional volume of Camden's other works; besides those edited, we have a specimen of his MSS. in Hearne's Langtoft's Chronicle;

all should be published, as all are extremely valuable. Do not, Sir, relinquish this idea; its prosecution will do you infinite honour, and amply repay your trouble. He well merits regard from the British nation, and they will not deny it, and this instant is the critical moment. You see I am zealous, but I hope you will not say it is zeal without knowledge.

"As to my *brochures*, which I would be happy were introduced into the world under your patronage, they contain many curious inquiries. It would be insufferable affectation to deny the originality of most of the ideas advanced in them; if well-founded, they effectually operate the overthrow of our vulgar system, and all the brainsick hypotheses of the present day. They will make one handsome volume 4to, with twenty or more original drawings, and embrace the most valuable objects in the circle of our national antiquities. I asked but 200 guineas of our booksellers for the copy and the drawings, and still find them reluctant. Your aid on this occasion in London must lay me under no small obligations to you. My History of Kilkenny, my Letters to Mr. Walker in his Irish Bards, and the papers in the *Archæologia*, are substrata to form some estimate of what you have not seen.

"You obligingly ask me about the Triumvirate, in which I am called forth to public view. Mr. Conyngnam, Sir, formed a little society in 1780, I think, consisting of himself as President (*Vid. Collec. No. 11*); Mr. Archdall, author of our excellent *Monasticon*; Mr. O'Connor, the Dissertator; Colonel Vallancey, the amazing Etymologist; Dr. Ellis, a physician, who created a Society of Natural History, and whose collections I already wished you to have; and your very humble servant, and Mr. Beauford. This is the solid fact, and all to Ellis exist to condemn, in the fullest manner, Vallancey's want of * * You are Shandean enough to interpret two asterisks, but, perhaps, not five. How in the nature of things could the Colonel select three out of seven, and constitute them a Triumvirate, in total disparagement to the other five, unless he complimented them with the abilities of the whole body? Indeed, he seems to have some qualms on this head; for, in this celebrated note, he exempts Mr. Conyngnam, thereby contradicting himself, that the society was no triumvirate.

"Things, Sir, went swimmingly on till Governor Pownall addressed a very polite letter to us, and I answered it. I protest to you, in the lively jocular way I then wrote, Vallancey was never in my thoughts, much less did I premeditatedly think of a formal rupture. It seems my *πρωτον ψευδος*, my grand delinquency, was not coinciding with the Colonel in his Oriental ideas; he thought he saw something of banter, which his etymologies and historic perversions could not stand, and therefore I was very properly expatriated from his Irish Collectanea, and from a Society which immediately ceased. I found some comfort, amid these literary misfortunes, to see myself most honourably enrolled with names in London, Edinburgh, and on the Continent, that reflect more honour on me than I any way can claim.

"The Clare inscription and stone you may find in Vallancey's 'Vindication.' You must be above measure astonished at the modesty of Irish antiquaries, when they assert their Ogham and language are as perfectly intelligible after a lapse of fourteen hundred years as at this moment. This has given rise to an inquiry into what this Ogham and those famed Phœnician elements were, and is one of the curious subjects of my work. I have reviewed and written anew the Dissertation on the Round Towers, and, from new lights, I am fairly obliged to dissent from myself; but be assured my ideas are not orientalized. This is another subject in my work. The ancient Irish structures before and after Christianity is another topic; the literary history another; the outline of our ecclesiastical history another; dress, music, &c. others. I indulge no paradoxes: I affect no ingenuity: I constantly cite my authorities, and my inferences are natural and obvious. Could you strike out a respectable mode of publication (I am not mercenary), you would confer a great favour on me. Mazell* has a very pretty drawing of mine, which I shall be very glad you had; it will serve you. I suppose you must press, perhaps speak loud to him, before you can get it.

"I am, sir, with truth and respect, your very obedient servant,

E. LEDWICH."

* Peter Mazell was an engraver, patronised by Mr. Pennant. See *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. III. p. 658; vol. VIII. p. 740.

RICHARD GOUGH, Esq. to Dr. LEDWICH.

"SIR,

Enfield, Sept. 29, 1787.

"I catch the present opportunity, as I shall every one that offers, to forward to you and Mr. Walker the sheets of Camden respecting Ireland. You will see what is my plan, and when you compare it with my prototype you will not think I condense too much. A General Survey of a country should not enter into the minuteness of dissertation; but I need not enlarge, the papers will speak for themselves. I conceive the Triumvirate, concerning whom I inquired, to be yourself, Mr. Beauford, and Mr. Walker, and their names will better answer to the epithet. You speak of the Society of Seven as dissolved; is there then no Society of Antiquaries subsisting in Ireland, or is the Society at Dublin, which published and circulated queries, no longer in existence? The best account of the Ogham that I have met with seems to be Mr. Astle's idea, that it was a cypher or stenographic mode of writing, but by no means of the high antiquity assigned to it. I wish to know your present idea of the Round Towers, as I found myself much inclined to coincide with yours formerly. Your History of Kilkenny is just what it should be. I wish I could as well concur with you on the Egyptian origin of Gothic Temples: but we all have our peculiar opinions. I am, &c.

R. GOUGH."

"SIR,

Enfield, Nov. 24, 1787.

"I have yours of the 5th instant, and I am impatient to receive your correction of my sheets. Have yet received no communications to discriminate by initials. G. stands for Bishop Gibson, and not your humble servant. Whatever I adopt from my friends will be honourably mentioned, as the Bishop did, in a general Preface.

"By this time I hope you have at least 10 sheets to work upon. The more you have the more comprehensive will be your view, and, as I trust duplicate sheets are sent through your hands to Mr. Beauford, I flatter myself no time will be lost, but that the sheets will be returned to Mr. Walker, who will find some method of returning them to me.

"I am sorry to find such feuds and revolutions in your literary society,

'Pudet hæc opprobria vobis,' &c.

"I am perfectly at a loss to comprehend the complaint about leaving anything out, or cutting shorter your paper in the last *Archæologia*. Every word of it that was put into my hands was published, and with interest; for I added several references to like authorities. But of any strictures on Mr. Warton I know nought. I fear the face of no man in literary opinions; but do not think the Society of Antiquaries will admit laughable jocularity into their *Archæologia*.

"I do not forget your questions about Langbek, but I am unable to account for it.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant, R. GOUGH."

Dr. LEDWICH to RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"SIR,

Oldglas, Dec. 10, 1787.

"I should not have troubled you so soon after answering your last favour a few days ago, but to obviate a misapprehension, which, as I learn from my worthy friend, Mr. Beauford, I fear you may have fallen into; it is that the Irish Academy is broken up.

"That intelligence I hope is not true, as well for the members as for the national honour: I again repeat it, I hope it may flourish for many years, to the honour of all parties.

"When you inquired of me respecting the literary societies here, I frankly expressed my sentiments of what I knew of the old antiquaries, and the little corps formed by the most amiable of men, Colonel Conyngham. I say again, the ridiculous etymological lucubrations of Colonel Vallancey were not calculated to continue the first; and I positively assert, on the authority of the 12th *Collectanea*, that his intemperance made some of that corps withdraw themselves from a work which promised much amusement and information, if conducted by another leader.

"As to the present society in which he is engaged, I only surmised that if they gave themselves and their revenues for the silly purposes of translating meagre uninteresting annals, and searching for Ogham inscriptions,

every person of sound learning would be disgusted, and such a society could not be expected to be of long duration.

“ These, Sir, are my sentiments, and thus I would be understood. If you have stated them otherwise, and quoted me as authority, you will, in vindication of truth and justice, instantly correct them, though I flatter myself this has not been the case. Be assured I am very far from imagining you are capable of giving an improper turn to any unguarded expression, and less so to making public an uninteresting private correspondence.

“ I have the pleasure of informing you, that, out of a vast bundle of papers, I have picked out a great part of my notes respecting the county I reside in, and that I shall, if I see necessary, re-compose the account of it for your valuable work; being at all times ready to prove myself, Sir, your very obedient and humble servant,

“ EDWARD LEDWICH.”

RICHARD GOUGH, Esq. to Dr. LEDWICH.

“ SIR,

Enfield, Dec. 27, 1787.

“ I have your favours of Sept. 29 and 10th instant. It is particularly unfortunate that such a mistake should have arisen, in the beginning almost of our correspondence, as that which you appear to have made in regard to my last of the 24th November, in which all my meaning was, that I did not conceive the Society of Antiquaries would be interested in papers of jocularity; nor had I made the least alteration or omission in your paper printed in their last volume on Mr. Warton’s account. Partial as I am to Mr. Warton’s opinions, I will never suppress any difference from him; nor did I conceive the smallest idea of anything in your meaning but general laugh and comic turn of writing. Acquitting you therefore of everything but involuntary error on this subject, I pass to a like circumstance in your idea of my edition of Camden, as if it was to be a Collection of Dissertations by myself and friends; an idea so foreign to the original plan of Mr. Camden. But, since you have seen through this error, enough of the chapter of mistakes. Let me pass to that of information. I shall thankfully receive all you offer on Queen’s County, or any other County; and will insert it in all the extent my plan admits.

"I agree with you that we sadly want a scientific work on the Saxon and Gothic buildings; but so much of that science expired with my poor friend Essex,* that I despair of seeing it revived; not at all knowing what Mr. W. is intending to say on that subject.

"I have stated nothing about the literary society of Ireland. Having solicited all needful intelligence respecting Ireland from Ireland itself, my great concern is to keep clear of all possible controversy about it, or its literature: matters of fact, not etymology, are my objects.

"I wish I may be able to get a clear account of the present Government, but I shall studiously avoid the political opinions of contending parties.

"If I can find conveyance and time, I will submit my description of Ireland complete to my friends there, who honour me with their correspondence; among these I with pleasure reckon Mr. Ledwich; and am his obedient, humble servant,

R. GOUGH."

DR. LEDWICH TO RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.

"SIR,

Oldglas, Durrow, 31st Dec. 1787.

"Agreeably to my promise, I send you a few pages of Additions, which I could easily have extended, but I observe you do not wish to dilate too much. However, if you think more than I have sent necessary, I will with great pleasure go on, for in reviewing those papers, which I have not looked at these six years, I find I have very ample materials for a Natural and Civil History of the Queen's County, which want of encouragement alone prevents me from putting together, and even proceeding with other counties.

"I sincerely congratulate you on the prospect of completing a laborious but very valuable work; a work which will make you remembered with gratitude by every lover of history and antiquities.

"I assure you, Sir, I should have been extremely happy did my studies embrace Irish topography: unfortunately, on the present occasion they tend another way, and I have never controlled my propensities, having no other object but to indulge my genius. Can I on any

* Mr. James Essex. See *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. VI. p. 625; vol. VII. pp. 128, 562.

other subject be useful to you? command me, as I shall be always ready to evince, with what truth and respect, I am, Sir, your very humble and obedient servant,

“EDWARD LEDWICH.”

Mr. GOUGH to Dr. LEDWICH.

“SIR,

Enfield, June 4, 1789.

“Having at length brought the new edition of Camden’s Britannia to a conclusion, I am to thank you for the kind assistance in the part which came immediately under your notice, and to beg your acceptance of a copy of that part of the work relating to IRELAND; and hope to be favoured with your free criticisms and remarks.

“I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

“R. GOUGH.”

END OF VOL. VII.



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